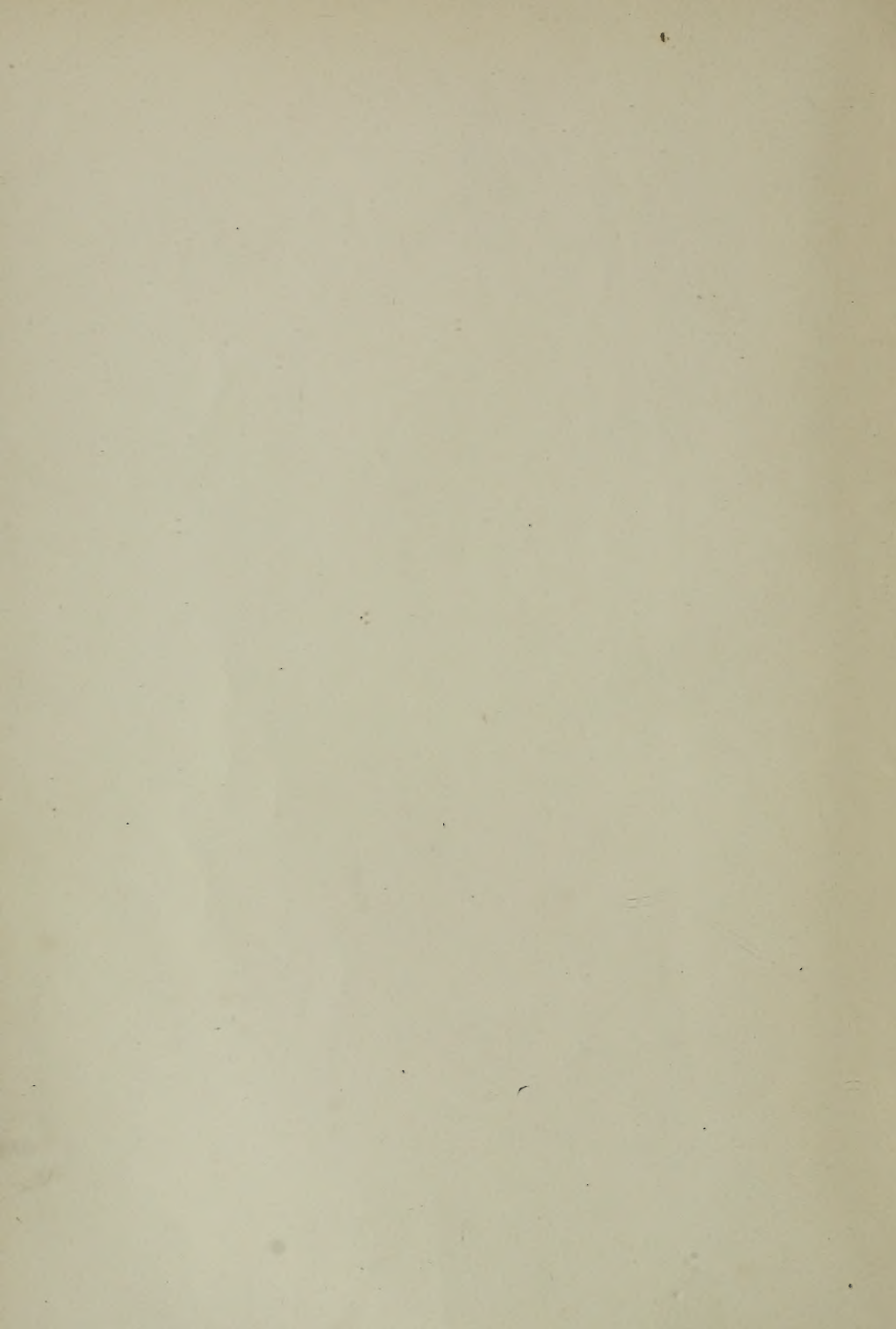


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GRIFFIN'S COLLEGIANS.  
BANIM'S PEEP O'DAY and  
CROHOORE OF THE BILLHOOK.  
LOVER'S HANDY ANDY.

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VOL. I.

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THEY'RE COLLEGIANS

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THEY'RE HANDY, ANDY





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# THE COLLEGIANS:

*OR, COLLEEN BAWN.*

A TALE OF GARRYOWEN.

## CHAPTER I.

HOW GARRYOWEN ROSE, AND HOW IT FELL.

THE little ruined outlet, which gives its name to one of the most popular national songs of Erin, is situate on the acclivity of a hill near the city of Limerick, commanding a not unpleasant view of that fine old town, with the noble stream that washes its battered towers, and a richly cultivated surrounding country. Tradition has preserved the occasion of its celebrity, and the origin of its name, which appears to be compounded of two Irish words signifying "Owen's garden." A person so called was the owner, about half a century since, of a cottage and plot of ground on this spot, which, from its contiguity to the town, became a favorite holiday resort with the young citizens of both sexes—a lounge presenting accommodations somewhat similar to those which are offered to the London mechanic by the Battersea tea gardens. Owen's garden was the general rendezvous for those who sought for simple amusement or for dissipation. The old people drank together under the shades of trees—the young played at ball, goal, or other athletic exercises on the green; while a few, lingering by the hedge-rows with their fair acquaintances, cheated the time with sounds less boisterous, indeed, but yet possessing their fascination also.

The festivities of our fathers, however, were frequently distinguished by so fierce a character of mirth, that, for any difference in the result of their convivial meetings, they might as well have been pitched encounters. Owen's garden was soon as famous for scenes of strife, as it was for mirth and humor; and broken heads became a staple article of manufacture in the neighborhood.

This new feature in the diversions of the place was encouraged by a number of young persons of rank somewhat superior to that of the usual frequenters of the garden. They were the sons of the more respectable citizens, the merchants and wholesale traders of the city, just turned loose from school, with a greater supply of moral spirit than they had wisdom to govern. These young gentlemen, being fond of wit, amused themselves by forming parties at night, to wring the heads off all the geese, and the knockers off all the

hall-doors in the neighborhood. They sometimes suffered their genius to soar as high as the breaking of a lamp, and even the demolition of a watchman; but perhaps this species of joking was found a little too serious to be repeated over frequently, for few achievements of so daring a violence are found amongst their records. They were obliged to content themselves with the less ambitious distinction of destroying the knockers and store-locks, annoying the peaceable inmates of the neighboring houses with long continued assaults on the front doors, terrifying the quiet passengers with every species of insult and provocation, and indulging their fratricidal propensities against all the geese in Garryowen.

The fame of the "Garryowen boys" soon spread far and wide. Their deeds were celebrated by some inglorious minstrel of the day, in that air which has since resounded over every quarter of the world, and even disputed the palm of national popularity with "Patrick's day." A string of jolly verses were appended to the tune, which soon enjoyed a notoriety similar to that of the famous "Lilliburlero, bullum-a-la," which sung King James out of his three kingdoms. The name of Garryowen was as well-known as that of the Irish Numantium, Limerick, itself, and Owen's little garden became almost a synonyme for Ireland.

But that principle of existence which assigns to the life of man its periods of youth, maturity, and decay, has its analogy in the fate of villages, as in that of empires. Assyria fell, and so did Garryowen! Rome had its decline, and Garryowen was not immortal! Both are now an idle sound, with nothing but the recollections of old tradition to invest them with an interest. The still notorious suburb is little better than a heap of rubbish, where a number of smoked and mouldering walls, standing out from the masses of stone and mortar, indicate the position of a once populous row of dwelling-houses. A few roofs yet remain unshaken, under which some impoverished families endeavor to work out a wretched subsistence, by maintaining a species of huxter trade, by cobbling old shoes, and manufacturing ropes. A small rookery wearies the

ears of the inhabitants at one end of the outlet, and a rope-walk, which extends along the adjacent slope of Gallows Green (so called for certain reasons), brings to the mind of the conscious spectator, associations that are not calculated to enliven the prospect. Neither is he thrown into a more jocular frame of mind, as he picks his steps over the insulated paving-stones that appear amid the green slough with which the street is deluged, and encounters, at the other end, an alley of coffin-makers' shops, with a fever hospital on one side, and a churchyard on the other. A person who was bent on a journey to the other world, could not desire a more expeditious outfit than Garryowen could now afford him, nor a more commodious choice of conveyances, from the machine on the slope above glanced at, to the pest-house at the farther end.

But it is ill talking lightly on a serious subject. The days of Garryowen are gone, like those of ancient Erin; and the feats of her once formidable heroes are nothing more than a winter's evening tale. Owen is in his grave, and his garden looks dreary as a ruined churchyard. The greater number of his merry customers have followed him to a narrow play-ground, which, though not less crowded, affords less room for fun, and less opportunity for contention. The worm is there the reveller—the owl whoops out his defiance without an-

swer (save the echo's)—the best whisky in Munster would not now "drive the cold out of their hearts" and the withered old sexton is able to knock the bravest of them over the pate with impunity. A few, perhaps, may still remain to look back with a fond shame to the scene of their early follies, and to smile at the page in which those follies are recorded.

Still, however, there is something to keep the memory alive of those unruly days, and to preserve the name of Garryowen from utter extinction. The annual fair which is held on the spot presents a spectacle of gaiety and uproar which might rival its most boisterous days; and strangers still inquire for the place with a curiosity which its appearance seldom fails to disappoint. Our national lyrist has immortalized the air by adapting to it one of the liveliest of his melodies—the adventures of which it was once the scene constitute a fund of standing joke and anecdote, which are not neglected by the neighboring story-tellers—and a rough voice may still occasionally be heard by the traveller who passes near its ruined dwellings at evening, to chant a stanza of the chorus which was once in the mouth of every individual in the kingdom:—

"Tis there we'll drink the nut-brown ale,  
An' pay the reck'nin' on the nail;  
No man for debt shall go to jail  
From Garryowen na gloria."

## CHAPTER II.

### HOW EILY O'CONNOR PUZZLED ALL THE INHABITANTS OF GARRYOWEN.

BUT while Owen lived, and while his garden flourished, he and his neighbors were as merry together, as if death could never reach the one, nor desolation waste the other. Among those frequenters of his little retreat, whom he distinguished with an especial favor and attention, the foremost was the handsome daughter of an old man who conducted the business of a rope-walk in his neighborhood, and who was accustomed on a fine Saturday evening to sit under the shade of a yellow osier that stood by his door, and discourse of the politics of the day—of Lord Halifax's administration—of the promising young patriot, Mr. Henry Grattan—and of the famous Catholic concession of 1773. Owen, like all Irishmen, even of the humblest rank, was an acute critic in female proportions, and although time had blown away the thatching from his head, and by far the greater portion of blood that remained in his frame had colonized about his nose, yet the manner in which he held forth on the praises of his old friend's daughter was such as put to shame her younger and less eloquent admirers. It is true, indeed, that the origin of the suburban beauty was one which, in a troubled country like Ireland, had little of agreeable association to recommend it; but few even of those to whom twisted hemp was an object of secret terror,

could look on the exquisitely beautiful face of Eily O'Connor, and remember that she was a rope-maker's daughter; few could detect beneath the timid, hesitating, downcast gentleness of manner, which shed an interest over all her motions, the traces of a harsh and vulgar education. It was true that she sometimes purloined a final letter from the King's adjectives, and prolonged the utterance of a vowel beyond the term of prosodical orthodoxy, but the tongue that did so seemed to move on silver wires, and the lip on which the sound delayed,

"Long murmuring, loth to part,"

imparted to its own accents an association of sweetness and grace, that made the defect an additional allure-ment. Her education in the outskirts of a city had not impaired the natural tenderness of her character; for her father, who, all rude as he was, knew how to value his daughter's softness of mind, endeavored to foster it by every indulgence in his power. Her uncle, too, who was now a country parish-priest, was well qualified to draw forth any natural talent with which she had been originally endowed. He had completed his theological education in the famous university of Salamanca, where he was distinguished as a youth of much quietness of temper and literary application, rather than as one of



those furious gesticulators, those "*figures Hiéronaises*," amongst whom Gil Blas, in his fit of logical lunacy, could meet his own equals. At his little lodging, while he was yet a curate at St. John's, Eily O'Connor was accustomed to spend a considerable portion of her time, and in return for her kindness in presiding at his simple tea-table, Father Edward undertook to bestow a degree of attention on her education, which rendered her in a little time as superior in knowledge as she was in beauty to her female associates. She was remarked likewise at this time, as a little devotee, very regular in her attendance at chapel, constant in all the observances of her religion, and grave in her attire and discourse. On the coldest and dreariest morning in winter she might be seen gliding along by the unopened shop windows to the nearest chapel, where she was accustomed to hear an early mass, and return in time to set everything in order for her father's breakfast. During the day, she superintended his household affairs, while he was employed upon the adjacent rope-walk; and, in the evening, she usually slipped on her bonnet, and went across the street to Father Edward's, where she chatted away until tea was over; if he happened to be engaged in reading his daily office, she amused herself with a volume of moral entertainment, such as *Rasselas*, *Prince of Abyssinia*, or Mr. Addison's *Spectator*, until he was at leisure to hear her lessons. An attachment of the purest and tenderest nature was the consequence of these mutual attentions between the uncle and niece, and it might be said that if the former loved her not as well, he knew and valued her character still better than her father. Father Edward, however, was appointed to a parish, and Eily lost her instructor. It was for her a severe loss, and most severe in reality when its effects upon her own spirits began to wear away. For some months after his departure, she continued to lead the same retired and unobtrusive life, and no eye, save that of a consummate observer, could detect the slightest alteration in her sentiments, the least increase of toleration for the world and worldly amusements. That change, however, had been silently effected in her heart. She was now a woman—a lovely, intelligent, full-grown woman—and circumstances obliged her to take a part in the little social circle which moved around her. Her spirits were naturally light, and, though long repressed, became readily assimilated to the buoyant tone of the society in which she happened to be placed. Her father, who, with a father's venial vanity, was fond of showing his beautiful child among his neighbors, took her with him to Owen's garden at a time when it was unusually gay and crowded, and from that evening might be dated the commencement of a decided and visible change in the lovely Eily's character.

As gradual as the approach of a spring morning, was the change from grave to gay in the costume of this flower of the suburbs. It dawned at first in a handsome bow-knot upon her head-dress, and ended in the full noontide splendor of flowered muslins, silks, and sashes. It was like the opening of the rose-bud, which gathers round it the winged wooers of the summer

meadow. "Lads, as brisk as bees," came thronging in her train, with proffers of "honorable love, and rites of marriage;" and even among the youths of a higher rank, whom the wild levity of Irish blood and high spirits sent to mingle in the festivities of Owen's garden, a jealousy prevailed respecting the favor of the rope-maker's handsome daughter. It was no wonder that attentions paid by individuals so much superior to her ordinary admirers, should render Eily indifferent to the sighs of those plebeian suitors. Dunat O'Leary, the fair-cutter, or Foxy Dunat, as he was named in allusion to his red hair, was cut to the heart by her utter coldness. Myles Murphy, likewise, a good-natured farmer from Killarney, who travelled through the country selling Kerry ponies, and claiming a relationship with every one he met, claimed kindred in vain with Eily, for his claim was not allowed. Lowry Looby, too, the servant of Mr. Daly, a wealthy middleman who lived in the neighborhood, was suspected by many to entertain delusive hopes of Eily O'Connor's favor—but this report was improbable enough, for Lowry could not but know that he was a very ugly man; and if he were as beautiful as Narcissus, Mihil O'Connor would still have shut the door in his face for being as poor as Timon. So that, though there was no lack of admirers, the lovely Eily, like many celebrated beauties in a higher rank, ran, after all, a fair chance of becoming what Lady Mary Montague has elegantly termed a "lay nun." Even as a book-worm, who will pore over a single volume from morning to night, if turned loose into a library, wanders from shelf to shelf, bewildered amid a host of temptations, and unable to make any selection until he is surprised by twilight, and charigned to find, that with so much happiness within his grasp, he has spent, nevertheless, an unprofitable day.

But accident saved Eily from a destiny so deeply dreaded and so often lamented as that above alluded to—a condition which people generally agree to look upon as one of utter desolation, and which, notwithstanding, is frequently a state of greater happiness than its opposite. On the eve of the seventeenth of March, a day distinguished in the rope-maker's household, not only as the festival of the national Saint; but as the birth-day of the young mistress of the establishment—on this evening Eily and her father were enjoying their customary relaxation at Owen's garden. The jolly proprietor was seated as usual with his rope-twisting friend under the yellow osier, while Myles Murphy, who had brought a number of his wild ponies to be disposed of at the neighboring fairs, had taken his place at the end of the table, and was endeavoring to insinuate a distant relationship between the Owens of Kiltteery, connexions of the person whom he addressed, and the Murphy's of Knockfodhra, connexions of his own. A party of young men were playing fives at a ball-alley, on the other side of the green; and another, more numerous, and graced with many female figures, were capering away to the tune of the Fox-Hunter's Jig on the short grass. Some poor old women, with baskets on their arms, were endeavoring to sell off some

*Patrick's crosses* for children, at the low rate of one halfpenny a piece, gilding, paint, and all. Others, fatigued with exertion, were walking under the still leafless trees, some with their hats, some with their coats off, jesting, laughing, and chatting familiarly with their female acquaintances.

Mihil O'Connor, happening to see Lowry Looby among the promenaders, glancing now and then at the dance and whistling *Patrick's Day*, requested him to call his daughter out of the group, and tell her that he was waiting for her to go home. Lowry went, and returned to say, that Eily was dancing with a strange young gentleman in a boating dress, and that he would not let her go until she had finished the slip jig.

It continued a sufficient time to tire the old man's patience. When Eily did at last make her appearance, he observed there was a flush of mingled weariness and pleasure on her cheek, which showed that the delay was not quite in opposition to her own inclinations. This circumstance might have tempted him to receive her with a little displeasure, but that honest Owen at that moment laid hold on both father and daughter, insisting that they should come in and take supper with his wife and himself.

This narrative of Eily's girlhood being merely introductory, we shall forbear to furnish any detail of the minor incidents of the evening, or the quality of Mrs. Owen's entertainment. They were very merry and happy; so much so, that the Patrick's eve approached its termination before they rose to bid their host and hostess a good night. Owen advised them to walk on rapidly, in order to avoid the "*Patrick's boys*," who would promenade the streets after twelve, to welcome in the mighty festival with music and uproar of all kinds. Some of the lads, he said, "*might be playin' their tricks upon Mrs. Eily.*"

The night was rather dark, and the dim glimmer of the oil-lamps, which were suspended at long intervals over the street-doors, tended only in a very feeble degree to qualify the gloom. Mihil O'Connor and his daughter had already performed more than half their journey, and were turning from a narrow lane at the head of Munget Street, when a loud and tumultuous sound broke with sudden violence upon their hearing. It proceeded from a multitude of people who were moving in confused and noisy procession along the street. An ancient and still honored custom summons the youthful inhabitants of the city on the night of this anniversary to celebrate the approaching holiday of the patron saint and apostle of the island, by promenading all the streets in succession, playing national airs, and filling up the pauses in the music with shouts of exultation. Such was the procession which the two companions now beheld approaching.

The appearance which it presented was not altogether destitute of interest and amusement. In the midst were a band of musicians who played alternately, "*Patrick's Day*," and "*Garryowen*," while a rabble of men and boys pressed round them, thronging the whole breadth and a considerable portion of the length of the street. The men had got sprigs of shamrock in their

hats, and several carried in their hands lighted candles, protected from the wasting night-blast by a simple lamp of whitened brown paper. The flickle and unequal light which those small torches threw over the faces of the individuals who held them, afforded a lively contrast to the prevailing darkness.

The crowd hurried forward, singing, playing, shouting, laughing, and indulging, to its full extent, all the excitement which was occasioned by the tumult and the motion. Bedroom windows are thrown up as they passed, and the half-dressed inmates thrust their heads into the night air to gaze upon the mob of enthusiasts. All the respectable persons who appeared in the streets as they advanced, turned short into the neighboring by-ways to avoid the importunities which they would be likely to incur by a contact with the multitude.

But it was too late for our party to adopt this precaution. Before it had entered their minds, the procession (if we may dignify it by a name so sounding) was nearer to them than they were to any turn in the street, and the appearance of flight, with a rabble of men, as with dogs, is a provocation of pursuit. Of this they were aware; and accordingly, instead of attempting a vain retreat, they turned into a recess formed by one of the shop doors, and quietly awaited the passing away of this noisy torrent. For some moments they were unnoticed; the fellows who moved foremost being too busy in talking, laughing, and shouting, to pay any attention to objects not directly in their way. But they were no sooner espied than the wags assailed them with that species of wit which distinguishes the inhabitants of the back lanes of a city, and forms the terror of all country visitors. These expressions were lavished upon the rope-maker and his daughter, until the former, who was as irritable an old fellow as Irishmen generally are, was almost put out of patience.

At length, a young man, observing the lamp shine for a moment on Eily's handsome face, made a chirp with his lips as he passed by, as if he had a mind to kiss her. Not Papirius himself, when vindicating his senatorial dignity against the insulting Gaul, could be more prompt in action than Mihil O'Connor. The young gentleman received, in return for his affectionate greeting, a blow over the temples which was worth five hundred kisses. An uproar immediately commenced, which was likely to end in some serious injury to the old man and his daughter. A number of ferocious faces gathered round them, uttering sounds of harsh rancor and defiance, which Mihil met with equal loudness and energy. Indeed, all that seemed to delay his fate, and hinder him from sharing in the prostration of his victim, was the conduct of Eily, who, flinging herself in bare-armed beauty before her father, defended him for a time against the upraised weapons of his assailants. No one would incur the danger of harming, by an accidental blow, a creature so young, so beautiful, and so affectionate.

They were at length rescued from this precarious condition by the interposition of two young men, in the dress of boatmen, who appeared to possess some influence with the crowd, and who used it for the ad-



vantage of the sufferers. Not satisfied with having brought them safely out of all immediate danger, the taller of the two conducted them to their door, saying little on the way, and taking his leave as soon as they were once in perfect safety. All that Mihil could learn from his appearance was, that he was a gentleman, and very young—perhaps not more than nineteen years of age. The old man talked much and loudly in praise of his gallantry, but Eily was altogether silent on the subject.

A few days after, Mihil O'Connor was at work upon the rope-walk, going slowly backward in the sunshine, with a little bundle of hemp between his knees, and singing "*Maureen Thierna*."\* A hunchbacked little fellow, in a boatman's dress, came up, and saluting him in a sharp city brogue, reminded the old rope maker that he had done him a service a few evenings before. Mihil professed his acknowledgements, and with true Irish warmth of heart, assured the little boatman that all he had in the world was at his service. The hunchback, however, only wanted a few ropes and blocks for his boat, and even for those he was resolute in paying honorably. Neither did he seem anxious to satisfy the curiosity of old Mihil with respect to the name and quality of his companion; for he was inexorable in maintaining that he was a turf-boat man from Scagh, who had come up to town with him to dispose of a cargo of fuel at Charlotte's Quay. Mihil O'Connor referred him to his daughter for the ropes, about which, he said, she could bargain as well as himself, and he was unable to leave his work until the rope he had in hand should be finished. The little deformed, no way displeased at this intelligence, went to find Eily at the shop, where he spent a longer time than Mihil thought necessary for his purpose.

From this time forward, the character of Eily O'Connor seemed to have undergone a second change. Her former gravity returned, but it did not reappear under the same circumstances as before. In her days of religious retirement, it appeared only in her dress and in her choice of amusements. Now, both her recreations and her attire were much gayer than ever, so much so almost to approach a degree of dissipation, but her cheerfulness of mind was gone, and the sadness which had settled on her heart, like a black reef under sunny waters, was plainly visible through all her gaiety. Her father was too much occupied in his eternal rope-twisting to take particular notice of this change, and, besides, it is notorious that one's constant companions are the last to observe any alteration in one's manner or appearance.

One morning, when Mihil O'Connor left his rooms, he was surprised to find that the breakfast table was

not laid as usual, and that his daughter was not in the house. She made her appearance, however, while he was himself making the necessary arrangements. They exchanged a greeting somewhat colder on the one side, and more embarrassed on the other, than was usual at the morning meetings of the father and daughter. But when she told him, that she had been only to the chapel, the old man was perfectly satisfied, for he knew that Eily would as readily think of telling a falsehood to the priest as she would to her father. And when Mihil O'Connor heard that people were at chapel, he generally concluded (poor old man!) that it was only to pray they went there.

In the meantime Myles Murphy renewed his proposals to Eily, and succeeded in gaining over the father to his interests. The latter was annoyed at his daughter's obstinate rejection of a fine fellow like Myles, with a very comfortable property, and pressed her either to give consent to the match, or a good reason for her refusal. But this request, though reasonable, was not complied with; and the rope-maker, though not so hot as Capulet, was as much displeased at the contumacy of his daughter. Eily, on her part, was so much afflicted at the anger of her only parent, that it is probable her grief would have made away with her if she had not prevented that catastrophe by making away with herself.

On the fair day of Garryowen, after sustaining a long and distressing altercation with her father and her mountain suitor, Eily O'Connor threw her blue cloak over her shoulders, and walked into the air. She did not return to dinner, and her father felt angry at what he thought a token of resentful feeling. Night came, and she did not make her appearance. The poor old man, in an agony of terror, reproached himself for his vehemence, and spent the whole night in recalling, with a feeling of remorse, every intemperate word which he had used in the violence of dispute. In the morning, more like a ghost than a living being, he went from the house of one acquaintance to another, to inquire after his child. No one, however, had seen her, except Foxy Dunat, the hair-cutter, and he had only caught a glimpse of her as she passed his door on the previous evening. It was evident that she was not to return. Her father was distracted. Her young admirers feared that she had got privately married, and run away with some shabby fellow. Her female friends insinuated that the case might be still worse, and some pious old people shook their heads when the report reached them, and said they knew what was likely to come of it, when Eily O'Connor left off attending her daily mass in the morning, and went to the dance at Garryowen.

\*Little Mary Tierney.



## CHAPTER III.

### HOW MR. DALY, THE MIDDLEMAN, SAT DOWN TO BREAKFAST.

THE Dalys (a very respectable family in middle life) occupied, at the time of which we write, a handsome cottage on the Shannon side, a few miles from the suburban district above mentioned.

They had assembled, on the morning of Eily's disappearance, a healthy and blooming household of all sizes, in the principal sitting-room, for a purpose no less important than that of despatching breakfast. It was a favorable moment for any one who might be desirous of sketching a family picture. The windows of the room, which were thrown up for the purpose of admitting the fresh morning air, opened upon a trim and sloping meadow, that looked sunny and cheerful with the bright green after-grass of the season. The broad and sheety river washed the very margin of the little field, and bore upon its quiet bosom (which was only ruffled by the circling eddies that encountered the advancing tide) a variety of craft, such as might be supposed to indicate the approach to a large commercial city. Majestic vessels, floating idly on the basined flood, with sails half furled, in keeping with the languid beauty of the scene—lighters, burthened to the water's edge with bricks or sand—large rafts of timber, borne onward towards the neighboring quays under the guidance of a shipman's boat-hook—pleasure-boats, with gaudy pennons hanging at peak and topmast—or turf-boats, with their unpicturesque and ungraceful lading, moving sluggishly forward, while their black sails seemed gasping for a breath to fill them; such were the incidents that gave a gentle animation to the prospect immediately before the eyes of the cottage dwellers. On the farther side of the river arose the Cratloe hills, shadowed in various places by a broken cloud, and rendered beautiful by the chequered appearance of the ripening tillage, and the variety of hues that were observable along their wooded sides. At intervals, the front of a handsome mansion brightened up in a passing gleam of sunshine, while the wreaths of blue smoke, ascending at various distances from amongst the trees, tended to relieve the idea of extreme solitude which it would otherwise have presented.

The interior of the cottage was not less interesting to contemplate than the landscape which lay before it. The principal breakfast-table (for there were two spread in the room) was placed before the window, the neat and snow white damask cloth covered with fare that spoke satisfactorily for the circumstances of the proprietor, and for the housewifery of his helpmate. The former, a fair, pleasant-faced old gentleman, in a

huge buckled cravat and square-toed shoes, somewhat distrustful of the meagre beverage which fumed out of Mrs. Daly's lofty and shining coffee-pot, had taken his position before a cold ham and fowl which decorated the lower end of the table. His lady, a courteous old personage, with a face no less fair and happy than her husband's, and with eyes sparkling with good nature and intelligence, did the honors of the board at the farther end. On the opposite side, leaning over the back of his chair with clasped hands, in an attitude which had a mixture of abstraction and anxiety, sat Mr. Kyrle Daly, the first pledge of connubial affection that was born to this comely pair. He was a young man already initiated in the rudiments of the legal profession; of a handsome figure, and in manner—but something now pressed upon his spirits, which rendered this an unfavorable occasion for describing him.

A second table was laid in a more retired portion of the room, for the accommodation of the younger part of the family. Several well burnished goblets, or porringers, of thick milk, flanked the sides of this board, while a large dish of smooth-coated potatoes reeked up in the centre. A number of blooming boys and girls, between the ages of four and twelve, were seated at this simple repast, eating and drinking away with all the happy eagerness of youthful appetite. Not, however, that this employment occupied their exclusive attention, for the prattle which circulated round the table frequently became so boisterous as to drown the conversation of the older people, and to call forth the angry rebuke of the master of the family.

The furniture of the apartment was in accordance with the appearance and manners of its inhabitants. The floor was handsomely carpeted, a lofty green fender fortified the fire-place, and supplied Mr. Daly in his facetious moments with occasion for the frequent repetition of a favorite conundrum—"Why is that fender like Westminster Abbey?"—a problem with which he never failed to try the wit of any stranger who happened to spend a night beneath his roof. The wainscoated walls were ornamented with several of the popular prints of the day, such as Hogarth's Roast Beef, Prince Eugene, Schomberg, at the Boyne, Mr. Betterton playing Cato in all the glory of

*"Full wig, flower'd gown, and iacker'd chair."*

of the royal Mandane, in the person of Mrs. Mountain, strutting among the arbors of her Persian palace in a lofty tete and hooped petticoat. There were also some family drawings done by Mrs. Daly in her school days, of which we feel no inclination to say more than that

they were prettily framed. In justice to the fair artist, it should also be mentioned that, contrary to the established practice, her sketches were never retouched by the hand of her master, a fact which Mr. Daly was fond of insinuating, and which no one who saw the pictures was tempted to call in question. A small book-case, with the edges of the shelves handsomely gilded, was suspended in one corner of the room, and, on examination, might be found to contain a considerable number of works on Irish history, for which study Mr. Daly had a national predilection, a circumstance much deplored by all the impatient listeners in his neighborhood, and (some people hinted) in his own household; some religious books, and a few volumes on cookery and farming. The space over the lofty chimney-piece was assigned to some ornaments of a more startling description. A gun-rack, on which were suspended a long shore gun, a brass barrelled blunderbuss, a cutlass, and a case of horse pistols, manifested Mr. Daly's determination to maintain, if necessary, by force of arms, his claim to the fair possessions which his honest industry had acquired.

"Kyrle," said Mr. Daly, putting his fork into a breast of cold goose, and looking at his son—"you had better let me put a little goose (with an emphasis) on your plate. You know you are going a wooing to-day."

The young gentleman appeared not to hear him. Mrs. Daly, who understood more intimately the nature of her son's reflections, deprecated, by a significant look at her husband, the continuance of any raillery upon so delicate a subject.

"Kyrle, some coffee?" said the lady of the house, but without being more successful in awakening the attention of the young gentleman.

Mr. Daly winked at his wife.

"Kyrle!" he called aloud, in a tone against which even a lover's absence was not proof, "do you hear what your mother says?"

"I ask pardon, sir—I was absent—I—what were you saying, mother?"

"She was saying," continued Mr. Daly, with a smile, "that you were manufacturing a fine speech for Anna Chute, and that you were just meditating whether you should deliver it on your knees, or out of brief, as if you were addressing the Bench in the Four Courts."

"For shame, my dear! Never mind him, Kyrle, I said no such thing; I wonder how you can say that, my dear, and the children listening."

"Pooh! the little angels are too busy and too innocent to pay us any attention," said Mr. Daly, lowering his voice, however. "But, speaking seriously, my boy, you take this affair too deeply to heart; and whether it be in our pursuit of wealth, or fame, or even in love itself, an extreme solicitude to be successful is the surest means of defeating its own object. Besides, it argues an unquiet and unresigned condition. I have had a little experience, you know, in affairs of this kind," he added, smiling and glancing at his fair helpmate, who blushed with the simplicity of a young girl.

"Ah, sir," said Kyrle, as he drew nearer to the breakfast-table, with a magnanimous affectation of cheerful-

ness, "I fear I have not so good a ground for hope as you may have had. It is very easy, sir, for one to be resigned to disappointment, when he is certain of success."

"Why, I was not bidden to despair, indeed," said Mr. Daly, extending his hand to his wife, while they exchanged a quiet smile, which had in it an expression of tenderness and of melancholy remembrance.

"I have, I believe, been more fortunate than more deserving persons. I have never been vexed with useless fears in my wooing days, nor with vain regrets when those days were ended. I do not know, my dear lad, what hopes you have formed, or what prospects you may have shaped out of the future, but I will not wish you a better fortune, than that you may as nearly approach to their accomplishment as I have done, and that Time may deal as fairly with you as he has done with your father." After saying this, Mr. Daly leaned forward on the table, with his temple supported by one finger, and glanced alternately from his children to his wife, while he sang in a low tone the following verse of a popular song:—

"How should I love the pretty creatures,  
While round my knees they fondly cling!  
To see them look their mother's features,  
To hear them lisping their mother's tongue,  
And when with envy Time transported,  
Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
You'll in your girls again be courted,  
And I!"

with a glance at Kyrle—

"And I go wooing with the boys."

"And this," thought young Kyrle, in the affectionate pause that ensued, "this is the question which I go to decide upon this morning—whether my old age shall resemble the picture which I see before me, or whether I shall be doomed to creep into the winter of my life, a lonely, selfish, cheerless, money-hunting old bachelor. Is not this enough to make a little solicitude excusable, or pardonable at least?"

"It is a long time now," resumed Mr. Daly, "since I have had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Chute. She was a very beautiful, but a very wild girl when I knew her. Nothing has ever been more inexplicable to me than the choice she made of a second husband. You never saw Anne's step-father, Tom Chute, or you would be equally astonished. You saw him, my love—did you not?"

Mrs. Daly laughed, and answered in the affirmative.

"It showed, indeed, a singular taste," said Mr. Daly. "They tell a curious story, too, about the manner of their courtship."

"What was that sir?" asked Kyrle, who felt a strong sympathetic interest in all stories connected with wooers and wooing.

"I have it, I confess, upon questionable authority; but you shall hear it, such as it is. Now, look at that young thief!" he added, laughing, and directing Kyrle's attention to one of the children, a chubby young fellow, who, having deserted the potato-eating corps at the side-table, was taking advantage of the deep interest excited by the conversation, to make a sudden descent upon the contents of the japed

bread-basket. Perceiving that he was detected, the little fellow relaxed his fingers, and drew back a little, glancing, from beneath his eye-lashes, a half dismayed and bashful look at the laughing countenance of his parent.

"Charles is not well to-day," said the mother, in a compassionate tone, cutting him a large wedge of her best home-made bread, which the lad began to demolish with a degree of rapidity that scarcely corroborated the assertion.

"But the story, sir?" said Kyrle.

"But the story. Well, little Tom Chute (he might have been better called little Tom-tit, only that he was not half so sprightly) was a very extraordinary man, for although he was small and fat, he was not merry nor talkative. You would have puffed him to see him walking about a ball-room, with ruffles that looked like small buckles, and a queue half as long as himself, reminding one of the handle of a pump when the sucker is up—with the most forlorn aspect in the world, as if he were looking for a runaway wife. It was a curious anomaly in his character, that although he—(Silence, there! My dear, will you speak to those children?)—that although he always *looked* miserable in the midst of society, he really *was* so when out of it, as if the continued embarrassment and mortification he experienced were a stimulus which he could not do without. Round, fat, shy, awkward, and oily, as he was, however, he tumbled his little rotund figure into the heart of Mrs. Trenchard, who was at that time, though a widow, one of the leading belles in Munster. A fair friend was the first to disclose this rapturous secret to poor Tom, for he might have known Mrs. Trenchard for a century without being able to make it out himself. He did not know whether he should be most frightened or pleased at the intelligence; but certain it is that in the warmth of his first feelings he made a tender of his hand to the lady, and was instantly accepted. A dashing, handsome fellow, who had been rejected by her some time before, and who knew Chute's irresolute temper, resolved to indemnify himself for the mortification he had received, by throwing some embarrassment in the way of the nuptials, and effected it simply enough. It seems the lady's accomplishments were of a very general description, for besides playing the harpsichord to admiration, she could manage a horse with any hero of the County Club, and was known to join their hunting parties, and even to ride a steeple chase with *eclat*. Indeed it was generally admitted that she possessed more spirit than might have answered her purpose, or husband's either. What fancy she could have taken to Tom Chute, I cannot for my life conceive. Well, this fellow met Tom going to her house one evening, as spruce as a water-wagtail, with his queue poking up behind, like the flag staff in the stern of a privateer. They got into conversation about the widow. 'Beautiful creature, isn't she?' simpered Tom, blushing up to the eyes, for it was another funny foible of Tom's to redden up like a rose whenever there was any discourse of ladies; even when nobody dreamed of anything like railleury. 'Beautiful

creature, isn't she?' says Tom. 'Beautiful, indeed,' replied the other. And Tom stood on his toes, threw out his right elbow, and took snuff. 'And accomplished, I think?' 'And very sensible,' says the other. 'And lively,' says Tom. 'And high spirited' says the other, 'so, they say, her late husband found, poor man, to his cost.' Tom dropped his jaw a little, and looked inquisitive. But the other, who saw that his business was done, declined all explanation, and hurried off with a concluding remark, that 'the lady was unquestionably a capital *whip*.' Well, Tom got a sudden attack of—I don't know what complaint—went home that night, and sent an apology to the widow. He was not seen near her house for a fortnight after, and a report reached her ears that he had some notion of quitting the country. But if he had, she put a stop to it. One morning when Tom was looking over his books, he was startled by the apparition of a tall woman in a riding dress, with a horsewhip in one hand and a case of duelling pistols in the other. She nodded to Tom. 'I understand,' said she—"

At this moment a potato-peel, flung from the side-table, whisked past Mr. Daly's nose; and with happier aim, lighted on that of Prince Eugene in the print before mentioned. The venerable but too little venerated story-teller, who had been for the last few minutes endeavoring to raise his voice so as to make it audible above the increasing uproar of the young people, now turned around at this unparalled and violent aggression, and confronted the daring group in awful silence. Satisfied, however, with the sudden hush of terror which this action occasioned, and willing to reserve the burst of wrath, for a future transgression, he turned again in silence, and directing the servant girl who was in the room, to take the potato-peel off Prince Eugene's nose, he resumed the thread of his narrative.

"I understand," said Mrs. Trenchard—for it was no other than the widow—"that you intend leaving Ireland?" Tom stammered and hesitated. 'If my brother were living,' continued the lady, 'he would horsewhip you; but although he is not, Hetty Trenchard is able to fight her own way. Come, sir, my carriage is at the door below; either step into it with me this minute, or take one of these pistols, and stand at the other end of the room.' Well, Tom looked as like a fool as any man in Ireland. He wouldn't fight, and he would be horsewhipped; so the business ended in his going into the carriage, and marrying the lady. Some persons, indeed, insinuated that Tom was observed in the course of the day to chafe his shoulders two or three times with an expression of pain, as if his change of condition had been the result of a still harsher mode of reasoning than I have mentioned; but this part of the story is without foundation."

"What a bold creature!" said the gentle Mrs. Daly.

"And is it possible, sir," asked Kyrle, "that this Amazon is the kind old lady whom Anne Chute attends with so much affection and tenderness in her infirmity?"

"Ah, ha! Kyrle, I see the nature of the bolt that has wounded you, and I like you the better for it, my boy.



A good face is a pippin that grows on every hedge; but a good heart, that is to say a well regulated one, is the apple of the Hesperides, worth even the risk of ease and life itself."

Kyrle assented to this sagacious aphorism with a deep sigh.

"Are the Cregans and they on terms now?" asked Mrs. Daly.

"As much on terms as two families of such opposite habits can be. The Chutes invite the Cregans to a family dinner once or twice in the year, and the Cregans ask the Chutes to their Killarney cottage, both of which invitations are taken as *French compliments*, and never accepted. Cregan himself hates going to Castle Chute, because he has nobody there to make jovial the night with him, and young Hardress (your friend, Kyrle) is too wild a lad to confine himself to mere drawing-room society. Apropos talk of—'tis a vulgar proverb, and let it pass; but there goes his trim pleasure boat, the Nora Creina, flying down the river, and there sits the youth himself, tiller in hand as usual. Patey, bring me the telescope; I think I see a female dress on board."

The telescope was brought and adjusted to the proper focus, while a dozen eager faces were collected about the small window, one over another, in the manner of those groups in painting, called "Studies of Heads."

"That is he, indeed," continued Mr. Daly, resting the glass on the window frame, and directing it towards the object of their attention—"there is no mistaking that dark and handsome face, buried up as it is in the huge oiled penthouse hat, and there is his hunch-backed boatman, Danny Mann, or Danny the Lord, as the people call him since his misfortune, tending the foresheet in the bow. But that female—there is a female there unquestionably in a blue mantle, with the hood brought low over her eyes, sitting on the ballast. Who can she be?"

"Perhaps Danny Mann's cousin, Cotch Coonerty," said Mrs. Daly.

"Or some western dealing woman, who has come up to Limerick to purchase a reinforcement of pins, needles, whisky, and reading-made-easys for her village counter, and is getting a free passage home from young master Hardress."

"Like enough, like enough; it is just his way. Hillo! the fellow is going to run down that fishing cot, I believe!"

A hoarse cry of "Bear away!—hold up your hand!" was heard from the water, and reiterated with the addition of a few expletives, which those who know the energy of a boatman's dialect will understand without our transcribing them here. The pleasure boat, however, heedless of those rough remonstrances, and apparently indisposed to yield any portion of her way, still held her bowsprit close to the wind, and sailed on, paying no more regard to the peril of the plebeian craft, than a French aristocrat of the *vielle cour* might be supposed to exhibit for that of a *sans culottes*, about to be trodden down by his leaders in the Rue St. Honore. The fisherman, with many curses, backed water, and

put about as rapidly as possible, but without being able to avoid the shock of the Nora Creina, who just touched their stern with sufficient force to make the cot dart forward nearly an oar's length through the water, and to lay the rowers sprawling on their backs in the bottom. Fortunately the wind, which had sprung up with the returning tide, was not sufficiently strong to render the concussion more dangerous.

"Like his proud mother in every feature," said Mr. Daly. "Is it not singular that while we were speaking of the characters of the family, he could not pass our window without furnishing us with a slight specimen of his own? See how stately the fellow turns round and contemplates the confusion he has occasioned. There is his mother's grandeur, blended with the hair-brained wildness and idle spirit of his father."

"Hardress Cregan's is the handsomest boat in the river," said Patey, a stout, sunburnt boy—"she'd beat all the Galway hookers from this to Beale. What a nice green hull!—and white sails, and beautiful green colors flying over her peak and gaff-topsail! Oh! how I'd like to be steering her."

Mr. Daly winked at his wife, and whispered her that he had known rear-admirals come of smaller beginnings. Mrs. Daly, with a little shudder, replied that she should not wish to see him a rear-admiral, the navy was so dangerous a service. Her husband, in order to soothe her, observed that the danger was not very near at hand.

In the meantime, Hardress Cregan became a subject of vehement debate at the side-table, to which the juvenile squadron had returned. One fair-haired little girl declared that she was his "pet." A second claimed that distinction for herself.

"He gave me an O'Dell-cake when he was last here," said one.

"And me a stick of peppermint."

"He gave me a—" in a whisper—"a kiss."

"And me two."

"He didn't."

"He did."

"I'll tell dadda it was you threw the potato-peel while ago."

"Ah ha, tattler, tell-tale!"

"Silence there!—fie! fie!—what words are these?" said Mrs. Daly—"Come, kiss and be friends, now, both of you, and let me hear no more."

The young combatants complied with her injunction, and, as the duelling paragraphs say, "the affair terminated amicably."

"But I was speaking," Mr. Daly resumed, "of the family pride of the Cregans. It was once manifested by Hardress's father in a manner that might make an Englishman smile. When their little Killarney property was left to the Cregans, amongst many other additional pieces of display that were made on the occasion, it behooved Mr. Barney Cregan to erect a family vault and monument in his parish churchyard. He had scarcely, however, given directions for its construction, when he fell ill of a fever, and was very near enjoying the honor of *hanselling* the new cemetery himself. But

he got over the fit, and made it one of his first cares to saunter out as far as the church and inspect the mansion which had been prepared for his reception. It was a handsome Gothic monument, occupying a retired corner of the churchyard, and shadowed over by a fine old sycamore. But Barney, who had no taste for the picturesque, was deeply mortified at finding his piece of sepulchral finery thrown so much in the shade. 'What did I or my people do,' he said to the architect, 'that we should be sent skulking into that corner? I paid my money, and I'll have my own value for it.' The monument was accordingly got rid of, and a sporting, flashy one erected opposite the gateway, with the Cregan crest and shield (in what herald's office it was picked up I cannot take upon me to say) emblazoned on the frontispiece. Here, it is to be hoped, the as-

piring Barnaby and his posterity may one day rest in peace."

"That would be a vain hope, I fear," said Kyrle, "at least so far as Mr. Cregan is concerned, if it were true, as our peasantry believe, that the churchyard is frequently made a scene of midnight mirth and revel, by those whose earthly carousals are long concluded. But what relationship is there between that family and Mrs. Chute?"

"She is step-sister to Mrs. Cregan."

"Indeed! So near?"

"Most veritable; therefore, look to it. They tell a story"—But the talkative old gentleman was interrupted in his anecdotal career by the entrance of a new actor on the scene.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HOW MR. DALY, THE MIDDLEMAN, ROSE UP FROM BREAKFAST.

BUT what pen less gifted than his of Chios, or his of Avon, the delineators of Vulcan or of Grumio, can suffice to convey to the reader any idea of the mental and bodily proportions of this new comer, who thrust his small and shining head in upon the family party, to awaken their curiosity, and to rob Mr. Daly of so many attentive listeners as he numbered around him at this moment!

The person who opened the door acted as a kind of herdsman or out-door servant to the family, and was a man of a rather singular appearance. The nether parts of his frame were of a size considerably out of proportion with the trunk and head which they supported. His feet were broad and flat like those of a duck; his legs long and clumsy, with knees and ankles like the knobs on one of those grotesque walking sticks which were in fashion among the fine gentlemen of our own day, some time since; his joints hung loosely like those of a pasteboard Merry Andrew; his body was very small; his chest narrow; and his head so diminutive as to be even too little for his herring shoulders. It seemed as if nature, like an extravagant projector, had laid the foundation of a giant, but, running short of material as the structure proceeded, had been compelled to terminate her undertaking with the dimensions of a dwarf. So far was this economy pursued, that the head, small as it was, was very scantily furnished with hair; and the nose, with which the face was garnished, might be compared for its flatness to that of a young kid. "It looked," as the owner of this mournful piece of journey-work himself facetiously observed, "as if his head was ~~not~~ thought worth a roof, nor his countenance worth a handle." His hands and arms were likewise of a smallness which was much to

be admired, when contrasted with the hugeness of the lower members, and brought to mind the fore-paws of a kangaroo or the fins of a seal, the latter similitude prevailing when the body was put in motion, on which occasions they dabbled about in a very extraordinary manner. But there was one feature in which a corresponding prodigality had been manifested, namely, the ears, which were as long as those of Riquet with the Tuft, or of any ass in the barony.

The costume which enveloped this singular frame, was no less anomalous than was the nature of its own construction. A huge *riding coat* of gray frieze hung lazily from his shoulders, and gave to view in front a waistcoat of calf-skin, with the hairy side outwards; a shirt, of a texture almost as coarse as sail-cloth, made from the refuse of flax, and a pair of corduroy nether garments, with two bright new patches upon the knees. Grey worsted stockings, with dog-skin brogues, well paved in the sole, and greased until they shone again, completed the personal adornments of this unassuming personage. On the whole, his appearance might have brought to the recollection of a modern beholder one of those architectural edifices, so fashionable in our time, in which the artist, with an admirable ambition, seeks to unite all that is excellent in the Tuscan, Doric, Corinthian, and Ionic order, in *one coup d'ail*.

The expression of the figure, though it varied with circumstances, was for the most part thoughtful and deliberative; the effect, in a great measure, of habitual penury and dependence. At the time of Lord Halifax's administration, Lowry Looby, then a very young man, held a *spot of ground* in the neighborhood of Limerick, and was *well to do* in the world, but the scarcity which prevailed in England at the time, and

which occasioned a sudden rise in the price of beer, butter, and other produce of grazing land in Ireland, threw all the agriculturists out of their little holdings, and occasioned a general destitution, similar to that produced by the anti-cottier system in the present day. Lowry was among the sufferers. He was saved, however, from the necessity of adopting one of the three ultimata of Irish misery—begging, enlisting, or emigrating—by the kindness of Mr. Daly, who took him into his service as a kind of runner between his farms; an office for which Lowry, by his long and muscular legs, and the lightness of body that encumbered them, was qualified in an eminent degree. His excelling honesty, one of the characteristics of his country, which he was known to possess, rendered him a still more valuable acquisition to the family than had been at first anticipated. He had, moreover, the national talent for adroit flattery, a quality which made him more acceptable to his patron than the latter would willingly admit, and every emulsion of this kind was applied under the disguise of simpleness, which gave it a wonderful efficacy.

"Ha! Lowry—" said Mr. Daly, "Well, have you made your fortune since you have agreed with the postmaster?"

Lowry put his hands behind his back, looked successively at the four corners of the room, then round the cornice, then cast his eyes down at his feet, turned up the soles a little, and finally straightening his person, and gazing on his master, replied, "To lose it I did, sir, for a place."

"To lose what?"

"The place of postman, sir, through the country westward. Sure there I was a gentleman for life if it wasn't my luck."

"I do not understand you, Lowry."

"I'll tell you how it was, masther. After the last postman died, sir, I took your recommendation to the postmaster, an' axed him for the place. 'I'm used to thravellin', sir,' says I, 'for Mishter Daly, over, and—' 'Aye,' says he, takin' me up short, 'an' you have a good long pair o' legs, I see.' 'Middlin', sir,' says I (he's a very pleasant gentleman), 'it's equal to me any day, winther or summer, whether I go ten miles or twenty, so as I have the nourishment.' 'T'would be hard if you didn't get that, anyway,' says he; 'well, I think I may as well give you the place, for I don't know any gentleman that I'd sooner take his recommendation than Mishter Daly's, or one that I'd sooner pay him a compliment, if I could.'"

"Well, and what was your agreement?"

"Ten pounds a year, sir," answered Lowry, opening his eyes, as if he announced something of wonderful importance, and speaking in a loud voice, to suit the magnitude of the sum, "besides my clothing and shoes throughout the year."

"T'was very handsome, Lowry."

"Handsome, master? 'Twas wages for a prince, sir. Sure there I was, a made gentleman all my days, if it wasn't my luck, as I said before."

"Well, and how did you lose it?"

"I'll tell you, sir," answered Lowry: "I was going over to the postmaster yesterday, to get the Thrallee mail from him, and to start off with myself on my first journey. Well, an' good, of all the world, who should I meet, above upon the road, just at the turn down to the post-office, but that red-headed woman who sells the freestone in the streets? So I turned back."

"Turned back! for what?"

"Sure the world knows, masther, that it isn't lucky to meet a red-haired woman, and you going of a journey."

"And you never went for the mail-bags?"

"Faiks, I'm sure I didn't that day."

"Well, and the next morning?"

"The next morning, that's this morning, when I went, I found they had engaged another boy in my place."

"And you lost the situation?"

"For this turn, sir, anyway. 'Tis luck that does it all. Sure I thought I was cock sure of it, an' I having the postmaster's word. But, indeed, if I meet that freestone crathur again, I'll knock her red head against the wall."

"Well, Lowry, this ought to show you the folly of your superstition. If you had not minded that woman when you met her, you might have had your situation now."

"'Twas she was in fault still, begging your pardon, sir," said Lowry, "for sure if I didn't meet her at all, this wouldn't have happened me."

"Oh," said Mr. Daly, laughing, "I see you are well provided against all argument. I have no more to say, Lowry."

The man now walked slowly towards Kyrle, and bending down with a look of solemn importance, as if he had some weighty intelligence to communicate, he said: "The horse, sir, is ready this way, at the doore abroad."

"Very well, Lowry, I shall set out this instant."

Lowry raised himself erect again, turned slowly round, and walked to the door, with his eyes on the ground and his hand raised to his temple, as if endeavoring to recollect something farther which he had intended to say.

"Lowry!" said Mr. Daly, as the handle of the door was turned a second time. Lowry looked round.

"Lowry, tell me—did you see Eily O'Connor, the rope-maker's daughter, at the fair of Garryowen yesterday?"

"Ah, you're welcome to your game, masther."

"Pon my word, then, Eily is a very pretty girl, Lowry; and I'm told the old father can give her something besides her pretty face."

Lowry opened his huge mouth (we forgot to mention that it was a huge one), and gave vent to a few explosions of laughter which much more nearly resembled the braying of an ass. "You are welcome to your game, masther," he repeated; "long life to your honor."

"But is it true, Lowry, as I have heard it insinuated, that old Mihil O'Connor used, and still does, twist ropes for the use of the county goal?"

Lowry closed his lips hard, while the blood rushed



into his face at this unworthy allegation. Treating it, however, as a new piece of the "masher's game," he laughed, and tossed his head.

"Folly\* on—sir—folly on."

"Because, if that were the case, Lowry, I should expect to find you a fellow of too much spirit to become connected, even by affinity, with such a calling. A rope-maker! a manufacturer of rogues' last neckcloths—an understrapper to the gallows—a species of collateral hangman!"

"Ah, then, Missiz, do you hear this? and all rising out of a little ould fable of a story that happened as good as five years ago, because Moriarty, the crooked hangman (the thief!) stepped into Mihil's little place of a night, and nobody knowin' of him, an' bought a couple o' pen'orth o' whip-cord for some vagary or other of his own. And there's all the call Mihil O'Connor had ever to gallowses of hangmen in his life. That's the whole toto o' their *insinivaytions*."

"Never mind your master, Lowry," said Mrs. Daly, "he is only amusing himself with you."

"Oh, ha! I'm sure I know it, ma'am; long life to him, and 'tis he that's welcome to his joke."

"But, Lowry——"

"Ah, Heaven bless you now, masher, an' let me alone. I'll say nothing to you."

"Nay, nay, I only wanted to ask you what sort of a fair it was at Garryowen yesterday."

"Middling, sir, like the small *platees*, they tell me," said Lowry, suddenly changing his manner to an appearance of serious occupation; "but 'tis hard to make out what sort a fair is when one has nothing to sell himself. I met a huxter, an' she told me 'twas a bad fair, because she could not sell her piggins; an' I met a pig-jobber, an' he told me 'twas a dear fair, pork ran so high; an' I met another little meagre creatur, a neighbor that has a cabin on the road above, an' he said 'twas the best fair that ever came out o' the sky, because he got a power for his pig. But Hardress Cregan was there, an' if he didn't make it a dear fair to some of 'em, you may call me an honest man."

"A very notable undertaking that would be, Lowry. But how was it?"

"Some o' them boys—them Garryowen lads—sir, to get about Danny Mann, the Lord, Mr. Hardress's boatman, as he was comin' down from Mihil's with a new rope for some part o' the boat, and to begin *reflecting* on him in regard o' the hump on his back, poor creatur! Well, if they did, Master Hardress heerd 'em: and he having a stout blackthorn in his hand, this way, and he made up to the foremost of 'em. 'What's that you're saying, you scoundrel? says he.' 'What would you give to know?' says the other, mighty impudent. Master Hardress made no more only up with the stick, and without saying this or that, or by your leave, or how do you do, he stretched him. Well, such a scuffle as began among 'em was never seen. They all fell upon Master Hardress, but faix they had only the half of it, for he made his way through the thick of 'em without as much as a mark. Aw, indeed; it isn't a goose or a

duck they had to do with when they came across Mr. Cregan, for all."

"And where were you all this while, Lowry?"

"Above in Mihil's door, standin' and lookin' about the fair for myself."

"And Eily?"

"Ah, hear to this again, now! I'll run away out o' the place entirely from you, masher, that's what I'll do;" and suiting the action to the phrase, exit Lowry Looby.

"Well, Kyrle," said Mr. Daly, as the latter rose and laid aside his chair, "I suppose we are not to expect you back to-night?"

"Likely not, sir. If I have any good news to tell, I shall send an answer by Lowry, who goes with me; and if"—something seemed to stick in his throat, and he tried to laugh it out—"if I should be unsuccessful I will ride on to the dairy-farm at Gurtenaspig, where Hardress Cregan promised to meet me."

Mr. Daly wished him better fortune than he seemed to hope for, and repeated an old proverb about a faint heart and a fair lady. The affectionate mother, who felt the feverishness of the young lover's hand, as he placed it in hers, and probably in secret participated in his apprehensions, followed him to the steps of the hall-door. He was already on horseback.

"Kyrle," said Mrs. Daly, smiling, while she looked up in his face, and shaded her own with her hand—"Remember, Kyrle, if Anne Chute should play the tyrant with you, that there is many a prettier girl in Munster."

Kyrle seemed about to reply, but his young horse became restive, and as the gentleman felt rather at a loss, he made the impatience of the animal an apology for his silence. He waved his hand to the kind old lady, and rode away.

"And if she *should* play the tyrant with you, Kyrle," Mrs. Daly continued in soliloquy, while she saw his handsome and graceful figure diminish in the distance, "Anne Chute is not of my mind."

So said the mother as she returned to the parlor, and so would many younger ladies have said, had they known Kyrle Daly as well as she did.

While Mrs. Daly, who was the empress of all house-keepers, superintended the removal of the breakfast-table, not disdaining with her own fair hands to restore the plate and china to their former neatness, the old gentleman called all his children around him, to undergo a customary examination. They came flocking to his knees, the boys with their satchels thrown over their shoulders, and the girls with their gloves and bonnets on, ready for school. Occasionally, as they stood before the patriarchal sire, their eyes wandered from his face towards a lofty pile of sliced bread and butter, and a bowl of white sugar which stood near his elbow.

"North-east!" Mr. Daly began addressing the eldest.

It should be premised that this singular name was given to the child in compliance with a popular superstition; for, sensible as the Daly's were accounted in their daily affairs, they were not wholly exempt from the prevailing weakness of their countrymen. Three

of Mrs. Daly's children died at nurse, and it was suggested to the unhappy parents, that if the next little stranger were baptized by the name of North-east, the curse would be removed from their household. Mrs. Daly acceded to the proposition, adding to it at the same time the slight precaution of changing her nurses. With what success this ingenious remedy was attended, the flourishing state of Mr. Daly's nursery thenceforward sufficiently testified.

"North-east," said the old gentleman, "when was Ireland first peopled?"

"By Bartholomew, sir, in anno mundi 1556, the great-great-great-great-great-granson of Noah."

"Six greats. Right, my boy. Although the Cluan-Mac-Nois makes it 1969. But a difference of a few years, at a distance of nearly four thousand, is not a matter to be quarrelled with. Stay, I have not done with you yet. Mr. Tickleback tells me you are a great Latinist. What part of Ovid are you reading now?"

"The *Metamorphoses*, sir, book the thirteenth."

"Ah, poor Ajax! he's an example and a warning for all Irishmen. Well, North-east, Ulysses ought to supply you with Latin enough to answer me one question. Give me the construction of this: *Mater mea sus est mala*."

The boy hesitated a moment, laughed, reddened a little, and looked at his mother. "That's a queer thing, sir," he said at last.

"Come, construe, construe."

"*My mother is a bad sow*," said North-east, laughing, "that's the only English I can find for it."

"Ah, North-east! Do you call me names, my lad?" said Mrs. Daly, while she laid aside the china in a cupboard.

"Tis daddy you should blame, ma'am; 'twas he said it. I only told him the English of it."

This affair produced much more laughter and merriment than it was worth. At length Mr. Daly condescended to explain.

"You gave me one construction of it," said he, "but not the right one. However, these things cannot be learned all in a day, and your translation was correct, North-east, in point of grammar, at all events. But (he continued with a look of learned wisdom) the true meaning of the sentence is this: *Mater*, mother, *mea*, hasten, *sus*, the sow, *est*, eats up (*edere*, my boy, not *esse*), *mala*, the apples."

"O, it's a *crann*, I see," said the boy with some indignation of tone. "One isn't obliged to know *crans*. I'd soon puzzle you if I was to put you all the *crans* I know."

"Not so easily as you suppose, perhaps," said his father in dignified alarm, lest his reputation should suffer in the eyes of his wife, who really thought him a profound linguist. "But you are a good boy. Go to school, North-east. Here, open your satchel."

The satchel was opened, a huge slice of bread from the top of the pile above mentioned was dropped into it, and North-east set off south-south-west out of the house.

"Charles, who is the finest fellow in Ireland?"

"Henry Grattan, sir."

"Why so, sir?"

"Because he says we must have a free trade, sir."

"You must have a lump of sugar with your bread for that. Open your satchel. There: now run away to school. Patey!" "Sir."

"Patey, tell me, who was the first Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in the present reign?"

Patey, an idle young rogue, stood glancing alternately at the pile of bread and at his father's face, and shifting from one foot to another like a foundering nag. At last he said stoutly—

"Julius Cæsar, sir."

"That's a good boy. Ah, you young villain, if I had asked you who won the last boat-race, or how many hookers went by this morning, you'd give me a better answer than that. Was it Julius Cæsar sailed round the revenue cutter, near Tarbert, the other day?"

"No, sir, it was Larry Kett."

"I'll engage you know that. Well, tell me this, and I'll forgive you! Who was the bravest seaman you ever heard of? always excepting Hardress Cregan."

"Brown, sir, the man that brought the Bilboa ship into Youghal, after making prisoners of nine Frenchmen: the fellows, daddy"—the boy continued, warming with his subject—"were sent to take the vessel into France, and Brown had only three men and a boy with him, and they retook the ship, and brought her into Youghal. But sure one Irishman was more than a match for two Frenchmen."

"Well, I perceive you have some knowledge in physics and comparative physiology. There's some hope of you. Go to school." And the pile of bread appeared a few inches lower.

The remainder was distributed amongst the girls, to whom the happy father put questions in history, geography, catechism, etc., proportioned to the capacity of each. At length he descended to the youngest, a little cherub, with roses of three years' growth in her cheeks.

"Well, Sally, my pet, what stands for sugar?"

"I, daddy."

"Ah, Sally's a wag, I see. You do stand for it indeed, and you shall get it. We must not expect to force nature," he added, looking at his wife, and tossing his head. "Every beginning is weak, and Sam Johnson himself was as indifferent a philologist once in his day. And now, to school at once, darlings, and bring home good judgments. Nelly will go for you at three o'clock."

The little flock of innocents, who were matched in size like the reeds of a pandean pipe, each under each, having left the scene, Mr. Daly proceeded to despatch his own affairs, and possessed himself of his hat and cane.

"I'll step over to the meadow, my dear, and see how the hay gets on. And give me that pamphlet of Hutchinson's—Commercial Restraints—I promised to lend it to Father Malachy. And let the stranger's room be got ready, my love, and the sheets aired, for I expect Mr. Windfall, the tax-gatherer, to sleep here to-night."

And Sally, if Ready should come about his pigs that I put in pound last night, let him have them free of cost, but not without giving him a fright about them; and above all, insist upon having rings in their noses before night. My little lawn is like a fallow-field with them. I'll be back at five."

Saying this, and often turning his head as some new commission arose to his memory, the Munster "Middleman" sallied out of his house, and walked along the gravelled avenue, humming, as he went, a verse of the popular old song:—

"And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,  
Which I have worn for three score years and ten,  
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,  
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again,  
My face in the glass I'll serenely survey,  
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,  
For this old worn-out stuff that is threadbare to-day,  
May become everlasting to-morrow!  
To-morrow! To-morrow!  
May become everlasting to-morrow!"

Such, in happier days than ours, was the life of a Munster farmer. Indeed, the word is ill adapted to convey to an English reader an idea of the class of persons whom it is intended to designate, for they were,

and are, in mind and education, far superior to the persons who occupy that rank in most other countries. Opprobrious as the term "middleman" has been rendered in our own time, it is certain that the original formation of the sept was both natural and beneficial. When the country was deserted by its gentry, a general promotion of one grade took place among those who remained at home. The farmers became gentlemen, and the laborers became farmers, the former assuming, together with the station and influence, the quick and honorable spirit, the love of pleasure, and the feudal authority, which distinguished their aristocratic archetypes, while the humbler classes looked up to them for advice and assistance, with the same feeling of respect and of dependence which they had once entertained for the actual proprietors of the soil. The covetousness of landlords themselves, in selling leases to the highest bidder, without any inquiry into his character or fortune, first tended to throw imputations on this respectable and useful body of men, which, in progress of time, swelled into a popular outcry, and ended in an act of the legislature for their gradual extirpation. There are few now in that class as prosperous, many as intelligent and high-principled, as Mr. Daly.

## CHAPTER V.

HOW KYRLE DALY RODE OUT TO WOO, AND HOW LOWRY LOOBY TOLD HIM SOME STORIES ON THE WAY.

KYRLE DALY had even better grounds than he was willing to insist upon for doubting his success with Anne Chute. He had been introduced to her for the first time, in the course of the preceding spring, at an assize ball, and thought her, with justice, the finest girl in the room: he danced two sets of country-dances (ah! ces beaux jours!) with her, and was ravished with her manners; he saw her home at night, and left his heart behind him when he bade her farewell.

The conquest of his affections might not have been so permanent as to disturb his quiet, had it not been quickly followed by that of his reason likewise. His subsequent acquaintance with the young lady produced a confirmation of his first impressions, from which he neither sought nor hoped to be delivered. The approbation of his parents fixed the closing rivet in the chain which bound him. Mrs. Daly loved Anne Chute for her filial tenderness and devotion, and Mr. Daly, with whom portionless virtue would have met but a tardy and calm acceptance, was struck motionless when he heard that she was to have the mansion and demesne of Castle Chute, which he knew had been held by her father's family at a pepper-corn rent, insomuch that Kyrle might have said with Lubin in the French comedy, "Il ne tiendra qu'à elle que nous ne soyons mariés ensemble."

Nothing, however, in the demeanor of the young lady led him to believe that their acquaintance would be

likely to terminate in such a catastrophe. It was true she liked him, for Kyrle was a popular character amongst all his fair acquaintances. He had, in addition to his handsome appearance, that frank and cheerful manner, not unmingled with a certain degree of tenderness and delicacy, which is said to be most successful in opening the female heart. Good nature spoke in his eyes, in his voice, and in "the laughter of his teeth," and he carried around him a certain air of ease and freedom, governed by that happy and instinctive discretion which those who effect the quality in vain attempt to exercise, and always overstep. But he could not avoid seeing that it was as a mere acquaintance he was esteemed by Miss Chute—an intimate, familiar, and, he sometimes flattered himself, a valued one, but still a mere acquaintance. She had even received some of his attentions with a coldness intentionally marked; but as an elegant coldness formed a part of her general manner, the lover, with a lover's willing blindness, would not receive those intimations as he at first thought they were intended.

When the affections are once deeply impressed with the image of beauty, everything in nature that is beautiful to the eyes, musical to the ears, or pleasing to any of the senses, awakens a sympathetic interest within the heart, and strengthens the impression under which it languishes. The loveliness of the day, and of the scenes through which he passed, occasioned a deep



access of passion in the breast of our fearful wooer. The sky was mottled over with those small bright clouds which sailors, who look on them as ominous of bad weather, term *mackerel*; large masses of vapor lay piled above the horizon, and the deep blue openings overhead, which were visible at intervals, appeared streaked with a thin and drifted mist which remained motionless, while the clouds underneath were driven fast across by a wind that was yet unfelt on earth.

The wooded point of land which formed the site of Castle Chute, projected considerably into the broad river, at a distance of many miles from the road on which he now travelled, and formed a point of view, on which the eye, after traversing the extent of water which lay between, reposed with much delight. Several small green islands, and rocks, black with seaweed, and noisy with the unceasing cry of sea-fowl, diversified the surface of the stream, while the shores were clothed in that graceful variety of shade, and light, and hue, which is peculiar to the season. As Kyrle, with the fidelity of a lover's eye, fixed his gaze on the point of land above mentioned, and on the tall castle which over-topped the elms, and was reflected in the smooth and shining waters underneath, he saw a white-sailed pleasure-boat glide under its walls, and stand out again into the bed of the river. A sudden flash shot from her bow, and after the lapse of a few seconds, the report of a gun struck upon his ear. At the same moment, the green flag which hung at the peak of the boat, was lowered in token of courtesy, and soon after hoisted again to its former position. Kyrle, who recognized the Nora Creina, felt a sudden hurry in his spirits at the sight of this telegraphic communion with the family of his beloved. The picture instantly rushed into his mind of the effects produced by this incident in the interior of Castle Chute; Anne Chute looking up, and starting from her work-table; her mother leaning on her gold-headed cane, and rising with difficulty from her easy chair, to move towards the window; the cross old steward, Dan Dawley, casting a grum side glance from his desk, through the hall window; the housemaid, Syl Carney, pausing, brush in hand, and standing like an evoked spirit, in a cloud of dust, to gape in admiration of the little pageant; the lifting of the sash, and the waving of a white handkerchief, in answer to the greeting from the water. But could it be visible at that distance? He put spurs to his horse, and rode forward at a brisker rate.

The figure of Lowry Looby, moving forward at a sling trot on the road before him, was the first object that directed his attention from the last-mentioned incident, and turned his thoughts into a merrier channel. The Mercury of the cabins, with a stick for his *herpe*, and a pair of well-paved brogues for his *talaria*, jogged forward at a rate which obliged his master to trot at the summit of his speed in order to overtake him. He carried the skirts of his great frieze "riding-coat" under his arm, and moved—or, more properly, sprang—forward, throwing out his loose-jointed legs forcibly, and with such a careless freedom, that it seemed, as if, when once he lifted his foot from the

ground, he could not tell where it would descend again. His hat hung so far back on his head that the disk of the crown was fully visible to his followers, while his head was so much in the rear of his shoulders, and moved from side to side with such a jaunty air, that it seemed at times as if the owner had a mind to leave it behind him altogether. In his right hand, fairly balanced in the centre, he held the hazel stick before alluded to, while he half hummed, half sung aloud, a verse of a popular ballad:—

"Bryan O'Lynn had no small clothes to wear,  
He cut up a sheepskin to make him a pair,  
With the skinny side out and the woolly side in—  
'Tis pleasant and cool,' says Bryan O'Lynn."

"Lowry!" shouted Kyrle Daly.

"Going, sir!"

"Going? I think you *are* going, and at a pretty brisk rate, too. You travel merrily, Lowry."

"Middlen, sir, middlen—as the world goes. I sing for company, ever and always, when I go a long road by myself; an' I find it a dale pleasanter and lighter on me. Equal to the lark, that the louder he sings the higher he mounts, it's the way with me, an' I travellin'—the lighter my heart, the faster the road slips from under me.

I am a bold bacheior, airy and free,  
Both cities and counties are equal to me;  
Among the fair females of every degree,  
I care not how long I do tarry."

"Lowry, what do you think of the day?"

"What do I think of it, sir? I'm thinkin' 'twill rain, 'an I'm sorry for it, an' the master's hay out yet. There's signs o' wind an' rain. The forty days ar'n't out yet, and there was a sight o' rain the last Saint Sweeten." And he again resumed his melody suffering it to sink and swell in a manner alternately distinct and inarticulate, with a slight mixture of that species of enunciation which Italians term the voice of the head:

"I never will marry while youth's at me side,  
For my heart it is light and the world is wide;  
I'll ne'er be a slave to a haughty old bride,  
To curb me and keep me uneasy."

"And why should last St. Swithin have anything to do with this day?"

"Oyeh, then, sure enough, sir. But they tell an ould fable about Saint Sweeten when he was first buried—"

"Why, was he buried more than once, Lowry?"

"Oyeh, hear to this! Well, well—'tis makin' a hand o' me your honor is, fairly, kind father for you! He *was*, then, buried more than once, if you go to that of it. He was a great Saint living an' had a long *berria* when he died; an' when they had the grave dug, and were for puttin' him into it, the sky opened, an' it kep powerin', powerin' rain for the bare life, an' stoit so for forty days an' nights."

"And they couldn't bury him?"

"An' they couldn't bury him till the forty days were over—"

"He had a long wake, Lowry."

"Believe it sir. But ever since that, they remark, whatever way Saint Sweeten's day is, it is the same for forty days after. You don't b'lieve, that, sir, now?"

"Indeed, I am rather doubtful."

"See that, why! Why, then, I seen a schoolmaster westwards, that had as much Latin an' English as if he swallowed a dictionary an' he'd outface the world, that it was as true as you're going the road this minute. But the *quality* doesn't give into them things at all. Heaven be with ould times! There is nothin' at all there as it used to be, Master Kyrle. There isn't the same weather there, nor the same peace, nor comfort, nor as much money, nor as strong whisky, nor as good *piatees*, nor the gentlemen isn't so pleasant in themselves, nor the poor people so quiet, nor the boys so divartin', nor the girls so coaxin', nor nothin' at all is there as it used to be formerly. Hardly I think, the sun shines as bright in the day; an' nothin' shows itself now by night, neither good spirits nor bad people. In them days, a man couldn't go a lonesome road at night without meetin' things that would make the hair of his head stiffen equal to bristles. Now you might ride from this to Dingle without seeing anything uglier than yourself on the way. But what help for it?"

Once in fair England my Blackbird did flourish,  
He was the chief flower that in it did spring;  
Prime ladies of honor his person did nourish,  
Because that he was the true son of a king.  
But this false fortune,  
Which still is uncertain,  
Has caused this long parting between him and me;  
His name I'll advance,  
In Spain an' in France,  
An' seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be."

An' you would't believe, now, Master Kyrle, that anything does be showin' itself at night at all? Or used to be of ould?"

"It must be a very long while since, Lowry."

"Why, then, see this, sir. The whole country will tell you that after Mr. Chute died, the ould man of all, Mr. Tom's father—you heard of him?"

"I recollect to have heard of a fat man, that——"

"Fat!" exclaimed Lowry, in a voice of surprise—"you may say fat. There isn't that door on hinges that he'd pass in, walkin' with a fair front, widout he turned sideways, or skamed in one way or other. You an' I, an' another along wid us, might be made out of the one half of him aisy. His body-coat, when he died, *med* a whole shoot for Dan Dawley, the steward, besides a jacket for his little boy; an' Dan was no fishing-rod that time, I tell you. But 'any way, fat or lain, he was buried, an' all the world will tell you that he was seen rising a fortnight after by Dan Dawley, in the shape of a drove o' young pigs."

"A whole drove?"

"A whole drove. An' 't isn't lain, *lanky* careaishes o' store pigs either, only fat, fit for bacon. He was passin' the forge, near the ould gate, an' the moon shinin' as bright as silver, when he seen him comin' again' him on the road. Sure he isn't the same man ever since."

"Dan Dawley is not easily caught by appearances. What a sharp eye he must have had. Lowry, to recognize his master under such a disguise?"

"Oyeh, he knew well what was there. 'T isn't the first time with Dan Dawley seein' things o' the kind.

Didn't you ever hear what happened Dan in regard of his first wife, sir?"

"No."

"Well, aisy, an' I'll tell you. Dan was married to a girl o' the Hayeses, a very intricate little creatur, that led him a mighty uneasy life from the day they married out. Well, it was Dan's luck, she got a stitch, an' died one mornin' an' if she did, Dan made a *pilliloo* an' a *lavo* over her, as if he lost all belongin' to him. They buried her, for all, an' Dan was sittin' in his own doore, an' he twistin' a gad, to hang a little taste o' bacon he had, an' he singin' the *Rovi's Journeyman* for himself, when, tunder alive! who should walk in the doore to him only his dead wife, an' she livin' as well as ever! Take it from me, he didn't stay long where he was. 'Eh, is that you, Canth?' says he. 'The very one,' says she, 'how does the world use you, Dan?' 'Wisha middlin', says Dan again. 'I didn't think we'd see you any more, Canth,' says he. 'Nor you wouldn't either,' says she, 'only for yourself.' 'Do you tell me so,' says Dan Dawley; 'how was that?' 'There are two dogs,' says she, 'that are sleeping on the road I was goin' in the other world, an' the noise you made cryin' over me awakened 'em, an' they *ris* again me, and wouldn't let me pass.' 'See that, why!' says Dan, grinning, 'warn't they the contrairy pair?' Well, after another twelvemonth Canth died the second time; but, I'll be your bail, it was long for Dan Dawley to cry over her this turn as he did at first. 'Twas all his trouble to see would he keep the women at the wake from *keenin'* over the dead corpse, or doing anything in life that would waken the dogs. Signs on, she passed 'em, for he got neither tale nor tidin's of her from that day to this. 'Poor Canth,' says Dan, 'why should I cry to have them dogs tearin' her maybe?'"

"Dan Dawley was a lucky man," said Kyrle. "Neither Orpheus nor Thesus had so much to say for themselves as he had."

"I never hear talks o' them gentlemen, sir; wor they o' these parts?"

"Not exactly. One of them was from the county of Attica, and the other from the county of Thrace."

"I never hear of 'em: I partly guessed they wor strangers," Lowry continued with much simplicity; "but, any way, Dan Dawley was a match for the best of 'em, an' a luckier man than I told you yet, moreover—that's in the first beginnin' of his days."

At this moment a number of smart young fellows, dressed out in new felt hats, clean shoes and stockings, with ribbons flying at the knees, passed them on the road. They touched their hats respectfully to Mr. Daly, while they recognized his attendant by a nod, a smile, and a familiar "Is that the way, Lowry?"

"The very way, then, lads," said Lowry, casting a longing look after them. "Goin' to Garryowen they are now, divartin' for the night," he added in a half envious tone, after which he threw the skirt of his coat from the left to the right arm, looked down at his feet, struck the ground with the end of his stick, and trotted on, singing—



"I'm noted for dancin' a jig in good order,  
A min'et I'd march, an' I'd foot a good reel;  
In a country-dance I'd still be the leading partner;  
I ne'er faltered yet from a crack on the heel."

My heart is wid ye, boys, this night. But I was tellin' you, Master Kyrle, about Dan Dawley's luck! Listen hether."

He dried his face, which was glistening with moisture and flushed with exercise, in his frieze coat, and commenced his story:—

"Tis not in Castle Chute the family lived always, sir, only in ould Mr. Chute's time; he built it, an' left the Fort above, an' I'll tell you for what raison. The ould man of all, that had the Fort before him, used to be showing himself there at night, himself an' his wife, an' his two daughters, an' a son, an' there were the strangest noises ever you hear, going on above stairs. The master had six or seven sarvints, one after another, stopping up to watch him, but there isn't one of em' but was killed by the spirit. Well, he was forced to quit at last on the 'count of it, an' it is then he built Castle Chute—the new part of it, where Miss Anne an' the ould lady lives now. Well an' good, if he did, he was standin' one mornin' oppozit his own gate on the road side, out, an' the sun shining, an' the birds singin' for themselves in the bushes, when who should he see only Dan Dawley, an' he a little gaffer the same time, serpnadin' down the road for the bare life. "Where to now, lad?" says Mr. Chute (he was a mighty pleasant man). "Lookin' for a master, then, says Dan Dawley. "Why, then, never go past this gate for him," says Mr. Chute, "if you'll do what I bid you," says he. "What's that, sir?" says the boy. So he up an' told him the whole story about the Fort, an' how something used to be showin' itself there, constant, in the dead hour o' the night; 'an' have you the courage,' says he, 'to sit up a night, an' watch it?' "What would I get by it?" says Dan, looking him up in the face. "I'll give you twenty guineas in the mornin', an' a table, an' a chair, an' a pint o' whisky, an' a fire, an' a candle, an' your dinner before you go," says Mr. Chute. "Never say it again," says the gorsoon, 'tis his wages for one night's work, an' I never yet done,' says he, 'anything that would make me in dread o' the living or the dead, or afraid to trust myself into the hands o' the Almighty'. "Very well, away with you," says the gentleman, 'an' I'll have your life if you tell me a word of a lie in the mornin'', says he. "I will not, sir," says the boy, 'for what?' Well, he went there an' he drew the table a-near the fire for himself, an' got his candle, an' began readin' his book. 'Tis the lonsest place you ever seen. Well, that was well an' good, till he heerd the greatest racket that ever was goin' on above stairs, as if all the slates on the roof were fallin'. "I'm in dread," says Dan, 'that these people will do me some bad hurt,' says he, an' hardly he said the word, and the door opened, and in they all walked, the ould gentleman with a great big wig on him, an' the wife, an' the two daughters, an' the son. Well, they all put elbows upon themselves, an' stood lookin' at him out in the middle o' the floore. He said nothin' and they said nothin', an' at last, when they were tired o' lookin', they went

out an' walked the whole house, an' went up stairs again. The gentleman came in the mornin' early. "Good morrow, good boy," says he. "Good morrow, sir," says the boy; "I had a dale o' fine company here last night," says he, "Ladies an' gentleman." 'It's a lie you're tellin' me,' says Mr. Chute. "Tis not a word of a lie, sir," says Dan; "there was an ould gentleman with a big wig, an' an ould lady, an' two young ones, an' a young gentleman," says he. "True for you," says Mr. Chute, puttin' a hand in his pocket, and reaching him twenty guineas. "Will you stay there another night?" says he. "I will, sir," says Dan. Well, he went walkin' about the fields for himself, and when night comes—"

"You may pass over the adventures of the second night, Lowry," said Kyrle, "for I suspect that nothing was effected until the third."

"Why, then, you just guessed it, sir. Well, the third night he said to himself, 'Escape how I can,' says he, 'I'll speak to that ould man with the wig, that does be puttin' an elbow on himself an' looking at me?' Well, the ould man an' all o' them came and stood oppozit him with elbows on 'em as before. Dan got frightened, seeing 'em stop so long in the one place, and the ould man lookin' so wicked (he was after killin' six or seven, in the same fort), an' he went down on his two knees, an' he put his hands together, and," says he—"

A familiar incident of Irish pastoral life occasioned an interruption in this part of the legend. Two blooming country girls, their hair confined with a simple black ribbon, their cotton gowns pinned up in front, so as to display the greater portion of the blue stuff petticoat underneath, and their countenances bright with health and laughter, ran out from a cottage door, and intercepted the progress of the travellers. The prettier of the two skipped across the road, holding between her fingers a worsted thread, while the other retained between her hands the large ball from which it had been unwound. Kyrle paused, too well acquainted with the country customs to break through the slender impediment.

"Pay your *footin'*, now, Master Kyrle Daly, before you go farther," said one.

"Don't overlook the wheel, sir," added the girl who remained next the door.

Kyrle searched his pocket for a shilling, while Lowry, with a half smiling, half censuring face, murmured—

"Why, then, Heaven send ye sense, as it is it ye want this mornin'."

"And you manners, Mr. Looby. Single your freedom, and double your distance, I beg o' you. Sure your purse, if you have one, is safe in your pocket. Long life an' a good wife to you, Master Kyrle, an' I wish I had a better hould than this o' you. I wisht you were in *looze*, an' that I had the findin' o' you this mornin'."

So saying, while she smiled merrily on Kyrle, and darting a scornful glance at Lowry Looby, she returned to her woolen wheel, singing, as she twirled it round:—

"I want no lectures from a learned master;  
He may bestow 'em on a foolish train;  
I'd sooner walk through my blossoming garden,  
An' hear the whistle of my jolly swain."

\* To which Lowry, who received the lines, as they



were probably intended, in a satirical sense, replied, as he trotted forwards, in the same strain:—

"Those dressy an' smooth-faced young maidens,  
Who now looks at present so gay,  
Has borrowed some words o' good English.  
An' knows not one half what they say.  
No female is fit to be married,  
Nor fancied by no man at all,  
But those who can sport a drab mantle,  
An' likewise a cassimere shawl."

Hoop-whisk! Why, then, she's a clean made little girl for all, isn't she, Master Kyrle? But I was tellin' you—where's this I was? Iss, just. Dan Dawley going on his knees an' talking to the *spirit*. Well, he raised his two hands this way, an' 'The Almighty be betune you an' me this night,' says he. 'Ah! that's my good boy,' says the ould man, 'I was waiting these three nights to have you speak first, an' if you hadn't that time, I'd have your life equal to all the others,' says he. 'But come with me now, an' I'll make a gentleman o' you, for you're the best boy that ever I see,' says he. Well, the boy got a trembling, an' he couldn't folly him. 'Don't be one bit afeerd o' me,' says the ould gentleman, 'for I won't do you a ha'p'orth of hurt.' Well, he carried Dan after him through the house, an' he showed him three crocks o' goold buried behind a doore, an' 'D'ye hear to me now?' says he, 'tell my son to give one o' these crocks to my daughter, an' another to you, an' to keep the third himself; an' then I won't show myself this way any more,' says he, 'for it is the goold that does be always troubling us in the ground. An' tell him, if he lives,' says he, 'to give you my daughter in marriage, an' this Fort along with her.' Alilul! me tell him!" cries Dan Dawley. 'I'm sure I wouldn't take him such a message for the world.' 'Do, aye,' says the ould man, 'an' show him this ring for a token, an' tell him I'll be showing myself be day an' be night to him, until he'll give her to you.' So he vanished in the greatest thunder ever you hear. That was well an' good—well, the next mornin' Mr. Chute come, an' if he did, 'Good morrow, good boy,' says he;

'Good morrow, sir,' says Dan. 'Have you any news for me after the night?' says he. 'I have very good news,' says Dan. 'I have three crocks o' goold for you, I got from the ould gentleman,' says he, an' he up and tould him all about it, an' showed him the goold. 'It's a lie you're telling me,' says Mr. Chute, 'an' I'll have your life,' says he—'you went rootin' an' found these yourself.' So Dan put a hand in his pocket, an' pulled out the ring and gave it into his hand. It was the ring, sir, his father wore the day he was buried. 'I give it into you,' says Mr. Chute, 'you did see them surely. What else did he say to you?' Well, Dan begin lookin' down an' up, an' this way, an' that way, an' didn't know what to say. 'Tell me at once,' says Mr. Chute, 'an' fear nothing.' Very well. He did. 'Sir,' says he, 'the ould gentleman tould me, an' sure 'tis a thing I don't expect—but he said I should get Miss Anne, your sister, in marriage.' Well Mr. Chute stood lookin' at Dan as if he had three heads on him. 'Give you my sister, you *keout* of a *geocogh!*' says he; 'you flog Europe for bouldness—get out of my sight,' says he, 'this minute, or I'll give you a kick that will raise you from poverty to the highest pitch of affluence.' 'An' won't I get the crock o' goold, sir?' says Dan. 'Away out o' that with you,' says the gentleman, 'tis to rob me you want, I believe, you notorious delinquent. 'Well, Dan was forced to cut, but in a while after, the ould man sent for him, an' made him a compliment o' something handsome, an' put him over his business as he is to-day with the present people, and an honest creatur as could be. There's more people says that it was all a fable, and that Dan Dawley *dremt* of it, but this was his own story. An' sure I might as well be draming too," he added, casting a side glance at Kyrle, "for it's little attention you are paying to me or my story."

In this assertion Lowry was perfectly correct, for his young master's thoughts at that moment were occupied by a far more interesting subject.

## CHAPTER VI.

HOW KYBLE DALY WAS MORE PUZZLED BY A PIECE OF PAPER THAN THE ABOLISHERS OF THE SMALL-NOTE CURRENCY THEMSELVES

In taking out of his pocket the piece of silver which he wanted to bestow on the cottage Omphale, he drew forth with it a little paper, containing a copy of verses which he had taken from one of Anne Chute's music-books. They were written in a boyish hand, and signed with the letters H. C.; and Kyrle was taxing his memory to recapitulate all the bachelors in the county who bore those initials. There was, in the first place, Hyland Creagh, commonly called Fireball Creagh, a great *sweater* and *pinkie*—a notorious duellist, who had been concerned, either on behalf of himself or his friends, in

more than one hundred "affairs of honor"—a member of the Hell-Fire Club, a society constituted on principles similar to that of the Mohocks, which flourished in London about half a century before Kyrle's time, and whose rules and orders the reader may peruse at full length in the manifesto of their Emperor Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, as set forth in Mr. Addison's amusing journal. Of the provincial branch of this society above mentioned (it is a name which we are loth to repeat oftener than is necessary), Mr. Hyland Fireball Creagh had been a member in his early days, and was

still fond of recounting their customs and adventures with greater minuteness than always accorded with the inclinations of his hearers. There were some qualities in the composition of this gentleman, which made it probable enough that he might write verses in a lady's music-book. He was as gallant as any unmarried Irishman of his day, and he had a *fighting name*, a reputation which was at that time in much higher repute than it is in our own. He had *conversation* (an essential talent in a man of gallantry)—he dressed well, though with a certain antiquated air—and he had a little poodle dog which shut the door when you said "*Baithershin*," and chucked a crust of bread from his nose into his mouth at the word "Fire!" And Mr. Creagh, whenever his canine follower was called on to perform those feats, was careful to make the ladies observe that Pincher never ventured to snap at the word "Make ready!" or "Present!" while if you whispered "Fire!" in never so gentle a tone—pop! the bread vanished in an instant. But then, there were some objections, which were likely to neutralize these accomplishments of Fireball and his dog, and to render it unlikely, after all, that he (that is the former) had been the perpetrator of the verses. He had run through his property, and reduced himself to the mean estate of a needy guest at other men's tables, and a drinker of other men's wine, or rather whiskey, for that was the fundamental ingredient of his customary beverage. This circumstance laid him under the necessity of overlooking a greater number of unhandsome speeches than was consistent with his early fame. And there was one other objection, which rendered it still more improbable that Anne Chute would think any of his effusions worth preserving. He was just turned of sixty-five.

It could not, therefore, be Mr. Hyland Fireball Creagh. H. C.?—Who was it? Hepton Connolly?

Now, reader, judge for yourself what a wise conjecture was this of Mr. Kyrle Daly's. Mr. Hepton Connolly was a still more objectionable swain than the Irish diner-out above described; indeed, he had no single qualification to recommend him as a social companion, except that of being able to contain a prodigious quantity of whisky-punch at a sitting—a virtue in which a six-gallon jar might have excelled him. Nor do I find that there was any part of Anne Chute's demeanor which could lead Kyrle Daly to suppose that this circumstance would take a powerful hold of her affections, although it secured him an envied place in those of her uncle, Mr. Barnaby Cregan, of Roaring Hall. For the rest, Mr. Hepton Connolly was one individual of a species which is now happily extinct among Irish gentlemen. He just retained enough of a once-flourishing patrimony to enable him to keep a hunter, a racer, and an insolent groom. He was the terror of all the pettifogging lawyers, and three-and-ninepenny attorneys, bailiffs, and process-servers in the county. Against these last, in particular, he had carried his indignation to such a length as to maim one of them for life by a shot from his hall window. And he told fifty anecdotes, which made it appear astonishing that he had escaped the gallows so long. But he

relied strongly (and in those days not without reason) on the fact, that there could not be a jury empanelled against him on which he might not number a majority of his own relations. It was not, indeed, that he calculated much on their personal regard or affection for himself, but the stain upon their own name was such, he knew, as they would not willingly incur. His reliance upon this nicety of honor in his friends was so complete, that he never suffered any uneasiness upon those occasions when it became necessary for him to plead to an indictment, however irresistible the evidence by which it was supported; and the only symptoms of anxiety which he ever manifested, consisted in a frequent reference to his watch, and a whisper to the under-turkey, to know whether he had left directions at the jail to keep his dinner hot. One amusing effect produced by Mr. Connolly's repeated collisions with judicial authorities was, that he acquired a gradual fondness for the law itself, and became knowing upon the *rights of persons* and the *rights of things*, in proportion to the practical liberties which he was in the habit of taking with the one and the other. While he made little account at breaking a man's head at a second word, he would prosecute to the rigor of the law a poor, half-naked mountaineer, for stealing a basket of turf from his ricks, or cutting a faggot from one of his hedges. To do him justice, however, it should be mentioned that he was never known to pursue matters to extremity in the instance of punishment, and was always satisfied with displaying his own legal skill before the petty sessions. Nay, he had even been frequently known to add considerably to his own loss in those cases, by making a gift to the culprit of many times the amount of the pilfered property. If Anne Chute could receive this single trait of good feeling as a counterpoise for much bad principle—if she could love to see her house filled with jockeys, horse-riders, grooms, and drunken gentlemen—if she could cherish a fondness for dogs and unlicensed whisky—if, in a word, she could be the happy wife of a mere sportsman—then it was possible that Mr. Hepton Connolly might be the transcriber (author was out of the question) of the little effusion that had excited Kyrle Daly's curiosity.

Who was it? The question still remained without solution. Ha! Her cousin and his college friend, Mr. Hardress Cregan? The conjecture at first made the blood fly into his face, while his nerves were thrilled by a horrid sensation of mingled fear, grief, and anger. But a moment's reflection was sufficient to restore quiet to his mind, and to smile down the spirit of jealousy at its first motion within his breast. Hardress Cregan was perfectly indifferent to the lady; he seldom spoke of her, and scarcely ever visited at Castle Chute. It could not be Hardress. He was a great deal too shy and timid to carry on a lengthened interchange of raillery with any young lady, and if it were more than raillery, he knew the intensity of his friend's character too well to suppose that he would refrain from pursuing his fortunes. It could not be Hardress. He was perfectly aware of Kyrle Daly's secret.—he had repeatedly expressed the warmest



wishes for his success; and Hardress Cregan was no hypocrite. They had been friends, attached friends, at college; and although their intercourse had been much interrupted since their return home, by difference of pursuits and of tastes or habits, still their early friendship remained unchanged, and they never met but with the warmth and the affection of brothers. It was true he had heard Hardress speak of her with much esteem, on his first introduction to college, and when he was yet a very young lad; but a little railery was abundantly sufficient to strike him dumb forever on the subject; and he had not taken many lounges among the beauties of Capel Street and the Phoenix Park, when he appeared to have lost all recollections of his boyish attachment. Kyrle Daly had penetration enough to be aware that he could not, with certainty, calculate on a character at once so profound and so unsettled as that of his young friend, who had always, even in his mere boyhood, been unapproachable by his most intimate acquaintances, and whom he suspected to be capable of one day wielding a mightier influence in society than he seemed himself to aspire to. But Hardress was no hypocrite. That was a sufficient security that, if there were a rival in the case, he was not the man; and if Kyrle needed a more positive argument, it might be found in the fact of a new attachment, which had of late been intimated to him by his young friend himself.

The love which Kyrle entertained for this lady was so singular, so rational, and regulated by so fine a principle of judgment, that the warmest, the wisest, and the best of men might condescend to take an interest in its success. Naturally gifted with the gentlest qualities of heart, and educated by a mother, who taught him the use of that mind by which they were to be directed, it would not be easy to discover a more estimable character among the circles in which he moved. He was the more fortunate, too, that his goodness was the result of natural feeling rather than that of principle alone; for it is a strange and a pitiable peculiarity in our nature, that if a man, by mere strength of reason and perseverance, has made himself master of all the social virtues, he shall not be as much loved in the world as another who has inherited them from nature, although, in the latter instance, they may be obscured by many hideous vices. It may appear presumptuous to hazard an opinion upon a subject of so much gravity; but, perhaps, the reader will not charge us with having caught the paradoxical air of the day, if we venture to intimate, that the true source of the preference may be referred to the common principle of self-preservation. A character that is naturally, and by necessity, generous, may be calculated upon with more certainty than that which is formed by education only, as long as men's opinions shall be found more variable than their feelings. Otherwise, why should we bestow more affection on that character which is really the less admirable of the two? But the reader may receive or reject this conjecture as he pleases. We proceed with our history.

For this, or for some better reason, it was, that Kyrle

Daly, though highly popular among his inferiors and dependants, had only a second place in their affection, compared with his friend Hardress. A generosity utterly reckless and unreasoning is a quality that in all seasons has wrought most powerfully upon the inclinations of the Irish peasantry, who are themselves more distinguished for quick and kindly feeling, than for a just perception of moral excellence. Because, therefore the flow of generosity in Hardress Cregan was never checked nor governed by motives of prudence nor of justice, while good sense and reason regulated that of Kyrle Daly, the estimation in which they were held was proportionably unequal. The latter was spoken of among the people as a "good master;" but Hardress was their darling. His unbounded profusion made them entertain for him that natural tenderness which we are apt to feel towards any object that seems to require protection. "His heart," they observed, "was in the right place." "It would be well for him if he had some of Master Kyrle's sense, poor fellow." "Master Kyrle would buy and sell him at any fair in Munster."

It was only, therefore, among those who were thoroughly intimate with his character that Kyrle Daly was fully understood and appreciated; and it is not saying a little in his praise to remark that his warmest admirers, as well as his best lovers, were to be found within the circle of his own family.

It is impossible that such a mind as we have described could give a tranquil entertainment to any serious passion. Few could suppose from the general gaiety and cheerfulness of his demeanor, and the governed and rational turn of his discourse, that he held a heart so acutely susceptible of passion and so obnoxious to disappointment. It is true, that in the present instance he was in some degree guarded by his own doubts and fears against the latter contingency; but he had also cherished hope sufficient to insure him, in case of rejection, a grievous load of misery. He had weighed well the lady's worth before he fixed his affections upon her; and when he did so, every faculty of his mind and feeling of his heart subscribed to the conviction that with her, and her alone, he could be earthly happy.

The sun had passed the meridian before Kyrle Daly again beheld the small and wooded peninsula which formed the site of Castle Chute. The languor of heart that always accompanies the passion in its hours of comparative inaction, that luxurious feeling of mingled pensiveness and joy, which fills up the breast, and constitutes in itself an Elysium even to the doubting lover, were aided in their influence by the sunny calmness of the day and the beauty of the landscape, which every step unfolded to his view. The fever of suspense became more tormenting in proportion as he drew nearer to the solution of his doubts, and the last few miles of his journey seemed incomparably the most tedious. His horse, however, who was not in love, and had not broken fast since morning, began, at sight of a familiar baiting-place, to show symptoms of inanition, to remedy which his considerate master drew up, and alighted at the inn-door.



## CHAPTER VII.

HOW KYRLE DALY DISCOVERS THAT ALL THE SORROW UNDER THE SUN DOES NOT REST UPON HIS SHOULDERS ALONE.

HE LEFT Lowry Looby standing by the trough to see justice done to the dumb creature, while he strolled onwards in the sunshine, unwilling to disturb the current of his own thoughts by any conversation with the people of the inn.

The owner of this place of "entertainment" also filled the dignified post of pound-keeper to the neighboring village, and his roofless bastille was situated at no great distance farther on the roadside. As Kyrle walked by the iron gate he was surprised to see it crowded by a number of Kerry ponies, such as may be discerned along the mountain-sides from the Upper Lake of Killarney. They were of various colors, bright bay, dun, and cream; but the shagginess of their coats, and the diminutiveness of their size, rendered them but a little more respectable in appearance than the same number of donkeys. Several of these half-starved creatures had their heads thrust out over the low pound wall, as if to solicit the interference of passengers, while others, resolved to their fate, stood in drooping postures in the centre of the enclosure, quite chop-fallen. Kyrle Daly's curiosity was sufficiently excited to induce him to turn once more upon his path, and make some inquiry at the inn concerning the owner of the herd.

He found the landlord at the door, a small, withered old man, with an air of mingled moroseness and good nature in his countenance—the former the effect of his office, the latter of his natural disposition. He was standing on a three-foot stool, and occupied in taking down a sign-board, for the purpose of transmitting it to a scene of rural festivity which was going forward in the neighborhood.

He suspended his labors, and was about to enter into an ample exposition of the history of the ponies, when his wife, a blooming, middle-aged woman, in a *tele*, and glossy green petticoat, came to the door, and looked out to know what made the hammering cease. The glance of her eye was enough for the innkeeper, who recommenced his work with fresh diligence, while his watchful helpmate undertook to satisfy the curiosity of our traveler.

The ponies, she told him, were the property of a mountaineer from Killarney, who was making a "tower" of the country, to try and sell them at the fairs and patterns. He had come to their neighborhood last night, and turned his ponies out on the common; but finding that furnished only slight commons for them, the poor things had made their way into the improvements of

Castle Chute, and were apprehended by Mr. Dan. Dawley in the act of trespass. That inexorable functionary had issued an order for their immediate committal to pound; and Myles Murphy, the owner, was now gone off to make interest with Miss Anne, "the young mistress," for their release.

"He'll be a lucky boy," she continued, "if he overtakes her at home this way, for herself and a deal o' quality are to be at the sands below, to see the races and doings there."

"Races?" repeated Kyrle. "I never heard of races in this quarter."

"Oyeh, what races!" exclaimed her husband. "A parcel of ould *staggeens*, sir, that's running for a saddle; that's all the races they'll have."

"So itself, what hurt," returned the wife. "The whole European world will be there to look at 'em; and I'll be bound they'll drink as hearty as if Jerry Sneak an' Sappho were on the *coorse*. An' 'tis there *you* ought to be an hour ago in your tent, instead of *crusheening* here about Myles Murphy an' his ponies."

"Myles Murphy!—Myles-na-Coppaleen!—Myles of the Ponies, is it?" said Lowry Looby, who just then led Kyrle Daly's horse to the door. "Is he in these parts now?"

"Do you know Myles, *eroo*?" was the true Irish reply.

"Know Myles-na-Coppaleen? Wisha, an' 'tis I that do, an' that well! O murder! an' are them poor Myles's ponies I see in the pound over? Poor boy! I declare I'm sorry for his trouble."

"If you be as you say," the old innkeeper muttered with a distrustful smile, "put a hand in your pocket, an' give me four-and-eightpence, an' you may take the fourteen of 'em after him."

"Why then, see; I'm blest, if I had it, but I wouldn't break your word this day, or more than that, if it was in my power, for poor Myles. There isn't a better son nor brother this moment goin' the road than what he is."

"It's true for you, by all accounts," said the pound-keeper, as he counted over Kyrle Daly's change; "but people must do their duty for all."

"Surely, surely," said Lowry, turning off.

Mrs. Normal, the hostess, here made her reappearance at the door, with a foaming pot of Fermoyle ale in her hand, to which she directed Lowry's attention.

"Ah, then, what's that you're doin'?" he said with a look of rough remonstrance, while he fixed, nevertheless, a steady and wistful eye upon the draught.

"Drink it off, I tell you."

"Sorrow a drop."

"You must, again."

"I won't, I tell you."

"Do you refuse my *hansel*,\* an' I goin' to the races? Be said by me, I tell you. The day is *drouthy*."

Lowry offered no further objection, but made his own of the ale, observing, as he returned the vessel, with closed and watery eyes, that it was "murtherin sthrong." The colloquy above detailed was carried on with so much roughness of accent and violence of gesture, that a person at a little distance might have supposed the parties were on the eve of coming to blows in an actual quarrel. But it was all politeness.

Kyrle Daly obtained from his attendant, as they proceeded on their way, an account of the individual in whom he had expressed so deep an interest. Myles Murphy, or, as he was more generally called, Myles of the Ponies, was the occupier of a tract of land on one of the Killarney mountains, comprising about seven hundred acres. For this extensive holding he paid a rent of fifteen pounds sterling in the year; and if there were a market for gray limestone in the neighborhood, Myles would be one of the wealthiest men in Kerry. But as the agricultural taste of the vicinity ran chiefly in favor of mud, his property in mineral was left as an heir-loom upon his hands. Of the whole seven hundred acres, there was no more under tillage than sufficed to furnish potatoes for the consumption of his own family. The vast remainder was stocked with numerous herds of wild ponies, who found scanty pasturage between the fissures of the crags, and yet were multiplied to such a degree that Myles could not estimate the amount of his own stud.

"His own goodness it was," continued Lowry, "that got that for him. He was left, poor fellow, after his father dying of *the sickness*,† with a houseful o' childher—fourteen sons an' two daughters, besides himself to provide for, an' his ould mother. He supported 'em all be the labor of his two hands, till Lord K— hear talk of him a day, an' give him a lease o' that farm, an' behaved a good landlord to him since. Still an' all, Myles do be poor; for he never knew how to keep a houl't o' the money. He provided for all his brothers—had one *priested*, an' another bound to a brogue-maker, an' another settled as a school-master in the place, an' more listed from him, an' two went to *say*, an' I don't know what he has done with the rest, but they're all very well off; an' left poor Myles with an empty pocket in the latter end."

Lowry went on to inform our traveller that this said Myles was a giant in stature, measuring six feet four inches "in his vamps;" that he never yet met "that man that could give him a stroke, and he having a stick in his hand;" that he was a clean-made boy as ever "walked the ground," and such a master of his weapon, that himself and Luke Kennedy, the Killarney boatman, used to be two hours "opposite" one another, without a single blow being received on either side. On one occasion, indeed, he was fortunate enough to

"get a vacancy at Kennedy," of which he made so forcible a use, that the stick which was in the hand of the latter flew over Ross Castle into the lower lake, merely from a successful tip on the elbow.

"But," Lowry added, "there's a change come in poor Myles of late. It was his *luck* to meet Eily O'Connor, the rope-maker's daughter, of a day, an' he selling his ponies, an' 'tis a new story with him since. He's mad, sir,—mad in love. He isn't good for anything. He says she gave him powders one day in an apple at Owen's garden, where they had a *benefit*, but I wouldn't give into such a story as that at all, for Eily is as delicate and tender in herself as a lady."

They were interrupted at this juncture by a startling incident. A mounted countryman galloped up to them, dressed in a complete suit of frieze, made from the undyed wool of black sheep, such as formed the texture of the *phalarg* in the days of Gerald Barry. His face was pale and moist, and grimed with dust. A smooth, yellow wig was pushed away upon his temples, disclosing a mass of gray hair that was damp and matted with the effects of violent exercise. He looked alternately at both the travellers with an expression of mingled wildness and grief in his countenance; and again clapping spurs to his horse, rode off, and disappeared at a short turn in the road.

"I'm blest but that flogs Europe!" exclaimed Lowry Looby, in a tone of utter surprise and concern—"There's something great happened, surely."

"Who is he, Lowry? I think I ought to know his face."

"Mihil O'Connor, sir, father to the girl we were just talking of. He looks to be in trouble. Easy! Here's little Foxy Dunat, the hair-cutter, trottin' after him, an' he'll tell us."

The person whom he named, a small, red-haired man, rode up at the same moment, appearing to keep his seat on horseback with much difficulty. The animal he rode, though lean, was of great size, and presented a circumference much too extensive to be embraced by the short legs of the hair-cutter. His feet, for greater security, were stuck between the stirrup-leathers, while the empty irons remained dangling underneath. For the purpose of making assurance doubly sure, he had grasped fast with one hand, the lofty pommel of the saddle, while the other was entwined in the long and undressed mane.

"Pru-h! Pru-h! Stop her, Lowry, *eroo!* Stop her, an' heaven bless you. I'm fairly flayed alive from her, that's what I am, joutlin', joutlin', for the bare life. Your sarvent, Mr. Daly—I'm not worth lookin' at. See my wig"—he pulled one out of his pocket, and held it up to view. "I was obleeged to take it off an' put it in my pocket, 'twas so tossed from the shakin' I got. I never was a-horseback before, but once at Molly Mac's funeral, an' I never'll be a-horseback again, till I'm going to my own. O murther! murther! I have a pain in the small o' my back that would kill the Danes. Well, Mr. Daly, I hope the master liked his new wig? I kep' it a long time from him, surely. I never'll be the better o' this day's ridin'. Did you see Mihil-na-

\* It is considered not lucky to refuse a *hansel*.

† Typhus fever.

thiadrucha\* go by this way? I'm kilt an' spoiled, that's what I am."

"I did see him," said Lowry; "what's the matter with him?"

"Eily, his daughter, is gone from him, or spirited away."

"Erra, you don't tell me so?"

"She is, I tell you, an' he's like a wild man about it. Here he's back himself."

O'Connor again appeared at the turn of the road, and galloped roughly back upon the group. He looked ferociously at Lowry, and pointing his stick into his face, while his frame trembled with rage, he roared out: "Tell me, did you see her, this minute, or I'll thrust my stick down your throat! Tell me, do you know anything of her, I advise you?"

"I don't," said Lowry, with equal fierceness. Then, as if ashamed of resenting a speech uttered by the poor old man, under so terrible an occasion of excitement, he changed his tone, and repeated, more gently, "I don't, Mihil, an' I don't know what cause I ever gave you to speak to me in that strain."

The old rope-maker dropped the bridle, his clasped hands fell on the pommel of the saddle, and he drooped his head, while he seemed to gasp for utterance: "Lowry," he said, "heavens guide you, an' tell me do you know, or could you put me in a way of hearing anything of her?"

"Of who, aye?"

"Eily, my daughter! Oh, Lowry, *a'ra gal*, my daughter! My poor girl!"

"What of her, Mihil?"

"What of her?—Gone! lost! Gone from her ould father, an' no account of her."

"Erra, no?"

"Yes, I tell you!" He threw a ghastly look around—"She is stolen or she strayed. If she is stolen, may the Almighty forgive them that took her from me, an' if she strayed of her own liking, may my curse——"

"Howl! howl! I tell you, man," cried Lowry, in a loud voice, "don't curse your daughter, without knowin' what you do. Don't I know her, do you think? An' don't I know that she wouldn't be the girl you say, for her apronful of goold?"

"You're a good boy, Lowry; you're a good boy," said the old man, wringing his hands, "but she's gone. I had none but her, an' they took her from me. Her mother is dead these three years, an' all her brothers an' sisters died young, an' I reared her like a lady, an' this is the way she left me now. But what hurt? Let her go."

"The McMahons were at the fair of Garryowen yesterday," said Lowry, musing. "I wonder could it be them at all. I tell you there are bad boys among them. There was one of them hanged for spiriting away a girl o' the Hayeses before."

"If I thought it was one o' them," O'Connor exclaimed, stretching his arm to its full length, and shaking his clenched hand with great passion, "an' if I knew the one that robbed me, I'd find him out, if he was as cunning as a rabbit, an' I'd tear him between my two hands if he was as strong as a horse. They think to play their game on me because my hair is gray. But I can match the villains yet. If steel, or fire, or pikes, or powder, can match 'em, I'll do it. Let go my horse's bridle, and don't be holding me here when I should be flying like the wind behind 'em."

Here he caught the eye of Kyrle Daly, as the latter asked him whether he "had not laid informations before a magistrate?"

Instead of answering, the old man, who now recognized Daly for the first time, took off his hat with a smile in which grief and anger were mingled with native courtesy, and said, "Mr. Daly, a *stair*,† I ask your pardon for not knowing you; I meant no offence to you, or to your father's son. I couldn't do it. How are you, sir? How is the mather an' the mistress? The Lord direct 'em, an' spare 'em their children." Here the old man's eyes grew watery, and the words were broken in his throat. "Lay informations?" he continued, taking up Kyrle Daly's question. "No—no, sir. my *back*§ isn't so poor in the country that I need to do so mean a thing as that."

"And what other course would you take to obtain justice?"

"I'll tell you the justice I'd want," said O'Connor, griping his stick hard, and knitting his brows together, while the very beard bristled upon his chin for anger. "To plant him overright me in the heart o' Garryowen fair, or where else he'd like, an' give him a stick, an' let me pick justice out of his four bones!" Here he indulged himself with one rapid flourish of the black-thorn stick above his head, which considerably endangered that of the young gentleman to whom he addressed himself.

At the same moment a neighbor of O'Connor's galloped up to them and exclaimed, "Well, Mihil, agra, any tidings of her yet?"

"Sorrow tale or tidings."

"An' is it here you're stoppin', talkin', an' them villains spiriting your daughter away through the country? Wisha, but you're a droll man, this day!"

Not Hamlet, in that exquisitely natural burst of passion over the tomb of "the fair Ophelia"—where he becomes incensed against the affectionate Laertes for "the bravery of his grief," and treats it as an infringement on his prerogative of sorrow—not Hamlet the Dane, in that moment of "towering passion," could throw more loftiness of rebuke into his glance, than did Mihil O'Connor, as he gazed upon the daring clansman who had thus presumed to call his fatherly affection to account. More temperate, however, than the Danish Prince, he did not let his anger loose, but compressed, his teeth and puffed it forth between them. Touching his hat to Kyrle, and bidding Lowry "stand his friend," he put spurs to his horse, and rode forwards,

\* Menial of the ropes. This practice of naming individuals from their professions in which the great proportion of surnames are said to have originated, is quite general among the Irish peasantry. So far as the humor sometimes carried, that a poor widow in our own village has been nicknamed *Faurea n' thau Llanne*, 1. *Story of the Two Children*.

† Hoid.

‡ My dear.

§ Faction.



followed by his friend; while Lowry laid his hand on the hair-cutter's arm, and asked him for an account of the particulars.

"Sonner to me if I know the half of it," said the foe of unshaven chins, speaking in a shrill, professional accent; "but I was standing in my little place, above, shaving a boy o' the Downses against the *benefit* at Bat Coonerty's, an' being delayed a good while (for the Downses have all very strong hair—I'd as lieve be shaving a horse as one of 'em), I was athrappin' my razhor (for the twentieth turn), and lookin' out into the fair, when who should I see going by only Eily O'Connor, an' she dressed in a blue mantle, with the hood over her head, an' her hair curling down about her neck like strings of goold. (Oh, the beauty o' that girl!) Well, 'It's a late walk your taking, Eily,' says I. She made me no answer, only passed on, an' I thought no more about it till this morning, when her father walked in to me. I thought, at first, 'tis to be shaved he was coming; for, dear knows, he wanted it, when all at once he opened upon me in regard to his daughter. Poor girl, I'm sure sorrow call had I to her goin' or stayin' more than I had to curl the Princess,

Royal's front—a job that'll never trouble me, I'm thinkin'."

"Wisha, but it's a droll business!" ejaculated Lowry, letting go the stirrup-leather, which he had held fast during the foregoing narrative. "Ride on after him, Dunat, or you won't catch him before night. Oh, vo! vo! Eily, a *stair*. Oh, wirra, Eily; this is the black day to your ould father!"

"An' the black an' blue day to me, I'm sure," squeaked out the hair-cutter, trotting forwards, and groaning aloud at every motion, as he was now thrown on the pommel, now on the hind-bow of the saddle; those grievances telling the more severely as he was a lean little man, and but scantily furnished by nature with that material which is best able to resist concussion.

The misfortune of the poor rope-maker indisposed Lowry (who had once been a respectful and distant admirer of the lovely Eily) from proceeding with the conversation, and his young master had ample leisure for the indulgence of his own luxurious reveries, until they reached the entrance to the fair demesne of Castle Chute.

## CHAPTER VIII.

HOW THE READER, CONTRARY TO THE DECLARED INTENTION OF THE HISTORIAN, OBTAINS A DESCRIPTION OF CASTLE CHUTE.

AN OLD portress, talking Irish, with a huge bunch of keys at her girdle—a rusty gate-lock—piers, lofty, and surmounted by a pair of broken marble vases, while their shafts, far from exhibiting that appearance of solidity so much admired in the relics of Grecian architecture, were adorned in all their fissures by tufts of long grass—an avenue, with rows of elms, forming a vista to the river—a sudden turn, revealing a broad and sunny lawn—hay-cocks—mowers at work—a winding gravel-walk lost in a grove—the house appearing above the trees—the narrow-paned windows glittering amongst the boughs—the old ivy'd castle, contrasted in so singular a manner with the more modern addition to the building—the daws cawing about the chimneys—the stately herons, settling on the castellated turrets, or winging their majestic way through the peaceful kingdom of the winds—the screaming of a peacock in the recesses of the wood—a green hill, appearing sunny-bright against a clouded horizon—the heavy Norman archway—the shattered sculpture—the close and fragrant shrubbery—the noisy farm-yard and out-offices (built, as was then the fashion, quite near the dwelling-house)—the bowering monthly rose, embracing the simple pediment over the hall-door—the ponderous knocker—the lofty gable—the pieces of broken sculpture and tender foliage, that presented to the mind the images of youth and age, of ruined grandeur

and of rising beauty, blended and wreathed together under the most pleasing form.

Such were the principal features of the scenery through which Kyrle Daly passed into the dwelling of his beloved. The necessities of our narrative forbid us to dwell at a more ample length on the mere description of a landscape.

To his surprise, and, in some degree, to his disappointment, he found the castle more crowded with company than he had expected. He was admitted by a richly-ornamented Gothic archway, while Lowry remained walking his horse under the shade of the trees. A handsome, though rather ill-used curricie, which appeared to have been lately driven, was drawn up on the gravel plat; and a servant, in tarnished livery, was employed in cooling two horses on the slope which shelved downward to the river side. The foam that flecked their shining necks, and covered the curbs and branches, showed that they had been ridden a considerable distance, and by no sparing masters.

"Oh, murther, Master Kyrle, is this you?" exclaimed Falvey, the servant boy, as he looked into the narrow hall and recognised the young "collegian." "*Ma grine chree hu!* it's an opening to the heart to see you!"

"Thank you, Pat. Are the ladies at home?"

"They are, sir. Oh, murther, murther! are you come at last, sir?" he repeated, with an air of smiling won-

der; then suddenly changing his manner, and nodding with great freedom and cunning, "Oh, the ladies?—they are at home, sir, *both* of 'em."

"And well?"

"And well. I give praise—*both* of 'em well; where is the horse, sir?"

"Lowry is walking him near the shrubbery."

"An' is Lowry come, too? Oh, murther, murther!" He ran to the door and looked out, nodded, and raised his hand in courtesy, and then hastened back to Kyrle—"Gi' me the hat, sir, an' I'll hang it up—poof, it's full o' dust—come in here, Masther Kyrle, an' I'll give you a touch before you go upstairs; there a power o' quollity in the drawin' room, an'—" here he again cast down his head with a knowing smile—"there's reasons for doin's, the ladies must be pleased surely. An' how is Mr. Daly an' herself an' all of 'em sir? Oh, murther, murther!"

"They are all well, Pat, thank you."

"The Lord keep 'em so! There's a sight above stairs in the new house. Mr. Cregan, of Roaring Hall (ah, that's a *rare* sporting gentleman), an' Mr. Creagh, an' Pincher, an' Dr. Lake, an' the officer westwards;" then, with another familiar wink, "there's the drollest cratur in life in the servants' hall abroad, the officer's *servent-boy*, a Londoner, afeerd o' the world that he'll have his throat cut be the Whiteboys before he quits the country. Poor cratur, he makes me laugh the way he talks of Ireland, as if he was a marked man among us, the little sprissawneen, that nobody ever would trouble their heads about—coming!"—a bell rang—"That's for the luncheon; I must smarten myself, or Miss Anne will kill me. They're all going off, after they take something, to the races near the point below, where they're to have the greatest divarsion ever you hear; an' so the master is well, eastwards? why then I'm glad to hear it; that's a good gentleman as, ever sat down to his own table"—the bell rang again—"Oh, murther! there's the bell again; I'll be kilt entirely! There, now, Master Kyrle, you're purty well, I think; they're all up stairs in the drawin'-room in the new house. I need not tell you the way, Syl Carney will open the doore for you, an' I'll wait aisy a minute, for it wouldn't look seemly for me to be takin' in the thray and things close behind you."

While this communicative retainer slipped away, napkin in hand, to the pantry, Kyrle Daly ascended a corkscrew flight of narrow stone steps, at the head of which he was met by the blooming handmaiden above named. Here he had as many "Masther Kyrle's" and pretty smiles, and officious, though kindly meant, attentions to undergo, as in the narrow hall. These he repaid in the usual manner, by complimenting Syl on her good looks—wondering she had not got married, and reminding her that Shrovetide would be shortly coming round again; in return for which the pretty Syl repeatedly told him that he was "a funny gentleman" and "a great play-boy."

They passed through an old banqueting room which had once formed the scene of a council of the Munster chieftains in the days of Elizabeth, and descending a

flight of a few wooden steps, stood in the centre of a lobby of much more modern architecture. Here Kyrle Daly felt his heart beat a little wildly, as he heard voices and laughter in the adjoining room. Modestly conscious, however, of his graceful person, and aware of the importance of displaying it to some advantage in the eyes of his mistress, he adjusted his ruffles, and, with something like the feeling of a young debutant, conscious of merit, yet afraid of censure, made his entrance on the little domestic scene.

The company all rose and received him with that pompous display of affability and attention which our fathers mistook for politeness, but which their wiser descendants have discovered to be the exact contrary, and discarded from the drawing-room as unbefitting the ease and sincerity of social life. Mrs. Chute was unable to rise, but her greeting was at once cordial and dignified. Anne gave him her hand with the air of an affectionate relative; Mr. Hyland Creagh placed his heels together, adjusted his ample shirt frills, and bowed until the queue of his powdered wig culminated to the zenith; while Pincher wagged his tail, looked up at his master as if to inquire the nature of his movements, and finally coiled himself up on the carpet and slept; Mr. Barnaby Cregan griped his hand until the bones cracked, expressing, in very concise language, a wish that his soul might be doomed to everlasting misery in the next world if he were not rejoiced to see him; Doctor Leake tendered him a finger, which Kyrle grasped hard, and (in revenge, perhaps, for the punishment inflicted on him by Cregan) shook with so lively an expression of regard, that the worthy physician was tempted to repent his condescension. To the young officer, an Englishman, Kyrle was introduced by the formal course of—"Captain Gibson, Mr. Daly—Mr. Daly, Captain Gibson," on which they bowed as coldly and stiffly as the figures in a clock-maker's window in Holborn, and all resumed their places.

After the usual inquiries into the condition of both families had been made and answered, Kyrle Daly indulged himself in a brief perusal of the personal appearance of the individuals in whose society he was placed. The information which he derived from the few glances that happened to fall wide of Miss Chute, shall here be laid before the reader.

Mrs. Chute, the venerable lady of the mansion, was seated in a richly carved arm-chair, near an ebony work-table, on which were placed a pair of silver spectacles and the last racing calendar. A gold-headed cane rested against her chair, and a small spaniel, in the attitude which heralds term *couchant*, lay at her side, burlesquing the lion of Britannia in the popular emblem. In her more youthful days, indeed, Mrs. Chute might have assumed her part in the latter without exciting any ludicrous association; and even in this decay and mouldering of her womanly attractions, there was a grace, a dignity, a softened fire, and even a beauty, to be traced, which awakened the spectator's respect, and sometimes warmed it into admiration. Old age, while it took nothing away from her dignity, had imparted to her manner that air of feminine depend-



ence in which she was said to have been somewhat too deficient in her youth, and replaced in tenderness and interest the beauty which it had removed.

Her daughter, who bore a very perceptible resemblance to the old lady in the cast of her features, as well as in their expression, looked at this moment exceedingly beautiful. A dark-blue riding-dress displayed her figure to such advantage, that if a young sculptor could have taken it as a model for a study of Minerva, and could likewise afford a lobster and a bottle of sherry to a critic in the "Fine Arts," there is little doubt that he would make his fortune. Her hair, which was shining black, cut short, and curled so gracefully that it might vie with the finest head in Mr. Hope's book of costumes, crept out from beneath her small round hat, and shaded a countenance that glowed at this moment with a sweet and fascinating cheerfulness. The common herd of mankind frequently exhibit personal anomalies of so curious a description as to remind one of Quevedo's fanciful vision of the general resurrection, where one man, in his hurry, claps his neighbor's head upon his own shoulders, and the upper portion of a turtle-fed alderman is borne along by the trembling shanks of a starveling maganize poet. But nothing of this incongruity was observable in the charming person of the heiress of Castle Chute. Her countenance was exquisitely adapted both in form and character to the rest of her form; and she might be justly admired as a piece of workmanship not entrusted by Nature (as in a pin manufactory) to the hands of nine journeyman, but wrought out and polished by that great adept herself as a sample of womankind for the inspection of customers.

It was, indeed, remarked by those who enjoyed only a visiting acquaintance with Anne Chute, that her general manner was cold and distant, and that there was, in the wintry lustre of her large black eyes and the noble carriage of her fine person, a loftiness which repelled in the spectator's breast that enthusiasm which her beauty was calculated to awaken, and induced him to, stop short at the feeling of simple admiration. Hardress Oregan, who, with all his shyness, had the reputation of being a fine critic on these subjects, had been heard to say of her on his return from college, that "she was perfect. Her form and face were absolutely faultless, and a connoisseur might, with a better taste, pretend to discover a fault in the proportions of the Temple of Theseus. But there," he added, "I must must terminate the eulogy; for I could no sooner think of loving such a piece of frost-work, than of flinging my arms in ecstasy around one of the Doric pillars of the old edifice itself."

But Hardress Oregan had been only once, and for a few minutes, in the lady's company, when he pronounced this judgment. Neither was he an impartial observer, for the embarrassment which he experienced in consequence of her unconscious dignity, made him throw more asperity into his criticism than the occasion actually required. Those who enjoyed a longer and a nearer intimacy with Miss Chute, found an additional fascination in that very coldness which kept ordinary acquaintances at a distance, and which for them was so

cheerfully and so winningly removed. In proportion to the awe which it inspired on a first introduction, was the delight occasioned by its subsequent dissipation; and it gave to her whole character that effect of surprise which is dangerous or available to the influence of the fair possessor, according as the changes which it reveals are attractive or otherwise. The feelings which accompanied a growing intimacy with this lovely girl resembled those of one who endeavors, by a feeble light, to discover the graces of a landscape which he knows to be beautiful, but which he is unable to appreciate until the morning light streams in upon the picture, and brings it forth in all its exquisite reality before his eyes.

The remainder of the company are not so interesting as to claim an equal portion of the reader's notice. Mr. Barnaby Cregan, a stout, top-booted old gentleman, with a nose that told tales of many a rousing night, was seated close to Mrs. Chute, and deeply engaged in a discussion upon cocks and cockerels, sparring, setting, impounding, the long law, the short law, and every other law that had any connection with his reigning passion. The rosy and red-coated Captain Gibson, who was a person of talent and industry in his profession, was listening with much interest to Doctor Lucas Leake, who possessed some little antiquarian skill in Irish remains, and who was at this moment unfolding the difference which existed between the tactics of King Lugh-Lamb-Fada and those issued from his late most gracious Majesty's War-Office; between one of King Malachy's hobblers and a life-guardsmen; between an English halberd and a stone-headed gaulg; and between his own commission of lieutenant and the Fear Comhlan Caoguid of the Fion Erin.

Mr. Hyland Creagh, who, as before mentioned, notwithstanding the perfect maturity of his years, still continued to affect the man of gallantry, was standing near Miss Chute, and looking with a half-puzzled, half-smiling air over a drawing which she had placed in his hands. Now and then, as he held the picture to the light, he looked askance, and with a forbidding expression, at Kyrle, who was carelessly sauntering towards the fair object of his attentions, and yet endeavoring to give his approximation rather the appearance of accident than of design. Mr. Creagh's experience in society had long since made him aware that youth was a quality which contributed materially to success with the ladies, and the consequence of this discovery was a hearty detestation—(a term more qualified would not express the feeling)—of every gentleman who was younger than himself. "Puppies!" he would exclaim, "they assume the air and port of men when they should be confined to bibs and frills, and bestride a blood-horse when their highest corvet should be made in the hall, on their grandfather's walking-cane." But he had the mortification to find that his sentiments on this head were adopted by no unmarried ladies except those whose wisdom and experience were equal to his own; and about *their* opinions, unhappily, Mr. Creagh was as indifferent as the young coxcombs whom he censured.



"I profess my ignorance," he said, after contemplating the picture for several minutes. "The drawing is admirable; the coloring has a depth and softness of tone that I have seen rarely produced by water-colors; and the whole design bears the stamp of reality upon it; but I profess my ignorance of the place which you say it is intended to represent."

"Indeed!" said Anne, affecting a disappointed tone, and pleased to put the old gentleman's gallantry to the torture; "then I must have made a sad failure, for the scene ought to be quite familiar to you."

"I am the worst person in the world at tracing a resemblance," said Mr. Creagh, looking puzzled. "Perhaps it is meant for Ballylin Point?"

"Oh, Mr. Creagh, can you find any resemblance? What a wretched bungler you must think me! You did well to say *meant for*—that expression indicates so exactly the degree of relation between my sketches and the originals."

"'Pon my honor, Miss Chute—'pon my honor, as a gentleman."

"Mr. Daly!" Kyrle flew to her side. "Perhaps you could restore me to my self-esteem. Do you know that Mr. Creagh has mistaken this for a sketch of Ballylin Point! Try if you can restore my credit, for it is sinking very fast, even in my own estimation."

"Ballylin Point!" exclaimed Kyrle, taking the drawing into his hands—"I do not see the least resemblance." Mr. Creagh's eyes flashed fire at this unceremonious declaration; but he checked his resentment, and congratulated Miss Chute on this proof, that the fault lay in his want of observation, not in her want of skill."

"And do you recognize the scene?" continued Miss Chute, who was well aware of the old *servante's* foible, and loved to toy with it for her amusement. "Let me hear if I have been, indeed, so very unsuccessful."

Her lover delayed answering, not because he shared the difficulty of Mr. Creagh, but that he was wrapt in admiration of the drawing. It was an interesting landscape, and finished with more taste and fineness of touch than are usually to be traced in the efforts of accomplished young ladies. The foreground of the picture exhibited a grassy slope, which formed a kind of peninsula in a magnificent sheet of water, running a little to the left, and terminating at what artists term the middle distance in a gracefully-wooded point. The remains of an old castle appeared among the trees, the gloom and majesty of which were exhibited, in a striking degree, by a brilliant effect of sunshine on the water and on the green slope above mentioned. Two small islands

affording an anchorage to some open boats, broke the expanse of water on the right; while the small bay, formed by the point before described on the left, was graced by the figures of fishermen in the act of casting their nets. The waters were bounded in the distance by a range of blue hills, some of which projected into rocky or wooded headlands; while the whole was softened by that deep and rich blue tint which is peculiar to the moist atmosphere of the climate; and by imparting at once distinctness and softness to the landscape, is far better adapted to the scenes of rural solitude, than even the lonely splendor of a Tuscan sun.

"Ballylin?" echoed Mr. Cregan, who had walked over to look at the drawing. "'Tis as like Ballylin as Roaring Hall is to Dublin Castle. 'Tis Castle Chute, and right well touched off too, by jingo." To this observation he added, in language which the altered customs of society prevent our copying *verbatim*, that he wished the spiritual foe of the human race might lay hold of him if it were not an admirable resemblance.

Mr. Creagh had his own reasons for not taking offence at any opinion that was urged by his good friend and frequent host, Mr. Cregan; but he did not forget the difference of opinion that was hazarded by his young acquaintance. To the fair artist's railery he replied with a bow and an air of old-fashioned politeness, that, "frequently as he had the honor of visiting Castle Chute, he was yet unfamiliar with the scenery, for his thoughts on approaching it were exclusively occupied by *one* object."

"And even though they were at liberty," added Kyrle, "it is more than probable Mr. Creagh has never seen Castle Chute at this point of view, so that it could hardly be expected to remain on his recollection." Then moving closer to Anne, and speaking in a lower tone of voice, he said: "This is the very scene of which I told you Hardress Cregan was so enthusiastic an admirer. You have drawn it since?"

Miss Chute answered in the affirmative, and, turning quickly away, replaced the sketch in her portfolio. Then, turning to Creagh, she told him that he would be very shortly qualified to give an opinion as to the fidelity of her design, for they would pass the spot in question, on their way to the little race-course. There was some further conversation, not worth detailing, on the subject of Hardress Cregan's salute; and some conjectures were hazarded concerning the female in the blue cloak, none of which, however, threw any certain light upon that mystery.

## CHAPTER IX.

HOW MYLES MURPHY IS HEARD ON BEHALF OF HIS PONIES.

PAT FALVEY, supposing that he had remained a sufficient time without to prevent the suspicion of any private understanding between him and Mr. Daly, now made his appearance with luncheon. A collared head, cream-cheese, honey, a decanter of gooseberry wine, and some garden fruit, were speedily arranged on the table, and the visitors, no way loth, were pressed to make a liberal use of the little banquet; for the time had not yet gone by when people imagined that they could not display their regard for a friend more effectually than by cramming him up to the throat with food and strong drink. Kyrle Daly was in the act of taking wine with Mrs. Chute, when he observed Falvey stoop to his young mistress's ear, and whispered something with a face of much seriousness.

"A boy wanting to speak to me?" said Miss Chute. "Has he got letters? let him send up his message."

"He says he must see yourself, Miss. 'Tis in regard of some ponies of his that were impounded be Mr. Dawley for trespassing above here, last night. He hasn't the mains of releasing 'em, poor craythur, an' he's far from home. I'm sure he's an honest boy. He says he'd have a good friend in Mr. Cregan, if he knew he was below."

"Me?" said Mr. Cregan, "why, what's the fellow's name?"

"Myles Murphy, sir, from Killarney, westwards"

"O Myles-na-Coppaleen? Poor fellow, is he in tribulation? We must have his ponies out by all means."

"It requires more courage than I can always command," said Miss Chute, "to revoke any command of Dawley's. He is an old man, and, whether he was crossed in love, or from a natural peevishness of disposition, he is such a morose creature, that I am quite afraid of him. But I will hear this Myles at all events."

She was moving to the door when her uncle's voice made her turn.

"Stay, Anne," said Mr. Cregan; "let him come up. 'Twill be as good as a play to hear him and the steward *pro* and *con*. Kyrle Daly, here, who is intended for the bar, will be our assessor, to decide on the points of law. I can tell you, Kyrle, that Myles will give you a lesson in the art of pleading, that may be of use to you on circuit at one time or another."

Anne laughed, and looked at Mrs. Chute, who, with a smile of tolerating condescension, said, while she cleared with a silken kerchief the glasses of her spectacles: "If your uncle desires it, my love, I can see no

objection. Those mountaineers are amusing creatures."

Anne returned to her seat, and the conversation proceeded, while Falvey, with an air of great and perplexed importance, went to summon Myles up stairs.

"Mountaineers!" exclaimed Captain Gibson. "You call every upland a mountain here in Ireland, and every one that lives out of sight of the sea, a mountaineer."

"But this fellow is a genuine mountaineer," cried Mr. Cregan, "with a cabin two thousand feet above the level of the sea. If you are in the country next week, and will come down and see us at the Lakes, along with our friends here, I promise to show you as sturdy a race of mountaineers as any in Europe. Doctor Leake can give you a history of 'em up to Noah's flood, some time when you're alone together—when the country was first peopled by one Parable, or Sparable."

"Paralon," said Doctor Leake; "Paralon, or Migdonia, as the Psalter sings:—

'On the fourteenth day, being Tuesday,  
They brought their bold ships to anchor,  
In the blue fair port with beauteous shore,  
Of well-defended Inver Scaine.'

In the rest of Munster, where——"

"Yes—well, you'll see 'em all, as the Doctor says, if you come to Killarney," resumed Mr. Cregan, interrupting the latter, to whose discourse a country residence, a national turn of character, and a limited course of reading, had given a tinge of pedantry; and who was, moreover, a firm believer in all the ancient Shannachus, from the yellow book of Moling to the black book of Molega. "And if you like to listen to him, he'll explain to you every action that ever befel, on land or water, from Ross Castle up to Carrigaline."

Kyrle, who felt both surprise and pain at learning that Miss Chute was leaving home so soon, and without having thought it worth her while to make him aware of her intention, was about to address her on the subject, when the clatter of a pair of heavy and well-paved brogues on the small flight of stairs in the lobby, produced a sudden hush of expectation amongst the company. They heard Pat Falvey urging some instructions, in a low and smothered tone, to which a strong and not unmusical voice replied, in that complaining accent which distinguishes the dialect of the more western descendants of Heber: "Ah, lay me alone, you foolish boy; do you think did I never speak to *quollity* in my life before?"

The door opened, and the uncommissioned master of horse made his appearance. His appearance was at

once strikingly majestic and prepossessing, and the natural ease and dignity with which he entered the room might almost have become a peer of the realm coming to solicit the *interest* of the family for an electioneering candidate. A broad and sunny forehead, light and wavy hair, a blue cheerful eye, a nose that in Persia might have won him a throne, healthful cheeks, a mouth that was full of character, and a well-knit and almost gigantic person, constituted his external claims to attention, of which his lofty and confident, although most unassuming carriage, showed him to be in some degree conscious. He wore a complete suit of brown frieze, with a gay-colored cotton handkerchief around his neck, blue worsted stockings, and brogues carefully greased, while he held in his right hand an immaculate felt hat, the purchase of the previous day's fair. In his left he held a straight-handled whip and a wooden rattle, which he used for the purpose of collecting his ponies when they happened to straggle. An involuntary murmur of admiration ran amongst the guests at his entrance. Dr. Leake was heard to pronounce him a true Gadelian, and Captain Gibson thought he would cut a splendid figure in a helmet and cuirass, under one of the arches in the Horse-guards.

Before he had spoken, and while the door yet remained open, Hyland Creagh roused Pincher with a chirping noise, and gave him the well-known counter-sign of "Baithershin."

Pincher waddled towards the door, raised himself on his hind legs, closed it fast, and then trotted back to his master's feet, followed by the staring and bewildered gaze of the mountaineer.

The mountaineer now commenced a series of most profound obeisances to every individual of the company, beginning with the ladies, and ending with the officer; after which he remained glancing from one to another with a smile of mingled sadness and courtesy, as if waiting, like an evoked spirit, the spell-word of the enchantress who had called him up. "Tisn't manners to speak first before quality," was the answer he would have been prepared to render, in case any one had inquired the motive of his conduct.

"Well, Myles, what wind has brought you to this part of the country?" said Mr. Barney Cregan.

"The ould wind always then, Mr. Cregan," said Myles, with another deep obeisance, "seeing would I get a *few* o' the ponies off. Long life to you, sir; I was proud to hear you wor above stairs, for it isn't the first time you stood my friend in trouble. My father (the heavens be his bed this day!) was a fosterer o' your uncle Mick's, an' a first an' second cousin, be the mother's side, to ould Mrs. O'Leary, your honor's aunt, westward. So 'tis kind for your honor to have a leavin' towards uz."

"A clear case, Myles; but what have you to say to Mrs. Chute about the trespass?"

"What have I to say to her? why, then, a deal. It's a long while since I see her now, an' she wears finely, the Lord bless her! Ah, Miss Anne!—Oyeh, murthier! murthier! Sure I'd know that face all over the world—your own livin' image, ma'am (turnin' to Mrs. Chute),

an' a little dawney touch o' the master (heaven rest his soul!) about the chin, you'd think. My grandmother an' himself wor third cousins. Oh, vo! vo!"\*

"He has made out three relations in the company already," said Anne to Kyrle; "could any courtier make interest more skilfully?"

"Well, Myles; about the ponies."

"Poor eratures, true for you, sir. There's Mr. Creagh there, long life to him, knows how well I aim 'em for ponies. You seen what trouble I had with 'em, Mr. Creagh, the day you fought the *jewel* with young M'Farlane from the north. They went skelping like mad over the hills down to Glena, when they heerd the shot. Ah, indeed, Mr. Creagh, you *cowed* the north countryman that morning fairly. 'My honor is satisfied,' says he, 'if Mr. Creagh will apologize.' 'I didn't come to the ground to apologize,' says Mr. Creagh; 'it's what I never done to any man,' says he, 'and it'll be long from me to do it to you.' 'Well, my honor is satisfied any way,' says the other, when he heard the pistols cocking for a second shot. I thought I'd split laughing."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense, man," said Creagh, endeavoring to hide a smile of gratified vanity. "Your unfortunate ponies will starve while you stay inventing wild stories."

"He has gained another friend since," whispered Miss Chute.

"Invent!" echoed the mountaineer. "There's Doctor Leake was on the spot, an' he knows if I invent. An' *you* did a good job too that time, Doctor," he continued, turning to the latter; "Old Keys, the piper, gives it up to you, of all the docthors going, for curing his eyesight. An' he has a great leaning to you, moreover, you're such a fine *Irishian*.†

"Another," said Miss Chute, apart.

"Yourself an' ould Mr. Daly," he continued. "I hope the master is well in his health, sir?" (turning to Kyrle with another profound *conge*) "may the Lord fasten the life in you an' him. That's a gentleman that wouldn't see a poor boy in want of his supper or a bed to sleep in, an' he far from his own people, nor persecute him in regard of a little trespass that was done *unknown*."

"This fellow is irresistible," said Kyrle. "A perfect Ulysses."

"And have you nothing to say to the Captain, Myles? Is he no relation of yours?"

"The Captain, Mr. Cregan? Except in so far as we are all servants of the Almighty and children of Adam, I know of none. But I have a *feeling* for the red coat, for all. I have three brothers in the army, serving in America; one of 'em was made a corporal, or an admiral, or some *ral* or another, for behavin' well at Quay-*bee*, the time of Woulf's death. The English showed themselves a great people that day, surely."

Having thus secured to himself what lawyers call "the ear of the court," the mountaineer proceeded to plead the cause of his ponies with much force and

\* Equivalent to the French *Hélas!* the Italian *Oime!* and the Spanish *Ag de mí!* etc.

† One skilled in Irish antiquities, language, etc.



pathos, dwelling on their distance from home, their wild habits of life, which left them ignorant of the common rules of boundaries, enclosures, and field-gates, setting forth with equal emphasis the length of road they had travelled, their hungry condition, and the barrenness of the common on which they had been turned out; and finally, urged in mitigation of penalty, the circumstances of this being a first offence, and the improbability of its being ever renewed in future.

The surly old steward, Dan Dawley, was accordingly summoned for the purpose of ordering the discharge of the prisoners, a commission which he received with a face as black as winter. Miss Anne might "folly her liking," he said, "but it was the last time he'd ever trouble himself about damage or trespass any more. What affair was it of his if all the horses in the barony were turned loose into the kitchen-garden itself?"

"Horses, do you call 'em?" exclaimed Myles, bending on the old man a frown of dark remonstrance—"a parcel of little ponies not the height o' that chair."

"What signify is it?" snarled the steward—"they'd eat as much, an' more than a racer."

"Is it they, the cratur's? They'd hardly injure a plate of strabob if it was put before 'em."

"Aye? hugh?"

"An' 'tisin't what I'd expect from you, Mr. Dawley, to be going again a relation o' your own in this manner."

"A relation o' mine!" growled Dawley, scarcely deign-

ing to cast a glance back over his shoulder as he hobbled out of the room.

"Yes, then, o' yours."

Dawley paused at the door and looked back.

"Will you deny it o' me if you can," continued Myles, fixing his eye on him, "that Biddy Nale, your own gossip, an' Larry Foley wor second cousins? Deny that o' me, if you can."

"For what would I deny it?"

"Well, why? An' Larry Foley was uncle to my father's first wife—(the angels spread her bed this night!) An' I tell you another thing, the Dawleys would cut a poor figure in many a fair westwards, if they hadn't the Murphy's to back 'em, so they would; but what hurt? Sure you can folly your own pleasure."

The old steward muttered something which nobody could hear, and left the room. Myles of the Ponies, after many profound bows to all his relations, and a profusion of thanks to the ladies, followed him, and was observed in a few minutes after on the avenue talk with much earnestness and apparent agitation to Lowry Looby. Kyrle Daly, who remembered the story of the mountaineer's misfortune at Owen's garden, concluded that Lowry was making him aware of the abduction of the beautiful Eily, and felt a pang of sympathetic affliction for the poor fellow, in which probably no one else in the room would have participated; at least not altogether so deeply.

## CHAPTER X.

### HOW KYRLE DALY SPED IN HIS WOOING.

THE sun was in the west when the party arrived at the bridle-road that turned off to the race-ground. To Kyrle Daly's great delight, Mr. Cregan had taken his horse, resigning to him the agreeable office of driving Anne Chute in the curricie, while he rode forward with the gentlemen. Seldom, indeed, I believe, did the wheels of that vehicle enter so many ruts, or come in contact with so many obstacles, as in this short drive, a circumstance rather to be attributed to the perplexity of the driver's mind, than to any deficiency of skill or practice in his hand.

None of the company knew, or indeed cared to be informed, what the nature was of the conversation which had passed between Miss Chute and her young escort, on the road. They observed, however, when the curricie drew up, that Kyrle looked pale and flurried, and that his manner was absent; while that of his fair companion was marked by an unusual degree of seriousness, not unmingled with confusion.

"What!" exclaimed Cregan, "you look as ruffled as if you had been sparring. Get your hutts in order; then, for you must be set again before you come to the

ground. You have a quarter of a mile through the fields to travel yet."

"Why, uncle, does not the road sweep by it?"

"No nearer than I tell you, and the curricie can go no further. Come, Cregah, give my neice her little hunter, and walk with me across the fields. Mr. Daly, I resign your seat to you once more. A pretty stepping thing this is of yours. I'd like to see her tried with ten or twelve stone weight at a steeple chase."

"Do not," said Kyrle, in a low and earnest tone, addressing Anne Chute, "do not, I entreat of you, deprive me of this last opportunity. I would give the whole world for a minute's conversation."

"I believe I shall walk, uncle," said the young lady, with some hesitation, "and Mr. Daly is kind enough to say he will accompany me on foot."

"With all my heart," cried the cock-fighter. "I remember the time, Daly, when I would not have given up a walk through the fields with a fine girl, on a sunshiny evening, for all the races in Munster. If Hepton Connolly be on the ground, as his insolent groom tells

me he is, I will make him keep the *staggeens* at the starting-post until you come up."

So saying, he rode on with the *ci-devant* sweater, to overtake the doctor and captain, who, he observed, had grown as *thick* as two pickpockets, since morning.

"I am afraid," said Kyrle, with a mixture of dignity and disappointment in his manner, "I am afraid, Miss Chute, that you will think this importunate, after what you have already told me. But that rejection was so sudden—I will not say so unexpected—that I cannot avoid entering more at length into the subject. Besides, it may, it *must* be a long time before we shall meet again."

"I am sorry you should think that necessary, Mr. Daly," said Anne; "I always liked you as a friend, and there is not a person I know, whose society, in that light, I could prize more highly, but if you think it necessary to your own peace of mind to remain away from me, it would be very unreasonable in me to murmur. Yet, I think and hope," she added, affecting a smiling air as she looked round upon him, "that it will not be long before we shall see you again with altered sentiments and a mind as much at ease as ever."

"You do me wrong, Anne!" said Kyrle, with sudden passion. "I am not so ignorant of my own character as to suppose that possible. No, Miss Chute. This is not with me a boyish fancy, a predilection suddenly formed, and capable of being just as suddenly laid aside. If you had said this last summer, a few weeks after I first saw you, the remark perhaps might have been made with justice. I knew little of you then besides your beauty, your talents, and your accomplishments; and I will say, in justice to myself, that those qualities in any woman never could so deeply fix or interest me as to produce any lasting disquiet in my mind. But our acquaintance has been since too much prolonged; I have seen you too often; I have known you too well; I have loved you too deeply and too sincerely, to feel this disappointment as anything less than a dreadful stroke. Let me entreat you," he continued, with increasing warmth, and disregarding the efforts which Miss Chute made to interrupt him, "let me implore you to recall that hasty negative. You said you were unprepared—that you did not expect such a proposal from me. I do not press you to answer at this moment; the torture of suspense itself is preferable to absolute despair. Say you will think of it; say anything rather than at once decide on my—destruction, I cannot but call it."

"I must not, I will not act with so much injustice," said Anne, who was considerably distressed by the depth of feeling that was evident in her lover's voice and manner. "I should be treating you most unfairly, Mr. Daly, if I did so. It is true that I did not expect such a declaration as you have made—not in the least; but my decision is taken notwithstanding. It is impossible I can ever give you any other answer than you have already received. Do not, I will entreat of you in my turn, give way to any groundless expectations—any idea of a change in my sentiments on this subject. It is as impossible we should ever be united as if we lived in two separate planets."

The unhappy suitor looked the very image of pale and ghastly despair itself. His eye wandered, his cheek grew wan, and every muscle in his face quivered with passion. His words, for several moments, were so broken as to approach a degree of incoherency, and his knees trembled with a sickly faintness. He continued, nevertheless, to urge his addresses. Might he not be favored with Miss Chute's reasons? Was there anything in his own conduct? Anything that might be altered? The dejection that was in his accents as well as his appearance, touched and almost terrified his obdurate mistress, and she took some pains to alleviate his extreme despondency, without, however, affording the slightest ground for a hope which she felt could never be accomplished. The consolations which she employed, were drawn rather from the probability of a change in his sentiments than her own.

"You are not in a condition," she said, "to judge of the state of your own mind. Believe me, this depression will not continue as you seem to fear. The Almighty is too just to interweave any passion with our nature which is not in the power of our reason to subdue."

"Aye, Anne," said Kyrle; "but there are some persons for whose happiness this struggle is quite sufficient. I am not so ignorant as you suppose of the effect of a disappointment like this. I know that it will not be at all times as violent and oppressive as I feel it at this moment; but I know, too, that it will be as lasting as life itself. I have often experienced a feeling of regret that amounted to actual pain, in looking back to years that have been distinguished by little beyond the customary enjoyments of boyhood. Imagine, then, if you can, whether I have reason to apprehend the arrival of those hours when I shall sit alone in the evening, and think of the time that was spent in your society!"

Miss Chute heard this speech with a feeling of deep and even sympathetic emotion. As Kyrle ventured to glance at her countenance, and observed the peculiar expression of her sorrow, the idea of a rival, which, till that moment, had not once occurred to him, now flashed upon his mind, and changed the current of his feelings to a new direction. The sensation of jealousy was almost a useful stimulant in the excessive dejection under which he labored.

"Will you forgive me," he said, "and take the present state of my feelings as an apology, if there should be anything so offensive in the question I am about to ask you? There can be only one reason for my rejection which would save my pride the mortification of believing myself unworthy. I should feel some consolation in knowing that my own misery was instrumental to your happiness; indeed, I should not think of breathing another word upon the subject, if I thought that your affections had been already engaged."

The agitation seemed now to have passed over to the lady's side. Her brow became dark red, and then returned to more than its accustomed whiteness. "I have no other engagement," she said, after a pause—"if I had, I should think it hardly fair to press such an inquiry; but, I assure you I have none. And since you



have spoken of my own views of life, I will be more explicit, and confess to you, that I do not at present think it is likely I shall ever contract any. I love my mother; and her society is all that I desire or hope to enjoy at present. Let me now entreat you as a friend, for my sake, as well as your own, never again to renew any conversation on this subject."

This was said in a tone of such decision, that Kyrle saw it would be impossible, without hazarding the loss of the young lady's friendship, to add another word of remonstrance or of argument. Both, therefore, continued their walk in silence, nor did they exchange even an indifferent observation until they reached the summit of the little slope from which the course was visible.

Their thoughts, however, were not subjected to the same restriction, and the train of reflection, in either case, was not calculated to awaken envy.

"She received my question with embarrassment," thought Kyrle, "and she evaded a reply. I have a rival, it is evident, and a favored, at least, if not a declared one. Well, if she is to be happy, I am content; but unquestionably the most miserable contented man upon the earth."

The lady's meditation also turned upon the same crisis in the conversation. "All that I desire?" she mentally repeated, quoting her own words to her rejected suitor. "And have I so far conquered my own feelings as to be able, with perfect sincerity, of making an assertion such as that? or, if it be sincere, am I sure that I run no risk of disqualifying myself for retaining the same liberty of mind by accepting my uncle's invitation? But it is not possible, surely, that my peace should be endangered in the society of one who treats me with something more, and colder, than indifference itself; and if it were, my part is already taken, and it is now too late to retract. Poor Kyrle! he wasted his eloquence in exciting my commiseration for a state of mind with which I have been long and painfully conversant. If he knew how powerful a sympathy my own experience had awakened for him, he need not use an effort to increase it."

A loud shout of welcome, sent forth in honor of the heiress of Castle Chute, and the lady-patroness of the day's amusements, broke in upon these sombre meditations, and called the attention of that lady and of her downcast escort to a novel scene and new performers.

Clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes  
Intremuere undæ, penitusque exterrita tellus  
Momonius.

The sounds of greeting then sank into a babbling murmur, and at last into a hush of expectation, similar to that with which Pasta is welcomed at the Italian Opera, when she comes forward to stop the mouths of the unintelligible chorus, and to throw the bright assembly with the frantic sorrows of Medea.

The spot selected for the occasion was the shore of a small bay, which was composed of a fine hard sand, that afforded a very fair and level course for the horses. At the farther end was a lofty pole, on the top of which was suspended by the stirrup a new saddle, the des-

tinued guerdon of the conqueror. A red handkerchief, stripped from the neck of Dan Hourigan, the house carpenter, was hoisted overhead, and a crowd of country people dressed, notwithstanding the fineness of the day, in their heavy frieze great coats, stood round the winning-post, each faction being resolved to see justice done to its own representative in the match. A number of tents, composed of old sheets, bags and blankets, with a pole at the entrance, and a sheaf of reed, a broken bottle, or a sod of turf, erected for a sign, were discernible among the multitude that thronged the side of the little rising ground before mentioned. High above the rest Mick Normal's sign-board waved in the rising wind. Busy was the look of that lean old man, as he bustled to and fro among his pigs, kegs, mugs, pots, and porringers. A motley mass of felt hats, white muslin caps and ribbons, scarlet cloaks, and blue riding jocks, filled up the spaces between the tents, and moved in a continual series of involutions, whirls, and eddies, like those which are observable on the surface of a fountain newly filled. The horses were to start from the end of the bay, opposite to the winning-post, go round Mick Normal's tent, and the cowl on the hill side, and returning to the place from whence they came, run straight along the sand for the saddle. This was to be the victor's prize.

Hic, qui force velint rapido contendere cursu,  
Invitat pretiis animos, et premia ponit.

The *solatia victo* were to be had at the rate of four-pence a tumbler, at Mick Normal's tent.

A rejected lover can hardly be supposed to have any predilection for the grotesque. Kyrle Daly, however, observing that Miss Chute made an effort to appear disembarassed, and feeling, in the sincerity of his affection, a sentiment of grief for the uneasiness he had occasioned her, compelled himself to assume the appearance of his usual good humor, and entered with some animation into the spirit of the scene. Captain Gibson, who now approached them on foot, could not, with the recollection of Ascot and Doncaster fresh in his mind, refrain from a roar of laughter at almost every object he beheld: at the condition of the horses; the serious and important look of the riders; the *Teniers* appearance of the whole course; the band, consisting of a blind fiddler, with a piece of *listing* about his waist and another about his old hat; the self-importance of the stewards, Tim Welsh, the baker, and Batt Kennedy, the poet or *janius* of the village, as they went in a jog trot round the course, collecting shilling subscriptions to the saddle from all who appeared on horseback.

"Well, Anne," said Mr. Oregan, riding up to the group, "we have lost three of our company. Hepton Connolly is gone off to fight a duel with some fellow from the mountains that called him a scoundrel, and taken Creagh with him for a second. That's the lad that'll see them properly set. Doctor Leake has followed for the purpose of stopping up any holes they may happen to make in one another, so we have all the fun to ourselves. If the doctor had stayed, we should have had so many accounts of the sports of Tailten and all that. He is a very learned little



man, the doctor; I don't suppose there's so long a head in the county; but he talks too much. Captain, I see you laugh a great deal, but you mustn't laugh at our girls, though; there are some pretty bits o' muslin here, I can tell you."

"I like them uncommonly," said the Captain; "their dress, in particular, I think very becoming. The muslin cap, with a ribbon tied under the chin and a pretty knot above, is a very simple and rural head-dress; and the scarlet cloak and hood, which seems to be a favorite article of costume, gives a gay and flashy air to their rustic assemblies. Look at that girl now, with the black eyes, on the bank—what a pretty modest dress that is! A handkerchief pinned across the bosom, a neat figured gown, and check apron; but what demon whispered her to case her little feet in black worsted stockings and brogues?"

"They are better than the clouted shoes of the continent," said Anne, "and durability must sometimes be preferred to appearance."

"Why, that's Syl Carney, Anne," exclaimed Cregan.

"It is, sir. She has seen her *beau* somewhere on the course, I will venture to say."

A roar of laughter from Captain Gibson here attracted their attention.

"Look at that comical fellow on horseback," he cried; "did you ever see such a pair of long legs with so small a head? A fire-tongs would sit a horse as well. And observe the jaunty way he carries the little head, and his nods and winks at the girls. That's an excruciating fellow! And the arms—the short arms! how the fellow gathers up the bridle, and makes the lean animal hold up his head, and jog airily forward. Is that fellow really going to run for the stake?"

Kyrie Daly turned his eyes in the same direction, and suffered them to dilate with an expression of astonishment, when he beheld his own saucy squire seated upon the hair-cutter's mare, and endeavoring to screen himself from his master's observation by keeping close to the side of Batt Kennedy, the *janius*; while the latter recited aloud a violent satire which he had made up upon a rival versifier in the neighborhood. In fact, Lowry Looby, understanding that Syl Carney was to be at the course, and wishing to cut a figure in her eyes, had coaxed Foxy Dunat "out of the loan of his mare for one hate," while that indiffernt equestrian refreshed his galled person with a "soft sate" on the green sod in Mick Normal's tent.

Mr. Cregan here left the party with the view of assuming his place as judge of the course at the winning-post; while the *staggens* with their riders moved forward, surrounded by a dense and noisy crowd, to the starting-post, near the elevation that was occupied by our three friends.

"We are at a loss here," said Miss Clute, "for—'*List of this day's running horses, the color of the rider, and the rider's name.*' [Here she imitated, with some liveliness, the accent of the boys who sell those bills at more regular fêtes of the kind.] But you, Captain Gibson, seem to take an interest in the proceeding; and I am acquainted not only with the character of the heroes who

hold the reins, but with all the secret machinery of intrigue which is expected to interfere with the fair dealing of the day; I will, therefore, if you please, let you into the most amusing parts of their history as they pass."

Captain Gibson, with a fresh burst of laughter, protested that "he would give the world for a peep into the social policy of an Irish village."

"Well, then," said Anne, assuming a mock Ossianic manner, "the first whom you see advancing on that poor half-starved black mare, with t' e great lump on her knee, and the hay-ropes for a saddle-girth, is Jerry Cooley, our village nailor, famed alike for his dexterity in shaping the heads of his brads and demolishing those of his acquaintances. Renowned in war is Jerry, I can tell you—Gurtenaspig and Derrygortnacloghy re-echo with his fame. Next to him, on that spavined gray horse, rides John O'Reilly, our blacksmith, not less estimated in arms, or rather in cudgels. Not silent, Captain Gibson, are the walks of Garryowen on the deeds of John O'Reilly, and the bogs of Ballinivor quake when his name is mentioned. A strength of arm, the result of their habitual occupations, has rendered both these heroes formidable among the belligerent factions of the village, but the nailor is allowed a precedence. He is the great Achilles; O'Reilly, the Telemon Ajax of the neighborhood. And, to follow up my Homeric parallels, close behind him, on that long-backed, ungroomed creature, with the unnameable color, rides the crafty Ulysses of the assemblage, Dan Hogan, the process-server. You may read something of his vocation in the sidelong glance of his eye, and in the paltry, deprecating air of his whole demeanor. He starts, as if afraid of a blow, whenever any one addresses him. As he is going to be married to Dooley's sister, it is apprehended by the O'Reillys that he will attempt to cross the blacksmith's mare; but the smoky Achilles, who gets drunk with him every Saturday night, has a full reliance on his friendship. Whether, however, Cupid or Bacchus will have the more powerful influence upon the process-server, is a question that I believe yet remains a mystery even to himself; and I suspect he will adopt the neutral part of doing all he can to win the saddle for himself. The two who ride abreast behind Hogan are mountaineers, of whose motives or intentions I am not aware. The sixth and last is Lowry Looby, a retainer of my friend Mr. Daly's, and the man whose appearance made you laugh so heartily a little while since. He is the only romantic individual of the match. He rides for love, and it is to the chatty disposition of the lady of his affections, our own housemaid, that I am indebted for all this information."

One would have thought the English officer was about to die with laughter several times during the course of this speech. He leaned, in the excess of his mirth, upon the shoulder of Kyrie Daly, who, in spite of his depression, was compelled to join him, and placing his hand against his forehead—

—laughed, with intermission,  
An hour by the dial.

The mere force of sympathy compelled the lady and gentleman to lay aside for the moment their more serious reflections, and adapt their spirits to the scene before them. It seemed curious to Kyrle Daly, that, slightly as he esteemed this new military acquaintance, he felt jealous for the moment of the influence thus exercised by the latter on the temper of Anne Chute, and wished at the time that it were in his power to laugh as heartily as Captain Gibson. But a huge diaphragm, though a useful possession in general society, is not one that is most likely to win the affections of a fine girl. In affairs of the heart your mere laughter is a fool to your thinker and sentimentalist.

Before the Captain could sufficiently recover himself to make his acknowledgments for the entertainment which Miss Chute had afforded him, a cry of "Clear the coorse! clear the coorse!" resounded along the sand, and the two stewards, the baker and the poet, came

galloping round at a furious rate, laying about them stoutly with their cord-whips, while the horses scattered the sand and pebbles in all directions with their hoofs, and the stragglers were seen running off to the main body of the spectators, to avoid a fate similar to that sustained by the victims of Juggernaut, in that pious procession to which his Majesty's non-emancipating government so largely and so liberally contribute. "Clear the coorse!" shouted the baker, with as authoritative an accent as if he were King Pharoah's own royal dough-kneader. "Clear the coorse!" sung the melodious Batt Kennedy, the favorite of the muses, as he spurred his broken-winded Pegasus after the man of loaves; and, of course, the course was cleared and kept clear, less perhaps by the violence of Tim Welsh, than the amenity of Batt Kennedy, who, though not a baker was the more pithy and flowery orator of the two.

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## CHAPTER XI.

### HOW KYRLE DALY HAS THE GOOD LUCK TO SEE A STAGGEEN RACE.

THE signal was given—and the six horsemen started in good order, and with more zeal and eagerness in their faces than was to be found in the limbs of the animals which they bestrode. For a few moments the strife seemed doubtful, and Victory hovered, with an indecisive wing, now over one helmaet, and now over another. The crowd of spectators, huddling together on a heap, with faces that glowed and eyes that sparkled with intense interest, encouraged the riders with shouts and exclamations of hoarse and vehement applause. "Success! success, Jerry!" "It's done; a half pint wit you, Dan Hogan wins!" "I depend my life upon John O'Reilly." "Give her a loose, Lowry!" and other expressions of a similar nature.

But ere they again came round the winning-post, the position of the horses was altered. O'Reilly rode in front, lashing his horse in the flank with as much force as if he were pounding on his own anvil. Dooley, the naylor, came close behind, drubbing his black mare's lean ribs with the calves of his legs, as if designing to beat the poor beast out of the last remnant of her wind. The others followed, lashing their horses and one another, each abusing his neighbor in the grossest terms, all except Lowry Looby, who prudently kept out of harm's way, keeping a loose rein in his hand, and giving the hair-cutter's mare the advantage of what jockeys term a *sob*—a relief, indeed, of which the poor creature stood in the utmost need. He was thus prepared to profit by the accident which followed. The blacksmith's gray horse started at a heap of sea-weed, and suffered the naylor's mare to come down like a thunder-bolt upon his haunches. Both steeds fell, and the process-server, who rode on their heels, falling foul of them as they lay kicking on

the sand, was compelled to share in their prostration. This accident produced among the fallen heroes a series of kicks and bruises, in which the horses were not idle. O'Reilly, clenching his hand, hit the naylor a straight-forward blow between the eyes, which so effectually interfered with the exercise of those organs, that he returned the favor with a powerful thrust in the abdomen of his own prostrate steed. For this good office he was rewarded by the indignant quadruped with a kick over the right ear, which made it unnecessary to inflict a second, and the quarrel remained between the process-server and the blacksmith, who pummelled one another as if they were pounding flax, and with as much satisfaction as if they had never got drunk together in their lives. They were at length separated and borne from the ground, all covered with blood and sand, while their horses, with much difficulty, were set upright on their legs, and led off to the neighboring slope.

In the meantime, our party observed Lowry Looby returning from the winning-post, under the protection of Mr. Cregan, with the saddle torn to fritters between his hands, and his person exhibiting tokens of severe ill-usage. He had contrived to outstrip the mountaineers, and had obtained the prize; but the adverse factions, irritated at beholding their laurels flourishing on a stranger's brow, had collected around and dragged him from his horse, alleging that it was an unfair heat, and that there should be a second trial. Mr. Cregan, however, with some exertion, succeeded in rescuing Lowry from their hands, but not until every man in the crowd had put a mark upon him by which he might be easily distinguished at any future meeting.

Tired of the deafening roar that surrounded him, and



longing for retirement, that he might brood at leisure over his disappointment, Kyrle Daly now left the course, notwithstanding the invitation of Anne Chute that he would return and dine at the Castle. His intention was, to spend the night at the cottage on one of his father's dairy-farms, which lay at the distance of a few miles lower on the river-side, and where one neat room was always kept in order for his use, whenever he joined Hardress Cregan in a shooting excursion towards the mouth of the stream. Hardress had promised to visit him at this cottage a few weeks before, and as he knew that his young friend must have come to an anchor in waiting for the tide, he judged it not unlikely that he might see him this very night. He had now an additional reason for desiring to hold conversation with Hardress, in order that he might receive the consolations of his friendship under his own disappointment, and, if possible, obtain some knowledge of the true condition of his mistress's affections.

Lowry Looby, once more reduced to his legs, followed him at a distance somewhat more considerable than that recommended by Dean Swift as proper to be observed by gentlemen's gentlemen. He lingered only to restore the mare to Foxy Dunat, presenting him at the same time with the mutilated saddle, and obstinately declining the hair-cutter's proposal of "traiting him to the best that the Cat an' Bagpipes could afford." After which conversation the two friends threw their arms about each other's neck, kissed, as in France, and separated.

The night had fallen before Kyrle alighted at the cottage-door. Mrs. Frawley, the dairy-woman, had been provident enough to light a fire in the little yellow room, and to place beside it the arm-chair and small painted table, with the volume of Blakstone which her young master was accustomed to look into in the evening. The night, she observed, "was *smart* enough to make an *air* of the fire no unpleasant thing; and even if it were not cold, a fire was *company* when one would be alone that way." With equal foresight, she had prepared the materials for a tolerable dinner, such as a hungry man might not condemn without trial. Whether it were the mere effect of custom, or an indication of actual and unromantic appetite, the eye of our desponding lover was not displeased, on entering the little parlor, to see the table decorated with a snow-white damask cloth, a cooler of the sweetest butter, a small cold ham, and an empty space which he knew to be destined for a roast duck or chickens. There is no time at which the heart is more disposed to estimate in a proper light the comforts of home and a quiet fireside, than when it has experienced some severe rejection in society; and it was with the feeling of one who after much and harassing annoyance, encounters a sudden refuge, that our drooping traveller flung himself into the chair, and exclaimed in the words of Oriana:—

"Though but a shadow, but a sliding,

Let me know some little Joy,

We that suffer long annoy,

Are contented with a thought,

Through an idle fancy wrought.

Oh, let my joys have some abiding !"

While Mrs. Frawley superintended the dressing of the fowl in the kitchen, much wondering at the forlorn and abject air with which her officious attentions were received by the young collegian, that meditative gentleman was endeavoring to concentrate his attention on the pages of the learned work that lay before him. His eyes wandered over the concise and lucid detail of the reciprocal rights of *baron* and *feme*; but what purpose could this answer, except to remind him that he could never claim the lovely Anne Chute as his *feme*, nor would the lovely Anne Chute consent to acknowledge him as her *baron*. He closed the volume, and laying it on the little chimney-piece, resumed his mood of settled meditation by the fire.

The silence of the place was favorable to that sort of drowsy musing in which the mind delights to repose its energies after any strong and passionate excitement. There was no effort made to invite or pursue a particular train of reflection; but those thoughts which lay nearest to the heart—those memories, hopes, fears, and wishes, with which they were most intimately associated, passed in long and still procession before his mind. It was a dreary and funereal train to witness, but yet the lover found a luxurious indulgence in its contemplation. He remained gazing on the fire, with his hand supporting his temple, until every crackling turf and faggot became blended in his thoughts with the figures which his memory called up from the past, or his fancy created for the future.

While he leaned thus silent in his chair, he overheard in the adjoining kitchen a conversation, which for the moment diverted his attention from the condition of his own fortunes.

"Where to are you running in such a hurry, Mary?" said Mrs. Frawley; "one would think it was for the seed o' the fire you come. Sit down again."

"Oh, wisha," said a strange voice, "I'm tired from sitting. Is it to look after the butter Mr. Kyrle is come down to ye?"

"Oyeh, no. He doesn't meddle in them things at all. If he did we'd have a bad story to tell him. You'll burn that duck, Nelly, if you don't mind it."

"Why, so—a bad story, Mrs. Frawley?"

"I'll tell you, Mary. I don't know what the reason of it is, but our butter is going from us this two months now. I'd almost take the vestment\* of it, that Mr. Enright's dairyman, Bill Noonan, made a *pishag*,† and took away our butter."

"Oyeh !"

"What else, what would become of it? Sure Bill himself told me they had double their complement last week, at a time when, if we were to break our hearts

\* Swear by the priest's vestment.

† A mystic rite, by which one person is enabled to make a supernatural transfer of his neighbor's butter into his own churns. The failure and diminution of butter at different times, from the poverty of the cream, appears so unaccountable that the country people can only attribute it to witchcraft; and those dairy superstitions have prevailed to a similar degree in the country parts of England. In *The Devil is an Ass*, his Satanic Majesty is thus made to jest on the petty mischief of his Imp, Pug, who seeks a month's furlough to the north:—

"—You influence some plot now,

Upon a tuning of ale, to stale the yeast,

Or keep the churn so that the butter came not,

Spite of the houses' cord and her hot spit."



churning from this till doomsday, we could get nothing but the buttermilk in the latter end."

"Did you watch your cows last May-eve, to see that nobody milked 'em from ye?"

"I did to be sure. I sat up until twelve o'clock, to have the first milk myself; for Shaun Lauther, the fairy doctor, told me that if another milked 'em that night, she'd have their butter the whole year round. And what good was it for me? I wouldn't wonder if old Moll Noonan had a hand in it."

"Nor I neither. They say she's a witch. Did I ever tell you what Davy Neal's wife did to her of a time?"

"Not as I know."

"The same way as with yourself, the butter—no, 'tisin't the butter but the milk itself, was going from Katty Neal, although her little cow was a kind Kerry, and had the best of grazing. Well, she went, as you done, to Shaun Lauther, the knowledgeable man, and put a half-a-crown into his hand, and asked his advice. 'Well, tell me,' says Shaun, 'were you at Moll Noonan's yesterday?' 'I was,' says Kate. 'And did you see a hair spancel hanging over the chimney?' says he. 'I did see that, too,' says Kate. 'Well,' says Shaun, 'tis out of that spancel that Moll do be milking your cows every night, by her own chimney corner, and you breaking your heart at a dry udder the same time.' 'And what am I to do?' says Kate. 'I'll tell you,' says he. 'Go home, and reddan this horse-shoe in the fire, and observe when you're milking, that a gray cat will sit by you on the bawn. Just strike her with the red shoe, and your business will be done.' Well, she did his bidding. She saw the gray cat, and burnt her with the shoe, till she flew screeching over the hedge."

"Oh, murther, hadn't she the courage!"

"She had. Well, the next day she went to Moll Noonan's, and found her keeping her bed, with a great scald she said she got from a pot of boiling water she had down for scalding the keelers. Ayeh, thought Kate, I know what ails you well, my old lady. But she said nothing, and I'll engage she had the fine can o' milk from her cows next morning."

"Well, she was a great girl."

"Ah, what should ail her?" said Nelly the servant wench, who was employed in turning the duck. "I remember Jug Flannigan, the cooper's wife, above, was in the same way, losin' all her butter, an' she got it again by puttin' a taste o' the last year's butter into

the churn, before churnin', along with the crame, and into every keeler in the house. Here, Mrs. Frawley, will you have an eye to the spit a minute while I go look at them hens in the *coob* abroad? Master Kyrle might like a fresh egg for his *tay*, an' I hear them clockin'."

"Do, then, Nell, *a'ra gal*, and, as you're going, turn in the turkeys, for the wind is fising, and I'm in dread it will be a bad night."

A loud knocking at the door was the next sound that invaded the ear of Kyrle Daly. The bolt flew back, and a stranger rushed in, while, at the same moment, a gust of wind and rain dashed the door with violence against the wall, and caused a cloud of smoke and ashes to penetrate even to the room in which he sat.

"Shut out the doore! shut out the doore!" screamed Mrs. Frawley, "the duck will be all destroyed from the ashes. Ah, Lowry, what kep' you till now?"

"Oh, let me alone, woman," exclaimed Lowry, in a loud and agitated voice. "Where's Master Kyrle?"

"Sitting in the parlor within. What's the matter, eroo?"

Without making any reply, Lowry Looby presented himself at the parlor door, and waving his hand with much force, exclaimed: "Come out! come out! Master Kyrle. There's the Nora Creina abroad just goin' down, and every soul aboard of her. She never will reach the shore. Oh, vo! vo! 'tis frightful to see the swell that's round her. The Lord in his mercy stretch out his hand upon the wathers this fearful night!"

Kyrle started up in alarm, snatched his hat, and rushed out of the room, not paying any attention to the recommendation of Mrs. Frawley, that he would throw the frieze riding coat over his shoulders before he went out in the rain. Lowry Looby, with many ejaculations of terror and of compassion, followed his master to the shore, within a gun-shot of which the cottage was situated. They arrested their steps on a rocky point, which, jutting far into the river, commanded a wide prospect on either side. It was covered with wet seaweed and shell-fish, and afforded a slippery footing to the young collegian and his squire. A small fishing boat lay at anchor on the leeward side of the point, and her crew, consisting of a swarthy old man and a youth, were standing on the shore, and watching the pleasure-boat with much interest.

## CHAPTER XII.

HOW FORTUNE BRINGS TWO OLD FRIENDS TOGETHER.

The situation of the little vessel was in reality terrific. A fierce, westerly wind, encountering the receding tide, occasioned a prodigious swell in the centre of the channel; and even near the shore the waves lashed themselves with so much fury against the rocky headland before mentioned, that Kyrle and his servant were covered with spray and foam. There was yet sufficient twilight in the sky to enable them to discern objects on the river, and the full autumnal moon, which ever and anon shot, like a flying ghost, from one dark mass of vapor to another, revealed them at intervals with a distinctness scarcely inferior to that of day. The object of the pleasure-boat seemed to be that of reaching the anchorage above alluded to, and, with this view, the helmsman held her head as close to the wind as a reefed mainsail and heavy swell would allow him. The white canvas, as the boat came foaming and roaring towards the spectators, appeared half-drenched in brine, from the breaking of the sea against the windward bow.

The appearance of the vessel was such as to draw frequent ejaculations of compassion from Lowry and the boatmen, and to make Kyrle Daly's heart sink low with fear and anxiety. At one time, she was seen on the ridge of a broken wave, showing her keel to the moonlight, and bending her white and glistening sails over the dark gulf upon her lee.

At another the liquid mountain rolled away, and left her buried in the trough, while her vane alone was visible to the helmsman, and the surges, leaping and whitening in the moonshine, seemed hurrying to overwhelm and engulf their victim. Again, however, suddenly emerging into the light, she seemed to ride the waters in derision, and left the angry monsters roaring in her wake.

"She never'll do it, I'm in dread," said Lowry, bending an inquisitive glance on the boatman. The latter was viewing intently, and with a grim smile, the gallant battle made by the little vessel against the elements.

"'Tis a good boy that has the rudder in his hand," he said; "and as for their lives, 'tis the same Lord that is on the water as on the land. When their hour is come, on sea or shore, 'tis all the same to 'em. I wouldn't wonder if he done it yet. Ah, that swell put him off of it. He must make another tack. 'Tis a good boy that holds the rudder."

"What!" exclaimed Kyrle, "do you think it will be necessary for them to put out into the tide again?"

"Indeed, I don't say she'll ever do without it," said

the old boatman, still keeping his eyes fixed on the Nora Creina. "There she comes round. She spins about like a top, God bless her!" Then putting his huge chapped hands at either side of his mouth, so as to form a kind of speaking trumpet, he cried out, in a voice as loud and hoarse as that of the surges that rolled between them, "Ahoy! ahoy! Have an oar out in the bow, or she'll mis-stay in the swell."

"Thank you, thank you, it is done already," shouted the helmsman in answer. "Kyrle, my boy, how are you? Kyrle, have a good fire for us when we go in. This is cold work."

"Cold work!" repeated Lowry Looby. "Dear knows, it's true for you. Ah, then, isn't it little he makes of it, after all, God bless him! an' it blowin' a perfect *harico*."

Notwithstanding the vigor and confidence which spoke in the accents of the hardy helmsman, Kyrle Daly, when he saw the vessel once more shoot out into the deep, felt as if he had been listening to the last farewell of his friend. He could not return his gallant greeting, and remained with his head leaning forward, and his arm outstretched, and trembling, while his eyes followed the track of the pleasure-boat. Close behind him stood Lowry, his shoulders raised against the wind, and his hand placed over that ear on which it blew, clacking his tongue against his palate for pity, and indulging in many sentiments of commiseration for "Master Hardress" and "the family," not forgetting "Danny the Lord," and his sister, "Fighting Poll of the Reeks."

We shall follow the vessel in her brief but daring course. The young helmsman has been already slightly introduced to the reader in the second chapter of this history; but the change which circumstances had since effected in his appearance, rendered it well worthy of our pains to describe his person and bearing with more accuracy and distinctness. His figure was tall, and distinguished by that muscularity and firmness of set which characterizes the inhabitants of the south-west of Europe. His attitude, as he kept one hand on the rudder and his eye fixed upon the foresail, was such as displayed his form to extreme advantage. It was erect, composed, and manly. Every movement seemed to be dictated by a judgment perfectly at ease, and a will that, far from being depressed, had caught a degree of fire and excitement from the imminent dangers with which it had to struggle. The warm and heroic flush upon his cheek could not be discovered in

the pale and unequal light that shone upon him; but the settled and steady lustre of his large dark eye, over which not even the slightest contraction of the arched brow could be discerned, the perfect calmness of his manner, and the half-smiling expression of his mouth (that feature which, of all others, is most traitorous to the dissembling coward), bespoke a mind and heart that were pleased to encounter danger, and well calculated to surmount it. It was such a figure as would have at once awakened associations in the beholder's mind of camps and action of states confounded in their councils, and nations overrun by sudden conquest. His features were brightened by a lofty and confident enthusiasm, such as the imagination might ascribe to the Royal Adventurer of Sweden, as he drew his sword on his beleaguering at Belgrade. His forehead was ample and intellectual in its character; his hair "coal black" and curling; his complexion of that rich, deep, Gypsy-yellow, which, showing as it did the healthy bloom beneath, was far nobler in its character than the feminine white and red. The lower portion of his physiognomy was finely and delicately turned; and a set of teeth as white as those of a young beagle, gave infinite vivacity to the expression of his lips. The countenance was such a one as men seldom look upon, but when once beheld, can never be forgotten.

On a seat at the weather-side sat a young girl, her slight person wrapped in a blue cloak, while her eyes were raised to the cheerful face of the helmsman, as if from him she derived all her hope and her security. The wind had blown back the hood from her shoulders, and the head and countenance which thus "unmasked their beauty to the moon" were turned with a sylph-like grace and lightness. The mass of curly hair which was blown over her left temple seemed of a pale gold, that harmonized well with the exceeding fairness and purity of her complexion; and the expression of her countenance was tender, affectionate, and confident.

In the bow sat a being who did not share the beauty of his companions. He bore a prodigious hunch upon his shoulders, which, however, did not prevent his using his limbs with agility, and even strength, as he tended the foresail, and bustled from side to side with an air of the utmost coolness and indifference. His features were not disagreeable, and were distinguished by that look of pert shrewdness which marks the low inhabitant of a city, and vents itself in vulgar cant and in ridicule of the honest and wondering ignorance of rustic simplicity.

Such were the individuals whom the spirit of the tempest appeared at this moment to hold environed by his hundred perils; and such was the manner in which they prepared to encounter their destiny.

"Mind your hand, Mr. Hardress," said the boatman, in a careless tone; "we are in the tide."

It required the hand of an experienced helmsman to bring the little vessel through the danger which he thus announced. An immense overtopping billow, capped in foam, came thundering down like an avalan-

che upon her side. In spite of the precautions of Hardress, and the practised skill with which he timed the motion of the wave, as one would take a ball upon the bound, or a hunter on the rise, the bowsprit dipped and cracked like a withered sapling; a whole ton of water was flying over the stern, drenching the crew as completely as if they had been drawn through the river. The boat seemed to stagger and lose her way like a stricken hart, and lay for a moment weltering in the gloomy chasm in which the wasted wave had left her. A low and smothered scream was breaking from the female, when her eye again met that of Hardress Oregan, and her lip, though pale and quivering, was silent.

"That was right well done, sir," said Danny Mann, as the boat once more cleft the breakers on the landward course. "A minute sooner or a minute later up with the hand, would put it all into her."

"A second would have done it," said Hardress, "but all is well now. A charming night this would be," he continued, smiling on the girl, "for beaver and feathers."

This jest produced a short hysteric laugh in answer, which was rather startling than agreeable to the person who addressed her. In a few minutes after, and without any considerable disaster, the vessel dropped her peak, and ran alongside the rocks on which Kyrle Daly was expecting them.

"Remain in the boat," said Hardress, addressing the girl, while he fastened the hood over her head—"I see that talkative fellow, Looby, above on the rocks. I will procure you an unoccupied room, if possible, in the cottage, as a neighbor and relative of Danny Mann. Endeavor to conceal your countenance, and speak as little as possible. We are ruined if I should be seen paying you any attention."

"And am I not to see you to-night again?" said the girl, in a broken and affectionate accent,

"My own love, I would not go to rest without taking leave of you for the world. Be satisfied," he added, pressing her hand tenderly, and patting her upturned cheek. "You are a noble girl. Go, pray—pray, and return thanks for your husband's life, as he shall do for yours. I thought we should have supped in Heaven. Dan!" he continued aloud, calling to the boatman, "take care of your sister."

"His sister!" echoed Lowry Looby on the rocks, "Oh, murder! is fighting Poll of the Reeks aboard too? Why then he needn't bid Danny to take care of her, for she is well able to do that job for herself."

Hardress leaped out upon the shore, and was received by Kyrle Daly with a warmth and delight proportioned to the anxiety which he had previously experienced.

"My dear fellow, I thought I should never have seen you on your feet again. A thousand and a hundred thousand welcomes! Lowry, run to the house, and get dinner hastened. Stay! Hardress, have you any things on board?"

"Only a small trunk and my gun. You would for ever oblige me, Kyrle, by procuring a comfortable lodging, if you have no room to spare, for this poor



fellow of mine and his sister. He is sickly, and you know he is my foster-brother."

"He shall be taken care of: I have a room. Come along; you are dripping wet! Lowry, take up Mr. Cregan's trunk and gun to the cottage. Come along, Hardress, you will catch your death of cold. Pooh! are you afraid Fighting Poll will break her tender limbs, that you look back, and watch her so closely?"

"No, no, my dear Daly; but I am afraid that fellow—Booby—Looby—(what's his stupid name?)—will break my trunk; he is watching the woman and peering about her, instead of minding what he is doing. But come along! Well, Kyrle, how are you? I saw you all in the window to-day when I was sailing by."

"Yes; you edified my mother with that little feat you performed at the expense of the fishermen."

"Ah, no! was she looking at that, though? I shall not be able to show my face to her this month to come. Hallo! you, sir, Booby, Looby, come along! Do you remain long in the west, Kyrle?"

"As long as you will take a bed in the cottage with me. But we will talk of this when you have changed your dress and dined. You came on the very point of time. *Ren acu tetigisti*, as our old college tutor, Doyle, would say. Mrs. Frawley was just preparing to dish me a roast duck. I bless the wind, all boisterous as it was, that blew you on these shores, for I thought I should have spent a lonesome evening, with the recollections of merry old times, like so many evil familiars, to dine, and sup, and sleep with me. But now that we are met again, farewell the past! The present and the future shall furnish our entertainment—after we have done with the roast duck."

"The fume of which salutes my senses at this moment with no disagreeable odor," said Hardress, following his friend into the little hall of the cottage. "Mrs. Frawley, as fat, and fair, and rosy as ever! Well, Mrs. Frawley, how do you and the cows get on? Has any villianous imp been making *pishogs* over your keelers? Does the cream mount? Does the butter break? Have you got the devil well out of your churn?"

"Oh, fie, Masther Cregan, to go spake of such a thing at all. Oh, vo, a vich-o, you're drowned wet, an' that's what you are. Nelly, eroo, bring hether the candle. Oh, sir, you never will get over it."

"Never mind, Mrs. Frawley, I'll be stout enough to dance at your wedding yet."

"My wedding, ma vourneen," returned the buxom dairy-woman, in a gentle scream of surprise, not unqualified, however, by a gracious smile. "Oyeh, if you never fut a moneen till then! Make haste hether with the candle, Nelly, eroo; what are you doing?"

Nelly, not altogether *point device* in her attire, at length appeared with a light to conduct the gentlemen to their chamber; while Mrs. Frawley returned to the kitchen. This accident of the stranger's arrival was of fatal consequence to three individuals in the cottage; namely, two fat chickens and a turkey-pout, upon whom sentence of death was immediately pronounced and executed, without more form of law than might go to the hanging of a croppy. Mrs. Frawley, meantime, ful-

filled the office of sheriff on the occasion, ejaculating, out of a smiling reverie, while she gazed listlessly on the blood of the innocent victims, "Why then, I declare, that Mr. Hardress is a mighty pleasant gentleman."

In the meantime, Lowry Looby was executing the commission he had received with regard to Mr. Cregan's trunk. Lowry, who was just as fond of obtaining, as of communicating strange intelligence, had his own good reason for standing in awe of the far-famed Fighting Poll of the Reeks, who was renowned in all the western fairs, as a fearless, whisky drinking virago, over six feet in her stocking vamps, and standing no more in awe of the gallows, than she might of her mother's arms. It may at once be seen that a character of this description was the very last that could have been personated with any success by the lovely young creature who accompanied Hardress; and, indeed, her only chance of escaping detection consisted in the unobtusiveness of the attempt she made, and the care she used in concealing her features. The first circumstance that excited the astonishment of Lowry, as he stood bowing with his hat off, upon the rocks, while Danny the Lord assisted her to land, was the comparative diminutiveness of her stature, and the apparent slightness of her form.

"Your sarvent, Mrs. Naughten," he said in a most insinuating accent. "I hope I see you well in your health, ma'am. You wouldn't remember a boy of the Loobys at all, you met of a time at Nelly Hewsan's wake, westwards (Heaven rest her soul this night!) That was the place where the great giving-out was, surely."

To his gentle remembrance of old merry times, the female in the blue cloak only answered by a slight, short courtesy, while she drew the hood closer about her face, and began, though with a feeble and tottering step, to ascend the rocks.

"Bread, an'—beef, an'—tay, an'—whisky, an'—turkeys, an'—cakes, an' everything that the heart could like," the officious Lowry continued, following the pseudo-Amazon among the stones and sea-weed, and marvelling not a little at her unaccustomed taciturnity. "The Hewsans could well afford it; they were strong, snug farmers: relations o' your own, I'm thinking, ma'am. Oh, vo! sure I forgot the thrunk, and there's Mr. Hardress calling to me. "Larry Kett," he continued, addressing the old boatman before mentioned, "will show Mrs. Naughten the way to the house, while I'm getting the thrunk out o' the boat; an' if you want a fire o' turf, or a *gwel* o' piatees, Mrs. Frawley will let you have 'em an' welcome."

The old boatman willingly came into terms so easy and advantageous; and the fair counterfeit hurried on, well pleased at the exchange of companions. Lowry, in the meantime, returned to the boat, and stole into conversation with Danny the Lord, whom, in fear of his sneering, satirical temper, he always treated with nearly as much respect as if his title were not so purely a thing of courtesy. Danny Mann, on the other hand, received his attentions with but little complaisance; for he looked on Lowry as a foolish, troublesome fellow, whose property in words (like

the estate of many a young absentee) far overbalanced his discretion and ability in their employment. He had often told Looby in confidence, "that it would be well for him he had a bigger head and a smaller mouth"—alluding to that peculiar conformation of Lowry's upper man, with which the reader has been already made acquainted. The country people (who are never at a loss for a simile), when they saw this long-legged fellow following the sharp-faced little hunchback from place to place, used to lean on their spades, and call the attention of their companions to "the wran an' the cuckoo goin' the road."

The "cuckoo" now found the "wran" employed in coiling up a wet cable on the fore-castle, while he sang in a voice that more nearly resembled the grunting of a pig at the approach of rain, than the melody of the sweet songstress of the hedges above-named:—

"An' of all de meat dat ever was hung,  
A cheek o' pork is my fancy  
'Tis sweet an' toothsome, when 'tis young:  
Fait, dat's no lie, says Nancy  
'Twill boil in less than half an hour,  
Den with your nail you may try it,  
'Twill taste like any cauliflower—  
'Tis better do dat den to fry it.  
"Sing re-rig-i-dig-i-dum-derum-lum."

"How does the world use Misther Mann this evenin'?" was the form of Lowry's first greeting, as he bent over the gunwale of the stern, and laid his huge paws on the small trunk.

"As you see me, Lowry," was the reply.

"A smart evenin' ye had of it."

"Purty fair, for de matter o' dat."

"Dear knows, it's a wondther ye wern't drowned. 'Twas blowing a *harico*. An' you singin' now, as if you wor comin' from a jig-house, or a wake, or a weddin'. Ah, then tell me, now, Misther Mann, wasn't it your thought, when you were abroad that time, how long it was since you were with the priest before?"

"I dought o' dat first, Lowry, an' I tried to say a prayer; but it was so long from me since I did de like before, dat I might as well try to talk Latin or any oder book-larnin'. But sure if I dought o' myself rightly, dere wasn't de laste fear of us, for I had a book o' St. Margaret's confession in me buzzum, an' as long as I'd have dat, I knew dat if de boat was to go down under me itself, she'd come up again."

"Erra, no!"

"Iss, dear knows."

"I wisht I had one of 'em," said Lowry. "I do be often goin' in boats across to Cratloe an' them places."

"You'd have no business of it, Lowry. Dem dat's born for ono death, has no reason to be afeerd of anoder."

"Gondoutha! You're welcome to your joke this evening. Well, if I was to put my eyes upon sticks, Misther Mann, I never would know your sister again."

"She grew a dale, I b'lieve."

"Grew?—If she did, it's like the cow's tail, downwards. Why, she isn't, to say, taller than myself now,

in place o' bein' the head an' two shoulders above me. An' she isn't at all the rattlin' girl she was of ould. She didn't spake a word."

"An' dat's a failin' dat's new to both o' ye," said his lordship, "but Poll made a vow again' talkin' of a Tuesday, bekeys it was of a Tuesday her first child died, an' dey said he was hoist away be de good people, while Poll was gossipin' wid Ned Hayes, over a glass at de public."

"And that's her raison?"

"Dat's her raison."

"An' in regard o' the drink?"

"Oh, she's greatly altered dat way, too, dough 'twas greatly again' natur. A lime-burner's bag was notten to her for soakin' formerly, but now she'd take no more than a wet sponge."

"That's great, surely. An' about the cursin' and swearin'?"

"Cursin'! You'd no more find a curse after her, dan you would after de clargy. An' 'tisn't dat itself, but you wouldn't get a crooked word outside her lips, from year's end to year's end."

"Why, then, it was long from her to be so mealy-mouthed when I knew her. An' does she lift a hand at the fair at all now? Oyeh, what a terrible 'oman she was, comin' again' a man with her stockin' off, an' a stone in the foot of it!"

"She was. Well, she wouldn't raise her hand to a chicken now."

"That flogs cock-fighting."

"Only, I'll tell you in one case. She's apt to be contrary to any one dat would be comin' discorsin' to her of a Tuesday at all, or peepin, and spyin' about her, she's so vexed in herself not to be able to make 'em an answer. It used to be a word an' a blow wid her: but now, as she can't have de word, 'tis de blow comes mostly first, an' she didn't make e'er a vow again' dat."

"Shasthone!" exclaimed Lowry, who laid up this hint for his own edification. "Great changes, surely. Well, Misther Mann, an' will you tell me now, if you please, is your masther goin' westwards in the boat to-morrow?"

"I don't know, an'—not makin' you a short answer, Lowry—I don't care. And a word more on de back o' dat again, although I have a sort of a rattlin' regard for you, still an' all, I'd rader be takin' a noggin o' whiskey, to warm de heart in me dis cold night, dan listenin' to your talkin' dere. Dat I may be happy but I would, an' dat's as good as if I was after takin' all de books in Ireland of it."

This hint put an end to the conversation for the present, and Danny the Lord (who exercised over Lowry Looby an influence somewhat similar to that which tied Master Matthew to the heels of Bobadil) adjourned with that loquacious person to the comforts of Mrs. Frawley's fireside.

## CHAPTER XIII.

HOW THE TWO FRIENDS HOLD A LONGER CONVERSATION TOGETHER THAN THE READER MAY PROBABLY APPROVE.

THE female in the blue cloak withstood all the recommendations and entreaties of the good-natured dairy-woman, that she would "step in, and take an air of the kitchen fire." She pleaded extreme fatigue, and requested that she might be permitted to occupy at once the chamber in which she was to pass the night. Finding her resolute, Mrs. Frawley insisted on having a cheerful fire lighted up in the little room outside her own dormitory, which was appropriated to the fair stranger's use. It was impossible to maintain her close disguise in the presence of this officious and hospitable woman, whose regard for her guest was in no degree diminished by a view of her person and dress. Her hair was wringing wet, but her cloak had in a great measure preserved the remainder of her attire, which was just a shade too elegant for a mere *paysanne*, and too modest for a person claiming the rank of a gentleman. The material, also, which was a pretty flowered cotton—"a dawny pattern," as Mrs. Frawley declared—proclaimed a pocket altogether at ease, and led the dairy-woman to the conclusion that "the Naughtens were decent, *credible* people, that knew how to indus-ther, and turn and stretch a penny as far as more would a shilling."

Having supplied the counterfeit Poll with everything necessary for her immediate uses, Mrs. Frawley left her to make what changes she pleased in her dress, and went to look after the young gentlemen's dinner, as well as to prepare some refreshment for the weary Mrs. Naughten herself.

Scarcely had Mrs. Frawley departed when a soft tapping at the room-door announced the approach of another visitor. The lovely *inconnue*, who was employed at the moment in arranging and drying her hair, felt her heart beat somewhat quickly and strongly at the sound. She threw back from her temples the wavy masses of gold that hung around them, and ran to the door with lips apart, and a flushed and eager cheek. "It is he!" she exclaimed to her own breast as she undid the bolt.

It was not *he*. The weather-worn, freckled face of the little hunchback was the first object that met her eyes. Between his hands he held a small trunk, the lid of which was studded with brass nails, forming the letters E. O'C.

"By a dale to do, Miss I laid houl't o' dis," said Danny; "Lowry said, de letters didn't stand for Mr. Hardress at all, only one of 'em."

"Thank you, Danny. Where is your master?"

"Aten his dinner in de parlor wid Mr. Daly before a tunderin' big fire."

"Was Lowry speaking to you?"

"Did anybody ever see him oderwise? I'll be bail he was so."

"But does he know——"

"I didn't hear him say a word about it," replied the little lord, "an' I tink if he knew, he'd tell."

"Well, Danny, will you find an opportunity of speaking to your master without being observed, and tell him that I wish to see him very much indeed? I am very uneasy; and he has not told me how long we are to stay here, or where we are to go next, or anything. I feel quite lonesome, Danny, for it is the first evening I have ever spent alone in my life, I think." Here the poor young creature's lip quivered a little, and the water started into her eye.

"Never fear, ma gra hu! a grein chree hu!" said Danny in a soothing tone; "I'll speak a word in his ear, an' he'll come to you. Dat if I may never die in a frost if I wouldn't go from dis to Dublin to sarve you, next to Mr. Hardress himself."

He was as good as his word, and took an opportunity while Hardress was giving him some directions about the boat, to mention the request of their gentle companion in the storm. The young gentleman inquired the situation of her room, and bade his servant say that he would not fail to visit her, if only for a few minutes, before he retired to rest. It was necessary that the utmost caution should be observed, to avoid awakening suspicion.

Kyrie Daly, in the meantime, was employed in manufacturing a capacious bowl of whisky-punch by the parlor fire-side. Instead of the humble but capacious tumbler, or still more modern small stone-china jug, over which you, good Irish reader, are probably accustomed to solace your honest heart on a winter's evening, two glasses, more than a foot in height, were displayed upon the board, and seemed intended to meet the lips without the necessity of any assistance from the hand.

By one of those inconsistencies in our nature on which it is hard to speculate, Kyrie Daly found a difficulty in getting into conversation with his friend upon the very subject on which, a few minutes before, he had longed for his advice and assistance. Hardress appeared to be in high, noisy, and even exulting spirits, the sound of which rang jarringly and harsh upon the ear of the disappointed lover. The uproar of



his happy heart offended the languor of his young companion's mind, as the bustle of the city now sounds strange and unfamiliar on a sick man's hearing.

Neither, perhaps, is there any subject to which young men of equal pretensions have a greater distaste than that of love confidences one with another. If the tale be of a past and unhappy attachment, it is wearisome and annoying; and if it relate to a present and successful passion, a sentiment of jealousy is apt to invade the heart of the listener, while he is made to contemplate a picture of happiness which, perhaps, the sternness of his own destiny has allowed him to contemplate as a picture only. A better test could scarcely be adopted to distinguish a sincere and disinterested friendship from one of mere convenience, than a trial of patience on such a topic. It is true, indeed, that the incidents lately recorded afford reason to believe that Hardress Oregan was not one of those forlorn beings who are made

'to love and not be loved again;'

but it is certain, nevertheless, that when Kyrle Daly first mentioned his having been at Castle Chute, and driving Anne to the race-course, his manner was rather reserved and discouraging than otherwise.

"The longer I live," Kyrle said at length, with some hesitation in his manner—"the longer I live in this luckless condition, and the oftener I think of that excellent girl, the more deep and settled is the hold which she has taken on my imagination. I wonder, Hardress, how you can be so indifferent to her acquaintance. Placing my own unfortunate affection altogether out of view, I can scarcely imagine an enjoyment more desirable than that of cultivating the society of so amiable a creature."

Here he drew a long sigh, and replenished the void thus occasioned, by having recourse to the bowl and ladle.

"I am not of the same opinion, Kyrle," said Hardress; "Anne Chute is, unquestionably, a very fine girl, but she is too highly educated for me."

"Too highly educated!"

"Echo me not. The words are mine. Yes, Kyrle, I hold that this system of polishing girls, *ad unguem*, is likely to be the destruction of all that is sincere, and natural, and unaffected in the sex. It is giving the mind an unwholesome preponderance over the heart, occasioning what an astronomer would call an *occultation* of feeling, by the intervention of reason."

"I cannot imagine a case," said Kyrle, "in which the exercise of reason can ever become excessive; and there are sneerers under the sun, Hardress, who will tell you that this danger is least of all to be apprehended among the lovely beings of whom you are speaking."

"I think otherwise. As I prefer the works of nature to the works of man, the fresh river breeze to the dusty and smoky zephyry of Chapel Street, the bloom on a cottage cheek to the crimson japan that blazes at the Earl of Buckinghamshire's drawing-rooms; as I love a plain beefsteak before a grilled attorney,\* this excel-

lent whisky-punch before my mother's confounded currant wine, and anything else that is pure and natural before anything else that is adulterated and artificial; so do I love the wild hedge-flower, simplicity, before the cold and sapless exotic, fashion; so do I love the voice of affection and of nature, before that of finesse and affectation."

"Your terms are a little too hard, I think," said Kyrle; "elegance of manner is not fineness, nor at all the opposite of simplicity; it is merely simplicity made perfect. I grant you that few, very few, are successful in acquiring it; and I dislike its ape, affectation, as heartily as you do. But we find something that is conventional in all classes, and I like affection better than vulgarity, after all."

"Vulgarity of manner," said Hardress, "is more tolerable than vulgarity of mind."

"One is only offensive as the indication of the other, and I think it not more tolerable, because I prefer ugliness masked to ugliness exposed."

"Why, now, Daly, I will meet you on tangible ground. There is our friend Anne Chute, acknowledged to be the loveliest girl in her circle, and one whom I remember a charming, good-natured little hoyden in her childhood. And see what high education has done for her. She is cold and distant, even to absolute frigidity, merely because she has been taught that insensibility is allied to elegance. What was habit has become nature with her; the frost which she suffered to lie so long upon the surface has at length penetrated to her affections, and killed every germ of mirth, and love, and kindness, that might have made her a treasure to her friends and an ornament to society."

"Believe me, Hardress, believe me, my dear Hardress, you do her wrong," exclaimed Kyrle with exceeding warmth. "It is not that I love Anne Chute, I speak, but because I know and esteem her. If you knew her but for three days, instead of one hour, you never would again pronounce so harsh a sentence. All that is virtuous, all that is tender and affectionate, all that is amiable and high-principled, may be met with in that admirable woman. Take the pains to know her, visit her, speak of her to her friends—her dependents—to her aged mother—to any one that has observed her conduct, and you will be undeceived. Why will you not strive to know her better?"

"Why, you must consider that it is not many months since I returned from Dublin; and, to say a truth, the single visit I paid at Castle Chute was not calculated to tempt me to a second. Considering that I was an old play-fellow and a kind of cousin, I thought Anne Chute need not have received me as if I were a tax-gatherer, or a travelling dancing master."

"Why, what would you have her do? Throw her arms about your neck, and kiss you, I suppose?"

"Not exactly. You know the class of people of whom little Flaccus said, *Quum vitia vivunt in contraria current*, and, after all, I think Anne Chute is not one of those.

\* It is notorious that the drumstick of a goose or turkey, grilled and highly spiced, was called a *devil*. Some elegant persons, however, who deemed that

term too strong for "ears polite," were at the pains of looking for a synonyme of a milder sound, and discovered a happy substitute in the word *attorney*, which conveys all the original force, without the coarse cacophony of the other phrase.

Her education is little worth if it could not enable her to see a medium between two courses so much at variance."

"But will you allow a friend to remind you, Hardress, that you are a little overapt to take exception in matters of this kind. And, notwithstanding all you have been saying against the polite world, I will venture to prophesy this, that when circumstances shall more frequently thrust you forward on the stage, and custom shall make you blind to the slight and formal insincerities that grieve you at present, your ideas of fashion, and elegance, and education will undergo a change. I know you, Hardress: you are not yet of age. The shadow of a repulse is now to you a sentence of banishment from any circle in which you supposed it is offered; but when you shall be courted, when mothers shall dress their daughters at you, and daughters shall shower down smiles upon your path; when fathers shall praise your drinking, and sons shall eulogize your horses, then, Hardress, look to it. You will then be as loud and talkative before the whole world, as now in presence of your humble friend. You will smile, and smile a hundred times over at your philosophy."

"Oh, 'never shall sun that morrow see,'" cried Hardress, throwing himself back in his chair, and raising his hands in seeming deprecation. "I perceive what you are hitting at, Kyrle," he continued, reddening a little; "you allude to my—my—timidity—bashfulness—what you will—my social cowardice. But I disclaim the petty, paucity failing. The feeling that unnerves me in society is as widely different from that base consciousness of inferiority, or servile veneration of wealth, rank, or power, as the anger of Achilles from the spite of Thersites. You may laugh, and call me self-concited, but, upon my simple honor, I speak in pure sincerity. My feeling is this, my dear Kyrle. New as I was to the world after leaving college (where you know I studied pretty hard), the customs of society appeared to wear a strangeness in my sight, that made me a perfect and competent judge of their value. Their hollowness disgusted, and their insipidity provoked me. I could not join with any ease in the solemn folly of bows, and becks, and wreathed smiles, that can be put on or off at pleasure. The motive of the simplest forms of society stared me in the face when I saw them acted before me, and if I attempted to play a part among the hypocrites myself, I supposed that every eye around me was equally clear-sighted, saw through the hollow assumption and despised it as sincerely in me as I had done in others. The consciousness of guilt was evident in my manner, and I received the mortification which ensued as the just punishment of my meanness and hypocrisy."

"You do express yourself in sufficiently forcible terms when you go about it," said Daly, smiling. "What great hypocrisy or meanness there can be in remarking that it is a fine day, or asking after the family of an acquaintance, even though he should know that the first was merely intended to draw on a conversation, and the second to show him a mark of regard."

"Which I did not feel."

"Granted. Let him perceive that never so clearly, there is still an attention implied in your putting the questions at all with which he cannot be disobliged. It is flattering to acknowledge the necessity of such a deference. And, my dear Hardress, if you were never to admit of ceremony as the deputy of natural and real feeling, what would become of the whole social system? How soon the mighty vessel would become a wreck! how silent would be the rich man's banquet! how solitary the great man's chambers! how few would bow before the throne! how lonely and how desolate would be the temples of religion?"

"You are the more bitter satirist of the two," said Hardress.

"No, no," exclaimed Kyrle. "I merely remind you of an acknowledged fact, that when you enrol your name on the social list, you pledge yourself to endure as well as to enjoy. As long as ever you live, Hardress, take my word for it, you will never make nor look upon a perfect world. It is such philosophy as yours that goes to the making of misanthropes. The next time you go into society, resolve to accept any mortifications you shall endure as a punishment for your sins, and so think no more of them. This indifference will become habitual, and while it does so, those necessary hypocrisies of which you speak will grow familiar and inoffensive."

"I see no occasion," said Hardress, "to make the trial. Plain human nature is enough for me. If I were to choose a companion for life, I should rather hope to cull the sweet fruit of conjugal happiness in the wild orchard of nature, than from the bark-beds and hot walls of society."

"I advise you, however," said Kyrle, "not to make the choice until you have greater opportunities of observing both sides of the question. Trust not to the permanence of your present feelings, nor to the practical correctness of your curious theories. It would be too late, after you had linked yourself to—to—simplicity, I shall call it, to discover that elegance was a good thing after all."

Hardress did not appear to relish this speech, and the conversation, in consequence, was discontinued for some minutes. Young Cregan was indeed as incapable of calculating on his future character as Kyrle Daly asserted. He was in that period of life (the most critical perhaps of all) when the energies of the mind, as well as of the frame, begin to develop themselves, and exhibit in irregular outbreaks, the approaching vigor and fire of manhood. A host of new ideas at this time crowd in upon the reason, distinguished rather by their originality and genius, than by that correctness and good order which is derivable from instruction or experience alone; and it depends upon the circumstances in which the young thinker is placed, whether his future character shall be that of a madman or a sage. It was, perhaps, a knowledge of this inventive pride in youth, that made the Stagirate assert that men should not look into philosophical works before the age of five-and-twenty.

Hardress, however, although very sensitive, was not

one of those who can brood a long time over an evil feeling. "Well, Daly," he exclaimed, starting from a reverie, "we will each of us pursue our inclinations on this subject. Leave me to the indulgence of my theories, and I will wish you joy of your Anne Chute."

"My Anne Chute!" echoed Daly, sipping his punch with a sad face. "I have no *lien* upon that lady, as the counsellors say. She may sue as a *feme sole* for me in any court in Christendom."

Hardress turned on him a look of extreme surprise, in answer to which Kyrle Daly furnished him with an account of his unsuccessful suit to Anne, as also with his suspicions as to another attachment. The deep feeling of disappointment under which he labored became apparent, as he proceeded in his discourse, in the warmth and eagerness of his manner, the frequent compression of his lips, and clenching of his trembling hands, the dampness of his forehead, and the sparkling of his moistened eye-balls. The sight of his friend in suffering, turned the stream of Hardress Cregan's sympathies into another channel, and he employed all his eloquence and ingenuity in combatting the dangerous dejection which was hourly gaining upon his spirit. He declared his disbelief in the idea of another attachment, and recommended perseverance by every argument in his power.

"But the state of her mind," he continued, "shall not remain long a secret to you. They have been both (Anne and her mother) invited to spend a part of the winter with us at Dinis cottage. My mother is a great secret-hunter, and I need only tell her where the game lies, to make certain that it will be hunted down. Trust everything to me—for your sake I will take some pains to become better known to this extraordinary girl; and you may depend upon it, if she will suffer me to mount above zero, you shall not suffer in my good report."

When the conversation had reached this juncture, the silence which prevailed in the cottage showed that the night was already far advanced. The punch had descended so low as to leave the bowl of the ladle more than half visible; the candles seemed to meditate suicide, while the neglected snuff, gathering to a pall above the flame, threw a gloomy and flickering shadow on the ceiling; the turf fire was little more than a heap of pale ashes, before which the drowsy household

cat, in her sphinx-like attitude, sat winking and purring her monotonous song of pleasure; the abated storm (like a true Irish storm) seemed to mourn with repentant howlings over the desolating effects of its recent fury; the dog lay dreaming on the hearth; the adjoining farm-yard was silent, all but the fowl-house, where some garrulous dame partlet, with female pertinacity, still maintained a kind of drowsy clucking on her roost; the natural hour of repose seemed to have produced its effect upon the battling elements themselves; the tempest had folded his black wings upon the ocean, and the waters broke upon the shore with a murmur of expiring passion. Within doors, or without, there was no sight nor sound that did not convey a hint of bedtime to the watchers.

To make this hint the stronger, Mrs. Frawley showed the disk of her full-blown countenance at the door, as round as the autumnal moon, and like that satellite, illuminated by a borrowed light, namely, the last inch of a dipped candle which burned in her hand. "Master Kyrle, darlin'," she exclaimed, in a tone of tender remonstrance, "won't you go to bed to-night, child? 'Tis mornin', dear knows."

"Is Lowry Looby in bed?"

"No, sir, he's waitin' to know have you any commands to Cork; he's going to guide the car in the mornin' with the firkins."

Lowry here introduced his person before that of the dairy-woman, causing, however, rather a transit than an eclipse of the moon of womanhood.

"Or Mister Cregan?" he exclaimed; "may be he'd have some commands westwards? Because if he had, I could lave 'em at the forge at the cross, above, with directions to have 'em sent down to the house."

"I have no commands," said Hardress, "except to say that I will be at home on next Friday."

"And I have none whatever," said Kyrle Daly, rising and taking one of the candles. "Hardress, mind you don't give me the counterfeit, the slip, in the morning."

This caution produced a hospitable battle, which ended in Hardress Cregan's maintaining his purpose of departing with the dawn of day. The friends then shook hands, and separated for the night.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### HOW LOWRY BECOMES PHILOSOPHICAL.

As Lowry Looby returned to the kitchen, he was met by Nelly, the housemaid, who reminded him that he would be obliged to start before the potatoes could be boiled in the morning, and recommended, as a preparatory measure, that he should take his breakfast over night. Secure of his indulging her in so reasonable a request, she had already, under Mrs. Frawley's favor, laid on a little table before the kitchen fire, the remains of the ducks (so often commemorated in this narrative), a plate of "re-heaters" (such was Nelly's term for potatoes, suffered to cool, and warmed again in the red turf-ashes), as also a piece of pork, four inches in depth, and containing no lean that was visible on a cursory inspection. This last was a dish for which Nelly knew Lowry Looby to entertain a fondness worthy of his ancient Irish descent. Indeed, on all occasions, Nelly was observed to take an interest in consulting the inclinations of this long-legged person—a kindness upon her part which the ungrateful Lowry seemed little inclined to appreciate.

The present proposal, however, harmonized so sweetly with his own feelings at the moment, that he signified a speedy compliance, and followed the nymph into her culinary retreat. The kitchen presented a scene no less drowsy than the parlor. Mrs. Frawley was saying her prayers by the fireside, with a string of beads that hung down to the ground, now and then venting a deep sigh, then "running her godly race" through a fit of yawning, and anon casting a glance over her shoulder at the proceedings of the two domestics, while every new distraction was followed by a succession of more audible groans and more vehement assaults with the closed hand upon her bosom. Danny Mann was sleeping heavily on the other side of the fire, with his red woollen comforter drying on his knee. In order to avoid disturbing either the slumbers of the one or the devotions of the other, Nelly and her swain were obliged to carry on their conversation in a low whispering voice, which gave additional effect to the sleepy tone of the entire scene. The shadows of the whole party, like the fame of genius magnified by distance, were thrown in gigantic similitude upon the surrounding walls. There Mrs. Frawley dilated to the dimensions of an ogre's wife, and here Danny Mann's hunch became to the original as Ossa to Knock Patrick. Looby's expanded mouth showed like the opening to Avernus, and the tight little Nelly herself, as she sat opposite, assumed the stature of Mr. Salt's black breccia Memnon, which any reader, who is curious about Nelly's personal outline, may behold in the ninth room of the British Museum.

While Lowry consoled himself with the greasy pork, swallowing it with as lively a relish as if it were the green fat of a Gallipagos turtle, he gave Nelly a history of the day's adventures, not forgetting his own triumph at the *staggeen* race and the disappearance of Eily O'Connor. Nelly was the better pleased with his account of these transactions, as he thought fit to abstain in the first instance from all mention of Syl Carney; and, in speaking of the rope-maker's daughter, to omit those customary eulogies which he dealt forth whenever her name was brought in question. Emboldened by this circumstance, Nelly did not hesitate to throw out some plain insinuations as to the probable cause of the mystery, which did not much redound to the honor of the charming fugitive, and she became still more impassioned in her invective after Mrs. Frawley had relieved them from the restraint of her presence, and retired to her sleeping-room.

"Often 'an often I told you Lowry, that it wasn't for you to be lookin' afther a girl o' that kind, that thought herself as good as a lady. Great business, indeed, a poor man o' your kind would have of one like her, that would be too grand to put a leg in a *skeogh*\* to wash the potatoes, or lay a hand on the pot-hooks, to strain 'em, if they wor broke to tatters."

"That I may never die in sin if ever I had a thought of her, Nelly, only just divartin' at Batt Coonerty's."

"What a show the house would be with ye," continued Nelly, still following up the matrimonial picture, "an' you a hard-workin' boy, obleest to be up early an' late at other people's biddin.' I'll be bound that isn't the girl that would be up with the lark, an' have a fire made, an' a griddle o' bread down in the mornin' before you, an' you goin' a long road; or have the hearth swep' an' your supper ready, an' everythin' nate about the place for you, when you'd be comin' back at night. But I believe there's a *chimera*† before the boys' eyes, that they don't know what's good for 'em."

"Look!" exclaimed Lowry, while he broke a potato between his fingers, swallowed one half at a mouthful, and tossed the crisped peel upon the table; "that I may be happy, if she was offered to me this minute, if I'd take her. Sure I know I'd have no more business of such a girl upon my floore, than I would of Miss Chute herself. But there's no reason, for all, why I wouldn't be sorry for old Mihil's trouble. He's gone westwards, Foxy Dunat, the hair-cutter, tells me, to Castle Island, to his brother, Father Ned, I suppose, to

\*Basket.

† An optical illusion.

get him to publish her from the altar, or somethin'. They think 'tis westwards she went."

Happening at this moment to cast his eyes upon Danny Mann, Lowry perceived, with a sensation of disagreeable surprise, that he was awake, and peering curiously upon him from below the half-raised lids. The red fire-light which gleamed on the eye-balls gave them a peculiar and equivocal lustre, which added force to their native sharpness of expression. Danny felt the ill effect he had produced, and carried it off with a fit of yawning and stretching, asking Lowry at the same time, with a drowsy air, if he meant to go to bed at all.

"To be sure I do," said Lowry, "when it's pleasin' to the company to part. There's a time for all things, as they say in the Readin'-made-asy."

"Surely, surely," returned Danny with a yawn. "Dear knows, den, de Readin'-made-asy time is come now, for 'tis a'most mornin'."

"I always, mostly, smoke a drass before I go to bed of a night," said Lowry, turning towards the fire, and clearing the bowl of his pipe by knocking it gently against the bar of the grate; "I like to be smokin' an' talkin' when the company is agreeable, an' I see no reason for bein' in a hurry to-night above all others. Come, Nelly," he added, while he chopped up a little tobacco, and pressed it into the bowl with the tip of his finger, "come here, an' sit near me, - I want to be talkin' to you."

Saying this, he took a half-burnt sod from the fire, crushed the bowl into the burning portion, and after offering it in vain to Danny, placed it in the corner of his mouth. He then remained for some moments with his eyes half closed, drawing in the fire with his breath, and coaxing it with his finger, until the vapor flowed freely through the narrow tube and was emitted at intervals, at the opposite corner of his mouth, in a dense and spiry stream.

"An' what do you want to be saying?" said Nell, taking her seat between Lowry and the lord! "I'll engage you have nothin' to say to me, afther all."

"Come a little nearer," said Lowry, without changing his position.

"Well, there, why," returned Nelly, moving her chair a little closer; "will that do?"

"No, it won't. 'Tis a whisper I have for you. Misther Mann would hear me if I told it to you where you are."

"Oh, a whisper! Well, now I'm close enough, anyway," she said, placing her chair in contact with that of Lowry.

The latter took the pipe from his mouth, and advanced his face so close to that of the expectant house-maid, that she feared he was about to snatch a kiss. Perhaps it was in mere curiosity to satisfy herself whether in fact he could possess so much audacity, that Nelly did not avoid that danger by moving her head aside; but greatly to her surprise, and, doubtless, likewise to her satisfaction, the honest man proved that he had no such insolent intention. When he had attained a convenient proximity, he merely parted his lips a little, and puffed

a whole volume of smoke into her eyes. Nelly uttered a gentle scream, and covered her face with her hands, while Danny and Lowry exchanged a broad grin of satisfaction.

"Well, Lowry," exclaimed the girl with much good humor, "you're the greatest rogue goin', and that's your name this night."

Lowry continued to muse for a few moments, while he continued the enjoyment of his pipe. In a little time he once more took it from his lips, puffed forth the last whiff, and said: "Misther Mann, they may say this and that o' the world, an' o' poverty, an' riches, an' humility, an' gentility, an' everythin' else they like, but here's my word, ever: If I was a king upon a throne this minute, an' I wanted to have a smoke for myself by the fireside, why, if I was to do my best, what could I smoke but one pen'orth o' tobacco in the night, afther all: and can't I have that as it is, just as asy? If I was to have a bed with down feathers upon it, what could I do more than sleep there? An' sure I can do that in the settle-bed above? If I was able to buy the whole market out o' an' out, what could I ate of it more than I did to-night o' that pork upon the table? Do you see, now, Mr. Mann? do you see, Nelly? Unless he could smoke two pipes of a night, instead of one, or sleep more, or ate more without hurt, I don't say what's the advantage a king has over a poor man like myself."

"Ah, sure, you know that's foolish talk, Lowry. Sure the king could buy and sell you at the fair if he liked."

"He couldn't without the jury," returned Lowry—"the judge an' jury ever. He couldn't lay a wet finger on me without the jury; be course o' law. The round o' the world is as free to me as it is to him, if the world be round in airnest, as they say it is."

"Round, ayeh?" said Nell.

"Iss, to be sure."

Danny Mann looked at him for a moment. "Is it the world we're walkin' on?" he asked in some surprise.

"To be sure, what else?"

"Ah, don't be talkin'," returned Danny, turning his head away in perfect scorn of the hypothesis.

"Faix, I tell you no lie," said Lowry; "'tis printed in all the books in Europe. They say that if it wasn't round, we'd soon be done for. We couldn't keep a houl't upon it at all, only to go flyin' through the elements; the Lord save us!"

"Oh, vo, vo!" said Nelly; "well, that bates Ireland."

"Sure there's more says that it isn't the sun above do be movin' at all, only we goin' round it."

"That the sun doesn't stir?"

"Not a peg,"

"Well, now you may hold your tongue, afther dat," said Danny, "afther wantin' to take de eyesight from us. Sure the whole world sees the sun goin' any way."

"I wouldn't b'lieve that," said Nelly, "if they were to put their eyes upon sticks."

"I wouldn't be so," returned Lowry; "what business would a poor boy o' my kind have goin' again' men that are able to write books, let alone readin' 'em. But 'tis the foolishness of the women," he continued, fixing upon Nelly as the least pugnacious opponent, "women

are always for foolishness. They b'lieve or not b'lieve, just as they like themselves. Equal to Dan Dawley's second wife: did you ever hear o' that business, Mither Mann?"

"Not as I know."

"Well, stir up the fire, Nelly, an' put down a couple o' sods, an' I'll tell it while I am finishin' my pipe, and then we'll all be off to bed. Dan Dawley was married a second time to a very nice girl, one Jug Minaham (he's the steward at Castle Chute, behind). Well, he was out of a day at work, an' his wife was settin' alone by the fire, a few weeks afother they bein' married. Now there is one o' the stones in the chimney (as it might be that stone there), an' it stood out loose from the morthar a dale beyond the rest. Well, she sat lookin' at it for a while, and the thought come in her head, 'If I had a child now,' says she, 'an' he was standin' a-near that stone, may be 'twould fall out and brain him on me.' An' with the thought o' that, she began roarin', and bawlin' equal to anythin' you ever hear."

"Oh, then, she was a foolish girl," said Nelly.

"Dear knows, that was her name," said Danny.

"Well, her old mother heered her bawlin', an' she came in the greatest hurry. 'A! what ails you, Jug?' says she. So Jug up an' tould her thought about the stone, an' began bawlin' worse than ever. An' if she did, the mother joined her, an' such a pilliu as they raised between 'em was never known. That was well an' good. Well, Dan was abroad in the potato-garden, an' he heard the work goin' on in his house, cryin' equal to a funeral. 'What's this about?' says Dan; 'there's somebody murdered, surely.' So he made for the doore, an' in he walked, an' there he found the pair o' ladies. 'A! what ails you, mother?' said he. 'Jug will tell you, agra,' says the mother. So he looked at Jug. 'Thinkin' I was,' says she, still cryin', 'that if the child was born, an' if that stone there fell upon him, 'twould brain him on me.' Well, Dan stood for a while lookin' at her. 'If the sky fell,' says he, 'we'd catch larks. An' is that all that happened to you?' 'Isn't it enough?' says she again. Well, he stopped a long while, thinkin' in his mind, and then he reached out his hand to her. 'Well,' says he, 'that's the foolishhest thing I ever knew in my life, an' I'll tell you what it is; I'll never take a day with you from this hour, until I'll find a woman,' says he, 'that's foolisher than yourself.' No sooner said than done: out he walked, lavin' 'em after him to do as they pleased. Well, there was a long day before him, an' he walked a dale before night-fall, an' he didn't know where he'd 'turn to his but and dinner. 'But sure I'm aisy about it,' says he; 'sure while there's fools of women in the place, I'll engage I needn't starve.' 'Well, he called a gorsoon that was going the

road. 'Whose farm-house,' says he, 'is that I see over there?' 'It's belougin' to a widow woman, sir,' said the boy. 'What sort of a man was her husband?' says Dan. 'A small, dark man, an' wearin' top-boots,' says the boy. Well became Dan, he made for the house, an' axed for the lone woman. She was standin' on the lawn lookin' at her cows milkin', when Dan made towards her. 'Well, where do you come from?' says the widow-woman. 'From Heaven,' ma'am, says Dan, makin' a bow. 'From Heaven?' says she, lookin' at him with her eyes open. 'Yes, ma'am,' says he, 'for a little start. An' I seen your husband there too, ma'am.' 'My husband, inagh?\*' says she, lookin' at him very knowin'. 'Can you tell me what sort of a man he was?' 'A small, dark man,' says Dan, 'an' wearin' top-boots.' 'I give into you,' says she, 'that's the man. Come this way an' tell me what did he say to you, or did he give any message to me?' Well, Dan put no bounds to his tongue, just to thry her. 'He bid me tell you,' says he, 'that he's very badly off for want o' victuals; an' he'd like to have the young gray horse to be ridin' for himself, an' he'd do as much if you could send 'em to him.' 'Why then I'll do that,' says the widow, 'for he was a good husband to me when he lived. What time will you be goin' back?' 'To-morrow or after,' says Dan, 'afther I see my people.' 'Well, stay here to-night,' says she, 'an' I'll give you somethin' to take to him in the mornin'.' Well became her, she brought him in, and treated him like a prince that night, with music an' dancin'; an' in the mornin' she had the gray horse at the doore with a bag o' flour, an' a crock o' butter, an' a round of corned beef. Well, Dan mounted the horse, an' away with him home to his wife. 'Well, Jug,' says he, 'I'll take with you all my days, for, bad as you are, there's more that's twice worse, an' I believe if I went farther 'tis worse an' worse I'd be gettin' to the world's end.' So he up an' told 'em the whole business, and they had a merry supper that night, and for weeks afther, on what Dan brought home with him."

"He was a rogue for all," said Nelly, "to keep the poor woman's horse upon her."

"She deserved it," said Danny, "an' worse. I never hear o' such a fool. Well, Lowry, will you go to bed now at last?"

The question was answered in the affirmative: and Danny was at the same time pressed to take a share of the sweets of the table, which he resolutely refused. Soon after, the careful Nelly, having made Lowry turn his head another way, ascended by a ladder to a pallet, on a loft over the parlor; while Lowry and the little lord rolled into the settle-bed together, the one to dream of breakers, raw onions, whisky, and "Misther Hardress;" the other, of Foxy Dunat's mare, and the black eyes of Syl Carne.

\* Is it.



## CHAPTER XV.

HOW HARDRESS SPENT HIS TIME WHILE KYRLE DALY WAS ASLEEP.

ALL were now asleep, except the two strangers, and the silence which reigned throughout the little cottage showed Hardress that no ear was capable of detecting his movements. He opened his room door softly, slipped his shoes from his feet, and leaving the light burning on his table, trusted to the famous sixth sense of the German physiologists, for a chance of finding his way among the chairs and tables in the dark. He reached the door without a stumble, and perceived by the light which streamed through the keyhole and under the door of his friend's apartment that she still expected him.

Their meeting, though silent, was impassioned and affectionate. Hardress inquired, with the tender and sedulous attention of a newly-married man, whether she felt any injurious effects from the storm—whether she had changed her dress, and taken some refreshment—whether, in fine, her situation was in any way inconvenient to her.

"In no way at all, Mr. Hardress, as to any of these things you mention," she replied in a low voice, for she was fearful of waking Mrs. Frawley in the next room. "But as to the mind! May heaven never give you the affliction of spending two such hours as I have done since I entered this room!"

"My life! why will you speak so? What other course remained for our adoption? You know your father's temper; he would as soon have died as sanctioned a private marriage, such as ours must be for some time longer. It would be absolute ruin to me if my mother knew of my having contracted such an engagement without consulting her wishes; and my father, as I have before told you, will act exactly as she desires. And why, now, my love, will you indulge those uneasy humors? Are you not my bride, my wife, the chosen of my heart, and the future partner of my fortunes? Do you really think that I would forget my little angel's feelings so far as to omit anything in my power that might set her mind at rest? If you do, I must tell you that I love you more than you imagine."

"Oh, Mr. Hardress! oh, don't say that at all, sir," said the young woman, with frankness and ready warmth of manner. "Only I was just thinking, an' I sitting by the fire, what a heartbreak it would be to my father, if any body put it into his head that the case was worse than it is," (here she hung down her head), "and no more would be wanting but just a little word on a scrap o' paper to let him know that he needn't be uneasy, and that he'd know all in time."

This suggestion seemed to jar against the young gentleman's inclinations. "If you wish," said he, with a earnestness of voice, "I will return with you to Garry-

owen to-morrow, and have our marriage made public from the altar of John's Gate chapel. I have no object in seeking to avoid my own ruin, greater than of preventing you from sharing it. But if you will insist upon running the hazard—hazard?—I mean, if you are determined on certainly destroying our prospects of happiness, your will shall be dearer to me than fortune or friends either. If you have a father to feel for, you will not forget, my love, that I have a mother whom I love as tenderly, and whose feelings deserve some consideration at my hands."

The gentle girl seemed affected, but not hurt, at this speech. "Don't be angry with me," she said, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder, "don't be angry with me, Mr. Hardress. I know I have a very bad head, and can't see into every thing at once; but one word from you (and it needn't be an angry one either) is enough to open my eyes. *Insist*, do you say, Mr. Hardress? Indeed, sir, I was never made to insist upon anything. But when a thought, foolish as it is, once comes into my head, I long to speak of it, to know what you will say, to know if it is wrong or right. You wouldn't wish that I should keep it from you, sir?"

"No, oh, never! Do not think of that."

"I never will practice it long, any way; for such thoughts as those, if I were to hide them, would kill me before a mouth. But keep always near me, my dear, dear Mr. Hardress, for though you showed me that there is nothing very criminal in what I have done, yet when you leave me alone, the reasons go out of my head, and I only think of what the neighbors are saying about me this day, and of what my father must feel listening to them. Don't think, now, sir, that I'm going to question what you tell me (for I trust in you next to Heaven), but if I am not so much to blame, why is it that my mind is not at ease? The storm, sir—oh, that storm! When the waves rose, and the boat rocked, and the wind howled about me, how my feelings changed on a sudden! I strove to look quiet before you, but my heart was leaping for fear within me. When we sank down in the darkness, and rose in the light, when the waves were dashin' in over the side, and the sails were dippin' in the water, I thought of my father's fireside, and I was sure it was the anger of the Almighty hunting the disobedient child over the dark waters. I thought I never would walk the land again—and how will it be, says I, if the boat breaks under us, and my father is told that his daughter was washed ashore a corpse, with a blot upon her name, and no one living that can clear it? But, I give thanks to Heaven!" the poor girl continued, clasping her

hands, and looking upward with tears in her eyes, "that judgment has been spared; not for my own merit, I am sure, but for its own mercy."

"And is not that a quieting remembrance, Eily?" said her husband.

"Oh, that is not all," said Eily; "that is not the worst. Every movement that I make seems to bring down the anger of Heaven, since I first thought of deceiving my father. Do you remember the morning of our marriage?" she added, with a slight shudder; "I never can put that frightful morning out of my mind. 'Tis always before my eyes. The little room inside the sacristy, and the candles burning on the small table, and the gray dawn just breaking through the window. We did not marry as other people do, in their families, or in the open daylight. We married in secret, like criminals in prison, without preparation, without confession, or communion, or repentance. We chose a priest that was disgraced by his bishop to give us that great sacrament for money. May Heaven forgive him! how soon and how suddenly he was called to judgment for that act!"

Hardress, who had himself been struck by the circumstances last alluded to, remained silent for a moment, while his eyes were fixed upon the earth.

"Why did you go back to the chapel that time, Eily," he said at length, "after I parted from you at the door?"

"Everything looked bad and disheartening," said the young woman; "I was just going to lift the latch of my father's door, when I found that I had forgotten the priest's certificate. I went back to the chapel as fast as I could walk. I passed through the sacristy and into the little room. The certificate was there upon the table, the candles were burning, and the clergyman was sitting upright in his chair—a dead man! Oh, I can no more tell you how I felt that moment than if I was dumb. I thought that the world was coming to an end, and that I had no more hold of life than of the wind that was going by me. I ran out into the chapel and strove to pray, but the blood was boiling out at my fingers' ends. While I was on my knees, I heard the people running to and fro in the sacristy, and I hurried out of the chapel for fear I'd be questioned."

"And did you go home at once?"

"No; I took a walk first to quiet my mind a little, and when I did go home, I found my father was up and getting the breakfast ready before me. Ah, he deserved a better daughter than Eily!"

"Come, come," said her husband, kindly, "you will be a good daughter to him yet."

"I hope so, sir," said Eily, in a mournful voice. "There's one thing, at all events: he loves me very well, and whenever I return, I'm sure of being easily forgiven."

"And can you find no encouragement in that?" Hardress said, while he took her hand in his, and pressed it in a soothing manner.

"You say that you have confidence in me, and the few happy weeks that we have counted since our marriage, have furnished me with no occasion for complaint

on that subject. Continue yet a little longer to trust in your own Hardress, and the time will shortly come when you shall find that it was not bestowed in vain. Come, now let me dry those sweet eyes, while I tell you shortly what my plans shall be. You have heard me speak of Danny Mann's sister Naughten, who lives on the side of the Purple Mountain, in the Gap of Dunlough (you don't know those places now, but you'll be enchanted with them by-and-by). She is a good-natured creature, though somewhat violent, and is, moreover, entirely at my command. I have had two neat rooms fitted up for you in her cottage, where you can have some books to read, a little garden to amuse you, and a Kerry pony to ride over the mountains, and see all that is to be seen about the lakes. In the meantime I will steal a visit now and then to my mother, who spends the autumn in the neighborhood. She loves me, I know, as well as I love her, and that is very well. I will gradually let her into my secret, and obtain her forgiveness—I am certain she will not withhold it—and my father's will follow as a matter of course, for he has the greatest respect for her opinion. [If Hardress had not been Barney Cregan's son, he would have given this respect another name.] "I shall then present you to my mother—she will commend your modesty and gentleness to my father, who will rap out an exclamation on your beauty; we shall send for your father and priest O'Connor to the hauling-home, and then where is the tongues that shall venture to wag against the fame of Eily Cregan? If such a one there be, it shall never sting again, for I will cut the venom out of it with my small-sword."

"Hush! hush! sir, Do not speak so loud," cried the young woman, in some alarm, "there's one asleep in the next room."

"Who is it? Mrs. Frawley?"

"The fat, good old woman that got dinner ready for me."

"Never fear her. She is a hard-working, diligent woman, that always minds the business she has in hand. It was not to lie awake and make use of her ears that she got between the blankets. Hark! there is a clearer proof still that she is asleep. She must be dreaming of a hunt, she imitates the horn of chase so finely. Well, Eily, be ready to start for Ballyunion at sunrise in the morning. You must contrive to slip down to the shore without being seen by Lowry, or any body else, if possible."

The creaking of the bed which sustained the ponderous Mrs. Frawley, here startled the young and passionate, though most ill-sorted pair. After a hurried good-night, Hardress returned to his room just in time to escape the observation of the good dairy-woman, who had been awakened out of a dream of pecks and keelers and fresh-prints by the sound of voices in the stranger's room. On opening the door, however, she was a little astonished to observe her lovely guest in the attitude of devotion. Deprived by this circumstance, of the opportunity of putting any awkward questions, Mrs. Frawley, after yawning once or twice, and shaking her shoulders as often, tumbled into bed



again, and speedily resumed the same tune upon the horn which had excited the admiration of Hardress.

Reader, I desire you not to think that this speedy fit of devotion was a manœuvre of the gentle Eily. The sin, assuredly, was not done with reflection. But if the case appears suspicious, go down upon your knees, and pray that as (alas, the while!) it has not been the first, it may be the last, instance in which religion shall be made subservient to human and terrestrial purposes!

There was a slight feeling of chagrin mingled with the happier emotions of the young husband as he prepared for slumber. Gifted, as he was, with a quick perception and keen feeling of the beautiful and worthy, the passion he had conceived for the gentle Eily had been as sudden as it was violent. The humility of her origin, at a period when pride of birth was more considered in matrimonial alliances than it is at present, might, it is true, have deterred him from contravening the wishes of his friends, if the impression made on his imagination had been less powerful; but his extreme youth, and the excelling beauty of his bride, were two circumstances that operated powerfully in tempting him to overlook all other counsels than those which love suggested. He thought, nevertheless, that he acted towards Eily O'Connor with a generosity which approached a species of magnanimity in preferring her before the whole world and its opinions; and perhaps, too, he entertained a little philosophical vanity in the conceit that he had thus evinced an independent reliance on his own mental resources, and shown a spirit superior to the ordinary prejudices of society. He felt, therefore, a little chagrined at Eily's apparent slowness in appreciating so noble an effort, for indeed she did him the justice to believe that it was a higher motive than the love of self-adulation which induced him to bestow upon her his hand and his affections. But the reader is yet only partially acquainted with the character of Hardress, and those early circumstances which fashioned it to its present state of irregular and imperfect virtue; we will, therefore, while that fiery heart lies quenched in slumber, employ those hours of inaction in a brief and comprehensive view of the natural qualities and acquirements of our hero.

While Hardress Cregan was yet a child, he displayed more symptoms of precocious ability than might have shed a lustre on the boyhood of many a celebrated genius. He obtained, even in his school days, the soubriquet of "Counsellor," from his fondness for discussion, and the childish eloquence which he displayed in maintaining a favorite position. His father liked him for a certain desperation of courage, which he was apt to discover on occasions of very inadequate provocation. His mother, too, doated on him for a mother's own best reason—that he was her child. Indulgent she was, even to a ruinous extent; and proud she was, when her sagacious acquaintances, after hearing her relate some wonderful piece of wit in little Hardress, would compress their lips, shake their heads with much emphasis, and prophesy that "that boy would *shine* one

day or another." His generosity too (a quality in which Mrs. Cregan was herself preeminent), excited his mother's admiration, and proved indeed that Hardress was not an ordinary child.

And yet, he was not without the peculiar selfishness of genius—that selfishness which consists not in the love of getting, or the love of keeping—in cupidity or avarice, but in a luxurious indulgence of one's natural inclinations even to an effeminate degree. His very generosity was a species of self-seeking, of that vulgar quality which looks to nothing more than the gratification of a suddenly awakened impulse of compassion, or, perhaps, has a still meaner object for its stimulus,—the gratitude of the assisted and the fame of an open hand. If this failing were in Hardress, as in Charles Surface, the result of habitual thoughtlessness and dissipation, it might challenge a gentler condemnation, and awaken pity rather than dislike, but young Cregan was by no means incapable of appreciating the high merit of a due self-government, even in the exercise of estimable dispositions. He admired in Kyrle Daly that noble and yet unaffected firmness of principle which led him, on many occasions, to impose a harsh restraint upon his own feelings, when their indulgence was not in accordance with his notions of justice. But Hardress Cregan, with an imagination which partook much more largely of the national luxuriance, and with a mind which displayed at intervals bursts of energy which far surpass the reach of his steady friend, was yet the less estimable character of the two. They were nevertheless, well calculated for a lasting friendship; for Kyle Daly liked and valued the surpassing talent of Hardress, and Hardress was pleased with the even temper and easy resolution of his school-fellow.

Seldom, indeed, it was, that esteem formed any portion in the leading motive of Hardress Cregan's attachments. He liked for liking's sake, and as long only as his humor lasted. It required but a spark to set him all on fire; but the flame was as often prone to smoulder, and become extinct, as it was hasty to kindle. The reader is already aware that he had formed, during his boyhood, a passion for Anne Cluté, who was then a mere girl, and on a visit at Dinis Cottage. His mother, who, from his very infancy, had arranged this very match within her own mind, was delighted to observe the early attachment of the children, and encouraged it by every means in her power. They studied, played, and walked together; and all his recollections of the magnificent scenery of those romantic mountain lakes were blended with the form, the voice, the look, and manner of his childish love. The long separation, however, which ensued when he was sent to school, and from thence to college, produced a total alteration in his sentiments; and the mortification which his pride experienced on finding himself, as he imagined, utterly forgotten by her, completely banished even the wish to renew their old familiar life. Still, however, the feeling with which he regarded her was one rather of resentment than indifference, and it was not without a secret creeping of the heart, that he



witnessed what he thought the successful progress of Kyrle Daly's attachment.

It was under these circumstances that he formed his present hasty union with Eily O'Connor. His love for her was deep, sincere and tender. Her entire and unbounded confidence, her extreme beauty, her simplicity and timid deference to his wishes, made a soothing compensation to his heart for the coldness of the haughty, though superior beauty, whose inconstancy had raised his indignation.

"Yes," said Hardress to himself, as he gathered his blankets about his shoulders, and disposed himself for sleep. "Her form and disposition are perfect. Would that education had been to her as kind as nature. Yet

she does not want grace nor talent—but that brouge! Well, well, the materials of refinement are within and around her, and it must be my task and my delight to make the brilliant shine out that is yet dark in the ore. I fear Kyrle Daly is, after all, correct in saying that I am not indifferent to those external allurements. [Here his eyelids drooped.] The beauties of our mountain residence will make a mighty alteration in her mind, and my society will—will gradually—beautiful—Anne Chute—Poll Naughten—independent—"

The ideas faded on his imagination—a cloud settled on his brain—a delicious languor crept through all his limbs—he fell into a profound repose.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### HOW THE FRIENDS PARTED.

"Is Fighting Poll up yet, I wonder?" said Lowry Looby, as he stood cracking his whip in the farm-yard, while the morning was just beginning to break, and the dairy people were tying down the firkins on his car. "I'd like to see her before I'd go, to know would she have any commands westwards. There's no houl't upon her, to hinder her speaking of a Friday whatever."

"Is who up?" exclaimed a shrill voice which proceeded from the grated window of the dairy. It was that of the industrious Mrs. Frawley, who, as early, if not as brisk and sprightly, as the lark, was already employed in setting her milk in the keelers.

"Fighting Poll of the Reeks," replied Lowry, turning toward the wire grating, through which he beheld the extensive figure of the dairy-woman, as neat as a bride, employed in the health-giving, life-prolonging avocations.

"Who is she, why?" said Mrs. Frawley.

"Don't you know the girl that come in the boat with Mr. Cregan, an' slep' in the room outside you?"

"Oyeh! I didn't know who you meant. The boat-man's handsome little sister?"

"Handsome, ayeh?"

"Yes, then, handsome. She has the dawniest little nose I think I ever laid my two eyes upon."

"Why then, 'tis a new story wid' it for a nose. Formerly, when I knew it, it was more like a button mushroom than anything else, and the color of a boiled carrot. Good raison it had for that, as the publicans could tell you."

"Hold your tongue, man. Is it to drink you say she used?"

"A thrifle, I'm tould."

"Eh, then, I never see one that has less sign of it than what she has."

"She's altered lately, Danny Mann tells me. Nelly

eroo," he added, changing is tone—"Sonohur\* to you, now, an' get me a dram, for it's threatenin' to be a moist, foggy mornin', an' I have a long road before me."

Nelly was occupied in liberating a whole regiment of ducks, hens, pouts, chicks, cocks, geese and turkeys, who all came quacking, clucking, whistling, chirping, crowing, cackling, and gobbling, through the open fowl-house door into the yard, where they remained shaking their wings on tiptoe, stretching their long necks over the little pool, the surface of which was green, and covered with feathers—appearing to congratulate each other on their sudden liberation, and seeming evidently disposed to keep all the conversation to themselves.

"What is it you say, Lowry? Choke ye for ducks, will ye let nobody spake but ye'rselfes? What is it, Lowry?"

Lowry repeated his request, making it more intelligible amid the clamor of the farm-yard, by using a significant gesture. He imitated the action of one who fills a glass and drinks it. He then laid his hand upon his heart and shook his head, as if to imitate the comfort that would be produced about that region by performing in reality what he only mocked at present.

Nelly understood him as well as if he had spoken volumes. Commissioned by Mrs. Frawley, she supplied him with a bottle of spirits and a glass, with the use of which, let us do Lowry the justice to say, there was not a man in the barony better acquainted.

While he dashed from his eyes the tears which were produced by the sharpness of the stimulus, he heard footsteps behind him, and, looking round, beheld Danny the Lord, and the *soi disant* Mrs. Naughten, still shrouded in her blue cloak and hood, and occupying a retired position near the kitchen door.

"I'll tell you what it is, Nelly," said Lowry, with a

\* A good husband.

knowing wink to the *soubrette*. "Poll Naughten lives vary convenient on the Cork road, or not far from it, an' I do be often goin' that way of a lonesome night. I'll make a friend o' Poll before she leaves this, so as that she'll be glad to see me another time. I'll go over and offer her a dhram. That I may be blest but I will."

So saying, and hiding the bottle and glass under the skirt of his coat, he moved toward the formidable heroine of the mountains with many respectful bows, and a smile of the most winning cordiality.

"A fine moist mornin', Mrs. Naughten. I hope you feel no *fatigue* afther the night, ma'am. Your sarvant, Mister Mann. I hope you didn't *feel* us in the yard, ma'am. I sthrove to keep 'em quiet o' purpose 'Tisn't goen' ye are so airly, Misther Mann?"

Danny, who felt all the importance of directing Lowry Looby's attention from his fair charge, could find no means so effectual as that of acknowledging the existence of a mystery, and admitting him into a pretended confidence. Advancing, therefore, a few steps to meet him, he put on a most serious countenance, and laid his finger warily along his nose.

"What's the matter?" whispered Lowry, bending down in the eagerness of curiosity.

Danny the Lord repeated the action, with the addition of a cautionary frown.

"Can't she talk of a Friday either?" said Lowry, much amazed. "I understand, Misther Mann. Trust me for the bare life. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse."

"Or an ass eider," muttered the hunchback as he turned away.

"But, Misther Mann," cried Lowry, laying his immense claw upon his lordship's shoulder, "listen hether. The mornen' will be smart enough, and maybe I'd better offer her a dhram, and she goen' upon the wather?"

He strode past the Lord, and was close to the muffled fair one, when Danny pulled him back by the skirt.

"Didn't I tell you before," said he, "dat Poll never drank?"

"Iss, of a Thursday, you said."

"Or a Friday, or any day. Oh den, oh den, Lowry!"

"Well, I meant no harm. Maybe you'd have no vow yourself on the head of it any way, sir?" And he displayed the bottle.

"Dere are tree kinds of oats, Lowry," responded Danny Mann, as he twined his bony fingers fondly around the neck of the bottle: "dere are tree kind of oats dat are forbidden to be tuk as unlawful. Dey are false oats, rash oats, and unjust oats. Now do you see me, Lowry," he continued, as he filled his glass, "if I made a vow o' dat kind, it would be an unjust oat, for it would be traitin' myself very bad, a poor boy dat's night an' day at sech cold work as mine, an' it would be a rash oat, Lowry, for—" [here he tossed off the spirits] "I'm blest but it wouldn't be long before I'd make it a false oat."

Lowry was greatly shocked at this unprincipled speech. "That's a nate youth," he said privately to Nelly. "That's a nice pet, not judging him. If that

lad doesn't see the inside of the Stone Jug\* for some bad business one time or another, I'll give you lave to say black is the white of my eye. If the gallows isn't wrote upon his face, there's no mait in mutton. Well, good mornen' to you, Nelly, I see my load is ready. I have everything now, I suppose, Mrs. Frawley. Whup, get up here, you old garron! Good mornen' to you, Mrs. Naughten, an' a fair wind after you. Good mornen', Misther Mann." He cracked his whip, tucked the skirt of his riding-coat under his arm, as usual, threw his little head back, and followed the car out of the yard, singing, in a pleasant, contented key—

"Don't you remember the time I gave you my heart,  
You solemnly swore from me you never would part?"

But your mind's like the ocean,

Each notion

Has now taken flight,

And left me bemoaning the loss of the red-haired man's wife."

Kyrie Daly and his young friend were meanwhile exchanging a farewell upon the little gravel plot before the front door.

"Come, come, go in out of the air," said Hardress, "you shall not come down to the shore in that slight dress. Remember what I have told you, and sustain your spirits. Before another month shall pass, I pledge myself to become master, for your sake, of Anne Chute's secret.

"And to honor it?" said Kyrie, smiling as he gave him his hand.

"According to its value," replied Hardress, tossing his head. "Good-bye; I see Danny Mann and his sister coming round, and we must not lose the morning tide."

They shook hands and parted.

It was one of those still and heavy mornings which are peculiar to the close of summer in this climate. The surface of the waters was perfectly still, and a light wreath of mist steamed upward from the centre of the channel, so as to veil from their sight the opposite shores of Clare. This mist, ere long, became a dense and blinding fog, that lasted until noon, and, together with the breathless calm that lay upon the land and water, prevented their reaching Ballybunion until sunset. In one of those caverns which are hollowed out of the cliffs on this shore, the traveller may discern the remains of an artificial chamber. It was used at the period of which we write as a kind of warehouse for contraband goods; a species of traffic which was freely engaged in by nearly all the middling gentry and small farmers along the coast. A subterraneous passage, faced with dry stone-work, opened into the interior of the country; and the chamber itself, from constant use, had become perfectly dry and habitable. In this place Hardress proposed to Eily that they should remain and take some refreshment, while Danny the Lord was dispatched to secure a better lodging for the night at some retired farm-house in the neighborhood.

A small canvas-built canoe, summoned from the interior of the cave by a whistle from the lord, was employed to convey them from the pleasure-boat into the

\* The goal.

gloomy porch of this natural subterranean. Before the fragile skiff had glided into the darkness, Eily turned her head to catch a parting look at the descending sun. The scene which met her gaze would have appeared striking, even to an accustomed eye; and to one like hers, acquainted only with the smoky splendour of a city sunset, it was grand and imposing in the extreme. Before her lay the gigantic portals of the Shannon, through which the mighty river glided forth with a majestic calmness, to mingle with the wide and waveless ocean that spread beyond and around them. On her right arose the cliffed shores of Clare, over which the broad ball of day, although some minutes hidden from her sight, seemed yet, by refraction, to hold his golden circlet suspended amid a broken and brilliant mass of vapors. Eily kept her eyes fixed in admiration on the dilated orb, until a turn in the cave concealed the opening from her view, and she could only see the stream of light behind, as it struck on the jagged and broken walls of the orifice, and danced upon the surface of the agitated waters.

The place seemed to her terrible. The hollow sound of the boatman's voice, the loud splash of the oars, and the rippling of the waters against the vessel's prow, reverberating through the vaulted chamber, the impenetrable darkness into which they seemed to plunge headlong, and reckless of danger or impediment, all united, constituted a scene so new to the simple Eily, that she grasped close the arm of her husband, and held her breath for some moments, as if in expectation of some sudden and terrific encounter. In a little time the boatman rested on his oars, and a voice from the interior of the cave was heard exclaiming in Irish: "Is it himself?"

"It is", said the boatman, in the same language. "Light up the fire at once, and put down a few of the fresh herring. The lady is hungry."

"You will join us for the first time, Eily", said Hardress, "in a fisherman's supper. Well, Larry, had you much luck last night?"

"Poor enough, masther", said the same oracular voice, which Eily now recognised as that of the man to whose escort she had been entrusted by Lowry Looby on the previous evening. "We left Misher Daly's point as soon as ever the wind fell, and come down as far as Kilcordane, thinking we might come across the skull! but, though we were out all night, we took only five hundred, more or less. A' why don't you light up the fire, Phaudrigh! And twasn't that the herrings didn't come into the river either, for when the moon shone out we saw the skull to the westward, making a curl on the waters, as close an' thick as if you throw a shovel-full of gravel in a pond."

The fire now blazed suddenly upward, revealing the interior of the apartment before alluded to, and the figure of the rough old boatman and his boy. The latter was stooping forward on his hands, and kindling the fire with his breath, while Larry Kett himself was rinsing a small metal pot at the water side. The effect of the smoky and subterraneous light upon uncouth and grisly figures, and on the rude excavation itself,

impressed the timid Eily with a new and agitating sensation, too nearly allied to fear to leave her mind at ease.

In a few minutes she was seated on a small keg near the fire, while Hardress hurried the men who were preparing dinner. Larry Kett was not so proficient in the science of gastronomy as the celebrated Louis of Crockford's, and yet it is to be questioned whether the culinary preparations of the latter were ever despatched with more eagerness and satisfaction. Eily, indeed, only eat a heroine's proportion; but she wondered at the voracity of the fishermen, one of whom placing a raw onion on an unpeeled potato, swallowed both at a mouthful, almost without employing a single masticatory action.

Danny Mann, in the meantime, was occupied in procuring a more eligible lodging for the night. He returned when they had concluded their unceremonious meal, to say that he had been successful in procuring two rooms, in the house of "a little 'oman dat kep a private bottle between that an' Beale."

"A private bottle!" exclaimed Hardress; "what do you mean by a private bottle?"

"I mean," replied the little lord, "dat she sell as good a drop as if she paid license for it; a ting she never was fool enough to do."

"Where does she live?"

"Close to de road above. She told me—" (here he drew Hardress aside) "when I axed her, dat Myles of de Ponies an' de master, an' a deal o' gentlemen, went de road westwards yesterday, an' dat Phil Naughten (Poll's Phil) was in Beale waiten' for you dese two days with the horse an' jauntin-car."

"I am glad to hear it. Step over there to-night, and tell him to be at the door before day-break to-morrow morning. Tell him I will double his fare if he uses diligence."

"Why, din, indeed," said Danny, "I'll tell him notin' o' de sort. 'Twould be de same case wit him still, for he's a boy dat if you gave him England, Ireland an' Scotland for an estate, he'd ax de Isle o' Man for a kitchen garden."

"Well, well, do as you please about it, Danny, but have him on the spot. That fellow," he continued, speaking to Eily as he conducted her out of the cavern, "that fellow is so impudent sometimes, that nothing but the recollection of his fidelity and the honesty of his motive, keeps my hand at rest. He is my foster-brother, and, you may perceive, with the exception of one deformity, a well-looking man."

"I never observed anything but the hunch," said Eily.

"For which," added Hardress, with a slight change in his countenance, "he has to thank his master."

"Yon, Mr. Hardress!"

"Even so, Eily. When we were both children, that young fellow was my constant companion. Familiarity produced a feeling of equality, on which he presumed so far as to offer a rudeness to a little relative of mine, a Miss Chute, who was on a visit at my mother's. She complained to me, and my vengeance was summary. I



met him at the head of the kitchen stairs, and without even the ceremony of a single question or preparatory speech, I seized him by the collar, and hurled him with desperate force to the bottom of the flight. He was unable to rise as soon as I expected, and, on examination, it was discovered that an injury had been done to the spine, which, notwithstanding all the exertions that were employed to repair it, had its result in its present deformity."

"It was shocking," said Eily, with much simplicity of feeling. "No wonder you should be kind to him."

"If I were a mere block," said Hardress, "I could not be affected by the good nature and kindly feeling which the poor fellow showed on the occasion, and, indeed, down to the present moment. It seemed to be the sole aim and study of his life to satisfy me that he entertained not even a sentiment of regret for what had

happened, and his attachment ever since has been the attachment of the zealot. I know he cannot but feel that his prospects in life have been made dark and lonely by that accident; and yet he is congratulating himself, whenever an opportunity occurs, on his good fortune in being provided with a constant service, as if [poor fellow!] that were any compensation to him. I have been alarmed to observe that he sometimes attaches even a profane importance to his master's wishes, and seems to care but little what laws he may transgress when his object is the gratification of my inclinations. I say, I am alarmed on this subject, because I have taken frequent occasion to remark that this injury to his spine has in some degree affected his head, and left him less able to discern the impropriety of such a line of conduct than people of sounder minds."

## CHAPTER XVII.

### HOW HARDRESS LEARNED A LITTLE SECRET FROM A DYING HUNTSMAN.

NOTWITHSTANDING the message which Hardress Cregan sent by Lowry Looby, it was more than a week before he visited his parents at their Killarney residence. Several days were occupied in seeing Eily pleasantly situated in her wild cottage in the Gap, and a still greater number in enjoying with her the pleasures of an autumnal sojourn amid these scenes of mystery, enchantment, and romance. To a mind that is perfectly at freedom, Killarney forms in itself a congeries of Elysian raptures; but to a fond bride and bridegroom!—the Heaven, to which its mountains rear their naked heads in awful reverence, alone can furnish a superior happiness.

After taking an affectionate leave of his beautiful wife, and assuring her that his absence should not be extended beyond the following day, Hardress Cregan mounted one of Phil Naughten's rough-coated ponies, and set off for Dinis Cottage. It is not situated (as its name might seem to import) on the sweet little island which is so called, but far apart, near the ruined church of Aghadoe, commanding a distant view of the lower lake and the lofty and wooded Toomies.

The sun had gone down before he left the wild and rocky glen in which was situated the cottage of his bride. It was, as we have already apprised the reader, the first time Hardress had visited the lake since his return from college, and the scenery now, to his matured and well-regulated taste, had not only the effect of novelty, but it was likewise invested with the halloving and romantic charm of youthful association. The stillness so characteristic of majesty, which reigned throughout the gigantic labyrinth of mountain, cliff, and valley, through which he rode; the parting gleam of sunshine that brightened the ever-moving mists on

the summit of the lofty peaks by which he was surrounded; the solitary appearance of the many nameless lakes that slept in black repose in the centre of the mighty chasm; the echo of his horse's hoofs against the stony road; the voice of a goatherd's boy as he drove homeward, from the summit of a heath-clad mountain, his troublesome and adventurous charge; the lonely twitter of the kirkeen dhra, or little water hen, as it flew from rock to rock on the margin of the broken stream—these, and other long-forgotten sights and sounds, awakened at the same instant the consciousness of present and the memory of past enjoyments, and gradually lifted his thoughts to that condition of calm enthusiasm and fullness of soul which constitutes one of the highest pleasures of a meditative mind. He did not fail to recall at this moment the memory of his childish attachment, and could not avoid a feeling of regret at the unpleasant change that education had produced in the character of his first, though not his dearest love.

This feeling became still more deep and oppressive as he approached the cottage of his father. Every object that he beheld, the lawn, the grove, the stream, the hedge, the stile—all brought to mind some sweet remembrance of his boyhood. The childish form of Anne Chute still seemed to meet him with her bright and careless smile at every turn in the path, or to fly before him over the shorn meadow, as of old; while the wild and merry peal of infant laughter seemed still to ring upon his hearing, "Dear little being!" he exclaimed, as he rode into the cottage avenue, "the burning springs of Gluver, I thought, might sooner have been frozen than the current of that once warm and kindly heart; but, like those burning springs, it is only

in the season of coldness and neglect that fountain can resume its native warmth. It is the fervor of universal homage and adulation that strikes it cold and pulseless in its channels."

The window of the dining-parlor alone was lighted up, and Hardress was informed, in answer to his inquiries, that the ladies, Mrs. Cregan and Miss Chute, were gone to a grand ball in the neighborhood. Mr. Cregan, with two other gentlemen, were drinking in the dining-room, and, as he might gather from the tumultuous nature of their conversation, and the occasional shouts of ecstatic enjoyment, and bursts of laughter which rang through the house, already pretty far advanced in the bacchanalian ceremonies of the night. The voices he recognized besides his father's were those of Hepton Connolly and Mr. Creagh, the duellist.

Feeling no inclination to join the revellers, Hardress ordered candles in the drawing-room, and prepared to spend a quiet evening by himself. He had scarcely, however, taken his seat on the straight-backed sofa, when his retirement was invaded by old Nancy, the kitchen-maid, who came to tell him that poor Dalton, the huntsman, was "a'most off," in the little green room, and that when he heard Mr. Hardress had arrived, he begged of all things to see him before he'd go. "He never was himself rightly, a'ra gal," said old Nancy, wiping a tear from the corner of her eye, "since the masher sold the hounds and took to the cock-fighting."

Hardress started up and followed her. "Poor fellow!" he exclaimed as he went along, "Poor Dalton. And is that breath, that wound so many merry blasts upon the mountain, so soon to be extinguished? I remember the time when I thought a monarch on his throne a less enviable being than our stout huntsman, seated on his keen-eyed steed, in his scarlet frock and cap, with his hounds, like painted courtiers, thronging and baying round his horse's hoofs, and his horn hanging silent at his waist. Poor fellow! Every beagle in the pack was his familiar acquaintance, and was as jealous of his chirp or his whistle, as my cousin Anne's admirers might be of a smile or secret whisper. How often has he carried me before him on his saddle-bow, and taught me the true fox-hunting cry! How often at evening has he held me between his knees, and excited my young ambition with tales of hunts hard run, and neck-or-nothing leaps; of double ditches, cleared by an almost miraculous dexterity; of drawing, yearning, challenging, hunting mute, hunting change, and hunting counter! And now the poor fellow must wind his last reel, and carry his own old bones to earth at length! never again to awaken the echoes of the mountain lakes—never again beneath the shadow of those immemorial woods that clothe their lofty shores—

*'Aire ciera viros, Martemque accendere cantu!'*

The fox may come from kennel, and the red-deer slumber on his layer, for their mighty enemy is now himself at bay."

While these reflections passed through the mind of Hardress, Old Nancy conducted him as far as the door of the huntsman's room, where he paused for a moment

on hearing the voice of one singing inside. It was that of the worn-out huntsman himself, who was humming over a few verses of a favorite ballad. The lines which caught the ear of Hardress were the following:

"Ah, huntsman dear, I'd be your friend,  
If you'll let me go till morning;  
Don't call your hounds for one half hour,  
Nor neither sound your horn;  
For indeed I'm tired from yesterday's hunt,  
I can neither run nor walk well,  
'Till I go to Rock-hill amongst my friends,  
Where I was bred and born.  
Tally ho the fox!  
Tally ho the fox!  
Tally ho the fox, a collaunen,  
Tally ho the fox!  
Over hills and rocks,  
And chase him on till morning."

"He cannot be so very ill," said Hardress, looking at the old woman, "when his spirits will permit him to sing so merrily."

"Oyeh, Heaven help you, agra!" replied Nancy: "I believe if he was at death's doore this moment, he'd have that song on his tongue still."

"Hush! hush!" said Hardress, raising his hand, "he is beginning again."

The ballad was taken up, after a heavy fit of coughing, in the same strain.

"I lock'd him up an' I fed him well,  
An' I gave him victuals of all kinds;  
But I declare to you, sir, when he got loose,  
He ate a fat goose in the morning.  
So now kneel down an' say your prayers,  
For you'll surely die this morning.  
'Ah, sir,' says the fox, 'I never pray,  
For my father he bred me a quaker.'  
Tally ho the fox!  
Tally ho the——"

Hardress here opened the door and cut short the refrain

The huntsman turned his face to the door as he heard the handle turn. It was that of a middle-aged man in the very last stage of pulmonary consumption. A red night-cap was pushed back from his wasted and sunken temples, and a flush, like the bloom of a withered pipin, played in the hollow of his fleshless cheek.

"Cead millia fealtha! My heart warms to see you, my own Masher Hardress," exclaimed the huntsman, reaching him a skeleton hand from beneath the brown quilt, "I can die in peace now, as I see you again in health. These ten days back they're telling me you're coming an' coming, until I began to think at last that you wouldn't come until I was gone."

"I am sorry to see you in this condition, Dalton. How did you get the attack?"

"Out of a could I think I got it first, sir. When the masher sold the hounds—(Ah, Masher Hardress! to think of his parting them dogs, an' giving up that fine, manly exercise, for a paltry parcel o' cocks an' hens!) but when he sold them an' took to the cock-fighting, my heart felt as low an' as lonesome as if I lost all belonging to me! To please the masher, I turned my hand to the cocks, an' used to go every morning to the 'ounds' kennel, where the birds were kept, to give 'em food an' water; but I could *never* *again* to the birds. Ah, what is a cock-fight, Masher Hardress, in comparison of a well-rode hunt among the mountains, with

your horse flying under you like a fairy, an' the cry o' the hounds like an organ out before you, an' the ground fleeting like a dream on all sides o' you, an' ah! what's the use o' talking!" Here he lay back on his pillow with a look of sudden pain and sorrow that cut Hardress to the heart.

After a few moments, he again turned a ghastly eye on Hardress, and said in a faint voice: "I used to go down by the lake in the evening to hear the stags belling in the wood; an' in the morning I'd be up with the first light to blow a call on the top o' the hill, as I used to do to comfort the dogs; an' then I'd miss their cry, an' I'd stop listenin' to the aychoes o' the horn among the moutains, till my heart would sink as low as my ould boots. An' bad boots they wor, too; signs on, I got wet in 'em; an' themselves an' the could morning air, an' the want o' the horse exercise, I believe, an' everything, brought on this fit. Is the misthress at home, sir?" he added, after struggling through a severe fit of oppression.

"No she is at a ball with Miss Chute."

"Good luck to them both, wherever they are. That's the way o' the world. Some in health, an' some in sickness; some dancing, and more dying."

Here he raised himself on his elbow, and after casting a haggard glance around, as if to be assured that what he had to say could not be overheard, he leaned forward towards Hardress, and whispered: "I know one in this house, Masther Hardress, that loves you well."

The young gentleman looked a little surprised.

"Indeed I do," continued the dying huntsman, "one, too, that deserves a better fortune than to love any one without a return. One that was kind to me in my sickness, and that I'd like to see happy before I'd leave the world, if it was Heaven's will."

During this conversation, both speakers had been frequently rendered inaudible by occasional bursts of laughter and shouts of bacchanalian mirth from the dining-room. At this moment, and before the young gentleman could select any mode of inquiry into the particulars of the singular communication above mentioned, the door was opened, and the face of old Nancy appeared, bearing on its smoke-dried features a mingled expression of perplexity and sorrow.

"Dalton, a'ra gal!" she exclaimed, "don't blame me for what I'm going to say to you, for it is my tongue, an' not my wish nor my heart that speaks it. The masther and the gentlemen sent me in to you, an' bid me tell you, for the sake of old times, to give them one more fox-huntin' screech before you go."

The old huntsman fixed his brilliant but sickly eyes on the messenger, while a flush that might have been the indication of anger or of grief, flickered like a decaying light upon his brow. At length he said: "An' did the masther send that message by you, Nancy?"

"He did, Dalton, indeed. Ayeh, the gentlemen must be excused."

"True for you, Nancy," said the huntsman after a

long pause; then, raising his head, with a smile of seeming pleasure, he continued: "Why, then, I'm glad to see the masther hasn't forgot the dogs entirely. Go to him, Nancy, an' tell him that I'm glad to hear that he has so much o' the sport left in him still. And that it is kind father for him to have a feeling for his huntsman, an' I thank him. Tell him, Nancy, to send me in one good glass o' parliament punch, an' I'll give him such a cry as he never heard in a cock-pit, any way."

The punch was brought, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Hardress, drained to the bottom. The old huntsman then sat erect in the bed, and letting his head back, indulged in one prolonged "hoicks!" that made the phials jingle on the table, and frightened the sparrows from their roosts beneath the thatch. It was echoed by the jolly company in the dining-parlor, chorussed by a howling from all the dogs in the yard, and answered by a general clamor from the fowl-house. "Another! another! Hoicks!" resounded through the house. But the poor consumptive was not in a condition to gratify the revellers. When Hardress looked down upon him next, the pillow appeared dark with blood, and the cheek of the sufferer had lost even the unhealthy bloom, that had so long masked the miner Death in his work of snug destruction. A singular brilliancy fixed itself upon his eye-balls, his lips were dragged backward, blue and cold, and with an expression of dull and general pain—his teeth—but wherefore linger on such a picture?—it is better let the curtain fall.

Hardress Cregan felt less indignation at this circumstance than he might have done if it had occurred at the present day; but yet he *was* indignant. He entered the dining-parlor to remonstrate, with a frame that trembled with passion.

"And pray, Hardress," said Hepton Connolly, as he emptied the ladle into his glass, and turned on him an eye whose steadiness, to say the least, was equivocal; "pray, now, Hardress, is poor Dalton really dead?"

"He is, sir. I have already said it."

"No offence, my boy. I only asked, because if he be, it is a sure sign (here he sipped his punch and winked at Cregan with the confident air of one who is about to say a *right good thing*), it is a sign that he never will die again."

There was a loud laugh at Hardress, which confused him as much as if he had been discomfited by a far superior wit. So true it is, that the influence, and not the capacity, of an opponent, renders him chiefly formidable, and that, at least, a fair half of the sum of human motive may be placed to the account of vanity.

Hardress could think of nothing that was very witty to say in reply, and as the occasion hardly warranted a slap on the face, his proud spirit was compelled to remain passive. Unwilling, however, to leave the company while the laugh continued against him, he called for a glass and sat down among them.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

HOW THE GENTLEMEN SPENT THE EVENING, WHICH PROVED RATHER WARMER THAN HARDRESS EXPECTED.

"PEACE!" said Hepton Connolly, with a face of drunken seriousness, "peace to the manes of poor Dalton."

"Amen, with all my heart!" exclaimed Mr. Cregan, "although the cocks are well rid of him. But a better horseman never backed a hunter."

"I drink him," said Hyland Creagh, "although I seldom care to toast a man who dies in his bed."

"That's all trash and braggery, Creagh," cried Connolly; "we'll have you yet upon the flat of your back, and roaring for a priest into the bargain."

"Upon my honor as a gentleman, I am serious," said Cregan. "They may talk of the field of battle and bloody breaches, forlorn hopes and hollow squares, and such stuff, but what is the glory of a soldier after all! To drag through the fatigues of a whole campaign, with its concomitants of night watches, marches in marshes, and bivouacs in rainy weather, and with no brighter prospect at the year's end than that of making one among half a million fighting fellows who are shot on a heap like larks; and even then you meet, not hand to hand, but cloud to cloud, moving about in a flock, and waiting your turn to take your allowance of cold lead, and fill a pit with your neighbors. Glory! what glory is there in figuring in small types among a list of killed and wounded? the utmost distinction that a poor sub. can ever hope for. Why, a coward is no more ball-proof than a gallant fellow, and both may often shine together upon the same list. No—my ambition should have a higher aim. While I live, let my life be that of a fearless fellow; and when I die, let my epitaph be found in a handsome paragraph, under the head of 'Domestic Intelligence,' in the county journal. *'Affair of Honor.*—Yesterday morning at five o'clock—meeting took place—Hyland Cregan, Esquire, attended by Blank, Esquire—and Captain Blank, attended by Blank, Esquire—regret to state—Mr. Cregan—third fire—mortally wounded—borne to the ground. The affair, we understand, originated in a dispute respecting a lovely and accomplished young lady, celebrated as a reigning toast in that quarter."

"And grand-niece, we understand," added Hardress, laughing, "to the unhappy gentleman whose fate we have just recorded."

There was a laugh at Creagh.

"Nay, my young friend," he said adjusting his ruffles with the air of a Chesterfield, "the journal that shall mention that circumstance must be dated many years hence."

"Adad, not so far off neither, Creagh," exclaimed Mr. Cregan, "and if you were to go out to-morrow morning, I should not like to see you go posting to the Devil upon such a mission as that."

"Talking of the Devil," said Hepton Connolly, "did you hear Creagh, that the priest is to have us all upon the altar next Sunday, on account of that little squib we had in the mountains the day of the races?"

"It may be," said Creagh, with a supercilious smile; "*mais ce n'est pas mon affaire.* I have not the honor to belong to his communion."

"Oh," cried Mr. Cregan, "true enough. *You* belong to the genteel religion."

"There you have the whip hand of me," said Connolly. "for I am a Papist. Well, Creagh, not meaning to impugn your gallantry now, I say this: a Papist, to fight a duel, requires and possesses the courage of a Protestant ten times over."

"Pray, will you oblige me with a reason for that pleasant speech?"

"'Tis as clear as this glass. A Protestant is allowed a wide discretionary range on most ethical, as well as theological, points of opinion. A poor Papist has none. The Council of Trent, in its twenty-fifth session (I have it from the bishop), excommunicates all duellists, and calls the practice an invention of the Devil. And what can I say against it? I know something of the common law, and the rights of things, persons, and so forth, but the canonical code to me is a fountain sealed. 'Tis something deeper than a cause before the petty sessions. 'Tis easier to come at Blackstone, or even Coke upon Littleton himself, than at Manochius or Saint Augustine."

"Well, but how you run on! You were talking about the courage of a Protestant and Catholic."

"I say a Papist must be a braver man, for, in addition to his chance of being shot through the brains on a frosty morning in this world (a cool prospect), it is no joke to be damned everlastingly in the next."

"That never struck me before," exclaimed Creagh.

"And if it had," said Cregan, "I confess I do not see what great disadvantage the reflection could have produced to our friend Connolly, for he knew that, whether he was to be shot yesterday in a duel, or physicked out of the world twenty years hence, that little matter of the other life will be arranged in precisely the same manner."

"As much as to say," replied Connolly, "that now or then the Devil is sure of his bargain."

"My idea precisely, but infinitely better expressed."

"Very good Creagh. I suppose it was out of a filial affection for the sooty old gentleman you took so much pains to send me to him the other morning."

"You placed your honor in my hands, and I would have seen you raked fore and aft fifty times, rather than let the pledge be tarnished. If you do go to the Devil, it was my business to see that you met him with clean hands."

"I feel indebted to you, Creagh."

"I have seen a dozen shots exchanged on a lighter quarrel. I was present myself at a duel between Hickman and Leake, on a somewhat similar dispute. They fired fourteen shots each, and when their ammunition was exhausted, actually remained on the ground until the seconds could fetch a new supply from the nearest market town."

"And what use did they make of it when it came?"

"Give me time, and you shall hear. 'Twas Hickman's fire, and he put his lead an inch above Leake's right hip (as pretty a shot as ever I saw in my life). Leake was not killed though, and he stood to his ground like a man. I never will forget the ghastly look he gave me (I was his second), when he asked whether the laws of the duello would allow a wounded man a chair. I was confident they did, so long as he kept his feet upon the sod, and I said so. Well, the chair was brought. He took his seat somewhat in this manner, grasping the orifice of the wound closely with his disengaged hand. (Here the speaker moved his chair some feet from the table, in order to enact the scene with greater freedom.) There was a fatal steadiness in every motion. I saw Hickman's eye wink, and not without a cause. It winked again, and never opened after. The roof of his skull was literally blown away."

"And the other fellow?"

"The other gentleman fell from his chair a corpse at the same moment, after uttering a sentiment of savage satisfaction, too horrible, too blasphemous to think of, much less to repeat."

"They were a murderous pair of ruffians," said Hardress, "and ought to have been impaled upon a cross-road."

"One of them," observed Hyland Creagh, sipping his punch, "one of them was a cousin of mine."

"Oh! and, therefore, utterly blameless, of course," said Hardress, with an ironical laugh.

"I don't know," said Creagh. "I confess I think it a hard word to apply to a gentleman who is unfortunate enough to die in defence of his honor."

"Honor!" exclaimed Hardress, with indignant zeal (for though he was no great devotee, he had yet some gleams of a half-religious virtue shining through his character). "Call you that honor? I say a duellist is a murderer, and worthy of the gallows, and I will prove it. The question lies in the justice or injustice of the mode of reparation. That cannot be a just one which subjects the aggressor and aggrieved to precisely the same punishment. If the duellist be the injured party,

he is a suicide; and if the inflicter of the wrong, he is a murderer."

"Aye, Hardress," said his father; "but there are cases——"

"Oh, I know what you mean, sir. Fine, delicate, thin-spun modes of insult, that draw on heavier assaults, and leave both parties laboring under the sense of injury. But they are murderers still. If I filled a seat in the legislature, do you think I would give my voice in favor of a law that made it a capital offence to call a man a scoundrel in punishment? And shall I dare to inflict with my own hand in the streets that which I would shudder to see committed by the hangman?"

"But if public war be justifiable," said Connolly, "why should not private?"

"Aye," exclaimed Hardress, "I see you have got that aphorism of Johnson's, the fat moralist, to support you; but I say shame upon the recreant, for as mean and guilty a compliance with the prejudices of the world as ever parasite betrayed. I stigmatize it as a wilful sin, for how can I esteem the author of *Rasselas* a fool?"

"Very hardly," said Creagh; "and pray what is your counter-argument?"

"This: public war is never (when justifiable) a quarrel for sounds and conventual notions of honor; public war is at best a social evil, and cannot be embraced without the full concurrence of society, expressed by its constituted authorities, and obtained only in obedience to the necessity of the case. But to private war society has given no formal sanction, nor does it derive any advantage from the practice."

"Upon my word," said Creagh, "you have some very curious ideas."

"Well, Hardress," exclaimed Connolly, "if you have a mind to carry those notions into practice, I should recommend you to try it in some other country besides Ireland; you will never go through with it in this."

"In every company, and on every soil," said Hardress, "I will avow my sentiments. I never will fight a duel, and I will proclaim my purpose in the ears of all the duellists on Earth."

"But society, young gentleman——"

"I bid society defiance—at least that reckless, godless, heartless crew, to whom you wrongfully apply the term. The greater portion of those who bow down before this bloody error, is composed of slaves and cowards, who are afraid to make their own conviction the guide of their conduct——"

*'Letting I dare not wait upon I would  
Like the poor cat! the adage.'*

"I am sure," said Creagh, "I had rather shoot a man for doubting my word, than for taking my purse."

"Because you are as proud as Lucifer," exclaimed Hardress. "Who but the great father of all injustice would say that he deserved to be shot for calling *you* a (it is an unpleasant word, to be sure)—a liar?"

"But he does more; he actually *does* strike at my life

\* I am sorry the author of *Guy Mannering* should have thought proper to adopt the same mode of reasoning. Will posterity remove that bar-sinister from his literary escutcheon?

and property, for I lose both friends and fair repute, if I suffer such an insult to pass unnoticed."

In answer to this plea, Hardress made a speech, of which (as the newspapers say) we regret that our space does not allow us to offer more than a mere outline. He contended that no consequences could justify a man in sacrificing his own persuasion of what was right to the error of his friends. The more general this error was, the more criminal it became to increase the number of its victims. The question was not, whether society would disown or receive the passive gentleman, but whether society was in the wrong or in the right; and if the former, then he was bound to adopt the cause of justice at every hazard. He drew the usual distinction between moral and animal courage, and painted with force and feeling the heroism of a brave man encountering alone the torrent of general opinion, and taking more wounds upon his spirit than ever Horatius Cocles risked upon his person. He quoted the celebrated passage of the faithful seraph in Milton, alluded to the Athenian manners, and told the well-known story of Lucian Anacharsis, all which tended considerably more to exhaust the patience than to convince the understanding of his hearers.

"Finally," said he, "I denounce the system of private war, because it is the offspring of a barbarous pride. It was a barbarous pride that first suggested the expedient, and it is an intolerable pride that still sustains it. Talk of public war! The world could not exist, if nation were to take up the sword against nation upon a point of honor, such as will call out for blood between man and man. The very word means pride. It is a measureless, bloody pride, that demands a reparation so excessive for every slight offence. Take any single quarrel of them all, and dissect its motive, and you will find every portion of it stained with pride, the child of selfishness—pride, the sin of the first Devil—pride, the poor, pitiful creature of folly and ignorance—pride, the——"

"Oh, trash and stuff, man," exclaimed Connolly, losing patience; "if you are going to preach a sermon, choose another time for it. Come, Creagh, send the bowl this way, and let us drink. Here, young gentleman, stop your spouting, and give us a toast. You'll make a fool of yourself, Hardress, if you talk in that manner among gentlemen."

Without making any answer to this speech (which, however, he felt a little difficulty in digesting), Hardress proposed the health and future fame of young Kyrle Daly.

"With all my heart," exclaimed both his father and Connolly.

"I'll not drink it," said Creagh, putting from him his glass.

Hardress was just as proud (to borrow his own simile) as Lucifer himself, and, probably, it was on this account he held the quality so cheap. It must be admitted, likewise, that his ambitious love of singularity formed but too considerable a part of his motive in the line of argument which he had followed up; and he was by no means prepared to perform the heroic part

which he had described with so much enthusiasm. Least of all could he be expected to do so at the present moment; for while he was speaking he had also been drinking, and the warmth of dispute, increased by the excitement of strong drink, left his reason still less at freedom than it might have been under the dominion of an ordinary passion. He insisted upon Creagh's drinking his toast.

"I shall not drink it," said Creagh; "I consider him as an impertinent puppy."

"He is my friend," said Hardress.

"Oh, then, of course," said Fireball with an ironical smile, evidently intended as a retort, "he is utterly blameless."

To use a vulgar but forcible expression, the blood of Hardress was now completely up. He set his teeth for a moment, and then discharged the contents of his own glass at the face of the offender. The fire-eater, who, from long experience, was able to anticipate this proceeding, evaded by a rapid motion the degrading missile, and then quietly resuming his seat, "Be prepared, sir," he said, "to answer this in the morning."

"I am ready now," exclaimed Hardress. "Connolly, lend me your sword, and be my friend. Father, do you second that gentleman, and you will oblige me."

Mr. Barnaby Cregan rose to interfere; but in doing so, he betrayed a secret which had till that moment lain with himself; he was the first who fell.

"No, no swords," said Connolly; "there are a pretty pair of pistols over the chimney-piece. Let them decide the quarrel."

It was so agreed. Hardress and Creagh took their places in the two corners of the room, upon the understanding that both were to approach step by step, and fire when they pleased. Hepton Connolly took his place out of harm's way in a distant corner, while Cregan crept along the floor, muttering in an indistinct tone: "Drunk? aye, but not dead drunk. I call no man dead drunk while he lies on the high road, with sense enough to roll out of the way when a carriage is driving towards him."

Hardress fired after having made two paces. Creagh, who was unhurt, reserved his shot until he put the pistol up to the head of his opponent. Hardress never flinched, although he really believed that Creagh was about to shoot him.

"Come," said he loudly, "fire your shot, and have done with it. I would have met you at the end of a handkerchief upon my friend's quarrel."

Hyland Creagh, after enjoying for a moment the advantage he possessed, uncocked his pistol, and laid it on the table.

"Hardress," said he, "you are a brave fellow. I believe I was wrong. I ask your pardon, and am ready to drink your toast."

"Oh, well," said Hardress, with a laugh, "if that be the case, I cannot, of course, think of pursuing the affair any further." And he reached his hand to his opponent with the air of one who was exercising rather than receiving a kindness.

The company once more resumed their places at the



table somewhat sobered by this incident, which, though not unusual at the period, was yet calculated to excite a little serious feeling. It was not long, however, before they made amends for what was lost in the way of intoxication. The immense blue jug, which stood inside the fender, was replenished to the brim, and the bowl flew round more rapidly than ever. Creagh told stories of the Hell-fire Club in the sweating and pinking days. Connolly overflowed with anecdotes of attorneys outdone, of plates well won, of bailiffs maimed and beaten; and Cregan, whose tongue was the last member of his frame that became accessory to the sin of intoxication, filled up his share in the conversation with accounts of cocks and of ghosts, in the appearance of which last he was a firm though not a fearful believer. Hardress remained with the company until the sound of a vehicle drawing up at the hall-door announced the return of his mother and cousin. He then left the room and hurried to his own apartment, in order to avoid meeting them under circumstances which he well supposed were not calculated to create any impression in his own favor.

We cannot better illustrate the habits of the period than by transcribing an observation made in Mr. Cregan's kitchen at the moment of the dispute above detailed. Old Nancy was preparing the mould candles for poor Dalton's wake, when she heard the shot fired in the dining-parlor.

"Run into the gentlemen, Mike, eroo," she exclaimed, without even laying aside the candle, which she was paring with a knife, in order to make it fit the socket more exactly. "I lay my life the gentlemen are fighting a *jewel*."

"It can't be a *jewel*," said Mike, the servant-boy, who was courting slumber in a low chair before the blazing fire. "It can't be a *jewel*, when there was only one shot."

"But it isn't far from 'em, I'll be bail, till they'll fire another, if they do not be hindered; for 'tis shot for shot with 'em. Run in, eroo."

The servant-boy stretched his limbs out lazily, and rubbed his eyes. "Well," said he, "fair play all the world over. If one fired, you wouldn't have the other put up with it, without havin' his fair revinge?"

"But maybe one of 'em is kilt already!" observed Nancy.

"E'then, d'ye hear this? Sure you know well, that if there was anybody shot, the master would ring the bell."

This observation was conclusive. Old Nancy proceeded with her gloomy toil in silence, and the persuasive Mike, letting his head hang back from his shoulders, and crossing his hands upon his lap, slept soundly on, undisturbed by any idle conjectures on the cause of the noise which they had heard.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### HOW HARDRESS MET AN OLD FRIEND AND MADE A NEW ONE.

FANCY restored the dreaming Hardress to the society of his beloved Eily. He sat by her side once more, quieting with the caresses of a boyish fondness, her still recurring anxieties, and comforting her apprehensions by endeavoring to make her share his own steady anticipation of his mother's favor and forgiveness. This hope, on his own part, it must be acknowledged, was much stronger in his sleeping than his waking moments; for it was extraordinary how different his feeling on that subject became after he had reached his home, and when the moment of disclosure drew near. His extreme youth, all ruined as he was by over-indulgence, made him regard his mother with a degree of reverence that approached to fear; and as he seldom loved to submit when once aroused to contest, so he was usually careful to avoid, as much as possible, any occasion for the exercise of his hereditary perseverance. The influence of his parent, however, consisted not so much in her parental authority, as in the mastery which she held over his filial affections, which partook of the intensity that distinguished his entire character. Mrs. Cregan governed both her husband and her son; but the means which she employed in moulding each to her own wishes, were widely different. In her arguments with the former it was her usual practice to begin with an entreaty and end with a command. On the contrary, when she sought to work upon the inclinations of Hardress, she opened with a command and closed with an entreaty. It was, indeed, as Hardress had frequently experienced, a difficult task to withstand her instances, when she had recourse to the latter expedient. Mrs. Cregan possessed all the national warmth of temperament and liveliness of feeling. Like all naturally generous people, whose virtue is rather the offspring of a kindly heart than a well regulated understanding, Mrs. Cregan was not more boundless in her bounty, than in her exaction of gratitude. She not only looked for gratitude from those whom she had obliged, but was so exorbitant as to imagine that all those likewise, whom she really wished to serve, should return her an equal degree of kindness, and actually evince as lively a sense of obligation as if her wishes in their favor had been deeds. Alas! in this selfish world we are told that real benefits are frequently forgotten by the receiver, and sometimes repaid by cold unkindness or monstrous hostility. It

is no wonder, then, that Mrs. Cregan should have sometimes found people slow to appreciate the value of her vain desires.

While Hardress was still murmuring some sentiment of passionate admiration in the ear of his visionary bride, he was awakened by the pressure of a light finger on his shoulder. He looked up and beheld a lady in a broad-leaved beaver hat and ball dress, standing by his bed-side, and smiling down upon him with an air of affection and reproof. Her countenance, though it had already acquired, in a slight degree, that darkness of outline which marks the approach of the first maternal years, was striking, and even beautiful in its character. The forehead was high and commanding, the eye of a dark hazel, well opened, and tender and rapid in its expression. The entire face had that length of feature which painters employ in their representation of the tragic muse, and the character of the individual had given to this natural conformation a depth of feeling which was calculated to make a strong and even a gloomy impression on the imagination of the beholder. Her person likewise partook of this imposing character, and was displayed to some advantage by her dress, the richness of which was perfectly adapted to her lofty and regal air. It consisted of a beautiful poplin, a stomacher set off with small brilliants, and a rich figured silk petticoat, which was fully displayed in front. The skirt of the gown parted and fell back from either side, while a small hoop occupying the position of the modern Vestris, imparted to this interesting portion of the figure a degree of fashionable slowness and elegance. An amber necklace, some enormous brooches and rings containing locks of hair, the bequests of three preceding generations, completed the decorations of the person.

"You are a pretty truant," she said, "to absent yourself for a whole fortnight together, and at a time, too, when I had brought a charming friend to make your acquaintance. You are a pretty truant. And immediately on your return, instead of showing any affectionate anxiety to compensate for your inattention, you run off to your sleeping-chamber and oblige your foolish mother to come and seek you."

"My trim, mother, would have hardly become your drawing-room."

"Or looked to advantage in the eyes of my lovely visitor?"

"Upon my word, mother, I had not a thought of her. I should feel as little inclined to appear wanting in respect to you, as to any visitor to whom you could introduce me."

"Respect!" echoed Mrs. Cregan, while she laid the light away on her dressing table (in such a position that it would shine full and bright upon her son), and took a chair near his bedside. "Respect is fond of going well-dressed, I grant you; but there is another feeling, Hardress, that is far more sensitive and exquisite on points of this nature, a feeling much more lively and anxious than any that a poor fond mother can expect. Do not interrupt me, I am not so unreasonable as to desire that the course of human nature

should be inverted for my sake. But I have a question to ask you. Have you any engagement during the next month that will prevent your spending it with us? If you have, and it be not a very weighty one, break it as politely as you can. You owe some little attention to your cousin, and I think you ought to pay it."

Hardress looked displeased at this, and muttered something about his inability to see in what way this obligation had been laid upon him.

"If you felt no disposition to show a kindness to your old play-fellow," said his mother, endeavoring to suppress her vexation, "you are of course at liberty to act as you please. You, Hardress, in your own person, owe nothing to the Chutes, unless you except their general claim, as near relatives of mine."

"They could not, my dear mother, possess a stronger. But this is a sudden change. While I was in Dublin, I thought that both you and my father had broken off the intercourse that subsisted between the families, and lived altogether within yourselves."

"It was a foolish coldness that had arisen between your aunt and myself, on account of some free, some very free, expressions she had used with regard to your father. But when she fell ill, and my poor darling Anne was left to struggle, unassisted, beneath the weight of occupation that was thrown thus suddenly upon her hands, my self-respect gave way to my love for them both. I drove to Castle Chute, and divided with Anne the cares of nurse-tending and house-keeping, until my dear Hetty's health was in some degree restored. About a fortnight since, by the force of incessant letter-writing, and the employment of her mother's influence, I obtained Anne's very reluctant consent to spend a month at Killarney. Now, my dear Hardress, you must do me a kindness. I have no female friend of your cousin's age, whose society might afford her a constant source of enjoyment, and, in spite of all my efforts to procure her amusement I cannot but observe, that she has been more frequently dull than merry since her arrival. Now, you can prevent this if you please. You must remain at home while she is with us, entertain her while I am occupied, walk with her, dance with her, be her *beau*. If she were a stranger, hospitality alone would call for those attentions, and I think, under the circumstances, your own good feeling will teach you, that she ought not to be neglected."

"My dear mother, do not say another word upon the subject. It will be necessary for me to go from home sometimes; but I can engage to spend a great portion of the month as you desire. Send for a dancing-master to-morrow morning. I am but an awkward fellow at best, but I will do all that is in my power."

"You will breakfast with us, then, to-morrow morning, and come on a laking party? It was for the purpose of making you promise, I disturbed your rest at this hour; for I knew there was no calculating in what part of Munster one might find you after sun-rise."

"How far do you go?"

"Only to Innisfallen."

"Ah! dear, dear Innisfallen! I will be with you, certainly, mother. Ah, dear Innisfallen! Mother, do



you think that Anne remembers the time when Lady K——invited us to take a cold dinner in Saint Finian's oratory? It is one of the sweetest days that ever brightened my recollection. I think I can still see the excellent lady laying her hand upon Anne Chute's shoulder, and telling her that she should be the little princess of this little fairy isle. Dear Innisfallen! If I were but to tell you, mother, how many a mournful hour that single happy one has cost me!"

"Tell me of no such thing, my boy. Look forward, and not back. Reserve the enjoyment of your recollections until you are no longer capable of present and actual happiness. And do not think, Hardress, that you make so extraordinary a sacrifice in undertaking this pretty office. There is many a fine gentleman in Killarney who would gladly forego a whole season's sport for the privilege of acting such a part for a single day. I cannot describe to you the sensation that your cousin has produced since her arrival. Her beauty, her talents, her elegance, and her accomplishments, are the subject of conversation in every circle. You will acquire a greater brilliancy as the satellite of such a planet, than if you were to move for ages in your own solitary orbit. But if I were to say all that I desire, you would not sleep to-night; so I shall reserve it for a moment of greater leisure. Good-night, Hardress, and sleep soundly, for the cockswain is to be at the door before nine."

Mrs. Cregan was well acquainted with the character of her son. The distinction of attending on so celebrated a beauty as his cousin, was one to which his vanity could never be indifferent, and nothing could be more agreeable to his pride than to find it thus forced upon him, without any effort of his own to seek it. To be thus, out of pure kindness, and much against his own declared wishes, placed in a situation which was so generally envied!—to obtain, likewise (and these were the only motives that Hardress would acknowledge to his own mind), to obtain an opportunity of softening his mother's prejudices against the time of avowal, and of forwarding the interests of his friend, Kyrle Daly, in another quarter; all these advantages were sufficient to compensate to his pride for the chance of some mortifying awkwardness, which might occur through his long neglect of, and contempt for, the habitual forms of society.

And of all the places in the world, thought Hardress, Killarney is the scene for such a debut as this. There is such an everlasting fund of conversation. The very store of common-place remarks is inexhaustible. If it rains, one can talk of the Killarney showers, and tell the story of Mr. Fox; and if the sun shine, it must shine upon more wonders than a hundred tongues, as nimble as those of Fame herself, could tell. The teasing of the guides, the lies of the boatmen, the legends of the lakes, the English arrivals, the echoes, the optical illusions, the mists, the mountains. If I were as dull as Otter,\* I could be as talkative as the barber in the Arabian Nights on such a subject, and yet without

the necessity of burthening my tongue with more than a sentence at a time.

Notwithstanding these encouraging reflections, Hardress, next morning, experienced many a struggle with his false shame before he left his chamber to encounter his mother's charming visitor. What was peculiar in the social timidity of this young gentleman lay in the circumstance that it could scarcely ever be perceived in society. His excessive pride prevented his often incurring the danger of a mortifying repression, and it could hardly be inferred from his reserved, and at the same time dignified demeanor, whether his silence were the effect of ill-temper, stupidity, or bashfulness. Few, indeed, ever thought of attributing it to that lofty philosophical principle to which he himself pretended; and there was but one in addition to Kyrle Daly, of all his acquaintances, on whom it did not produce an unfavorable impression.

After having been summoned half a dozen times to the breakfast parlor and delaying each time to indulge in a fresh peep at the mirror to adjust his hair, which had now too much and now too little powder; to alter the disposition of his shirt frill, and consummate the tying of his cravat, Hardress descended to the parlor, where, to his surprise, he found his cousin seated alone. She was simply dressed, and her hair, according to the fashion of unmarried ladies at the period, fell down in black and shining ringlets on her neck. A plain necklace of the famous black oak of the lakes, and a Maltese cross, formed from the hoof of the red deer, constituted the principal decorations of her person. There was a consciousness, and even a distress, in the manner of their meeting. A womanly reserve and delicacy made Anne unwilling to affect an intimacy that might not be met as she could desire; and his never-failing pride prevented Hardress from seeming to desire a favor that he had reason to suppose might not be granted him.

Accordingly, the great store of conversation which he had been preparing the night before, now, to his astonishment, utterly deserted him, and he discovered that subject is an acquisition of little use, while it is unsatisfied by mutual confidence and good-will among the interlocutors. Nothing was effective, nothing told; and when Mrs. Cregan entered the parlor, she lifted her hands in wonder, to see her fair visitor seated by the fire, and reading some silly novel of the day (which happened to lie near her), while Hardress affected to amuse himself with Creagh's dog Pincher at the window, and said repeatedly within his own heart, "Ah, Eily! you are worth this fine lady a hundred times over!"

"Anne! Hardress! My lady, and my gentleman! Upon my word, Hardress, you ought to be proud of your gallantry. On the very first morning of your return, I find you seated at a distance of half a room from your old play-fellow, and allowing her to look for entertainment in a stupid book! But, perhaps, you do not know each other. Oh! then it is *my* duty to apologize for being out of the way. Miss Chute, this is Mr. Hardress Cregan; Mr. Hardress Cregan, this is Miss

\*A character in Ben Jonson's "Epicene."



Chute." And she went through a mock introduction in the formal manner of the day.

The lady and gentleman each muttered something in reply.

"We have spoken, ma'am," said Hardress. "We have spoken ma'am!" echoed Mrs. Cregan. "Sir, your most obedient servant! You have made a wonderful effort, and shown a great deal of condescension! You have spoken! You have done everything that a gentleman of so much dignity and consequence was called upon to do, and you will not move a single footstep farther. But, perhaps," she added, glancing at Anne, "perhaps I am dealing unjustly here. Perhaps the will to hear, and not the will to say, was wanted. If the fault lay with the listener, Hardress, speak. It is the only defence that I will think of admitting."

"Except that the listener might not be worth the trial," said Anne, in the same tone or liveliness, not unmingled with Pique, "I don't know how he can enter such a plea as that."

"Oh! Hardress! Oh fie, Hardress! There's a charge from a lady."

"I can assure you," said Hardress, a little confused, yet not displeased with the manner in which his cousin took up the subject, "I am not conscious of having deserved any such accusation. If you call upon me for a defence, I can only find it in a simple recrimination. Anne has been so distant to me ever since my return from Dublin, that I was afraid I had offended her."

"Very fair, sir; a very reasonable plea, indeed. Well Miss Chute," continued Mrs. Cregan, turning round with an air of mock gravity to her young visitor, "why have you been so distant to my son since his return, as to make him suppose he had offended you?" And she stood with her hands expanded before her, in the attitude of one who looks for an explanation.

"Offended me!" said Anne. "I must have been exceedingly unreasonable, indeed, if I had quarreled with anything that was said or done by Hardress, for I am sure he never once allowed me the opportunity."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Cregan, clasping her hands, and bursting into a fit of laughter; "you grow more severe. If I were a young gentleman, I should sink down with shame after such an imputation as that."

Hardress found himself suddenly entrapped in a scene of coquetry. "Might not one do better, mother," he said, running lightly across the room, and taking a seat close by the side of his cousin—"might not one do better by endeavoring to amend?"

"But it is too late, sir," said Anne, affecting to move away; "my aunt Cregan is right, and I am offended with you. Don't sit so near, if you please. The truth is, I have made up my mind not to like you at all, and I never will change it, you may be certain."

"That is too hard, Anne. We are old friends, you should remember. What can I have done to make you so inveterate?"

"That's right, Hardress," said Mrs. Cregan, who had now taken her place at the breakfast-table; "do not be discouraged by her. Give her no peace until she is

your friend. But in the meantime come to breakfast. The cockswain has been waiting this half hour."

The same scene of coquetry was continued during the morning. Hardress, who was no less delighted than surprised at this change of manner in his lovely cousin, assumed the part of a duteous knight, endeavoring, by the most assiduous attentions, to conciliate the favor of his offended "lady;" and Anne maintained with a playful dignity the inexorable coldness and reserve which was the prerogative of the sex in those days of chivalry and sound sense. "We hate those," says Bruyere, "who treat us with pride; but a smile is sufficient to reconcile us." In proportion to the chagrin which the fancied coolness of his fair cousin had occasioned to the quick-hearted Hardress, was the pleasure which he received from this unexpected and intimate turn of manner. And now it was, moreover, that he became capable of doing justice to the real character of the young lady. No longer embarrassed by the feeling of strangeness and apprehension which had kept her spirits back on their first meeting, Anne now assumed to him that ease and liveliness of manner with which she was accustomed to fascinate her more familiar acquaintances. He was astonished, even to a degree of consternation, at the extent both of her talents and her knowledge. On general subjects, he found with extreme and almost humiliating surprise, that her information very nearly approached his own; and in a graceful and unostentatious application of that knowledge to familiar subjects, she possessed the customary female superiority.

We will not intrude so far upon the peculiar province of the guide-books, as to furnish any detail of the enchanting scenery through which our party travelled in the course of the forenoon. Every new sight that he beheld, every new hour that he spent in the society of his cousin, assisted in disabusing his mind of the prejudice which he had conceived against her, and supplying its place by a feeling of strong kindness. It happened, likewise, that in the course of the day, many circumstances occurred to render him well satisfied with the company of his new associates. The disposition to please and be pleased was general amongst them; and Hardress was flattered by the degree of attention which he received, not only from his own party, but from his mother's fashionable acquaintances to whom he was introduced in passing. Life, spirit, courtliness of manner, and kindness of feeling governed the tone of conversation throughout the day; and Hardress bore his part in quality of host with a degree of success and effect, that was a matter of astonishment to himself. One or two of the younger ladies only were heard to say, that Mr. Cregan was a little inattentive, and that he seemed to imagine there was not another lady of the party besides Miss Chute; but it is suspected that even those pretty murmurs were by no means the least sensible of the merit of the person whom they censured. When the evening drew near, and the party left the island for home, Hardress was once more surprised to find, that although he had been speaking for nearly half the day, he had not once

found it necessary to make allusion to the Killarney showers, the optical deceptions, or the story of Charles James Fox.

When he parted from the merry circle, in order to fulfil his promise to Eily, a feeling of blank regret fell suddenly upon his heart, like that which is experienced by a boy when the curtain falls at the close of the first theatrical spectacle which he has ever witnessed. His mother, who knew him too well to press any inquiry into the nature of his present engagement, had found no great difficulty in making him promise to return on the next day, in order to be present at a ball, which she was about to give at the cottage. The regret which Anne manifested at his departure (to her an unexpected movement), and the cordial pleasure with which she heard of his intention to return on the next morning, inspired him with a feeling of happiness, which he had not hitherto experienced since his childhood.

The next time he thought of Anne and Eily at the

same moment, the conjunction was not so unfavorable to the former as it had been in the morning. "There is no estimating the advantage," he said within his own mind, "which the society of so accomplished a girl as that must produce on the mind and habits of my dear little Eily. I wish they were already friends. My poor little love how much she has to learn before she can assume with comfort to herself the place for which I have designed her. But women are imitative creatures. They can more readily adapt themselves to the tone of any new society than we, who boast a firmer and less ductile nature; and Eily will find an additional facility in the good nature and active kindness of Anne Chute. I wish from my heart they were already friends."

As he finished this reflection, he turned his pony off the Gap-road, upon the crags which led to the cottage of Phil Naughten.

## CHAPTER XX.

### HOW HARDRESS HAD A STRANGE DREAM OF EILY.

THE burst of rapture and affection with which he was received by Eily banished for the moment every other feeling from the mind of the young husband. Her eyes sparkled and her countenance brightened at his entrance, with the innocent delight of a child. Her color changed, and her whole frame was agitated by a passion of joy, which Hardress could scarcely have anticipated if his absence had been prolonged to a much more considerable time. He could not avoid feeling that Eily was as far beyond his cousin in gentleness of feeling, in ready confidence, and winning simplicity of manner, as she was excelled by the latter in dignity of mind and of demeanor, in elegant knowledge, and in correctness of taste.

They stood at the open door, Eily being yet encircled by the arm of her husband, and gazing on his face, while the expression of rapture that had illumined the countenance of both, faded gradually away into a look of calm and settled joy. On a sudden, their ears were startled by a hoarse, husky, and yet piercing voice, which seemed to proceed from a crag that sheltered the cottage on the left side. Looking upward, Hardress beheld a woman standing on the turf, whose gesture and appearance showed her to be one of a race of viragos who are now less numerous in the country parts of Ireland than they were some twenty years since. Her face and hair announced a Spanish origin; her dress consisted of a brown stuff garment, fastened up the back with a row of brass buttons, and a muslin cap and ribbon, considerably injured by the effect of long possession. An old drab *jock*, soiled and stained by many a roll in the puddle of the moun-

tain fairs, was superadded, and in her right hand she grasped a short heavy oak stick, which, if one might judge by the constant use she made of it in enforcing her gestures, was as necessary to her discourse as the famous thread of Lord Chesterfield's orator. Her eyes were bloodshot from watching and intemperance; and the same causes, joined to a habitual violence of temper, had given to her thin, red, and streaky countenance, a sudden and formidable turn of expression.

"Ha! ha! my children! my two fine, clever children, are ye there? Oh, the luck o' me, that it wasn't a lad like you I married; a clever boy, with the red blood running under his yellow skin, like that sun over behind the clouds, instead of the mane, withered disciple that calls my house his home this day. Look at the beauty of him! Look at the beauty of him! I might have been a lady if I liked. Oh, the luck o' me! the luck o' me! Five tall young men, every one of 'em a pattrern for a faction, and all, all dead in their graves, down, down; an' no one left but that picthur o' misery, that calls himself my husband. If it wasn't for the whiskey," she added, while she came down the crags, and stood before the pair, "my heart would break with the thoughts of it. Five tall young men, brothers every one, an' they to die, an' he to live! Wouldn't it kill the Danes to think of it! Five tall young men! Gi' me the price o' the whiskey."

"Indeed I will not, Poll. You have had enough already."

"No, nor half!" shouted the amazon. "A dhram is enough, but two dhrams isn't half enough, an' I had



only two. Coax him, *ma chree, ma lanuv*, to gi' me the price o' the whisky."

Eily, who stood in great terror of this virago, turned a supplicating glance on Hardress.

"Your young mistress," said the latter, "would not become a participator in the sin of your drunkenness."

"My mistress! The rope-maker's daughter! My mistress! Eily-na-thiadarucha! Welcome from Gallow's Green. The poor silly crathur! Is it because I call you, with the blood of all your fathers in your veins, a gentleman, my masther, that I'd call her a lady, and my mistress? Gi' me the price o' the whiskey!"

"I shall not, Poll. Go back."

"Gi' me the price o' the whiskey, or I'll tear the crooked eyes out o' your yellow face! Gi' me it, I tell you, or I'll give my mistress more kicks than ha'pence, the next time I catch her alone in the house, and you awy coortin' and divartin' at Killarney."

"Cool yourself, Poll, or I'll make you cool."

"You a gentleman! There isn't a noggin o' genteel blood in the veins o' your whole seed, breed and generation. You have a heart! you stingy, bone-polishing, tawny faced, beggarly, mane-spirited mohawk that hadn't the spirit to choose between poverty and dignity! You a gentleman! The highest and the finest in the land was open to you, an' you hadn't the courage to stand up to your fortune. You a heart! Except a lady was to come an' coort you of herself, sorrow chance she'd ever have of you or you of her. An' signs on, see what a mistress you brought over us! I wondher you had the courage to spake to her itself. While others looked up, you looked down. I often seen a worm turn to a butterfly, but I never heard of a butterfly turning to a worm in my life before. You a heart! I'll lay a noggin, if the docthors open you when you die, they won't find such a thing as a heart in your whole yellow carcase, only a cowl'd gizzard like the turkeys."

Hardress turned pale with anger at this coarse but bitter satire. "Do stop her mouth, my dear Hardress," murmured Eily, whose total want of pride rendered her almost incapable of resentment. "Do silence her? That woman makes me afraid of my very life."

"Never entertain the least apprehension on that subject, Eily. There is one key to the good will of Fighting Poll, by which you may be always certain of keeping your place in her affections. It is whisky. Keep her in whisky and you keep her faithful. Nor need you ever fear to be out-purchased; for Poll has just good principle enough to prefer a little whisky with honesty, to a great deal obtained as the wages of treason. Well, Poll," he continued, turning to that amazon, "you are too many for me. Here is half-a-crown to drink my health, and be a good girl."

"Half-a-crown!" shouted the woman, catching the glittering coin as Hardress sent it twirling through the air. "I knew you were your father's son for all! I knew 'tis o' purpose you were. I knew you had the nature in you, after all! Ha! here comes Phil and Danny at last. Come, sthrip, now, Phil! Sthrip off the

coat at once, an' let us see if M'Donough laid the horse whip over your shoulders to-day."

The man only returned her a surly glance in answer to this speech.

"What M'Donough is this, Phil?" said Hardress; "what horse-whipping do you speak of, Poll?"

"I'll tell you, sir," returned Phil. "He is our landlord, and the owner of all the land about you, as far as you can see, an' farther. He lives about a mile away from us, an' is noted for being a good landlord to all, far an' near. Only there's one fashion he has, and that's a troublesome one to some of his people. As he gives all manner of lases at a reasonable rent himself, he wishes that his land should be sub-let reasonable also, which makes him very contrairy whenever there does be any complaints of hard usage from the under-tenants. I'll tell you his plan when he finds anything o' the sort atther his head-tenants. He doesn't drive 'em nor be hard upon 'em, nor ax for the arrears, nor one ha'p'orth, only sends his sarvant boy down to their house with a little whip-handle, about so big, that's as well known about his estate as the landlord's own face. Well, the sarvant boy comes in, as it might be to my cabin there (if he had anything again me), an' without ever saying one word, he walks into the middle o' the floore, an' lays the whip handle upon the table, and walks out again without ever sayin' one word. Very well; the tenant knows when he sees the whip, that he must carry it up to his landlord next morning, as sure as he has a head upon his shoulders; an' take it from me, there's many lads among 'em have no great welcome for the sight of it. Well, up they go to the great house an' there they ax for the masther, an' they carry the whip-handle into his parlor, where he locks the door upon 'em, an' if they can't well account for what they done, he makes 'em sthrip, and begins flaking 'em, with a horse-whip until their backs is all one grishkin; an' then he tells 'em to go about their business, an' let him hear no more complaints in future. I thought it was a ghost, I seen myself, last night, when I fund the whip-handle on my own table. But I made all clear when I seen the masther."

"That is pushing his authority to a feudal extent," said Hardress.

"A what sir?" asked Phil, looking puzzled.

"Nothing, Phil, nothing. Poll, go in now, and get supper ready in your mistress's room."

"Let Phil get it," returned the amazon, "I want to step over to the *street*\* for a pound o' candles."

"A pound o' candles!" echoed her helpmate, with sneering emphasis.

"Iss, what else," exclaimed Poll, grasping her baton, and looking back on him with a menacing gesture.

"You know best what else yourself," said the husband, "We all know what sort o' candles it is you're going for. I lay my life you're atther gettin' money from the masther. But away with you, don't think I want to stop you. Your absence is better company than your presence any day in the year." So saying

\*Village.



he preceded our hero and heroine into the cottage muttering, in a low voice, a popular distich:

"Joy be with you, if you never come back,  
Dead or alive, or o' horseback."

In the course of this evening, Eily remarked that her husband, though affectionate as she could desire, was more silent and abstracted than she had ever seen him, and that he more frequently spoke in correction of some little breach of etiquette, or inelegance of manner, than in those terms of eloquent praise and fondness which he was accustomed to lavish upon her. One advantage, however, of Eily's want of penetration was, that the demon of suspicion never disturbed the quiet of her soul; and it required the utmost and the most convincing evidence of falsehood, to shake the generous and illimitable confidence which she reposed in any person who was once established in her affections. While she felt, therefore, some little pain on her husband's account, she never experienced the slightest trouble on her own. She endeavored with cheerfulness to adapt herself to his wishes, and though in this she could not become immediately successful, he would have owned a rigid temper, indeed, if it had not been softened by the submissive sweetness of her demeanor.

And Hardress was softened, though not satisfied by her gentle efforts. He observed on this evening a much more considerable number of those unpleasing blemishes than he had on any other, and the memory of them pursued him even into his midnight slumbers, where fancy, as usual, augmented their effects upon his mind. He dreamed that the hour had come in which he was to introduce his bride to his rich and fashionable acquaintances, and that a large company had assembled at his mother's cottage to honor the occasion. Nothing, however, could exceed the bashfulness, the awkwardness, and the homeliness of speech and accent, with which the rope-maker's daughter received their compliments; and to complete the climax of his chagrin, on happening to look round upon her during dinner, he saw her in the act of peeling a potato with her fingers? The phantom haunted him for half the night. He dreamed, moreover, that when he reasoned with her on this subject, she answered him with a degree of pert vulgarity and impatience which was in "discordant harmony" with her shyness before strangers, and which made him angry at heart and miserable in mind.

The dreams of passion are always vivid, distinct, and deeply impressive. The feeling of anger and annoyance remained on the mind of Hardress even after he awoke, and, although he never failed to correct and dispel the sensation, whenever it arose, yet, throughout the whole of the following morning, a strong and disagreeable association was awakened whenever he looked upon Eily.

Before he again left her, Hardress explained the nature of his present position with respect to his mother, and informed his wife of the necessity which existed for spending a considerable portion of the month which was to come at his father's cottage. Eily heard this

announcement with pain and grief, but without remonstrance. She cried like a child at parting with him; and after he had ridden away, remained leaning against the jamb of the door with her moistened handkerchief placed against her cheek in an attitude of musing sorrow. He had promised to return on the second day after, but how was she to live over the long, long interval? A lonesomeness of heart that was in mournful accordance with the mighty solitudes in which she dwelt, fell down and abode upon her spirit.

On that night Hardress was one of the gayest revellers at his mother's ball. Anne Chute, who was, beyond all competition, the star of the evening, favored him with a marked and cordial distinction. The flattering deference with which he was received by all with whom he entered into conversation during the night, surprised him into ease and fluency; and the success of his own eloquence made him in love with his auditory. When it is considered that this was the very first ball he had ever witnessed since his boyhood, and that his life, in the interim, had been the life of a recluse, its effect upon his mind will cease to be a matter of surprise. The richness of the dresses—the liveliness of the music—the beauty of the fair dancers—the gaiety of their young partners—the air of elegant mirth that filled the whole apartment—produced a new and delicious sensation of happiness in the susceptible temper of Hardress. Our feelings are so much under the government of our habits, that a modern English family, in the same rank, might have denied the praise of *comfort* to that which, in the unaccustomed eyes of Hardress, wore the warmer hue of luxury; for he lived at a time when Irish gentlemen fostered a more substantial pride than at present: when appearances were comparatively but little consulted, and the master of a mansion cared not how rude was the interior, or how ruinous the exterior of his dwelling, provided he could always maintain a loaded larder and a noisy board. The scene around him was not less enervating to the mind of our hero because the chairs which the company used were of plain oak, and the light from the large glass lustre fell upon the coarse unpapered walls, whose only ornament consisted of the cross-barred lines drawn with the trowel in the rough mortar. Many of those who are accustomed to scenes of elegant dissipation, might not readily give credence to the effect which was wrought upon his feelings by circumstances of comparatively little import. The perfumed air of the room, the loftiness of the ceiling, the festooning of the drapery above the windows, the occasional pauses and changes in the music, all contributed to raise his mind into a condition of peculiar and exquisite enthusiasm, which made it a susceptible of deep, dangerous, and indelible impressions. The wisdom of religion, in prescribing a strict and constant government of the senses, could not be more apparent than on an occasion like this, when their influence upon the reason became almost as potent and absorbing as that of an internal passion.

In the midst of this gaiety of heart and topping fullness of mind, a circumstance occurred to throw it into

a more disturbed and serious, but scarcely less delightful condition. The intervals in the dancing were filled up by songs from the company, and Anne Chute, in her turn, was called on for her contribution of melody. Hardress was leaning over her shoulder, and looking at the music-book, which she was turning over leaf after leaf, as if in search of some suitable piece for the occasion.

"Ah, this will do, I think," said Anne, pausing at a manuscript song, which was adapted to an old air, and running a rapid prelude along the keys of the instrument. The letters H. C. were written at the top of the page, and Hardress felt a glow like fire upon his brow the instant he beheld them. He drew back a little out of the light, and listened with an almost painful emotion to the song, which the fair performer executed with an ease and feeling that gave to the words an effect beyond that to which they might themselves have pretended. They were the following:—

## I.

A place in thy memory, dearest,  
Is all that I claim;  
To pause and look back when thou hearest  
The sound of my name.

Another may woo thee, nearer,  
Another may win and wear;  
I care not though he be dearer,  
If I am remembered there.

## II.

Remember me—not as a lover  
Whose hope was cross'd,  
Whose bosom can never recover  
The light it has lost—  
As the young bride remembers the mother  
She loves, though she never may see—  
As a sister remembers a brother,  
O, dearest! remember me.

## III.

Could I be thy true lover, dearest,  
Could'st thou smile on me,  
I would be the fondest and nearest  
That ever loved thee!  
But a cloud on my pathway is glooming,  
That never must burst upon thine,  
And Heaven, that made thee all blooming,  
Ne'er made thee to wither on mine.

## IV.

Remember me, then!—O! remember,  
My calm, light love;  
Though bleak as the blasts of November  
My life may prove.  
That life will, thought lonely, be sweet,  
If its brightest enjoyment should be  
A smile and kind word when we meet,  
And a place in thy memory.

## CHAPTER XXI.

HOW HARDRESS SPENT HIS TIME WHILE KYRLE DALY WAS ASLEEP.

"MOTHER, can you tell me why Anne Chute appears so abstracted and so reserved in her manner these few days past? Is she ill? Is she out of spirits? Is she annoyed at anything?"

Hardress Oregan, who spoke this speech, was resting with his arm on the sash of one of the cottage windows. Mrs. Oregan was standing at a table in the centre of the room, arranging several small packages of plate, glass, and china, which had been borrowed from various neighbors on occasion of the ball. At a little distance stood old Nancy in her blue cloak and hood, awaiting the commands of her mistress, who, as she proceeded with her occupation, glanced, at intervals, a sharp and inquiring glance at her son.

"Here, Nancy, take this china to Mrs. Gogheghan, with my compliments, and tell her that I am very much obliged to her; and for your life, you horrible old creature, take care and not break them."

"Oyeh, murther! is it I? Fake 'em sure that I won't so."

"And tell Mike, as you are going down stairs, to come hither. I want to send him with those spoons to Miss Macarthy."

"Mike isn't come back yet, ma'am, since he wint over with the three-branch candlestick to Mrs. Crasbie."

"He is a very long time away, then."

"Can you tell me, mother," said Hardress, after in vain expecting an answer to his former queries,—"Can

you tell me, mother, if Annie Chute has had any unpleasant news from home lately?"

"Well, Nancy," continued Mrs. Oregan, appearing not to have heard her son, "run away with your parcel, and deliver your message as you have been told, and hurry back again, for I have three more places to send you to before dinner."

"Allilu! my old bones will be fairly worn from under me with the dint of thrallivantin," muttered Nancy, as she left the room.

"I beg your pardon, Hardress, my dear—were you not speaking? My attention is so occupied by these affairs, that I have not a head for anything besides. This is one of the annoyances produced by your father's improvidence. He will not purchase those things, and I am obliged to borrow them, and to invite their owners into the bargain. I should not mind the borrowing but for that, as they are, generally speaking, very inferior in quality to the article they lend me. In my thoughts the latter always occupy so much more important a place than their possessors, that in sending a note of invitation to Mrs. Crosbie (or Crasbie as Nancy calls her), the other day, I was on the point of writing 'Mrs. Oregan presents her compliments to the three-branched candlesticks.' But were you not speaking to me?"

"I merely asked you, mother, if you knew the cause of the change which has lately appeared in Anne

Chute's manner, and which I have observed more especially since the night of the ball."

"I do," said Mrs. Cregan.

Hardress turned his face around, and looked as if he expected to hear more.

"But before I inform you," continued Mrs. Cregan, "you must answer me one question. What do you think of Anne Chute?"

"Think of her, mother?"

"Think of her mother! You echo me, like Iago in the play. I hope it is not that you have got any such monster in your thoughts as may not meet the light."

Hardress shook his head with a smile of deep meaning. "Indeed, mother," he said, "it is far otherwise. I am ashamed to trust my lips with my opinion of Anne Chute. She is, in truth, a fascinating girl. If I were to tell you, in the simplest language, all that I think and all that I feel in her favor, you would say that you had found out a mad son in Hardress. She is, indeed, an incomparable young woman."

"A girl," said his mother, who heard this speech with evident satisfaction—"a girl who is far too amiable to become the victim of disappointed feelings."

"Of disappointed feelings!"

"Another echo! Why you seem to have caught the mocking spirits from the lakes. I tell you she is within the danger of such an event."

"How is that, mother?"

"Close the door, and I will tell you. I see you have remarked the increasing alteration in her manner. If I should entrust you with a lady's secret, do you think you know how to venerate it?"

"Why so, mother?"

"Ah, that's a safe answer. Well, I think I may trust you without requiring a pledge. Anne Chute has met with the usual fate of young ladies at her age; she is deep in love."

Hardress felt the hot blood gather upon his breath when he heard these words. "You are jesting, mother," he said at length, and with a forced smile.

"It is sad jesting for poor Anne, however, said Mrs. Cregan, with much seriousness. "She is completely caught, indeed. I never saw a girl so much in love in my life."

"He is a happy person," said Hardress, after a pause, and in a deep voice; "he is either a very stupid or a very happy fellow whom Anne Chute distinguishes with her regard. And happy he must be, for a stupid lover could never press so wearily upon the remembrance of such a girl. He is a very happy fellow."

"And yet, to look at him, you would suppose he was neither the one nor the other," said his mother.

"What is his name?"

"Can you not guess?"

The name of Kyrle Daly, rose to the lips of Hardress, but from some undefinable cause he was unable to pronounce it. "Guess?" he repeated; "not I. Captain Gibson?"

"Pooh? what an opinion you have formed of Anne, if you suppose her to be one of those susceptible

misses to whom the proximity of a red coat, in country quarters, is an affair of fatal consequence."

"Kyrle Daly, then?"

"Poor Kyrle—no. But that I think she has already chosen better, I could wish it were he, poor fellow! But you do not seem inclined to pay your cousin a compliment this morning. Do you not think you guess a little below her worth?"

"Not in Kyrle Daly. He is a lover for a queen; he is my true friend."

"That," said his mother with emphasis, "might be some recommendation."

Hardress gazed on her, as if altogether at a loss.

"Well, have you already come to a stand?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Then I believe I shall not insist on you exposing your own dullness any longer. Come hither, Hardress, and sit near me."

The young gentleman took a chair at his mother's side, and awaited her further speech with increasing interest.

"Hardress," she said, "I have a claim, independent of my natural right, to your obedience, and I must insist, in this one instance at least, on its not being contested. Listen to me. I have now an object in view, to the accomplishment of which I look forward with a passionate interest, nor it has no other aim than the completion of your happiness—a concern, my beloved boy, which has always sat closest to my heart, even from your childhood. I have no child but you. My other little babes are with their Maker. I have none left but you, and I think I feel my heart yearn towards you with all the love which, if those angels had not flown from me, would have been divided amongst them."

She paused, affected, and Hardress lowered his face in deep and grateful emotion.

"It is, I think, but reasonable, therefore," Mrs. Cregan continued, "to desire your concurrence in a project which has your own happiness only for its object. Are you really so dull of perception as not to be aware of the impression you have made on the affections of Anne Chute?"

"That I—I have made?" exclaimed Hardress, with a confusion and even a wildness in his manner, which looked like a compound of joy and terror. "That I—did you say, mother?"

"That you have made," repeated his mother. "It is true, indeed, Hardress. She loves you. This fascinating girl loves you long and deeply. This incomparable young woman, with whose praises you dare not trust your tongue, is pining for your love in the silence of her chamber. This beautiful and gifted creature, who is the wonder of all who see and the love of all who know her, is ready to pour forth her spirit at your feet in a murmur of expiring fondness. Use your fortunes. The world smiles brightly on you. I say again, Anne Chute is long, deeply, and devotedly your own."

Hardress drank in every accent of this poisonous speech with that fatal relish which is felt by the infatuated Eastern for his draught of stiling tincture. While he lay back in his chair, however, to enjoy the



full and swelling rapture of his triumph, a horrid remembrance suddenly darted through his brain, and made him start from his chair as if he had received a blow.

"Mother," said he, "you are deceived in this." It is not, it cannot be, the fact. "I see the object of which you speak, and I am sure your own anxiety for its accomplishment has led you to miscalculate. My own surmises are not in unison with yours."

"My dear child," replied his mother, "I have a far better authority than surmise for what I say. Do you think, my love, that I would run the hazard of disturbing your peace, without an absolute assurance of the truth of my statement? I have an authority that ought to satisfy the most distrustful lover; and I will be guilty of a breach of confidence, in order to set your mind at rest, for I am certain of your honor. It is the confession, the reluctant and hardly-won confession, of my darling Anne herself."

Again a revulsion of frightful rapture rushed through the frame of the listener, and made him resume his chair in silence.

"When we came here first," continued Mrs. Cregan, "I could perceive that there was a secret, although I was far from suspecting its nature. The first glimpse of light that broke upon the mystery was produced by accident. You remember poor Dalton, our old huntsman? I happened to speak to Anne of his attachment to you, and could at once observe that her interest for the man was ardently awakened."

"I remember, I remember like a dream," said Hardress, raising his finger in the manner of one endeavoring to strengthen an indistinct recollection. "Poor Dalton told me Anne had been kind to him. Anne! No, no," he added, with much confusion, "he named no one. He said a person in this house had been kind to him. I was prevented from inquiring farther."

"That person," said Mrs. Cregan, "was Anne Chute. From the moment of that conversation my eyes were opened, and I felt like one who has suddenly discovered the principle of an intricate and complicated system. I saw it in her silence while your arrival was delayed—I saw it on the morning of your meeting—I saw it throughout that day—I saw it in her dissembled grief, in her dissembled joy. Poor dear girl! I saw it in the almost childlike happiness that sparkled in her eyes when you came near us, and in the sudden gloom that followed your departure. For shame, my child! Why are you so dull of perception? Have you eyes? Have you ears? Have you a brain to comprehend, or a heart to estimate your good fortune? It should have been your part, not mine, to draw that dear acknowledgment from the lips of Anne last night."

To this observation, Hardress replied only by a low moan, which had in it an expression of deep pain. "How, mother," he at length asked in a hoarse tone, "by what management did you draw this secret from her?"

"By a simple process. By making it worth her while to give me her confidence. By telling her what I have long since perceived, though it may possibly

have escaped your own observation, that her passion was not unrequited—that you were as deeply in love with her as she with you."

"Me! me in love! You could not, you would not, surely, mother, speak with so much rashness," exclaimed Hardress, in evident alarm.

"Why? do you *not* love her, then?"

"Love her, mother?"

"I see you have not yet done with the echoes."

"I love her as a cousin should love a cousin—nothing more."

"Ay; but she is no cousin of yours. Come! it must be either more or less. What shall I say?"

"Neither. It is in that light I have always looked upon Anne. I could not love her less. I would not, dare not, love her more."

"Dare not! You have got a strange vocabulary for a lover. What do you mean by 'dare not?' What mighty daring is requisite to enable a young man to fall in love with a young lady, of whose affection he is already certain? The daring that is necessary for wedlock is an old bachelor's sneer, which should never be heard on lips which are ruddy with the blood of less than forty summers. Why dare you not love Anne Chute?"

"Because, by doing so, I should break my faith to another."

Mrs. Cregan fixed her eyes on him, as if somewhat stunned. "What do you say, Hardress?" she murmured, just above her breath.

"I say, mother, that my heart and faith are both already pledged to another, and that I must not break my engagement."

"Do you speak seriously?"

"I could not jest on this subject, if I were so inclined."

"And dare you tell me this?" Mrs. Cregan exclaimed, starting up from her seat with a sudden fierceness of manner. "You have no daring! You dare not love the love that I have chosen for you, and you dare tell me to my face of such a boldness as this! But dare me not too far, I warn you, Hardress. You will not find it safe."

"I dare tell the truth when I am called on," replied Hardress, who never respected his mother so little as in her moments of passion and authority, "in all places, and at all hazards, even including that of incurring my mother's displeasure."

"Listen to me, Hardress," said his mother, returning to her seat, and endeavoring to suppress her anger—"it is better we should fully understand each other."

"It is, mother; and I cannot choose a better time to be explicit than the present. I was wrong, very wrong, in not taking an earlier opportunity of explaining to you the circumstances in which I stand. But it is better even now than later. Mother," he continued, moving near to her, and taking her hand between his, with a deprecating tenderness of manner, "forgive your own Hardress! I have already fixed my affections, and pledged myself to another."

Mrs. Cregan pressed her handkerchief against her

face, and leaned forward on the table, which position she maintained during the dialogue which followed.

"And who is that other?" she asked with a calmness that astonished her son. "Is she superior to Anne Chute in rank or fortune?"

"Far otherwise, mother."

"In talent, then, or manner?"

"Still far beneath my cousin."

"In what, then, consists the motive of preference, for I am at a loss?"

"In everything that relates to acquirement," said Hardress, "she is not even to be compared to Anne Chute. It is in virtue alone, and in gentleness of disposition, that she can pretend to an equality. I once believed her lovelier, but I was prejudiced."

Mrs. Cregan now raised her head, and showed, by the change in her appearance, what passionate struggles she had been endeavoring to overcome. The veins had started out upon her forehead, a dull fire shone in her eyes, and one dark tress of hair, uncured by dampness and agitation, was swept across her temples. "Poor, low-born, silly, and vulgar!" she repeated, with an air of perplexity and suppressed anger. Then, assuming an attitude of easy dignity, and forcing a smile, she said: "Oh, my dear Hardress, you must be jesting, for I am sure you could not make such a choice as you describe."

"If it is a misfortune," replied Hardress, "I must only summon up all my philosophy, mother, for there is no escaping it."

Mrs. Cregan again pressed her hand upon her brow for some moments, and then said: "Well, Hardress, let us conduct this discussion calmly. I have got a violent shooting in my head, and cannot say so much as I desire. But listen to me as I have done to you. My honor is pledged to your cousin for the truth of what I have told her. I have made her certain that her wishes shall be accomplished, and I will not have my child's heart broken. If you are serious, Hardress, you have acted a most dishonorable part. Your conduct to Anne Chute would have deceived—it *has* deceived—the most unbiased amongst your acquaintances. You have paid her attentions which no honorable man could offer, while he entertained only a feeling of indifference towards their object."

"Mother! mother! how can you make such a charge as that? Was it not entirely, and reluctantly, in compliance with your own injunctions that I did so?"

"Ay," replied Mrs. Cregan, a little struck, "but I was not then aware of your position. Why did you not *then* inform me of all this? Let the consequences, sir, of your duplicity fall on you own head, not on my poor girl's, nor mine. I could not have believed you capable of such a meanness. Had you then discovered all, it would have been in time for the safety of your cousin's happiness and for my own honor—for that, too, is staked in the issue. What, sir! Is your vanity so egregious that, for its gratification merely, you would interfere with a young girl's prospects in life, by filling up the place at her side to which others equal in merit and more sincere in their intentions,

might have aspired? Is not that consideration alone (putting aside the keener disappointment to which you have subjected her) enough to make your conduct appear hideous?"

The truth and justice of this speech left Hardress without a word.

"You are already contracted at every fireside in Kerry and Limerick also," continued his mother; "and I am determined that there shall be no whispering about my own sweet Anne. You must perform the promise that your conduct has given."

"And my engagement?"

"Break it off!" exclaimed Mrs. Cregan, with a burst of anger, scarcely modified by her feeling of decorum. "If you have been base enough to make a double pledge, and if there must be a victim, I am resolved it shall not be Anne Chute. I must not have to reproach myself with having bound her for the sacrifice. Now take your choice. I tell you, I had rather die—nay, I had rather see you in your coffin, then matched below your rank. You are yet unable to cater for your own happiness; and you would assuredly lay up a fund of misery for all your coming years. Now take your choice. If you wed as I desire, you shall have all the happiness that rank, and wealth, and honor, and domestic affection can secure you. If against my wish—if you resist me, enjoy your vulgar taste, and add to it all the wretchedness that extreme poverty can furnish; for, whether I live or die (as, indeed, I shall be careless on that subject henceforward), you never shall possess a guinea of your inheritance. So take your choice."

"It is already made", said Hardress, rising with a mournful dignity, and moving towards the door. "My fortunes are already decided, whatever way my inclinations move. Farewell then, mother. I am grateful to you for all your former kindness, but it is impossible that I can please you in this. As to the poverty with which you intend to punish me, I can face that consequence without much anxiety, after I have ventured to incur the hazard of your anger."

He was already at the door, when his mother recalled him with a softened voice. "Hardress," she said, with tears in her eyes, "I mistake my heart entirely. It cannot afford to loose a son so easily. Come hither, and sit by me, my own beloved boy. You know not, Hardress, how I have loved and love you. Why will you anger me, my child? I never angered you, even when you were an infant at my bosom. I never gave you a hard word or look, since you were a child in my arms. What have I done to you, Hardress? Even supposing that I have acted with any rashness in this, why will you insist on my suffering for it?"

"My dear mother—"

"If you knew how I have loved you, Hardress; but you can never know it, for it was shown most frequently and fondly when you were incapable of acknowledging or appreciating it. If you knew how disinterestedly I have watched and labored for your happiness, even from your boyhood, you would not so calmly resign your mind to the idea of such a separa-



tion. Come, Hardress, we must yet be friends. I do not press you for an immediate answer; but tell me you will think of it, and think more kindly. Bid me but smile on Anne when I meet her next. Nay, don't look troubled; I shall not speak to her until I have your answer; I will only smile upon her. That's my darling Hardress."

"But, mother—"

"Not one word more. At least, Hardress, my wishes are worth a little consideration. Look there!" she suddenly exclaimed, laying her hand on the arm of her son, and pointing through the open window; "is that not worth a little consideration?"

Hardress looked in that direction, and beheld a sight which might have proved dangerous to the resolution of a more self-regulated spirit. It was the figure of his cousin standing under the shade of a lofty arbutus (a tree which acknowledges Killarney alone, of all our northern possessions, for its natal region). A few streaks of the golden sunshine streamed in upon her figure through the boughs, and quivered over the involutions of her drapery. She was without a bonnet, and her short black ringlets, blown loose about her rather pale and careful countenance, gave it somewhat of the character of an Ariadne or a Penthesilea. She walked towards the house, and every motion of her frame seemed instinct with a natural intelligence. Hardress could not (without a nobler effort than he would use) remove his eyes from this beautiful vision, until a turn in the gravel-walk concealed it from his view, and it disappeared among the foliage, as a lustrous star is lost in a mass of autumnal clouds.

"Mother," said Hardress, "I will think on what you have said. May Heaven defend and guide me! I am a miserable wretch, but I will think of it. Oh, mother, my dear mother, if I had confided in you, or you in me! Why have we been thus secret to each other?"

But pardon me! It is I alone that is deserving of that reproach, for you were contriving for my happiness only. Happiness! What a vain word that is! I never shall be happy more. Never, indeed! I have destroyed my fortunes."

"Hush, boy, I hear Anne's foot upon the lobby. I told her you would walk with her to-day."

"Me walk with her!" said Hardress, with a shudder. "No, no, I cannot, mother; it would be wrong—I dare not, indeed."

"*Dare not*, again," said Mrs. Cregan, smiling. "Come, come, finish this conversation for the present, and consider it again at your leisure."

"I will think of it," repeated the young man, with some wildness of manner. "May Heaven defend and guide me! I am a wretch already."

"Hush! hush!" said his mother, who did not attach too much importance to these exclamations of mental distress; "you must not let your mistress hear you praying in that way, or she will suppose she has frightened you."

"*My mistress*, mother!"

"Pooh, pooh! your cousin then. Don't look so terrified. Well, Hardress, I am obliged to you."

"Ay, mother, but don't be misled by—"

"Oh, be in no pain for that. I understand you perfectly. Remain here, and I will send your cousin to you in a few minutes."

It would have at once put an end to all discussion on this subject, if Hardress had informed his mother that he was in fact already married. He was aware of this, and yet he could not tell her that it was so. It was not that he feared her anger, for that he had already dared. He knew that he was called on in honor, in justice, and in conscience, to make his parent aware of the full extent of his position, and yet he shunned the avowal as he would have done a sentence of despair.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### HOW THE TEMPTATION OF HARDRESS PROCEEDED.

DURING the few weeks that followed the conversation just detailed, Eily received a rapid and fearful change in the temper and appearance of her husband. His visits were fewer and shorter than they were before, and when he did come, his manner was restrained and cautious in an extraordinary degree. His eye looked troubled, and his voice was deep and broken, his cheek grew pale and fleshless, and a gloomy air, which might be supposed the mingled result of discontent and dissipation, appeared in all his person. He no longer conversed with that noisy frankness and gaiety in which he was accustomed to indulge in all societies where he felt perfectly at ease. To Eily he spoke sometimes with coldness and impatience, and very often with a wild affection that had in it as much of

grief as of tenderness. To the other inmates of the cottage he was altogether reserved and haughty, and even his own boatman seldom cared to tempt him into a conversation. Sometimes Eily was inclined to think that he had escaped from some unpleasant scenes at home, his demeanour during the evening was so abstracted and so full of care. On other occasions, when he came to her cottage late at night, she was shocked to discover about him the appearance of a riotous indulgence. Born and educated as she was in the Ireland of the eighteenth century, this circumstance would not have much disturbed the mind of our heroine, but that it became gradually more frequent of occurrence, and seemed rather to indicate a voluntary habit, than that necessity to which even sober people were often sub-



jected, when they mingled in the society of Irish country gentlemen of that period. Eily thus experienced, for the first time, and with an aching spirit, one of the keenest anxieties of married life.

"Hardress," she said to him one morning as he was preparing to depart, after an interval of gloomy silence, long unbroken, "I won't let you go among those fine ladies any more, if you be thinking of them always when you come to me again."

Her husband started like one conscience-struck, and looked sharply round upon her.

"What do you mean," he said, with a slight contraction of the brows.

"Just what I say, then," said Eily, smiling and nodding her head with a petty affectation of authority. "Those fine ladies musn't take you from Eily. And I'll tell you another thing, Hardress. Whisper." She laid her hand upon his shoulder, raised herself on tiptoe, and murmured in his ear; "I'll not let you among the fine gentlemen either, if that's the teaching they give you."

"What teaching?"

"Oh, you know yourself," Eily continued, nodding and smiling; "it is a teaching that you would never learn from Eily, if you spent the evenings with her as you used to do in the beginning. Do you know is there e'er a priest living in the neighborhood?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have something to tell him that lies upon my conscience."

"And would you not confess your failings to an affectionate friend, Eily, as well as to a holier director?"

"I would," said Eily, bending on him a look of piercing sweetness, "if I thought he would forgive me afterwards as readily."

"Provided always that you are a true penitent," returned Hardress, reaching her his hand.

"There is little fear of that," said Eily. "It would be well for me, Hardress, if I could as easily be penitent for heavier sins."

After a moment's deep thought, Eily resumed her playful manner, and placing both her hands on the still expanded one of her husband, she continued: "Well, then, sir, I'll tell you what's troubling me: I'm afraid I'm going wrong entirely this time back. I got married, sir, a couple o' months ago, to one Mr. Hardress Cregan, a very nice gentleman, that I'm very fond of."

"I'm afraid so, rightly speaking, although I hope *he* doesn't think so. But he told me when he brought me down to Killarny, that he was going to speak to his friends [the brow of the listener darkened], and to ask their forgiveness for himself and Eily. And there's nearly two months now, since I came, and what I have to charge myself with, sir, is, that I am too fond of my husband, and that I don't like to vex him by speaking about it, as may be it would be my duty to do. And, besides, I don't keep my husband to proper order at all. I let him stop out sometimes for many days together, and then I'm very angry with him, but when he comes, I'm so foolish and so glad to see him, that I can't look cross, or speak a hard word, if I was to get

all Ireland for it. And more than that, again; I'm not at all sure how he spends his time while he is out, and I don't ever question him properly about it. I know there are a great many handsome young ladies where he goes to, and a deal of gentlemen that are very pleasant company after dinner; for indeed, my husband is often more merry than wise, when he comes home to me late at night, and still Eily says nothing. And, besides all this, I think my husband has something weighing upon his mind, and I don't make him tell it to me, as a good wife ought to do; and I like to have a friend's advice, as you're good enough to offer it, sir, to know what I'd do. What do you think about him, sir? Do you think any of the ladies has taken his fancy? Or do you think he's growing tired of Eily? Or that he doesn't think so much of her now that he knows her better? What would you advise me to do?"

"I am rather at a loss," said Hardress, with some bitterness in his accent; "it is so difficult to advise a *jealous* person."

"Jealous!" exclaimed Eily, with a slight blush. "Ah, now I'm sorry I came to you at all, for I see you know nothing about me, since you think that's the way. I see now that you don't know how to advise me at all, and I'll leave you there. What would I be jealous of?"

"Why, of those handsome young ladies that your husband visits."

"Ah, if I was jealous that way," said Eily, with a keen and serious smile, "that is not the way I'd show it."

"How, then, Eily?"

"Why, first of all, I wouldn't as much as think of such a thing without the greatest reason in the world, without being downright sure of it, and if I got that reason, nobody would ever know of it, for I wouldn't say a word, only walk into that room there, and stretch upon the bed, and die."

"Why that's what many a brutal husband, in such a case, would exactly desire."

"So itself," said Eily, with a flushed and kindling cheek; "so itself. I wouldn't be long in his way, I'll engage."

"Well, then," Hardress said, rising and addressing her with a severe solemnity of manner, "my advice to you is this. As long as you live, never presume to inquire into your husband's secrets, nor affect an influence which he never will admit. And if you wish to avoid that great reason for jealousy, of which you stand in fear, avoid suffering the slightest suspicions to appear; for men are stubborn beings, and when such suspicions are wantonly set afoot, they find the temptation to furnish them with a cause almost irresistible."

"Well, Hardress," said Eily, "you are angry with me, after all. Didn't you say you would forgive me? Oh, then, I'll engage I'd be very sorry to say anything, if I thought you'd be this way."

"I am not angry," said Hardress, in a tone of vexation. "I *do* forgive you," he added, in an accent of sharp reproof; "I spoke entirely for your own sake."

"And wouldn't Hardress allow his own Eily her little joke?"

"Joke!" exclaimed Hardress, bursting into a sudden fit of passion, which made his eyes water and his limbs shake as if they would have sunk beneath him. "Am I become the subject of your mirth? Day after day my brain is verging nearer and nearer to utter madness, and do you jest on that? Do you see this cheek? You count more hollows there than when I met you first, and does that make you merry? Give me your hand! Do you feel how that heart beats? Is that a subject, Eily, for joke or jest? Do you think this face turns thin and yellow for nothing? There are a thousand and a thousand horrid thoughts and temptations burning within me daily, and eating my flesh away by inches. The Devil is laughing at me, and Eily joins him."

"Oh, Hardress—Hardress!—"

"Yes!—you have the best right to laugh, for you are the gainer. Curse on you! Curse on your beauty—curse on my own folly—for I have been undone by both! Let go my knees! Let go my arm! I hate you! Take the truth, I'll not be poisoned with it! I am sick of you, you have disgusted me! I will ease my heart by telling you the whole. If I seek the society of other women, it is because I find not among them your meanness and vulgarity. If I get drunk and make myself the best you say, it is in the hope to forget the iron chain that binds me to you."

"Oh, Hardress," shrieked the affrighted girl, "you are not in earnest now?"

"I am; *I do not joke!*" her husband exclaimed with a hoarse vehemence. "Let go my knees! you are sure enough of me. I am bound to you too firmly."

"Oh, my dear Hardress! Oh, my own husband, listen to me! hear your own Eily for one moment. Oh, my poor father,"

"Ha!"

"It slipped from me! Forgive me! I know I am to blame, I am greatly to blame, dear Hardress, but forgive me! I left my home and all for you—oh, do not cast me off! I will do anything to please you—I never will open my lips again—only say you did not mean all that! Oh, Heaven!" she continued, throwing her head back, and looking upward with expanded mouth and eyes, while she maintained her kneeling posture and clasped her husband's feet. "Merciful Heaven, direct him! Oh, Hardress, think how far I am from home! Think of all you promised me, and how I believed you! Stay with me for a while at any rate! Do not——"

On a sudden, while Hardress was still struggling to free himself from her arms, without doing her violence, Eily felt a swimming in her head and a cloud upon her sight. The next instant she was motionless.

The first face she beheld, on recovering from her insensibility, was that of Poll Naughten, who was seated in a low chair, and supporting Eily's head against her knees, while she was striking her in the open palm with a prodigious violence.

"Ah, there she draws the breath," said Fighting Poll. "Oh, wirra, missiz, what brought you out on

your face and hands on the middle of the floore, that way?"

Eily muttered some unmeaning answer, and remained for some minutes struggling with the consciousness of some undefined horror. Looking around at length, and missing the figure of Hardress, she lay back once more, and burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. Phil Naughten, who was smoking a short pipe by the fire-side, said something in Irish to his wife, to which the latter replied in the same language, and then turning to Eily, said: "Will you take a dhrop of anything, a-chree?"

Eily raised her hand in dissent.

"Will you come in, and take a stretch on the bed, then?"

To this Eily answered in the affirmative, and walked, with the assistance of her hostess, into her sleeping chamber. Here she lay during the remainder of the day, the curtain suffered to fall so as to keep the broad sunshine from her aching eyes and head. Her reflections, however, on the frightful and sudden alteration which had taken place in her condition were cut short ere long, by a sleep of that sound and dreamless nature which usually supervenes after an excess of passionate excitement or anxiety.

In the meantime, Hardress hurried along the Gap Road with the speed of one who desires to counteract, by extreme bodily exertion, the turbulence of an uneasy spirit. As he passed the lonely little bridge, which crosses the stream above the Black Lake, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a familiar voice, which appeared to reach him from the clouds. Looking over his shoulder to the summit of the Purple Mountain, he beheld Danny Mann, nearly a thousand feet above him, moving towards the immense pile of loose stones (from the hue of which the mountain has derived its name), and driving before him a small herd of goats, the property of his brother-in-law. Turning off the road, Hardress commenced the ascent this toilsome eminence—partly because the difficulty afforded a relief to his spirits, and partly because he wished to converse with his dependent.

Although the day was fine, and sometimes cheered with sunshine near the base of the mountain, its summit was wrapped in mist, and wet with incessant showers. The scenery around was solitary, gigantic, and sternly barren. The figure of some wonder-hunting tourist, with a guide-boy bearing his portfolio and umbrella, appeared at long intervals, among the lesser undulations of the mountain-side, and the long road which traversed the gloomy valley dwindled to the width of a meadow foot-path. On the opposite side of the enormous ravine, the gray and misty Reeks still raised their crumbling summits far above him. Masses of white mist gathered in sullen congress between their peaks, and, sometimes floating upward in large volumes, were borne majestically onward, catching a thousand tints of gold and purple from the declining sun. Sometimes a trailing shower of mingled mist and rain, would sweep across the intervening chasm, like the sheeted spectre of a giant, and present to the eye of the spectator that



appearance which supplied the imagination of Ossian with its romantic images. The mighty gorge itself, at one end, appeared to be lost and divided amid a host of mountains tossed together in provoking gloom and misery. Lower down, it opened upon a wide and cultivated champaign, which at this altitude presented the resemblance of a rich mosaic of a thousand colors, and afforded a bright contrast to the barren shrubless gloom of the solitary vale itself. As Hardress approached the summit, this scene of grandeur and of beauty was shut out from his view by the intervening mist, which left nothing visible but the peak on which he stood, and which looked like a barren islet in a sea of vapor. Above him was a blue sky, broken up with masses of clouds, against which the rays of the sun were refracted, with various effect, according to their degrees of density and altitude. Occasionally, as Hardress pressed onward through the heath, a heavy grouse would spring up at his feet, challenge, and wheel to the other side of the mountain. Sometimes, also, as he looked downward, a passing gust of wind would draw aside the misty vale that lay between him and the world, and cause the picture once more to open on his sight.

His attendant now met and greeted him as usual. "It's well for you, Masther Hardress, dat hasn't a flock o' goats to be huntin' after dis mornin'; my heart is broke from 'em, dat's what it is. We turn 'em out in de mornin', an' dough dey have plenty to ait below dere, dey never stop 'till dey go to de top o' the mountain, nothin' less would do for 'em; like many o' the Christians demselves, dey'll be mountin' always, even when 'tis no good for 'em."

"I have no remedy," said Hardress, musing, "and yet the thought of enduring such a fate is intolerable."

"What a fine day this would be for the water, master," continued his servant. "You don't ever care to take a sail now, sir?"

"Oh, Kyrie, Kyrie Daly, what a prophetic truth was in your words! Giddy, headlong wretch that I have been! I wish that my feet had grown to my mother's hearth when I first thought of evading her control, and marrying without her sanction." He paused in a mood of bitter retrospection. "I'll not endure it," he again exclaimed, starting from his reverie; "it shall not be without recall. I will not, because I cannot. Monster! monster that I am! Wed one, and woo another! Both now are cheated? Which shall be the victim?"

The Devil was at his ear, and whispered, "Be not uneasy; hundreds have done the same before you."

"Firm as dat mountain stands, an' as it stood dis hundred, aye, dis thousand year, maybe," continued Danny Mann, "still an' all, to look up dat way at dem great loose stones, dat look as if dey were shovelled up above us by some joyants or great people of ould, a body would tink it hardly safe to stand here onder 'em, in dread dey'd come tumblin' down, maybe, an' make smidereens of him, bless the mark! Wouldn't he now, Master Hardress?"

The person so addressed turned his eyes mechanically in the same direction. A kind of desperate satis-

faction was visible on his features, as the idea of insecurity which his servant suggested became impressed upon his mind. The latter perceived and understood its expression on the instant.

"Dere's something troublin' you, Master Hardress; dat I see plain enough. An' 'tisin't now, nor to-day, nor 'tisterday, I seen it aider. Is dere anyting Danny Mann can do to sarve you? If dere be, say de word dis moment, an' I'll be bail he'll do it before long."

"Danny," said Hardress, after a pause, "I am troubled. I was a fool, Danny, when I refused to listen to your advice upon one occasion."

"An' dat was de time when I tould you not to go again de missiz, an' to have no call to Eily O'Connor."

"It was."

"I tought it would be dis way. I tought, all along, dat Eily was no wife for you, Master Hardress. It was not in nature she could be; a poor man's daughter, widout money, or manners, or book-larnen' or one ha'port'. I tould you dat, Master Hardress, but you wouldn't hear me by any means, an' dis is de way of it now."

"Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis done," said Hardress, with sullen impatience: "I was to blame, and I am suffering for it."

"Does she know herself de trouble she is to you?"

"I could not keep it from her. I did not know myself how utterly my dislike had prevailed within me, until the occasion arose for giving it utterance, and then it came forth at once like a torrent. I told her what I felt; that I hated, that I was sick of her. I could not stop my tongue. My heart struck me for the base unkindness, the ungrateful ruffianism of my speech, and yet I could not stop my tongue. I have made her miserable, and I am myself accursed. What is there to be done? Have you only skill to prevent mtschief? Have you none to remedy?"

Danny took thought for a moment. "Sorrow trouble would I ever give myself about her," he said at last, "only send her home packin' to her fader, an' give her no tanks."

"And with what face should I appear befor my honorable friends, when that old rope-maker should come to demand redress for his insulted child, and to claim her husband's promise? Should I send Eily home to earn for myself the reputation of a faithless villain?"

"I never tought o' dat," said Danny, nodding his head. "Dat's a horse of anoder color. Why, then, I'll tell you what I'd do. Pay her passage out to Quabec, and put her aboard a three-master, without ever sayin' a word to anybody. I'll tell you what it is, Master Hardress. Do by her as you do by dat glove you have on your hand. Make it come off as it come on, and if it fits too tight take de knife to it."

"What do you mean?"

"Only gi' me the word, as I said before, an' I'll engage Eily O'Connor will never trouble you any more. Don't ax me any questions at all, only, if you'ree agreeable, take off dat glove an' give it to me for a token. Dat I'll be enough; lave de rest to Danny."

A doubtful, horrible sensation of fear and anxiety ga-



thered upon the heart of the listener, and held him for a minute fixed in breathless agitation. He gazed upon the face of his servant with an expression of gaping terror, as if he stood in the presence of the arch-tempter himself. At length, walking up to him, he laid his open hand upon his neck, and then drawing his fingers close, until the fellow's face was purple with blood, he shook him as if he would have shaken his joints out of their sockets.

"Villain!" he exclaimed, with a hoarseness and vehemence of tone which gave an appalling depth to his expressions. "Dangerous villain and tempter! If you ever dare again to utter a word, or meditate a thought of violence towards that unhappy creature, I will tear you limb from limb between my hands."

"Oh, murder, Master Hardress! Dat the hands may stick to me, sir, if I tought a ha'p'ort' o' harm!"

"Do you mark me well, now? I am quite in earnest. Respect her as you would the highest lady in the land. Do as she commands you without murmuring. If I hear her say (and I will question her upon it) that you have leered one glance of those blood-longing eyes upon her, it shall be their last look in this world."

"Oh, vo! Dat I may never die in sin, Master Hardress, if——"

"Begone! I am glad you have opened my eyes. I tread more safely now. My heart is lighter. Yet that I should have endured to be so tempted! Fellow, I doubt you for worse than you appear. We are here alone; the world, the busy world, is hid beneath us, and we stand here alone in the eye of the open Heaven, and without roof or wall to screen us, even in fancy, from the downright reproach of the beholding angels.

None but the haughty and insulting Lucifer himself could think of daring Providence upon the threshold of His own region. But be you fiend or mortal, I defy and dare you; I repel your bloody temptation. I tell you, fiend or mortal, that my soul abhors your speech and gesture both. I may be wretched and impious; I may send up to Heaven a cry of discontent and murmuring; the cry of blood shall never leave this earth for me. Blood! *Whose blood? Her's? Great Heaven! Great Heaven defend me!*" He covered his face with his hands, and bent down for a moment in dreadful agitation; then suddenly starting up, and waving his hand rapidly, he continued: "Away, away at once, and quit my sight. I have chosen my doom. My heart may burn for years within my breast, if I can find no other way to soothe it. I know how to endure. I am wholly ignorant of guilt like this. Once more," he added, clenching his fist, and shaking it towards his startled dependent, "once more I warn you, mark my words and obey them."

So saying, he hurried down the hill, and was hid in the ascending mist, while his affrighted servant remained gaping after him, and muttering mechanically such asseverations as, "Dat I may never sin, Master Hardress! dat de head may go to de grave wid me! Dat I may be happy! Dat de hands may stick to me, if I tought any harm!"

More than half of the frantic speech of Hardress, it may be readily imagined, was wholly unintelligible to Danny, who followed him down the mountain, half crazy with terror, and not a little choked into the bargain.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### HOW AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR ARRIVED IN EILY'S COTTAGE.

TOWARDS night-fall Eily awoke with that confused and strange feeling which a person experiences who has slept at an accustomed hour. The sun had already set; but the red and faintly lustrous shadow of the window, which was thrown on the opposite wall, showed that his refracted light was yet strong and bright on the horizon. While she lay back, endeavoring to recall the circumstances which brought her into her present situation, a voice assailed her ear which made her start in sudden alarm from her reclining posture. It was that of a person singing, in a low voice, outside her window, the following words:—

"As I roved out on a fine summer morning,  
A speculating most curiously,  
To my surprise, I soon espied  
A charming fair one approaching me.  
I stood awhile——"

Here the melodist knocked gently at the door of the cottage.

"I stood awhile in deep meditation,  
Contemplating what I should do;  
'Till, at length, recruiting all my sensation,  
I thus accosted the fair Colleen rue,"\*

At the close of the verse, which was prolonged by the customary nasal twang, the singer knocked a little more loudly with the knuckle of his fore-finger:—

"Oh, was I Hector, that noble victor,  
Who died a victim to the Grecian skill;  
Or was I a Paris, whose deeds were various,  
As an arbitrator on Ida's hill,  
I'd roam through Asia, likewise Arabia,  
Or Pennsylvania——"

Here he knocked again.

"Or Pennsylvania, looking for you,  
Through the burning regions, like famed Orpheus,  
For one embrace of you, Colleen rue."

"I am ruined! I am undone!" thought Eily, as she listened in deep distress and fear; "my father has

\* Red-haired girl.

found me out, and they are all come to look for me. Oh, Hardress! Hardress!"

"They're all dead or dhraming here, I believe," said the singer; "I'm in fine luck, if I have to go down the ould gap again afther night-fall." Stimulated by this reflection, he turned his back to the door, and began kicking against it with his heel, while he continued his song:—

"And are you Aurora, or the goddess Flora,  
Or Eutherpasia, or fair Venus bright,  
Or Helen fair, beyond compare,  
Whoam Paris stole from the Grecian sight?  
Thou fairest creature, how you've enslaved me!  
I'm intoxicated by Cupid's clue,  
Whooose golden notes and infatuations  
Have deranged my ideas for you, Colleen rue."

Here the same air was taken up by a shrill and broken female voice, at a little distance from the house, and in the words which follow:—

"Sir, I pray, be aisy, and do not tease me  
With your false praises met jestingly;  
Your golden notes and insinwayrhuns  
Are vaunting speeches, decalving me.  
I am not Aurora, nor the goddess Flora,  
But a rural female to all men's view.  
Who's here condoning my situation,  
And my appellation is the Colleen rue."

"You're not Aurora!" muttered the first voice. "Wisha, dear knows, it isn't aisy to contradiet you. They'd be the dhröll Auroras an' Floras, if that's the figure they cut. Ah, Mrs. Naughten!" he added, raising and changing his voice as the shadow of the female figure crossed the window of Eily's apartment, "How are *you* this evening, ma'am? I hope you got well over your voyage that morning?"

What voyage? Who is it I have there at all?" said Poli, in a tone of surprise. "Oh, Lowry Looby! Oh, ma-gra-lu! how is every inch of you, Lowry? It raises the very cockles o' my heart to see you."

"Purty well, indeed, as for the health, Mrs. Naughten, we're obleest to you."

"Oh, vo, vo! An' what brought you into this part of the world, Lowry? It's a long time since you an' I met."

"Tis as good as two months, a'most, I b'lieve."

"Two months, eroo? 'Tis six years if it's a day."

"Oh, iss, for good; but I mane the time we met in the cottage behind at the dairy-farm, the night o' the great storm, when ye were near being all lost in the boat, if it wasn't the will o' Heaven."

"The dairy-farm! lost in the boat! I don't know what is it you're talkin' about at all man. But come in, come in, Lowry, and take a sate. Stop, here's Phil. Phil, eroo, this is Lowry Looby, that you heerd me talk of being a friend o' the Hewsans formerly."

Thus introduced, Phil and Lowry both took off their hats, and bowed repeatedly with a most courteous profundity of obeisance. The door was then opened, and a polite contest arose as to the right of precedence between the gentlemen, which was finally decided in favor of Lowry, as the visitor.

"Well, Lowry, what news eastwards?" was the next question.

"Oh, then, nothing strhange, Mrs. Naughten. I was twice by this way since I seen you that night. Coming

from Cork I was to-day, when I thought I'd stop over and see how you wor afther the voyage. I left the horse an' car over in Mrs. Cregan's yard."

"I believe you're lost with the hunger. Phil, stir yourself, an' put down something for supper."

"Don't hurry yourself on my account," said Lowry, affecting an indifference which he did not feel; "I took something at Mr. Cregan's. I saw Masther Hardress there in the parlor windee, playin' chests (I think it is they called it) with Miss Anne Chute. Oh, murder, that's a darling, a beautiful lady! Her laugh is like music. Oh, dear! oh, dear! To see the smile of her, though, an' she looking at him! It flogged the world: Mike, the 'boy they have there, an' old Nancy, told me she's greatly taken with the young masther."

"Why, then, she may as well throw her cap at him."

"Why so, eroo?"

"Oh—for raisons."

"There's one thing Mike told me, an' I'm sure I wonder I never heerd a word of it before; that there was some talks of herself and my young masther, Mr. Kyrle Daly. I knew he used to be going there of an odd time, but I never heard anything that way. There's a dale that's looking afther her, Mike tells me. Whoever gets her, they say, he'll have as much *jewels* to fight as will keep him going for the first quarter, any way."

"Tha go bragh," said Phil, tossing his head; "that's what bothers the gentlemen. *Jewels, jewels*, always."

"Jewels always, then, just as you say, Mistor Naughten," said Lowry. "It's what ruins 'em, body and soul. At every hand's turn, nothing but a jewel! Let there be a contrhairy look, and pistols is the word at once."

"An' if a poor boy is *reflected* upon, an' goes to a fair to thry it out with an innocent little kippen, 'Oh, the savages!' the gentlemen cry at once; 'oh, the blood-thirsty villians!' And they'll go themselves and shoot one another like dogs, for less raison."

"It's thrue for you," returned Lowry. "Sure, 'twould be a blessing for a man to be aiting a dhry piatie from morning till night, an' to have quietness. I'll tell you what it is, Mistor Naughten, I spake for myself: of all things going, I wouldn't like to be a born gentleman. They're never out o' trouble, this way or that way. If they're not fighting, they have more things upon their mind than would bother a dozen poor men; an' if they go divarting, ten to one they have a *jewel* before the day is over. Sure, if it was a thing two gentlemen axed a lady to dance, an' she gave into one of 'em, the other should challenge him for to go fighting! Sure that flogs Europe! And they have so much books to read to be able to converse genteel before the ladies. I'm told a gentleman isn't fit to show his face in company till he reads as much books as would stretch from this to the doore over. And then to be watching yourself, an' spake Englied, an' not to ate half your 'nough at dinner, an' to have 'em all looking at you if you took too big a bite or done anything again' manners, and never to have your own fling, an' let you do what you liked yourself! I wouldn't lade such a life if I got Europe. A snug stool by the fire-

side—a boiled piatee in one hand, a piggin o' milk in the other, and one (that I wou't name now) smiling overright me, that's all the gentility I'd ever ask for in this world, any way. I'd a'most as lieve be born a female as a gentleman, maning no offence to the ladies, Mrs. Naughten."

"Every one to his taste, Lowry. Many men have many minds. Phil, will you go out now and help Danny to put up them goats, not to have them strayin' over on Myles Murphy's ground as they wor o' *Cheusday* week? I see Danny coming down the mountain."

The obedient husband did as he was commanded, and Lowry took advantage of his absence to enter into a more confidential communication with his formidable hostess.

"Well, Mrs. Naughten, if I was to hear a person swear this upon a book, I'd say 'twas a lie he was telling me, if I didn't see it with my own eyes."

"What is it you see?"

"Oh! then, nothing but what I'm well pleased to see. Well, I thought that one that once gave themselves a bad habit, could never be broke of it again, no more than a horse could be broke of starting."

At this the virago fixed upon him a kindling and suspicious eye.

"And tell me now, Mrs. Naughten," continued Lowry, not perceiving the indication of incipient wrath, "how did it come on you first when you dhropt the cursing that way entirely? I think I'd feel a great loss for the first week or fortnight."

"Folly on! Misther Looby, folly on! You're welcome for your sport this evening."

"Sport? Faiks it's no sport to me, only an admiration. All the people that I ever heerd of making a vow o' the kind wor sure to break it again, if they didn't get inside of it one way or another by shkamming. Sure there was, to my knowledge, John O'Reilly, the blacksmith, near Castle Chute, made as many vows as I have fingers an' toes again' the dhrink, and there is'nt one of 'em but what he got the advantage of. First, he med a vow he wouldn't dhrink a dhrop for six months to come, any way, either in a house or out of a house. An' sure 'tis where I found him the fortnight afther, was at Mike Normile's, and he dhinking as if it was for bets, an' sitting in a chair upon the threshold o' the doore with a leg at this side and a leg at that. 'Is that the way you're keeping your vow, Misther O'Reilly?' says I, when I see him. 'Tis,' says he, 'what else? Sure I can dhink here,' says he, 'an' no thanks, while I'm neither in the house nor out of it.' An' sure twas throe for him. Well, there's no use in talking, but some people would live where a fox would starve. Sure, of another time, he med a vow he wouldn't drink upon Ireland ground, an' where do you think did I get him afther, only sitting cross-legs upon a branch o' the big beech tree near Normile's, an' he still at the old work, dhinking away! 'Wisha, long life to you,' says I, 'if that's the way; a purty fruit the tree bears in you,' says I, 'this morning.' People o' that kind, Mrs. Naughten, has no business making vows at all, again' the dhrink or the cursing either."

"I'm hearing to you, Lowry," said Fighting Poll with an ominous sharpness in her accent.

"An' do you hold to the same plan still, ma'am?"

"What plan do you mane?"

"The same plan as when I met you that night at the Dairy Cottage. Not to be talking, nor dhinking, nor cursing, nor swearing, nor fighting, nor— Oh! murthar, Mrs. Naughten, sure you're not going to sthrike me inside your own doore?"

"To be sure I would, when I see you daar make a hand o' me!"

"Me make a hand o' you, woman? what hand am I makin'?"

"Every hand!" exclaimed the Pentheselea, raising her voice. So saying, and with the accustomed yell of onset, she flourished her short stick, and discharged a blow at Lowry's little head, which, if it had not been warded off by a dexterous interposition of the chair on which he had been sitting, would have left him something to think of for a week to come.

The scuffle waxed hot, and would doubtless have terminated in some serious bodily injury to the party assailed, but that the sudden re-entrance of Phil, with his brother-in-law, Danny Mann, brought it to a premature termination.

"Poll! Poll, ayeh! Misther Looby! What's the matter? Worn't ye as thick as cousins this moment?"

"Ah Lowry, is dat you? What's all dis about?"

"Don't hould me, Phil, an' I'll bate him while bating is good for him; an' that's from this till morning."

"Here's usage, Mr. Naughten! Mr. Mann, here's thratement! Gi' me my ould hat an' let me be off; I was a fool to come at all! And after my civility eastwards, when you come dhripping wet into the cottage! Well, it's all one."

"Whist, eroo!" said Danny Mann, in a conciliating tone, "come dis way, Lowry, I want to talk to you." And he led him out of the cottage.

Eily, who was perfectly aware of the cause of this misconception, had listened to the whole scene, at one time with intense and painful anxiety, and at another with an inclination to laugh, in spite of all the difficulties and dangers by which she was surrounded. Before long, however, an idea entered her mind, which wholly detached her attention from the *melee* in the kitchen. She resolved to write to her father by Lowry, to make him aware, at least of her safety, and of her hope to meet him again in honor, if not in happiness. This would at least remove one great load from her mind, and prepare him for her return. While she arranged her writing materials at the small table, the thoughts of home came crowding on her so thick and fast, that she found a difficulty in proceeding with her task. It was an humble home, to be sure, but yet it *was* her home. He was an humble father, but he *was* her father. She painted a little picture, unconsciously to her own mind, of that forsaken dwelling. She saw her father sitting by the turf fire, leaning forward with his elbow resting on his knee, a finger beneath his temple, and his gray watery eye fixed on her accustomed chair which stood empty, on the opposite side. His



hair had received another shower of silver since they parted. She scarcely dared to breathe aloud, lest she should disturb the imagined loneliness of his condition. On a sudden she figured to herself the latched door put gently back, and the form of Lowry Looby entering with her letter in his hand. She marked the air of cold and sad indifference with which the old man recognized him and received the letter. He looked at the direction—started—tore off the seal, and looked within, while his whole frame trembled until the gray hairs were shaken loose upon his temples; she saw the passion struggling in his throat, and her own eyes were blinded by tears. The picture here became too vivid for her feelings, and pushing the little desk aside, she sank down into her chair in a violent fit of sobbing.

While she remained in this condition, Poll Naughten entered the room, arranging her disordered head-dress, and bearing still upon her countenance the traces of the vanished storm. Its expression, however, was completely altered when she observed the situation of Eily.

"What ails you, a'ra gal?" she asked in a softened voice; "Arn't you better after the sleep at all?"

"Poll, do you know that man who is in the kitchen?"

"Is it Lowry Looby? Ah ha! the scoundhril! 'tis I that do, and I'll make him he'll know me, too, before I part him."

"Hush, Poll, come hither. I want you to do me a service. I know this man too."

"Why, then, he's little credit to you or any one else."

"I want to caution you against saying a word of my name while he is in the house. It would be ruinous both to your master and myself."

"Faiks, I'll engage he won't be a bit the wiser of it for Poll Naughten."

"And I wish, besides, that you would give him, if he intends going to Limerick, a letter, which I will have for you in a few minutes. You need not tell him from whom it comes; do not even let him know that it is from a person in the house. And now, Poll, will you light me one of those candles, and close the window-shutters?"

This was done, and Eily commenced her letter. Before she proceeded far, however, it occurred to her that the superscription might awaken the suspicions of Lowry, and besides, she felt a very unaccountable difficulty about the manner of addressing her offended parent. Finally she decided on forwarding a brief and decorous note to "Mr. Dunat O'Leary, Hair-cutter, Garryowen;" in which she requested him to communicate to his old neighbor the circumstances of which she desired the latter should be made aware.

Whilst she folded the letter, she heard the cottage door once more open, and two persons enter the kitchen. A stillness ensued, which was broken by the voice of Danny Mann.

"I was spaking to dis boy here, Poll," he said, "an' I see 'tis all rising out of a mistake betune de two o' ye. He didn't mane anything by it, he tells me. Eh, Lowry?"

"It would be long from me, Mrs. Naughten, to say anything offensive to you, or any o' your people. Mister Mann, here, explained to me the nature of the matter. I own I didn't mane a ha'p'orth."

"Well, that's enough, that's enough. Give him the hand now, Poll," said her husband, "and let us ate our little supper in pace."

Eily heard no more, and the clatter of knives and forks, soon after, informed her that the most perfect harmony had been re-established amongst the parties. Nothing further occurred to disturb the good understanding which was thus fortunately restored, or to endanger the secret of our heroine, although Lowry was not without making many inquiries as to the name and quality of the lodger in the inner room. It was a long time, too, before he ceased to speculate on the nature of the letter to Foxy Dunat. On this his hostess would give him no information, although he threw out several hints of his anxiety to obtain it, and made many conjectures of his own, which he invariably ended by tossing the head, and declaring that "it flogged the world."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### HOW EILY UNDERTAKES A JOURNEY IN THE ABSENCE OF HER HUSBAND.

EILY heard Lowry Looby take his departure on the next morning with as lively a sensation of regret as if he had been a dear friend. After the unkindness of her husband, she trembled while she wept, to think that it might be a long time before she could meet one more interested in her fortunes.

Happier anticipation than this might not have been so perfectly fulfilled. The first weeks of winter swept rapidly away, and Eily neither saw nor heard from Hardress. Her situation became every moment more alarming. Her host and hostess, according as she appeared to grow out of favor with their patron, became at first negligent and surly, and at last insulting. She had hitherto maintained her place on the sunny side of Poll's esteem, by supplying that virago with small sums of money from time to time, although her conscience told her that those donations were not appropriated by the receiver to any virtuous end. But now her stock was running low. Hardress—and this was from mere lack of money—had left her almost wholly unprovided with funds.

She resolved to write to him, not with the view of obtaining mere pecuniary assistance, but in order to communicate the request which is subjoined in her own simple language:—

#### "MY DEAR HARDRESS,

"Do not leave me here to spend the whole winter alone. If Eily has done anything to offend you, come and tell her so; but remember that she is now away from every friend in the whole world. Even if you are still in the same mind as when you left me, come, at all events, for once, and let me go back to my father. If

you wish it, nobody besides us three, shall ever know what you were to your own.

"ELLY."

To this letter, which she entrusted to Danny the Lord, she received no answer; neither Hardress nor his servant had been seen at the cottage for more than a week after.

Matters, in the meantime, grew more unpleasing between Eily and her hosts. Poll treated her with the most contemptuous rudeness, and Phil began to throw out hints which it was difficult to misconceive, respecting their poverty, and the unreasonableness of people thrusting idlers upon them, when it was as much as they could do to maintain themselves in honesty. But Poll, who possessed the national recklessness of expense, whenever her husband spoke in this niggardly humor, turned on him, not in defence of Eily, but in abuse of his "mainness," although she could herself use the very same cause of invective when an occasion offered. Thus Eily, instead of commanding like a queen, as she had been promised, was compelled to fill the pitiable situation of an insecure and friendless dependent.

The wintry year rolled on in barrenness and gloom, casting an air of iron majesty and grandeur over the savage scenery in which she dwelt, and bringing close to her threshold the first Christmas which she had ever spent away from home. The Christmas Eve found her still looking anxiously forward to the return of her husband, or of his messenger. The morning had brought with it a black frost, and Eily sat down alone to a comfortless breakfast. No longer attended with that ready deference which marked the conduct of the Naughtens while she remained in favor, Eily was now obliged to procure and arrange all the materials for her repast with her own hands. There was no butter nor cream; but as this was one of the great vigils of fast-days of her church, which Eily observed with a conscientious exactness, she did not miss these prohibited luxuries. There was no fast upon sugar, however, and Eily perceived, with some chagrin, that the sugar-bowl also was empty. She walked softly to the chamber-door, where she paused for a moment, with her handkerchief placed before her cheeks, in that beautiful attitude which Homer ascribes to Penelope at the entrance of the "stout-built hall." At length she raised the latch, and opened the door to a few inches only.

"Poll," she said, in a timid and gentle voice, "do you know where's the sugar?"

"It's in the *cubbert*, I suppose," was the harsh and unceremonious answer.

The fact was, Poll had begun to keep the Christmas the evening before, and treated herself to a few tumblers of hot punch, in the manufacture of which she had herself consumed the whole of Eily's sweets. And there might have been some cause of consolation, if Poll's temper had been rendered the sweeter by all the sugar she took, but this was not the case.

"There is none there, Poll," said Eily.

"Well, what hurt? Can't you put a double allow-

ance o' crame in the tay, and dhrink it raw for once?"

"Ah, but this is a fast day," said Eily.

"Oyeh, choke it for work! Well, then, do as you please; I can't help you. I haven't a spoonful o' groceries in the house, girl, except I went for 'em—a thing I'd be very unfond to do on a mornin' like this."

"Well, I can't do without it, Poll," said Eily, returning to the table, and sitting down to her, unmetaphorically, bitter draught with the meekest resignation.

"Gi' me the money by-an'-by, when I'm goin' into town for the Christmas-candle, an' I'll buy it for you, itself an' the tay."

"But I have no money, Poll."

"No money, inagh? An' isn't it upon yourself we're depending this way to get in the things again' to-morrow, a Christmas Day?"

"Well, I have not a farthing."

"Didn't you tell me, yourself, the other day, you had a half-crown keepin' for me again' Hansel Monday?"

"I gave it to Danny. I thought I'd have more for you before then."

Here Poll dashed in the door with her hand, and confronted her affrighted lodger with the look and gesture of a raging Bacchanal.

"An' is that my thanks?" she screamed aloud. "Why, then, cock you up with bread and tay this mornin'. Go look after Danny, now, if you want your *bruk'ast*." An so saying, she seized two corners of the table-cloth, and upset the whole concern into the fireplace.

Terror and astonishment deprived Eily for some moments of the power of speech or motion, but when she saw Poll taking breath for a moment, and looking around to know what further devastation she might commit, the forlorn helplessness of her condition rushed at once upon her mind, and she fell back into her seat in a violent fit of hysterics.

This is a condition in which one woman can rarely behold another without emotion. Poll ran to her relief uttering every sound of affectionate condolence and encouragement which arose to her lips.

"Whist, now, a' ra gal! Whist, now, missiz, a-chree! Oh, ma chree, ma'asthore, ma llanuv, you wor! Howl, now, a' ra gal! Oh! vo! vo!—howl, asthore! What ails you? Sure you know 'tis only funnin' I was. Well, see this! Tell me anything now in the wide world I'll do for you, a' ra girl."

"Poll," said Eily, when she had recovered a certain degree of composure, "there is one thing that you can do for me, if you like, and it will relieve me from the greatest distress."

"An what is that, a-chree?"

"To lend me one of the ponies, and get me a boy that can show me the way to Castle Island."

"Is it goin' you're thinkin' off?"

"I will be here again," said Eily, "on to-morrow evening." Eily spoke this without any vehemence of assertion, and in the quiet manner of one who had never been accustomed to have her words doubted. So irresistible, too, is the force of simple truth, that Poll



did not even entertain a suspicion of any intent to deceive.

"An' what business would carry you to Castle Island, a' ra gal?"

"I have a friend there, an uncle," Eily replied, with tears starting into her eyes at the remembrance of her old preceptor. "I am sure, Poll, that he would assist me."

"I'm in dhrad 'tis goin' from uz you are now, o' count o' what I said to you. Don't mind that at all. Stop here as long as ever you like, an' no thanks. I'll step across the road this minute, an' *borry* the sugar for you, if it's it you want."

"No, no; I only want you to do as I have told you. I'll engage to screen you from all blame."

"Blame! Ah, whose blame is it you think I'd be afeard of? I'll let you see that I'll do what I like myself, an' get you the pony saddled an' all this minute. But you didn't ate anything hardly. Here's more bread in the cubbert, an' strengthen yourself again' the road while I'm away."

She left the room, and Eily, who had little hope of succeeding so easily in her request, proceeded to make her preparations for the journey with as much despatch and animation as if she had discovered a sudden mode of release from all her anxieties. For a considerable time the prospect of meeting with her uncle filled her bosom with a sensation of unmingled pleasure. If she looked back (while she tied her bonnet strings below her chin, and hurried on the plainest dress in her trunk), if she looked back to those days in which her venerable relative presided over her evening studies, and directed their application, it was only to turn her eyes again upon the future, and hope for their speedy renovation.

Having concluded her arrangements, and cautioned Poll not to say a word of her destination in case Hardress should come to the cottage, Eily now set out upon her lonely journey. The person whom Poll Naughten had procured for a guide was a stout-made girl, who carried an empty spirit-keg slung at her back in the tail of her gown, which she had turned up over her shoulders. She informed Eily that she was accustomed to go every Saturday to a town at the distance of fourteen miles, and to return in the evening with the keg full of spirits. "But this week," she continued, "I'm obleest to go twice, on account o' the Christmas Day falling in the middle of it."

"And what does your employer want with so much whiskey?" said Eily, a little interested in the fortune of so hard-working a creature.

"Want wi' the whiskey, inagh?" exclaimed the mountain girl, turning her black eyes on her companion in surprise. "Sure isn't it she that keeps the public-house above the Gap, an' what business would she have wid a place o' the kind without a dhrap o' whiskey?"

"And what are you paid, now, for so long a journey as that?"

"Different ways, I'm paid, different times. If it is a cowl'd evening when I come home, I take a glass o' the spirits itself, in preference to any thing, an' if not, the mistress pays me a penny every time!"

"One penny only!"

"One penny. Indeed it's too little, but when I spake of it, the mistress tells me she can get it done for less. So I have nothin' to say, but do as I'm bid."

Eily paused for some moments, while she compared the situation of this uncomplaining individual with her own. The balance of external comforts, at least, did not appear to be on the side of the poor little mountaineer.

"And have you no other way of living now than this?" she asked, with increasing interest.

"Illilo! Is it upou a penny a week you think I'd live?" returned the girl, who was beginning to form no very exalted idea of her companion's intellect.

"Do you live with your mistress?"

"No, I live with my ould father. We have a spot o' ground beyant for the piatees. Sometimes I dig it; but mostly the young boys o' the place comes and digs it for us on a Sunday or a holiday morning, an' I stick in the seed."

"And is it for the sake of the father or the daughter they take the trouble?"

"For the sake, I b'lieve, of the Almighty that made 'em both. Signs on, they have our prayers, night an' morning."

"Is your father quite helpless?"

"Oyeh! long from it. He's a turner; he makes little boxes, and necklaces, and things that way, of the arbutus and the black oak of the Lakes, that he sells to the English and other quollity people that comes to see them. But he finds it hard to get the timber, for none of it is allowed to be cut, and 'tis only windfalls that he can take when the stormy saison begins. Besides, there's more in the town o' Killarney that outsells him. He makes but a poor hand of it, after all."

"I wonder you have not got a sweetheart. You are very pretty and very good."

The girl here gave her a sidelong glance, and laughed so as to exhibit a set of teeth of the purest enamel. The look seemed to say: "Is that all you know about the matter?" but her words were different in their signification.

"Oyeh, I don't like 'em for men," she said with a half smiling, half coquettish air; "they're deceivers an' rovers, I believe, the best o' 'em."

"Well, I wouldn't think that now of that handsome young man in the check shirt, that nodded to you as we passed him awhile ago: he has an honest face."

The girl again laughed and blushed. "Why, then, I'll tell you," she said at length, seduced into a confidence. "If I'd b'lieve any of 'em, I think it is that boy; he is a boatman on the Lakes, and aims a sight o' money, but it go as fast as it comes."

"How is that?"

"Oh! then, he can't help it, poor fellow. Them boatmen arn't allowed to dhrink anything while they're upon the lakes, except at the *stations*; but, then, to make up for that, they all meet at night at a hall in town, where they stay dancing and dhrinking all night, till they spend whatever the quollity gives 'em in the day. Luke Kennedy (that's this boy) would like to



save if he could, but the rest wouldn't pull an oar with him, if he didn't do as they do. So that's the way of it. And sometimes, after being up all night a'most, you'll see 'em out again at the first light in the mornin'. 'Tis a pity the quollity would give 'em money at all, only have it laid out for 'em in some way that it would do 'em good. Luke Kennedy is a great fencer, I'm tould. Himself an' Myles Murphy, behind, are the best about the Lakes at the stick. Sure Luke taught fencin' himself once. Did you ever hear o' the great guard he taught the boys about the place?"

Fame had not informed Eily of this circumstance.

"Well, I'll tell you it. He gev it out one Sunday upon some writing that was placed again the chapel door, to have all the boys that wor for larnen to fence to come to him at such a place, an' he'd taich 'em a guard that would hindher 'em o' ever being struck. Well, 'tis an admiration what a gathering he had before him. So when they wor all listenin', 'Boys,' says he, gettin' up on a table, an' lookin' round him—'boys, the guard I have to give ye, that'll save ye from all sorts o' shtrokes, is this—to keep a civil tongue in yer head at all times. Do that,' said he 'an' I'll be bail ye never'll get a shtroke.' Well you never seen people wondher so much, nor look so foolish as they did, since the hour you wor born."

"'Twas a good advice."

"And that's a thing Luke knew how to give better than he'd take. I hardly spake to him at all now myself."

"Why so?"

"Oh! he knows himself. He wanted me a while ago to marry him, and to part my ould father."

"And you refused?" said Eily, blushing a conscions crimson.

"I hardly spoke to him after. He'd be the handsome Luke Kennedy, indeed, if he'd make me part the poor ould man that way, an' my mother dead, an' he having no one else but myself to do a ha'p'orth for him. What could I expect if I done that? If Luke likes me, let him come and show it by my father; if not, there's more girls in the place, an' he's welcome to pick his choice for Mary."

Every word of this speech fell like a burning coal upon the heart of Eily. She paused a moment in deep emotion, and then addressed her companion:—

"You are right, Mary—you are very right. Let nothing—let no man's love tempt you to forget your duty to your father. Oh! you don't know, much as you love him, what thoughts you would have, if you were to leave him, as you say. Let nothing tempt you to it. You would neither have luck, nor peace, nor comfort; and if your husband should be unkind to you, you could not turn to him again for consolation. But I need not be talking to you; you are a good girl, and more fit to give me advice, than to listen to any I can offer you."

From this moment Eily did not open her lips to her companion until they arrived in Castle Island. The Christmas candles were already lighted in every cottage, and Eily determined to defer seeing her uncle until the following morning.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### HOW EILY FARED IN HER EXPEDITION.

AFTER a sharp and frosty morning, the cold sun of the Christmas noon found Father Edward O'Connor seated in his little parlor before a cheerful turf fire. A small table was laid before it, and decorated with a plain breakfast, which the fatigues of the forenoon rendered not a little acceptable. The sun shone directly in the window, dissolving slowly away the fantastic foliage of frost-work upon the window-panes, and flinging its shadow on the boarded floor. The reverend host himself sat in a meditative posture, near the fire, awaiting the arrival of some fresh eggs, over the cookery of which Jim, the clerk, presided in the kitchen. His head was drooped a little; his eyes fixed upon the burning fuel, his nether lip a little protruded, his feet stretched out and crossed, and the small bulky volume in which he had been reading his daily office, half closed in his right hand, with a finger left between the leaves to mark the place. No longer a pale and secluded student, Father Edward now presented the appearance of a healthy man, with a face hardened by frequent exposure to the winds of midnight and of morn, and with a frame made firm and vigorous by unceasing exercise. His eye, moreover, had acquired a certain character of severity, which was more than qualified by a nature of the tenderest benevolence.

On the table, close to the small tray which held his simple equipage, was placed a linen bag, containing in silver the amount of his Christmas offerings. They had been paid him on the morning in crows, half-crowns, and shillings, at the parish chapel. And Father Edward on this occasion had returned thanks to his parsons for their liberality—the half-yearly compensation for all his toils and exertions, his sleepless nights and restless days, amounting to no less a sum than thirteen pounds fourteen shillings.

"'Tis an admiration, sir," said Jim, the clerk, as he entered, clad in a suit of Father Edward's rusty black, laid the eggs upon the tray, and moved back to a decorous distance from the table—" 'tis an admiration what a sighth o' people is abroad in the kitchen, money hunting."

"Didn't I tell 'em the last time that I never would pay a bill upon a Christmas day again?"

"That's the very thing I said to 'em, sir. But 'tis the answer they made me, that they came a long distance, and 'twould cost 'em a day more, if they were obliged to be coming again to-morrow."

Father Edward, with a countenance of perplexity and chagrin, removed the top of the egg, while he cast a glance alternately at the bag and at his clerk. "It is a hard case, Jim," he said at last, "that they will not allow a man even the satisfaction of retaining so much money in his possession for a single day, and amuse himself by fancying it his own. I suspect I am doomed to be no more than a mere agent to this thirteen pounds fourteen, after all; to receive and pay it away in a breath."

"Just what I was thinking myself, sir," said Jim, tossing his head.

"Well, I suppose I must not cost the poor fellows a day's work, however, Jim, if they have come such a distance. That would be a little pharisaical, I fear."

Jim did not understand this word, but he bowed, as if he would say: "Whatever your reverence says must be correct."

"Who are they, Jim?" resumed the clergyman.

"There's Luke Scanlon, the shoe-maker, for your boots, sir; and Reardon, the blacksmith, for shoeing the pony; and Miles-na-Coppaleen, as they call him, for the price o' the little crathur; and the printer, for your reverence's subscription to the *Kerry Luminary*; an' Rawley, the carpenter, for the repairs o' the althar, an'—"

"Hut tut! he must settle that with the parishioners. But the others—let me see. Shoeing myself, fifteen shillings; shoeing my pony, thirteen four sets. Well! the price of the 'little crathur,' as you say, seven pounds ten (and she's well worth it); and, lastly, the newspaper man, two pounds."

"But not *lastly*, entirely," said Jim, "for there's the tailor—"

"Sixteen and three pence. Jim, Jim, that will be a great reduction on the thirteen pound fourteen."

"Just what I was thinking of myself, sir," said the clerk.

"But I suppose they must have their money. Well, bring me in their bills, and let them all write a *settled* at the bottom."

Exit Jim.

"Here they are all sir," he said, returning with a parcel of soiled and crumpled papers in his hand; "and Myles Murphy says that the agreement about the pony was seven pound ten an' a glass of whisky, an' that he never knew a mornin' he'd sooner give your reverence a *resate* for it than a frosty one like this."

"Let him have it, Jim. That was an item in the bargain which had slipt my memory. An' as you are giving it to him, take the bottle and treat them all round. They have a cold road before them."

"It's what I thought myself, sir," said Jim.

Father Edward emptied the bag of silver, and counted it into several sums, the amount of all the bills. When he had done so, he took in one hand the few shillings that remained, threw them into the empty bag, jingled them a little, smiled, and tossed his head in sympathy.

"It's aiser emptied than filled, plase your reverence," said Jim, with a short sigh.

"If it were not for the honor and dignity of it," thought Father Edward after his clerk had once more left the room, "my humble curacy at St. John's were preferable to this extensive charge in so dreary a peopled wilderness. Quiet lodgings, a civil landlady, regular hours of discipline, and the society of my oldest friends; what was there in these that could be less desirable than a cold small house on a mountain-side, total seclusion from the company of my equals, and a fearful increase of responsibility? Did the cause of preference lie in the distinction between the letters V.

P. and P. P.; and the pleasure of paying away thirteen pounds fourteen shillings at Christmas? Oh, world! world! world! You are a great stage-coach, with fools for outside passengers; a huge round lump of earth, on the surface of which men seek for peace, but find it only when they sink beneath. Would I not give the whole thirteen pounds fourteen at this moment, to sit once more in my accustomed chair in that small room, with the noise of the streets just dying away as the evening fell, and my poor little Eily reading to me from the window, as of old, as innocent, as happy, and as dutiful as then? Indeed, I would and more if I had it. Poor Mihil! Ah, Eily, Eily! You deceived me! Well, well! Old Mihil says I am too ready to preach patience to him. I must try and practise it myself."

At this moment the parlor door opened again, and Jim once more thrust in his head.

"A girl, sir, that's abroad, an' would want to see you, if you please."

"Who is she? What does she want? Confession, I suspect."

"Just what I was thinking of myself, sir."

"Oh! why didn't she go to the chapel yesterday, where I was sitting until ten at night?"

"It's the very thing I said to her myself, sir, and she had no answer to make, only wanting to see you."

"Who is she? Don't you know her even by sight?"

"No, sir, in regard she keeps her head down, and her handkerchief to her mouth. I stooped to have a peep underneath, but if I stooped low, she stooped lower, an' left me just as wise as I was in the beginning."

"Send her in," said Father Edward; "I don't like that secrecy."

Jim went out, and presently returned, ushering in with many curious and distrustful glances, the young female of whom he had spoken. Father Edward desired her to take a chair, and then told the clerk to go out to the stable, and give the pony his afternoon feed.

When the latter had left the room, he indulged in a preliminary examination of the person of his visitor. She was young and well formed, and clothed in a blue cloak and bonnet, which were so disposed, as she sat, as to conceal altogether both her person and her features."

"Well, my good girl," said the clergyman, in an encouraging tone, "what's your business with me?"

The young female remained for some moments silent, and her dress moved as if it were agitated by some strong emotion of the frame. At length, rising from her seat, and tottering towards the astonished priest, she knelt down suddenly at his feet, and exclaimed, while she uncovered her face, with a burst of tears and sobbing: "Oh, Uncle Edward, don't you know me?"

Her uncle started from his chair. Astonishment for some moments held him silent and almost breathless. He at last stooped down, gazed intently on her face, raised her, placed her on a chair, where she remained quite passive, resumed his own seat, and covered his face in silence with his hand. Eily, more affected by this action than she might have been by the bitterest



reproaches, continued to weep aloud with increasing violence.

"Don't cry—do not afflict yourself," said Father Edward, in a quiet, yet cold tone; "there can be no use in that. The Lord forgive you, child! Don't cry! Ah, Eily O'Connor! I never thought it would be our fate to meet in this manner."

"I hope you will forgive me, uncle," sobbed the poor girl; "I did it for the best, indeed!"

"Did it for the best!" said the clergyman, looking on her for the first time with some sternness. "Now, Eily, you will vex me if you say that again. I was in hopes that, lost as you are, you came to me nevertheless, in penitence and humility, at least, which was the only consolation your friends could ever look for. But the first word I hear from you is an excuse: a justification of your crime. Did it for the best! Don't you remember, Eily, having ever read in that book that I was accustomed to explain to you in old times—don't you remember that the excuses of Saul made his repentance unaccepted? and will you imitate his example? You did it for the best, after all! I won't speak of my own sufferings since the unhappy affair; but there is your old father—I am sorry to hurt your feelings, but it is my duty to make you know the extent of your guilt—your old father has not enjoyed one moment's rest ever since you left him. He was here with me a week since, for the second time after your departure, and I never was more shocked in all my life. You cry, but you would cry more bitterly if you saw him. When I knew you together, he was a good father to you, and a happy father, too. He is now a frightful skeleton! Was that done for the best, Eily?"

"Oh, no, no sir; I did not mean to say that I acted right, or even from a right intention. I only meant to say, that it was not quite so bad as it might appear."

"To judge by your own appearance, Eily," her uncle continued in a compassionate tone, "one would say that its effects have not been productive of much happiness on either side. Turn to the light; you are very thin and pale. Poor child! poor child! oh, why did you do this? What could have tempted you to throw away your health, your duty, to destroy your father's peace of mind, and your own honest reputation, all in a day?"

"Uncle," said Eily, "there is one point on which I fear you have made a wrong conclusion. I have been, I know, sir, very ungrateful to you, and to my father, and very guilty in the sight of Heaven, but I am not quite so abandoned a creature as you seem to believe me. Disobedience, sir," she added, with a blush of the deepest crimson, "is the very worst offence of which I can accuse myself."

"What!" exclaimed Father Edward, while his eyes lit up with sudden pleasure; "are you, then, married?"

"I was married, sir, a month before I left my father."

The good clergyman seemed to be more deeply moved by this intelligence than by anything which had yet occurred in the scene. He winked repeatedly with his eye-lids, in order to clear away the moisture which began to overspread the balls, but it would not do. The fountain had been unlocked, it gushed forth in a flood

too copious to be restrained, and he gave up the contest. He reached his hand to Eily, grasped hers, and shook it fervently and long, while he said, in a voice that was hoarse and broken by emotion:—

"Well, well, Eily, that's a great deal. 'Tis not everything, but it is a great deal. The general supposition was, that the cause of secrecy should be no other than a shameful one. I am very glad of this, Eily. This will be some comfort to your father." He again pressed her hand, and shook it kindly, while Eily wept upon his own like an infant.

"And where do you stay now, Eily?—where—who is your husband?"

Eily appeared distressed at this question, and after some embarrassment, said: "My dear uncle, I am not at liberty to answer those questions at present. My husband does not know of my having even taken this step, and I dare not think of telling what he commanded that I should keep secret."

"Secrecy still, Eily?" said the clergyman, rising from his seat, and walking up and down the room with his hands behind his back, and a severe expression returning to his eye. "I say again, I do not like this affair. Why should your husband affect this deep concealment? Is he poor? Your father will rejoice to find it no worse. Is he afraid of the resentment of your friends? Let him bring back our own Eily, and he will be received with arms as open as charity. What, besides conscious guilt, can make him thus desirous of concealment?"

"I cannot tell you his reasons, uncle," said Eily, timidly; "but, indeed, he is nothing of what you say."

"Well, and how do you live, then, Eily? With his friends, or how? If you will not tell where, you may at least tell how."

"It is not *will not* with me, indeed, Uncle Edward, but *dare not*. My first act of disobedience cost me dearly enough, and I dare not attempt a second."

"Well, well," replied her uncle, a little annoyed, "you have more logic than I thought you had. I must not press you further on that head. But how do you live? Where do you hear mass on Sundays? Or do you hear it regularly at all?"

Eily's drooping head and long silence gave answer in the negative.

"Do you go to mass every Sunday at least? You used to hear it every day, and a blessing fell upon you, and on your house while you did so. Do you now attend it on Sunday itself?"

Eily continued silent.

"Did you hear mass a single Sunday at all since you left home?" he asked in increasing amazement.

Eily answered in a whisper between her teeth—"Not one."

The good religious lifted up his hands to Heaven, and then suffered them to fall motionless by his side. "Oh, you poor child!" he exclaimed, "may the Lord forgive you your sins! It is no wonder that you should be ashamed, and afraid, and silent."

A pause of some moments now ensued, which was eventually broken by the clergyman.



"And what was your object in coming, then, if you had it not in your power to tell me anything that could enable me to be of some assistance to you?"

"I came, sir," said Eily, "in the hope that you would, in a kinder manner than anybody else, let my father know all that I have told you, and inform him, moreover, that I hope it will not be long before I am allowed to ask his pardon, with my own lips, for all the sorrow that I have caused him. I was afraid if I had asked my husband's permission to make this journey, it might have been refused. I will now return, and persuade him, if I can, to come here with me again this week."

Father Edward again paused for a considerable time, and eventually addressed his niece with a deep seriousness of voice and manner. "Eily," he said, "a strong light has broken upon me respecting your situation. I fear this man, in whom you trust so much and so generously, and to whose will you show so perfect an obedience, is not a person fit to be trusted nor obeyed. You are married, I think, to one who is not proud of his wife. Stay with me, Eily, I advise—I warn you. It appears by your own words that this man is already a tyrant; he loves you not, and from being despotic he may grow dangerous. Remain with me, and write him a letter. I do not judge the man. I speak only from general probabilities, and these would suggest the great wisdom of your acting as I say."

"I dare not, I could not, would not do so," said Eily. "You never were more mistaken in anybody's character than in his of whom you are speaking. If I did not fear, I love him far too well to treat him with so little confidence. When next we meet, uncle, you shall know the utmost of my apprehensions. At present, I can say no more. And the time is passing, too," she continued, looking at the sunshine which traversed the little room with a ray more faint and more oblique. "I am pledged to return this evening. Well, my dear uncle, good-bye! I hope to bring you back a better niece than you are parting now. Trust all to me for three or four days more, and Eily never will have a secret again from her uncle nor her father."

"Good bye, child—good bye, Eily!" said the clergyman, much affected. "Stay—stay!" he exclaimed, as a sudden thought entered his head. "Come here, Eily, an instant." He took up the linen bag before mentioned, and shook out into his hand the remaining silver of his dues. "Eily," said he, with a smile, "it is a long time since uncle Edward gave you a Christmas box. Here is one for you. Open your hand, now, if you do not wish to offend me. Good bye! Good bye, my poor darling child!" He kissed her cheeks, and then, as if reproaching himself for an excess of leniency, he added in a more stern accent, "I hope, Eily, that this may be the last time I shall have to part from my niece, without being able to tell her name."

Eily had no other answer than her tears, which, in most instances, were the most persuasive arguments she could employ.

"She is an affectionate creature, after all," said Father Edward, when his niece had left the house—"a simple, affectionate, little creature; but I was in the

right to be severe with her," he added, giving himself credit for more than he deserved; "and her conduct called for some severity, and I was in the right to exercise it as I did."

So saying, he returned to his chair by the fire-side, and resumed the reading of his interrupted Office.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### HOW HARDRESS CONSOLLED HIMSELF DURING HIS SEPARATION FROM EILY.

DANNY THE LORD did not, as Eily was tempted to fear, neglect the delivery of her letter to Hardress. Night had surprised him on his way to Mr. Cregan's cottage. A bright crescent shed its light over the lofty Toomies, and flung his own stunted shadow on the lime-stone road as he trudged along, breathing now and then on his cold fingers, and singing:—

"Oh, did you not hear of Kate Kearney,  
Who lives on de banks of Killarney?  
From de glance of her eye  
Shun danger and fly,  
For fatal's de glance of Kate Kearney."

He had turned in upon the road which led to Aghadoe, and beheld at a short distance the ruined church and the broken grave-stones which were scattered around its base. Danny, with the caution which he had learned from his infancy, suppressed his unhallowed song as he approached this mournful retreat, and stepped along with a softer pace, in order to avoid attracting the attention of any spiritual loiterers in his neighborhood. The grave of poor Dalton, the huntsman, was amongst the many which he beheld, and Danny knew that it was generally reported amongst the peasantry that his ghost had been frequently seen in the act of exercising, after death, that vocation to which, during life, he had been so ardently attached. Danny, who had no ambition to become a subject for the view-halloo to his sporting acquaintance, kept on the shady side of the road, in the hope that by this means he might be enabled to "stale by unknowst."

Suddenly the night wind, which hurried after, bore to his ear the sound of several voices, which imitated the yelling of hounds in chase and the fox-hunter's cry. Danny started aghast with terror, a heavy and turbid sensation pressed upon his nerves, and all his limbs grew damp. He crossed himself, and drew close to the dry stone wall which bounded the roadside.

"Hoicks!—Come!—come!—come away! Come away! Hoicks!" was shouted at the top of a voice that one might easily judge, had sounded the death-knell of many a wily reynard. The cry was caught up, and echoed at various distances by three less practised voices. The ringing of horses' hoofs against the hard and frosty road was the next sound that encountered the ear of the little lord. It approached rapidly nearer, and grew too sharp and hard to suppose that it could be occasioned by any concussion of immaterial substances. It proved, indeed, to be a danger of a more positive and actual kind. Our traveller perceived, in

a few minutes, that the noise proceeded from three drunken gentlemen who were returning from a neighboring debauch, and urging their horses forward at the summit of their speed with shouts and gestures, which gave them the appearance of demoniacs.

The foremost, perceiving Danny Mann, pulled up his horse with a violent check and the others, as they approached, imitated his example. The animals (which were worthy of kinder masters) appeared to participate in the intoxication of their riders. Their eyes flared, their mouths were hid in foam, and they snorted in impatient scorn of the delay to which they were subjected.

"Tally!" cried the first who galloped up. "Ware bailiff! Who are you?"

"A poor man, sir, dat's going de road to"—

"Hoicks! A bailiff! Come, come away! Don't I know you, you limb of mischief? Give me your processes, or I'll beat you into jelly. Kneel down there on the road until I ride over you!"

"Dat de hands may stick to me, sir, if I have a process in de world."

"Kneel down, I say!" repeated the drunken horseman, shaking his whip loose, and applying it several times with all his might to the shoulders of the recusant.

"Lie down on the road until I ride over you, and trample your infernal brains out."

"Pink him! Sweat him! Pink the rascal!" cried another horseman, riding rapidly up, and flourishing a naked sword. "Put up your whip, Connolly; out with your sword, man, and let us pink the scoundrel."

"Do as Creagh bids you, Connolly," exclaimed a third, who was as drunk again as the other two. "Out with your blade, an pi—pink the ras—rascal."

There was nothing for it but a run, and Danny took to his heels like a fawn. This measure, however, gave a new zest to the sport. The gentlemen galloped after him with loud shouts of "Hoicks!" and "Tally!" and overtook him at a part of the road which was enclosed by hedges too close and high too admit of any escape into the fields. Knowing well the inhuman desperation with which the gentlemen of the day were accustomed to follow up freaks of this kind, Danny felt his heart sink as low as if he had been pursued by a rooted enemy. While he glanced in terror from one side to another, and saw himself cut off from all chance of safety, he received a blow on the head from the loaded handle of a whip, which stunned, staggered, and finally laid him prostrate on the earth.

"I have him," shouted his pursuer. "Here he is, as cool as charity. I'll trample the rascal's brains out."

So saying he reined up his horse, and endeavored, by every species of threat and entreaty, to make the chafed and fiery steed set down his iron hoof on the body of the prostrate lord; but the animal, true to that noble instinct which distinguishes the more generous individuals of his species, refused to fall in with the bloody humor of his rider. He set his feet apart, demivaunted to either side, and would not, by any persuasion or sleight of horsemanship, be prevailed upon to injure the fallen man.

Danny, recovering from the stunning effects of the blow, and perceiving the gentlemen hemming him round with their swords, now sought, in an appeal to their mercy, that security which he could not obtain by flight. He knelt before them, lifted up his hands, and implored compassion in accents which would have been irresistible by any but drunken gentlemen on a *pink*ing frolic. But his cries were drowned in the savage shouts of his beleaguers. Their swords gathered round him in a fearful circle, and Creagh commenced operations by a thrust in the arm, which left a gash of nearly half an inch in depth. His companions, who did not possess the same dexterity in the exercise of the weapon, and were nevertheless equally free of its use, thrust so frequently, and with so much awkwardness, that the unfortunate deformed ran a considerable risk of losing his life. He had already received several gashes in the face and limbs, and was growing faint with pain and anxiety, when the voice of a fourth horseman was heard at a little distance, and young Hardress Cregan, as little self-possessed as the rest, galloped into the group. He drew his small sword, flourished it in the moonlight with a fierce balloo! that was echoed far away among the lakes and mountains, and prepared to join in the fun. But one glance was sufficient to enable him to recognize his servant.

"Connolly, hold! Hold off, Creagh. Hold, or I'll stab you!" he cried aloud, while he struck up their swords with passion. "How dared you set upon my servant? You are both drunk! go home, or I'll hash you!"

"Drunk!" said his father, "pup—puppy! wha—what do you call drunk—drunk? D—d—d' you say, I'm drunk? Eh?" And he endeavored, but without much success, to assume a steady and dignified posture in his saddle.

"No, sir," said Hardress, who merited his own censure as richly as any one present; "but a—th—these two gentlemen are."

"D'ye hear that, Creagh?" said Connolly. "Come along, and show him if we're drunk. Look here, Mister Slender-limbs! Do you see that road?"

"I—I do," said Hardress, who might have conscientiously sworn to the seeing more than one.

"And do you—look here—do you see this horse?"

"I do," said Hardress, with some gravity of deliberation.

"And do you see *me*?" shouted the querist.

"He raised his desperate foot  
On stirrup side, and gazed about."

"Ve—very well! You see that road, and you see my horse, and you see me! Ve—very well. Now, could a drunken man do this? Ye—hoicks! Come! come! come away! hoicks!" And so saying, he drove the rowels into his horse's flanks, stooped forward on his seat, and galloped away with a speed that made the night air whistle by his ears. He was followed at an emulative rate by Hyland Creagh and the Elder Cregan.

Hardress now assisted the afflicted Danny to mount behind him, and, putting spurs to his horse, rode after



his companions at a pace but little inferior, in point of speed, to that which they had used.

Arrived at the cottage, he bade Danny follow him into the drawing-room, where there was a cheerful fire. The other gentlemen, in the meantime, had possessed themselves of the dining-parlor, and were singing, in astounding chorus, the melody which begins with this verse:—

"Come! each jolly fellow  
That loves to be mellow,  
Attend unto me, and sit easy;  
One jorum in quiet,  
My boys, we will try it:  
Dull thinking will make a man crazy."

The ladies, who had spent the evening out, were not yet returned; and Hardress, much against the will of the affrighted boatman, insisted upon Danny's taking his seat before the fire in Mrs. Cregan's arm-chair.

"Sit down there!" he exclaimed, seizing him with violence by the collar, and forcing him into the seat. "Know, fellow, that if I bid you sit on a throne, you are fit to fill it! You are a king, Danny!" he added, standing unsteadily before his servant, with one hand thrust between his ample shirt-frills, and the other extended in an oratorical attitude, "you are a king in heart, though not in birth. But, tush! as Sterne says, 'are we not all relations?' Look at this hand! I admire you, Danny Mann! I respect, I venerate you: I think you a respectable person in your class; respectable in your class; and what more could be expected from a king! I admire, I love you, Danny! You are a king in heart! though not," he repeated, lowering the tone of his eulogy, while he fixed his half-closed eyes upon the deplorable figure of the little lord, "though not in appearance."

Anybody who could contemplate Danny's person at this moment, might have boldly joined in the assertion that he was not a "king in appearance." The poor hunchback sat forward in the chair in a crouching attitude, half terrified, and abashed by the finery with which he was surrounded. His joints were stiffened from the cold, his dress sparkling with a hoar-frost, and his face of a wretched white wherever it was not discolored by the clotted blood. At every noise he half started from his seat, with the exclamation: "Tunder alive! it's de missiz!"

"Nancy!" Hardress said, addressing the old woman who came to answer the bell; "Nancy, draw that table near to the fire, there, and slip into the dining-parlor, do you hear? and bring here the whisky, a jug of hot water, a bowl, two glasses and a lemon. Don't say a word to the gentlemen: I'll take a quiet glass here in comfort with Danny."

"With Danny!" exclaimed the old woman, throwing up her hands.

"Oh, dat I mightn't sin, master, if I daare do it," said Danny, springing out of the chair. "I'll be kilt by de missiz."

"Stay where you are!" said Hardress; "and you, woman? do as you're bid."

He was obeyed. The lord, in vain ennobled, returned to his seat; and the bewildered Nancy laid on the table the materials in demand.

"Danny," said Hardress, filling out a brimming glass to his dependant, "when the winds of autumn raved, and the noble Shannon ruffled his gray pate against the morning sun; when the porpoise rolled his black bulk amid the spray and foam, and the shrouds sung sharp against the cutting breeze——Do you understand me?"

"Iss; partly, sir."

"In those moments, then, of high excitement and of triumph, with that zest which danger gives to enjoyment; when every cloud that darkened on the horizon sent forth an additional blast, a fresh trumpeter amongst the Tritons to herald our destruction; when our best hope in our own stout hands, and our dearest consolation that of the Trojan leader—

'Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.'

Do you understand that?"

"It's Latin, sir, I'm thinking."

"*Probatum est!*" When the struggle grew so close between our own stout little vessel and her invisible aerial foe, as to approach the climax of contention, the point of contact between things irresistible and things immovable, the '*Ημε αναιερ η εγω σε.*' Do you understand?"

"More Latin, sir."

"That's Greek, you goose."

"It's all Greek to me," said Danny.

"But in those moments, my *fidus Aschates*, you often joined me in a simple aquatic meal, and why not now? This is my conclusion. Why not now? *Major*—We used to eat together; *Minor*—We wish to drink together; *Conclusion*—We ought to drink together." And following up in act a conclusion so perfectly rational, the collegian (who was only pedantic in his maudlin hours) hurried swiftly out of sight the contents of his own lofty glass.

Danny timidly imitated his example, at the same time drawing from inside the lining of his hat the letter of the unhappy Eily. Intoxicated as he was, the sight of this well-known hand produced a strong effect upon her unprincipled husband. His eye-balls quivered, his hand trembled, and a black expression swept across his face. He thrust the letter, opened, but still unread, into his waistcoat pocket, refilled his glass, and called on Danny for a song.

"A song, Mr. Hardress! Oh! dat I may be happy if I'd raise my voice in this room for all Europe!"

"Sit in that chair, and sing!" exclaimed Hardress, clenching his hand, and extending it towards the recusant, "or I'll pin you to that door!"

Thus enforced, the rueful Danny returned to the chair which he had once more deserted, and after clearing his throat by a fresh appeal to the glass, he sang a little melody which may yet be heard at evening in the western villages. Hardress was enchanted with the air, the words, and the style of the singer. He made Danny repeat it until he became hoarse, and assisted to bear the burthen himself with more of noise than good taste or correctness. The little lord, as he dived deeper into the bowl, began to lose his self-restraint, and to forget the novelty of his situation. He rivalled his master in noise and volubility, and no longer show-



ed the least reluctance or timidity, when commanded to chaunt out the favorite lay for the seventh time at least:—

I.  
 "My mamma she bought me a camlet coat-gown,  
 Made in de fashion, wit de tail of it down,  
 A dimity petticoat whiter dan chalk  
 An' a pair o' bow slippers to help me to walk.  
 An' its Oro wisha, Dan'e! asthore!

II.  
 "I've a nice little dog to bark at my doore,  
 A neat little beasom to sweep up the floore,  
 Every ting else dat is fit for good use,  
 Two ducks and a gander, besides an old goose,  
 An' its Oro wisha, Dan'e! asthore."

"Well! why do you stop? What do you stare at?" Hardress asked, perceiving the vocalist suddenly lower his voice, and sling away from the table, while his eyes were fixed on the farther end of the room. The collegian looked in the same direction, and beheld the figure of a young female, in a ball dress of unusual splendor, standing as if fixed in astonishment. Her black hair, which was decorated with one small sprig of pearls, hung loose around her head, a necklace of the same costly material rested on her bosom, and was, in part, concealed by the bright-colored silk kerchief which was drawn around her shoulders. On one arm she held the fur-trimmed cloak and heavy shawl which she had just removed from her person, and which were indicative of a recent exposure to the frosty air. Indeed, nothing but the uproarious mirth of the ill-assorted revellers could have prevented their hearing the wheels of the carriage as they grated along the gravel-plat before the hall door. This venerable vehicle was sent to set the ladies down by the positive desire of the hostess, and Mrs. Cregan accepted it in preference to her own open curricule, although she knew that a more crazy mode of conveyance could not be found, even among the ships marked with the very last letter on Lloyd's list.

Recognizing his cousin, Hardress endeavored to assume towards Danny Mann an air of dignified condescension and maudlin majesty, which formed a ludicrous contrast to the convivial freedom of his manner a few moments before.

"Very well, my man," he said, liquefying the consonants in every word. "Go out now, go to the kitchen, and I'll hear the remainder of your story in the morning."

Danny fell cunningly into the deception of his master, to whom he now evinced a profundity of respect, as if to banish the idea of equality, which the foregoing scene might have suggested.

"Iss, plase your honor!" he said, bowing repeatedly down to his knees, and brushing his hat back until it swept the floor. "Long life an' glory to your honor, Master Hardress, an' 'tis I dat would be lost if it wasn't for your goodness. Oh, murder, murder!" he added to himself, as he scoured out of the room, describing a wide circuit to avoid Miss Chute, "I'll be fairly flayed alive on de 'count of it."

"Well, Anne?" said Hardress, rising and moving towards her with some unsteadiness of gait. "I—I am glad to see you, Anne; we're just come home; very

pleasant night; pleasant fellows, very, very pleasant fellows; some cap—capital songs; I was wishing for you, Anne. Had you a pleasant night where you were? Who—who did you dance with? Come, Anne, we'll dance a minuet—min—minuet de la cour."

"Excuse me," said Anne, coldly, as she turned towards the door, "not at this hour, certainly."

"A fig for the hour, Anne. Hours were made for slaves. Anne, oh, Anne! you look beautiful—beautiful to-night! Oh, Anne! Time flies, youth fades, and age, with slow and withering pace, comes on before we hear his foot-fall!" Here he sang, in a loud but broken voice—

'Then follow, follow,  
 Follow, follow,  
 Follow, follow pleasure!  
 There's no drinking in the grave.'

Oh, Anne! that's as true as if the Stagyrite had penned it. Worms, Anne, worms and silence! Come, one minuet! Lay by your cloak—

'And follow, follow,  
 Follow, follow,  
 Follow, follow pleasure!  
 There's no dancing in the grave!'"

"Let me pass, if you please," said Miss Chute, still cold and lofty, while she endeavored to get to the door.

"Not awhile, Anne," replied Hardress, catching her hand.

"Stand back, sir," exclaimed the offended girl, drawing up her person into the attitude of a Minerva, while her forehead glowed, and her eye flashed with indignation. "If you forget yourself, do not suppose that I am inclined to commit the same oversight." Saying this, she walked out of the room with the air of an offended princess, leaving Hardress a little struck and sobered by the sudden change in her manner.

Lifting up his eyes after a pause of some moments, he beheld his mother standing near, and looking on him with an eye in which the loftiness of maternal rebuke was mingled with an expression of sneering and satirical reproach.

"You are a wise young gentlemen," she said; "you have done well. Fool that you are! you have destroyed yourself." Without bestowing another word upon him, Mrs. Cregan took one of the candles in her hand, and left the room.

Hardress had sufficient recollection to follow her example. He took the other light, and endeavored, but with many errors, to navigate his way towards the door. "Destroyed myself?" he said, as he proceeded. "Why, where's the mighty harm of taking a cheerful glass on a winter's night with a friend? A friend, Hardress? Yes, a friend, but what friend? Danny Mann, alias Danny the Lord, my boatman. It won't do! [shaking his head]. It sounds badly. I'm afraid I did something to offend Anne Chute. "I am sorry for it, because I respect her; I respect you, Anne, in my very, very heart. But I am ill-used, and ought to have satisfaction; Creagh has pinked my boatman. I'll send him a message, that's clear; I'll not be hiring boatmen for him to be pinking for his amusement. Let him pink their master if he can. That's the chat! [snapping his fingers]. Danny Mann costs me twelve pounds a year,

besides his feeding and clothing, and I'll not have him pinked by old Hyland Creagh afterwards. Pink me, if he can; let him leave my boatman alone! That's the chat! This floor goes starboard and larboard, up and down, like the poop of a ship; up and—Hallo! Who are you? Oh! it's only the door. I have broken my nose against it. And if I break my own nose without any reason, at this time o' the day, what usage can I expect from Creagh or any body else?"

Having arrived at this wise conclusion, he sallied out of the room, rubbing with one hand the bridge of the afflicted feature, and elevating in the other the light, which he still held with a most retentive grasp. As the long and narrow hall, which lay between him and his bed-chamber, formed a direct railroad way, which it was impossible even for a drunken man to miss, he reached the little dormitory without further accident. The other gentlemen had been already borne away unresisting from the parlor, and transmitted from the arms of Mike to those of Morpheus.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### HOW HARDRESS ANSWERED THE LETTER OF EILY.

"You have destroyed yourself!" Mrs. Cregan repeated on the following morning, as she sat in the breakfast-parlor in angry communication with our collegian. "If you have any desire to redeem even a portion of her forfeited esteem, now is your time. She is sitting alone in the drawing-room, and I have prevailed on her to see you for a few moments. She returns in two or three days to Castle Chute, where she is to spend Christmas; and unless you are able to make your peace before her departure, I know not how long the war may last."

"Yes," said Hardress, with a look of deep anguish, "I shall go and meet her on the spot where I dared to insult her! Insult Anne Chute! Why, if my brain had turned, if lunacy instead of drunkenness had set a blind upon my reason at the time, I thought my heart at least would have directed me. Mother, don't ask me to see her there; I could tear my very flesh for anger; I never will forgive myself, and how then can I seek forgiveness from her?"

"Go, go! That speech might have done much for you, if it had been properly addressed. Go to her,"

"I will!" said Hardress, setting his teeth, and rising with a look of forced resolution. "I know that it is merely a courting of ruin, a hastening and confirming of my own black destiny, and yet I will go seek her. I cannot describe to you the sensation that attracts my feet at this moment in the direction of the drawing-room. There is a demon leading and a demon driving me on, and I know them well and plainly, and yet I will not choose but go! The way is torture, and the end is Hell, and I know it, and I go! And there is one sweet spirit, one trembling, pitying angel, that waves me back with its pale, fair hands, and strives to frown in its kindness, and points that way to the hills!

Mother! mother! the day may come when you will wish a burning brand had seared those lips athwart before they said—'Go to her!'"

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Cregan with some indignant surprise.

"Well, well, am I not going? Do I not say, I go?" continued Hardress. "Is it not enough if I comply? May I not talk? May I not rant a little? My heart will burst if I do these things in silence."

"Come, Hardress, you are far too sensitive a lover"—  
"A *what*?" cried Hardress, springing to his feet, and with a fierceness of tone and look that made his mother start.

"Pooh! A cousin, then; a good, kind cousin; but too sensitive."

"Yes, yes," muttered Hardress; "I am not yet damned. The sentence is above my head, but it is not spoken; the scarlet sin is willed, but not recorded. Mother, have patience with me! I will not, I cannot, I dare not, see Anne Chute this morning." And he again sunk into his chair.

Mrs. Cregan, who attributed all those manifestations of reluctance and remorse which her son had evinced during their frequent interviews, to the recollection of some broken promise or boyish faith forsaken, was now surprised at their intensity.

"My dear Hardress!" she said, laying her hand affectionately on his shoulder—"my darling child! you afflict yourself too earnestly. Say what you will, there are few natures nursed in an Irish cabin, that are capable of suffering so keenly the endurance of any disappointment as you do the inflicting of it."

"Do you think so, mother?"

"Be assured of it. And again—why do you vex your mind about this interview? Is it not a simple matter for a gentleman to apologize politely to a lady for an unintentional affront? If you have hurt your cousin's feelings, what crime can accompany or follow a plain and gentlemanly apology?"

"That's true, that's very true," said Hardress. "There is a call upon me, and I will obey it. But politely? Politely! If I could stop at that. It is impossible; I shall first become a fool, and, by-and-bye, a demon. But you are right, and I obey you, mother."

So saying, he walked with a kind of desperate calmness out of the room, and Mrs. Cregan heard him continue the same heavy, self-abandoned step along the hall which led to the drawing-room door.

Nothing could have been more propitiatory than the air of mournful tranquility with which the young collegian entered the room in which his cousin was expecting him. It might resemble that of a believing Mussulman, who prepared to encounter a predestined sorrow. He observed, and his pulse quickened at the sight, that his cousin's eyes were marked with a slight circle of red, as if she had been weeping. She rose as he entered, and lowered her head and her person in rather distant courtesy, a coldness which she repented the moment her eyes rested on his pale and anxious countenance.



"You see how totally all shame has left me," said Hardress forcing a smile; "I do not even hide myself. Will an apology, Anne, be admissible after last night?" Miss Chute hesitated, and appeared slightly confused. She did not, she said, for her own sake, look for any; but it would, indeed, give her pleasure to hear anything that might explain the extraordinary scene on which she had intruded.

"You are astonished," said Hardress, "to find that I could make myself so much a beast? But intoxication is not always a voluntary sin with people who sit down after dinner with such men as Creagh, and Connolly, and"—he did not add, "my father."

"But when you were aware——"

"And when I was, and as I was, Anne, I rose and left the table—I and young Ghegagan; but they all got up to a man, and shut the door, and swore we should not stir. They went so far as to draw their swords. Upon my honor, I do not think we could have left the room last night sober without bloodshed. And was it so unpardonable, then? Cato, himself, you know, was once found drunk."

"Yes, once."

"I don't think that's deserved," said Hardress, coloring slightly; "I may have often trespassed a little in that way, but I never, till last night, became as drunk as Cato. Nor even last night; for I was able to ride home at a canter, to rescue my poor hunchback out of a dilemma, and to bring him hither on my saddle; whereas, Cato was unable to keep his own legs, you know."

"I heard that circumstance this morning, and I admit that it altered the posture of the transaction very considerably. But did those gentlemen who drew their swords upon you make you promise to continue drinking after your return, and to bring Danny into the drawing-room to join you?"

"And to insult my cousin?" added Hardress. "No; there my guilt begins, and unless your mercy steps into my relief, I must bear the burden unassisted."

"To tell you the truth, Hardress," said Anne, assuming an air of greater frankness, "it is not the offence or insult, as you term it, of last night alone that perplexes and afflicts me. Your whole manner, for a long time past, is one continued enigma—one distressing series of misconceptions on my part, and of inconsistencies—I will say nothing harder—upon yours. Your whole conduct has changed since I have met you here, and changed by no means favorably. I cannot understand you. I appear to give you pain most frequently when it is farthest from my own intention, and I cannot tell you how distressed I feel upon the subject."

Hardress fixed his eyes upon her while she spoke, and remained for some moments wrapped in silent and intoxicating admiration. When she had concluded, and while a gentle anxiety still shadowed her features with an additional depth of interest, he approached her and said: "And is it possible, Anne, that the conduct of so worthless a fellow as I am should in any way affect you so deeply as you describe? Believe me, Anne, I do not mouth or rave, while I declare to you,

that I rather lie down and die here at your feet, than give you a moment's painful thought, or seem to disregard your feelings."

"Oh, sir," said Anne, looking more offended than usual, "I cannot sit to hear this language again repeated. You must remember how painfully those conversations have always terminated."

The intoxication of passion is not less absorbing and absolute, than that which arises out of coarser sensual indulgence. Hardress was no more capable of thought or of reflection now, than he was during the excesses of the foregoing night. He yielded himself slowly, but surely, to the growing delirium, and became forgetful of everything but the unspeakable happiness that seemed to thrust itself upon him.

"Anne," he said, with great anxiety of voice and manner, "let that too be made a subject for your forgiveness. Shall I tell you a secret? Shall I give you the key to all those perplexing inconsistencies—the solution to that long enigma of which you have complained? I can no more contain it than I could arrest a torrent. I love you? Does that explain it? If you are satisfied, do not conceal your thoughts. Say it kindly—say it generously! I do not ask you to say anything that can make you blush. If you are not displeased, say only that you forgive me, and that word will be the token of my happiness."

He passed, and Anne Chute, turning away her head, and reaching her hand, said in a low, but distinct tone: "Hardress, I am satisfied—I do forgive you."

Hardress sunk at her feet, and bathed with his tears the hand which had been surrendered to him. One moment! one moment's patience, my kindest, my sweetest Anne! he said, as a sudden thought started into his mind: "I wish to send one line to my mother; is it your pleasure? She is in the next room, and I wish to—Ha!"

A sudden alteration took place in his appearance. While he spoke of writing, he had taken from his waistcoat-pocket a pencil and an open letter, from which he tore away a portion of the back. The handwriting arrested his attention, and he looked within. The first words that met his eyes were the following:—

*"If Eily has done anything to offend you, come and tell her so; but remember she is now away from every friend in the world. Even if you are still in the same mind as when you left me, come, at all events, for once, and let me go back to my father."*

Whilst his eyes wandered over this letter, his figure underwent an alteration that filled the heart of Anne with terror. The apparition of the murdered Banquo at the festival could not have shot a fiercer remorse into the soul of his slayer, than did those simple lines into the heart of Hardress. He held the paper before him at arm's length, his cheeks grew white, his forehead grew damp, and the sinews of his limbs grew faint and quivering with fear. His uneasiness was increased by his total ignorance of the manner in which the letter came into his possession.

"Hardress! what is the matter! What is it you tremble at?" said Anne, in great uneasiness.



"I do not know, Anne. I think there's witchcraft here. I am doomed, I think, to live a charmed life. I never yet imagined that I was on the threshold of happiness, but some wild hurry, some darkening change, swept across the prospect, and made it all a dream. It has been always so—in my least as in my highest hopes. I think it is my doom. Even now, I thought I had already entered upon its free enjoyment, and behold, yourself, how swiftly it has vanished!"

"Vanished!"

"Ay, vanished, and for ever! Were we not now almost one soul and being? Did we not mingle sighs? Did we not mingle tears? Was not your hand in mine, and did I not think I felt our spirits growing together in an inseparable league? And now (be witness for me against my destiny), how suddenly we have been wrenched asunder! how soon a gulf has been opened at our feet, to separate our hearts and fortunes from henceforth and for ever!"

"For ever!" echoed Anne, lost in perplexity and astonishment.

"Forgive me!" Hardress continued in a dreary tone. "I did but mock you, Anne; I cannot—I must not love you! I am called away; I was mad and dreamed a lunatic's dream; but a horrid voice has awoken me up, and warned me to be gone. I cannot be the happy one I hoped—Anne Chute's accepted lover."

"Yet, once again, sir!" exclaimed Miss Chute, with a burst of natural indignation, "once more must I endure those insults! Do you think I am made of marble? Do you think," she continued, panting heavily, "that you can sport with my feelings at your pleasure?"

"I can only say, forgive me!"

"I do not think you value my forgiveness. I have been always ready to accord it, and that, I think, has subjected me to additional insult. Oh! Mrs. Cregan!" she added, as she saw that lady enter the room, and close the door carefully behind her—"why did you bring me to this house?" With these words she ran, as if for refuge, to the arms of her aunt, and fell in a fit of hysterical weeping upon her neck.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Cregan sternly, and standing at her full height. "What have you done?"

"I have, in one breath, made her a proposal, which I have broken in the next," said Hardress calmly.

"You do well to boast of it. Comfort yourself, my love, you shall have justice. Now, hear me, sir. Abandon my house this instant!"

"Mother—

"Be silent, sir, and dare not address me by that name. My love, be comforted! I disown, I renounce you for a son of mine. If you had one drop of gentle blood in your veins, it would have rebelled against such perfidy, such inhuman villainy as this! Away, sir! your presence is distressing to us both! My love! My love! my unoffending lover! be comforted!" she added, gathering her niece tenderly in her arms, and pressing her head against her bosom.

"Mother," said Hardress, drawing in his breath between his teeth, "if you are wise you will not urge me

farther. Your power is great upon me: if you are merciful, exercise it not at this moment."

"Do not, aunt!" said Anne, in a whisper; "let him do nothing against his own desire."

"He *shall* do it, girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Cregan. "Must the selfish boy suppose that there are no feelings to be consulted besides his own in the world? I will not speak for myself," she added—"but look here!" holding towards him the form of her niece as if in reproach. "Is there a man on Earth besides yourself that"—her the words stuck in her throat, and her eyes filled up. "Excuse me, my darling!" she said to Anne; "I must sit down. This monster will kill me!" She burst into tears as she spoke these words.

It now became Anne's turn to assume the office of comforter. She stood by her aunt's chair, with her arm round her neck, and loading her with caresses. If ever a man felt like a fiend, Hardress Cregan did so at that moment.

"I am a villain either way," he muttered below his breath. "There is no escaping it. Well whispered, Fiend! I have but a choice between the two modes of evil, and there is no resisting this! I cannot hold out against this!"

"Come Anne," said Mrs. Cregan, rising—"let us look for privacy elsewhere, since this gentleman loves so well to feast his eyes upon the misery he can occasion that he will not afford it to us here."

"Stay, mother," said Hardress, suddenly rising and walking towards them—"I have decided between them."

"Between what?"

"I—I mean that I am ready to obey you. I am ready, if Anne will forgive me, to fulfil my pledge. I ask her pardon and yours for the distress I have occasioned. From this moment I will offend no more. Your power, mother, has prevailed. Whether for good or evil, let time tell!"

"But will you hold to this?"

"To death and after. Surely that may answer."

"No more discoveries?"

"None, mother, none."

"This, once for all, and at every hazard?"

"Yes; and at every expense to soul and body, here or hereafter."

"Fie! fie! Why need you use those desperate terms; Where are you running to now?"

"Merely to speak to my servant. I will return to dinner."

"Why, how you tremble! You are pale and ill!"

"No, no; 'tis nothing. The air will take it away. Good bye, one moment; I will return to dinner."

He hurried out of the room, leaving the ladies to speculate together on the probable cause of his vacillation. What appeared most perplexing to Anne Chute was the circumstance that she knew he loved her as deeply and as intensely as he said, and yet her admitting his addresses always seemed to occasion a feeling of terror in his mind. More than once, as his character unfolded on her view, she had been tempted to regret her hasty predilection, and had recurred with a feeling

of saddened recollection, to the quiet tenderness and cheerful affection of the rejected Kyrle Daly.

In the meantime, Hardress Cregan hurried through the house in search of his boatman. Danny's wounds had become inflamed in the course of the night, and he was now lying in a feverish state in the little green-room in which Hardress had his last interview with the poor huntsman. Hither he hastened, with a greater turbulence of mind than he had ever yet experienced. "They are driving me upon it!" he muttered between his teeth. "They are gathering upon me, and urging me onward in my own despite! Why, then, have at ye, devils. I am among ye. Which way must it be done? Heaven grant I may not one day weep for this! but I am scourged to it!"

He entered the room. The black blind was drawn across the little window, and he could scarcely for a moment distinguish the face of his servant, as the latter raised himself in the bed at his approach. Old Nancy was standing, with a bowl of whey in her hand, near the bedside. Hardress, as if unwilling to afford a moment's time for reflection, walked quickly to her, seized her by the shoulders, and thrust her out of the room. He then drew in the bolt of the door, and took a chair by the sick man's side. A silence of some moments ensued.

"Long life to you, Master Hardress; 'tis kind o' you to come and see me this mornin'," said the wounded lord.

His master made no reply, but remained for a minute with his elbows on his knees, and his face buried in his hands.

"Danny," he said, at length, "do you remember a conversation which I had with you some weeks since on the Purple Mountain?"

"Oh! den, master," said Danny, putting his hands together with a beseeching look—"don't talk o' dat any more. I ax Heaven's pardon, an' I ax your pardon for what I said; and I hope and pray your honour 'ill tink of it no more. Many is de time I was sorry for it since, and moreover now, being on my sick bed, and tinkin' of every ting."

"Pook! you do not understand me. Do you remember your saying something about hiring a passage for Eily in an American vessel, and—"

"I do, an' I ax pardon. Let me out o' de bed, an' I'll go down on my two knees—"

"Pish! bah! be silent! When you spoke of that, I was not wise enough to judge correctly. Do you mark? If that conversation were to pass again, I would not speak, nor think, nor feel as I did then."

Danny gaped and stared on him as if at a loss.

"Look here!—you asked me for a token of my approbation. Do you remember it? You bade me draw my glove from off my hand, and give it for a warrant. Danny," he continued, plucking off the glove slowly, finger after finger—"my mind has altered. I married too young. I didn't know my own mind. Your words were wiser than I thought. I am hampered in my will. I am burning with this thraldom. Here is my glove." Danny received it, while they exchanged a look of cold and fatal intelligence.

"You shall have money," Hardress continued, throwing a purse upon the bed. "My wish is this. She must not live in Ireland. Take her to her father? No; the old man would babble, and all would come to light. Three thousand miles or a roaring ocean may be a better security for silence. She could not keep her secret at her father's. She would murmur it in her dreams. I have heard her do it. She must not stay in Ireland. And you, do you go with her—watch her—mark all her words, her wishes. I will find you money enough; and never let me see her more. Harm not, I say—oh, harm not a hair of the poor wretch's head!—never let me see her more. Do you hear? Do you agree?"

"Oh, den, I'd do more dan dat for your honor; but—"

"Enough. When?—when, then?—when?"

"Ah, den, Master Hardress, dear knows; I'm so poorly after the proddin' I got from dem jettlemen, dat I don't know will I be able to lay dis for a few days, I'm tinkin'."

"Well, when you go, here is your warrant."

He tore the back from Eily's letter, and wrote in answer:—

"I am still in the same mind as when I left you. I accept your proposal. Put yourself under the bearer's care, and he will restore you to your father."

He placed this black lie in the hand of his retainer, and left the room.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### HOW THE LITTLE LORD PUT HIS MASTER'S WISHES INTO ACTION.

We lost sight of Eily after her parting with her uncle. She wasted no time on her journey homewards, but yet it was nearly dusk before the pony had turned in upon the little craggy road which led upward through the Gap. The evening was calm and frosty, and every footfall of the animal was echoed from the opposite cliffs like the stroke of a hammer. A broken covering of crystal was thrown across the stream that bubbled downwards through the wild valley; and the rocks and leafless trees, in those corners of the glen which had escaped the direct influence of the sunshine, were covered with drooping spars of ice. Chilled by the nipping air, and fearful of attracting the attention of any occasional straggler in the wild, Eily had drawn her blue cloak around her face, and was proceeding quietly in the direction of the cottage, when the sound of voices on the other side of a hedge, by which she passed, struck on her ear.

"Seven pound tin, an' a pint o' whiskey!—the same money as I had for the dead match of her from Father O'Connor, the priest, eastwards in Castle Island. Say the word now—seven pound tin, or lave it there."

"Seven pound."

"No; seven pound tin."

"I will not, I tell you."

"Well, then, being relations, as we are, I never will



break your word, although she's worth that, if it was between brothers."

In her first start of surprise, at hearing this well-remembered voice, Eily had dropped the mantle from her face. Before she could resume it, the last speaker had sprang up on the hedge, and plainly encountered her.

At this moment—far away from home, forsaken, as it appeared, by her chosen, her own accepted love, living all alone in heart, and without even the feverish happiness of hope itself—at this mournful moment it would be difficult to convey any idea of the effect which was produced upon Eily by the sudden apparition of the first, though not the favored, love of her girlish days. Both came simultaneously to a pause, and both remained gazing each on the other's face with a feeling too sudden and too full for immediate expression. The handsome, though no longer healthy, countenance of the mountaineer was expanded to a stare of pleasurable astonishment, while that of Eily was covered with an appearance of shame, sorrow, and perplexity. The pony, likewise, drooping his head as she suffered the rein to slacken in her hand, seemed to participate in her confusion.

At length, Myles of the ponies, keeping his eyes still fixed on Eily, advanced towards her, step after step, with the breathless suspense of King Leontes before the feigned statue. "Eily!" he said at length, laying one hand upon the shaggy neck of the little animal, and placing the other against his throat, to keep down the passion which he felt gathering within, "Oh, Eily O'Connor! is it you I see at last?"

Eily, with her eyes lowered, replied in a whisper, which was all but utterly inaudible, "'Tis, Myles."

A long pause ensued. The poor mountaineer bent down his head in a degree of emotion which it would be difficult to describe, otherwise than by adverting to the causes in which it originated. He was Eily's first declared admirer, and he was the cause of her present exile from her father's fire-side. He had the roughness, but at the same time the honesty, of a mountain cottager; and he possessed a nature which was capable of being deeply, if not acutely, impressed by the circumstances just mentioned. It was long, therefore, before he could renew the conversation. At last he looked up and said:—

"Why then, when you were below at the lake, where I seen you, although I couldn't see a bit o' you but the cloak, I wondered greatly what is it made me feel so quare in myself. Sure it's little notion I had who was in it for a cloak. Little I thought—(here he passed his hand across his eyes.) Ah, what's the use o' talking?"

Eily was still unable to articulate a syllable.

"I saw the old man last week," continued Myles, "still at the old work on the rope-walk."

"Did you—speak to him?" whispered Eily.

"No. He gave me great anger (and justly), the next time he saw me afther you going, in regard it was on my account, he said (and justly too), that you were driven to do as you had done. Oh! then, Miss Eily, why did you do that? Why didn't you come to me un-

knownst to the old man, and says you, 'Myles, I make it my request o' you, you won't axe me any more, for I can't have you at all?' And sure, if my heart was to split open that minute, it's the last word you'd ever hear from Myles."

"There is only one person to blame in all this business," murmured the unhappy girl, "and that is Eily O'Connor."

"I don't say that," returned the mountaineer. "It's no admiration to me you should be heart-broken with all the persecution we gave you day after day. All I'm thinking is, I'm sorry you didn't mention it to myself unknownst. Sure it would be better for me than to be as I was afther when I heerd you were gone. Lowry Looby told me first of it, when I was eastwards. Oh, vo! such a life as I led afther! Lonesome as the mountains looked before, when I used to come home thinkin' of you, they looked ten times lonesomer afther I heerd that story. The ponies, poor crathurs, see 'em all, how they're lookin' down at us this moment, they didn't hear me spring the rattle on the mountain for a month afther. I suppose they thought it is in Garryowen I was."

Here he looked upward, and pointed to his herd, a great number of which were collected in groups on the broken cliffs above the road, some standing so far forward on the projections of rock, as to appear magnified against the dusky sky. Myles sprang the large wooden rattle which he held in his hand, and in an instant all dispersed and disappeared like the clan of a Highland chief at the sound of their leader's whistle.

"Well, Myles," said Eily at length, collecting a little strength, "I hope we'll see some happy days in Garryowen yet."

"Heaven send it. I'll pack off the boy to-night to town, or I'll go myself if you like, or I'll get you a horse and truckle, and guide it myself for you, or I'll do anything in the world that you'll have me. Look at this. I'd rather be doing your bidding this moment than my own mother's, and Heaven forgive me if that's a sin. Ah! Eily, they may say this and that o' you, in the place where you were born, but I'll ever hold to it, I held to it all through, an' I'll hold to it to my death, that when you darken your father's door again, you will send no shame before you!"

"You are right in that, Myles."

"Didn't I know I was? And wasn't it that that broke my heart! Look! If one met me after you fittid away, an' saw me walking the road with my hands in my pocket an' my head down, an' I thinking; an' if he struck me on the shoulder, an' 'Myles,' says he, 'don't grieve for her, she's this an' that!' an' if he proved it to me, why, I'd look up that minute an' I'd smile in his face. I'd be as easy from that hour as if I'd never crossed your threshold at Garryowen! But knowing in my heart, and as my heart told me, that it never could be that way, that Eily was still the old girl always, and hearing what they said o' you, an' knowing that it was I that brought it all upon you—oh, Eily! Eily!—Oh! Eily O'Connor, there is not that man upon



Ireland ground that can tell what I felt. That was what kilt me! That was what drove the pain into my heart, and kept me in the doctor's hands till now."

"Were you ill, then, Myles?" Eily asked in a tone of greater tenderness and interest than she had ever shown to this faithful lover. He seemed to feel it too; for he turned away his head and did not answer for some moments.

"Nothing to speak of," he said at length; "nothing, Eily, that couldn't be cured by a kind word or a look o' that kind. But where are you going now? The night is falling, and this is a lonesome road. The Sowlth\* was seen upon the Black Lake last week, and few are fond of crossing the little bridge at dark since then."

"I am not afraid," said Eily.

"Are you going far a-past the Gap? Let me guide the pony for you."

"No, Myles; where I am going, I must go alone."

"Alone? Sure 'tisn't to part me you will, now?"

"I must, indeed, Myles."

"And what will I say to the old man, when I go and tell him that I saw Eily, an' spoke to her, an' that I know no more?"

"Tell him, if you like, that Eily is sorry for the trouble she gave him, and that before many days she hopes to ask his pardon on her knèes. Good night, and Heaven be with you. Myles, you are a good man."

"An' amn't I to know where you stop itself?"

"Not now. You said, Myles, that you would like to do my bidding. My bidding is now that you would neither ask, nor look after, where I'm going, nor where I stop. If you do either one or the other, you will do me a great injury."

"Say no more, a-chree!" said Myles; "the word is enough. Well, Eily, good night! your own good night back again to you, and may the angels guide you on your road. Cover up your hands in your cloak, an' hide your face from the frost. I do you bidding, but I don't like the look o' you that way, going up this lonesome glen alone, an' a winter night coming on, an' not knowing where you're steering, or who you're trusting to. Eily, be said by me, and let me go with you."

Eily again refused, and gave her hand to Myles, who pressed it between his, and seemed as loth to part with it as if it were a treasure of gold. At length, however, Eily disengaged herself, and put her pony to a trot. The mountaineer remained gazing after her until her figure was lost among the shadows of the rocks. He then turned on his path, and pursued the road which led down the valley, with his eyes fixed heavily upon the ground, and his head sunk forward in an excess of deep and singular emotion. Eily, meanwhile, pursued her journey to the cottage, where, as the reader is aware, no news of her forgetful husband had as yet been heard. Some days of painful suspense and solitude elapsed, and then came Danny Mann with his young master's note.

It was the eve of Little Christmas, and Eily was seated by the fire, still listening, with the anxiety of de-

ferred hope, to every sound that approached the cottage door. She held in her hand a small prayer-book, in which she was reading, from time to time, the office of the day. The sins and negligence of the courted maiden and the happy bride came now in dread array before the memory of the forsaken wife, and she leaned forward with her cheek supported by one finger, to contemplate the long arrear in silent penitence. They were, for the most part, such transgressions as might, in a more worldly soul, be considered indicative of innocence rather than hopeless guilt; but Eily's was a young and tender conscience, that bore the burthen with reluctance and with difficulty.

Poll Naughten was arranging at a small table the three-branched candle with which the vigil of this festival is celebrated in Catholic houses. While she was so occupied a shadow fell upon the threshold, and Eily started from her chair. It was that of Danny Mann. She looked for a second figure, but it did not appear, and she returned to her chair with a look of agony and disappointment.

"Where's your masher? Isn't he coming?" asked Poll, while she applied a lighted rush to one of the branches of the candle.

"He isn't," returned Danny; "he has something else to do."

He approached Eily, who observed, as he handed her the note, that he looked more pale than usual, and that his eyes quivered with an uncertain and gloomy fire. She cast her eyes on the note, in the hope of finding there a refuge from the fears which crowded in upon her; but it came only to confirm them in all their gloomy force. She read it word after word, and then, letting her hand fall lifeless by her side, she leaned back against the wall in an attitude of utter desolation. Danny avoided contemplating her in this condition, and stooped forward, with his hands expanded over the fire. The whole took place in silence so complete, that Poll was not yet aware of the transaction, and had not even looked on Eily. Again she raised the paper to her eyes, and again she read the same well-known hand, to which her pulses had so often thrilled and quickened, the same unkind, cold, heartless, loveless words. She thought of the first time on which she met Hardress; she remembered the warmth, the tenderness, the respectful zeal of his young and early attachment; she recalled his favorite phrases of affection; and again she looked upon this unfeeling scrawl, and the contrast almost broke her heart. She thought that if he were determined to renounce her, he might at least have come and spoken a word at parting, even if he had used the same violence as in their last interview. His utmost harshness would be kinder than indifference like this. It was an irremediable affliction, one of those frightful visitations, from the effects of which a feeble and unelastic character like this unhappy girl can never be recovered.

But though the character of Eily was, as we have termed it, unelastic; though, when once bowed down by a calamitous pressure, her spirits could not recoil, but took the drooping form and retained it even after

\* A gloomy spirit.

that pressure was removed; still she possessed a heroism peculiar to herself—the noblest of which humanity is capable—the heroism of endurance. The time had now arrived for the exercise of that faculty of silent sufferance of which she had made her gentle boast to Hardress. She saw now that complaint would be in vain, that Hardress loved her not, that she was dead in his affections, and that, although she might disturb the quiet of her husband, she never could restore her own. She determined, therefore, to obey him at once, and without a murmur. She thought that Hardress's unkindness had its origin in a dislike to her, and did not at all imagine the possibility of his proceeding to such a degree of perfidity as he, in point of fact, contemplated. Had she done so, she would not have agreed to maintain the secrecy which she had promised.

While this train of meditation was still passing in her mind, Danny Mann advanced towards the place where she was standing, and said, without raising his eyes from her feet:—

"If you're agreeable to do what's in dat paper, Miss Eily, I have a boy below at de Gap wid a horse and car, an' you can set off to-night if you like."

Eily, as if yielding to a mechanical impulse, glided into the little room, which, during the honeymoon, had been furnished up and decorated for her own use. She restrained her eyes from wandering as much as possible, and commenced, with hurried and trembling hands, her arrangements for departure. They were few and speedily effected. Her apparel was folded into her trunk, and for once she tied on her bonnet and cloak without referring to the glass. It was all over now! It was a happy dream, but it was ended. Not a tear fell, not a sigh escaped her lips, during the course of those farewell occupations. The struggle was deep and terrible, but it was firmly mastered. A few minutes only elapsed before she again appeared at the door of the little chamber, accoutred for the journey.

"Danny," she said, in a faint, small voice. "I am ready."

"Ready?" exclaimed Poll. "Is it going you are a-chree?"

Nothing could be more dangerous to Eily's firmness at this moment than any sound of commiseration or kindness. She felt the difficulty at once, and hurried to escape the chance of this additional trial.

"Poll," she replied, still in the same faint tone, "good bye to you. I am sorry I have only thanks to give at parting, but I will not forget you when it is in my power. I left my things within; I will send for them some other time."

"And where is it you're going? Danny, what's all this about?"

"What business is it of yours," replied her brother, in a peevish tone, "or of mine eider? It is the master's bidding, an' you can ax him why he done it when he comes, if you want to know."

"But the night will rain; it will be a bad night," said Poll. "I seen the clouds gatherin' for tunder, an' I comin' down the mountain."

Eily smiled faintly and shook her head, as if to inti-

mate that the changes of the seasons would henceforth be to her of trivial interest.

"If it be the master's bidding, it must be right, no doubt," said Poll, still looking in wonder and perplexity on Eily's dreary and dejected face; "but it is a quare story—that's what it is. Won't you ate anything?"

"Oh, not a morsel!" said Eily, with a look of sudden and intense disgust; "but perhaps Danny may."

"No but I'll drink a drop if you have it," returned the lord, in a tone which showed that he doubted much the likelihood of any refreshment of that kind remaining long inactive in the possession of his sister. To his delight and dissapointment, however, Poll handed him a bottle from the neighboring dresser, which contained a considerable quantity of spirits. He drank off the whole at a draught, and we cannot more clearly show the strong interest which Poll Naughten felt in the situation of Eily, than by mentioning that she left this circumstance unnoticed.

Without venturing to reiterate her farewell, Eily descended, with a hasty but feeble step, the broken path which led to the Gap-road, and was quickly followed by the little lord. Committing herself to his guidance, she soon lost sight of the mountain cottage, which she had sought in hope and joy, and which she now abandoned in despair.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### HOW HARDRESS LOST AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

EILY had not been many minutes absent from the cottage, when the thunder-storm predicted by Fighting Poll commenced, amid all the circumstances of adventitious grandeur by which those elemental convulsions are accompanied among the Kerry mountains. The rain came down in torrents, and the thunder clattered among the crags and precipices with a thousand short reverberations. Phil Naughten, who had entered soon after the storm began, was seated with his wife at their small supper-table, the latter complaining heavily of the assault made by Danny on her spirit flask, which she now, for the first time, discovered to be empty.

Suddenly the latch of the door was raised, and Hardress Oregan entered, with confusion and terror in his appearance. The dark frieze great-coat, in which his figure was enveloped, seemed to be drenched in rain, and his face was flushed and glistening with the beating of the weather. He closed the door with difficulty against the strong wind, and still keeping his left hand on the latch, he said:—

"I am afraid I have come too late. Is Danny here?"

"No, sir," said Phil; "he's gone these two hours."

"And Eily?"

"An' Eily along with him. He gave her papers that made her go."

Hardress heard this with an appearance of satisfaction. He leaned his back against the door, crossed his feet, and fixed his eyes upon the ground, in a silent soliloquy, which was to this effect:—



"It is done, then. I would have saved her, but it is too late. Now, my good angel, be at peace with me. I would have saved her. I obeyed your call. Amid the storm, the darkness, and the rain, I flew to execute your gentle will. But the Devil had taken me at my word already, and found me a rapid minister. Would I had saved her! Ha! What whisper's that? There can come nothing worse of it than I have ordered. Forsaken! Banished! This is the very worst that can befall her. And for the consequences, why, if she be so weak and silly a thing as to pine and die of the slight, let nature take the blame, not me. I never meant it. But if that madman should exceed my orders. And if he should," Hardress suddenly exclaimed aloud, while he started from the door, and trembled with fury; "and if he should," he repeated, extending his arms, and spreading his fingers as if in act to gripe, "wherever I meet him—in the city, or in the desert; in the lowest depth of this accursed valley, or on the summit of the mountain where he tempted me, I will tear his flesh from off his bones, and gibbet him between these fingers for a miscreant and a ruffian."

He sunk, exhausted by this frantic burst of passion, into a chair—the chair which Eily had occupied on that evening. Phil Naughten and his wife left their seats in astonishment, and gazed on him and on one another in silence. In a few minutes Hardress rose more calmly from the chair, and drew his arms out of the great-coat, which he handed to Poll, signifying, by a motion of his hand, that she should hang it near the fire. While she obeyed his wishes, he resumed his seat in silence. For a considerable time he remained leaning over the back of the chair, and gazing fixedly upon the burning embers. The fatigue of his long journey on foot, and the exhaustion of his feelings, at length brought on a heavy slumber, and his head sunk upon in his breast in deep, though not untroubled rest. Poll and her husband resumed their meal, and afterwards proceeded to their customary evening occupations. Phil began to repair the pony's saddle, while Poll twisted the flaxen cords, according as her husband required them.

"I'll tell you what, Phil," said his wife in a low whisper, "there's something going on to-night that is not right; I am sorry I let Eily go."

"Whisht, you foolish woman!" returned her husband; "what would be going on? Mind your work, an' don't wake the master. Dy'e hear how he moans in his sleep?"

"I do; an' I think that moan isn't for nothing. Who is it he was talking of tearing a while ago?"

"I don't know; there's no use in thinking about it. This is a cold night with poor McDonough in his grave—the first he ever spent there."

"And so it is. Were there many at the funeral?"

"A power. The whole country was afther the hearse. You never heerd such a cry in your life as was set up in the churchyard by poor Garret O'Neil, his own *natural*, afther the grave was covered in. The whole place was in tears."

"Sure Garrett wasn't with him this many a year?"

"He was not, until the very day before he died, when he seen him in his own room. You remember a long wattle that Garret used always be carrying in his hand?"

"I do, well."

"That was given to him be the masther, McDonough himself. Garret axed him once of a Hansel-Monday for his *hansel*,\* and 'tis what he gave him was that wattle, as it was standing behind the parlor doore. 'Here, Garret,' says he, 'take this wattle, and when you meet with a greater fool than yourself, you may give it to him.' Garret took it without a word, and the masther never seen him afther till the other day, when he walked into his bed-room, where he was lying in his last sickness, with the wattle still in his hand. The masther knew him again the minute he looked at him. 'And didn't you part the wattle yet, Garret?' says he. 'No, sir,' says Garret, 'I can find nowhere a greater fool than I am myself.' 'You show good sense in that, any way,' says the masther. 'Ah, Garret,' says he, 'I b'lieve I'm going.' 'Going where, sir?' says Garret. 'Oh, a long journey,' says he, 'an' one that I'm but little provided for.' 'An' did you know you'd be goin' that journey?' says Garret. 'I did, Heaven forgive me,' says McDonough. 'An, you made no preparation for it?' says Garret. 'No preparation in life,' say the masther to him again. Well, Garrett moved over near the bed-side, and took the masther's hand, an' put the wattle into it, just that way. 'Well,' says he, 'take your wattle again. You desired me keep it until I'd meet a greater fool than myself, an' now I found him; for if you knew you'd be taking that journey, an' made no preparation for it, you are a greater fool than ever Garret was.'"

"That was frightful!" said Poll! "Husht! Did you hear that? Well, if ever the dead woke, they ought to wake to-night? Did you ever hear such tunder?"

"'Tis great, surely. How sound Mistor Hardress sleeps, an' not to be woke by that. Put the candle at this side, Poll, an' don't disturb him."

They now proceeded with their employment in silence, which was seldom broken. Any conversation that passed, was carried on in low and interrupted whispers, and all possible pains were used to avoid disturbing the repose of their weary guest and patron.

But the gnawing passion haunted him even in the depth of sleep. A murmur occasionally broke from his lips, and a hurried whisper, sometimes indicative of anger and command and sometimes of sudden fear, would escape him. He often changed his position, and it was observed by those who watched beside him, that his breathing was oppressed and thick, and his brow was damp with moisture.

"The Lord defend and forgive us all!" said Phil, in a whisper to his wife. "I'm afeerd—I'll judge nobody, but I'm afeerd there's some bad work, as you say, going on this night."

"The Lord protect the poor girl that left us," whispered Poll.

\*On the first Monday of the new year (called Hansel-Monday,) it is customary to bestow trifling gifts, which are denominated *hansels*.



"Amen!" replied her husband aloud.

"Amen!" echoed the sleeper; and following the association awakened by the response, he ran over, in a rapid voice, a number of prayers, such as are used in the service of his church.

"He's saying his litanies," said Poll. "Phil, come into the next room, or wake him up, either one or the other; I don't like to be listenin' to him. 'Tisn't right of us to be taking advantage of anybody in their dhrames. Many is the poor boy that hung himself that way in his sleep."

"'Tis a bad business," said Phil. "I don't like the look of it at all, I tell you."

"My glove!—my glove!" said the dreaming Hardress; "you used it against my meaning. I meant but banishment. We shall both be hanged—we shall be hanged for this—"

"Come, Phil! Come—come!" cried Poll Naughten, with impatience.

"Stop, eroo!—stop!" cried her husband. "He's choking, I b'lieve! Poll! Poll!—the light! the light! Get a cup o' wather."

"Here it is! Shake him Phil! Masther Hardress!—wake, a' ra gal!"

"Wake, Masther Hardress; wake, sir, if you plase!"

The instant he was touched, Hardress started from his chair, as if the spring that had bound him to it had been suddenly struck, and remained standing before the fire in an attitude of extreme terror. He did not speak—at least the sounds to which he gave utterance could not be traced into any intelligible form; but his looks and gestures were those of a man oppressed with a horrid apprehension. Accordingly, however, as his nerves recovered their waking vigor, and the real objects surrounding him became known to his senses, a gradual relief appeared to steal upon his spirits, his eyelids dropped, his muscles were relaxed, and a smile of intense joy was visible upon his features. He let his arms fall slowly by his side, and sunk down once more, with a murmur of painful satisfaction, into the chair which he had left.

But the vision, with which he had been terrified, was too deeply impressed upon his imagination to be at once removed. His dream had merely represented in act a horrid deed, the apprehension of which had shaken his soul with agony when awake, and had brought him amid those obstacles of storm and darkness to the cottage of his neglected wife. His fears were still unquieted: the frightful image that bestrode his slumbers and yet haunted him awake, and opposed itself with a ghastly vigor to his eyes, in whatever direction they were turned. Unable to endure the constant recurrence of this unvarying suggestion, he at length hurried out of the cottage. He paid no attention to the voice of Poll Naughten, who followed him to the door, with his great-coat in her hand, but ran down the crags, and in the direction of his home, with the speed of one distracted.

The light which burned in the drawing-room window showed that all the family had not yet retired. His mother, as he learned from old Nancy, was still expect-

ing his return. She was almost alone in the house, for Cregan had left the cottage about a fortnight before in order to escort Miss Chute to her own home. She was seated at a table, and reading some work appropriate to the coming festival, when Hardress made his appearance at the door, still drenched in rain, and pale with agitation and fatigue. He remained on the threshold, leaning with one arm against the jamb, and gazing on the lady.

"What! up yet, mother?" he said, at length. "Where's Anne?"

"Ha! Hardress! Oh! my dear child, I have been anxiously expecting you. Anne? Do you forget that you took leave of her a fortnight since?"

"I had forgotten it. I now remember. But not for ever?"

"Why should you say so? What do you mean?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Is not your bridal fixed for the 2d of February? But I have mournful news to tell you, Hardress."

"Let me hear none of it!" exclaimed the unhappy youth, with great vehemence. "It will drive me mad at last. Nothing but mournful news! I'm sick of it. Wherever I turn my eyes, they encounter nothing now but mourning. Coffins and corpses, graves and darkness, all around me! Mother, your son will end his days in Bedlam. Start as you will, I say but what I feel and hear. I find my reason going fast to wreck. Oh! mother, I shall die an idiot yet!"

"My child!"

"Your child!" Hardress reiterated with petulant emphasis. "And if I am your child, could you not care more kindly for my happiness? It was you that urged me on to this. Mind, I comply; but it was you that urged me. You brought me into the danger; and when I would have withdrawn, you held me there. I told you that I was engaged; that Heaven had heard, and Earth recorded, my pledge, and that I could not break it. Oh! mother, if you were a mother, and if you saw your son caught by a treacherous passion—if you saw that he was weak, and yielding, and likely to be overcome, you should have strengthened him. It would have been a mother's part to warn him off—to take the side of honesty against his weakness, and make him virtuous in his own despite. But this you did not. I was struggling for my failing honesty, and you strove against me. I rose again and again, almost discomfited, yet still unwilling to yield up all claim to truth, and again and again you struck me down. Behold me now! You have succeeded fully. I am free now to execute your will—to marry or hang, whichever you please."

"Hardress!" exclaimed his mother, in an agony, "I—"

"Oh! no more remonstrance, mother. Your remonstrances have been my curse and bane: they have destroyed me for this world and for the next."

"You shock me to the soul!"

"Well, I am sorry for it. Go on. Tell me this mournful news. It cannot be but another drop in the ocean. I told you that my reason was affected, and so it is. I know it by the false coloring that

has grown upon my senses. My imagination is filled continually with the dreariest images, and there is some spirit within me that tingles, with the same hue of death, the real objects I behold. At morning, if I look upon the east, I think it has the color of blood; and at night, when I gaze on the advancing shadows, I think of palls and hearse-plumes, and habits of mourning. Mother, I fear I have not long to live."

"Fie, Hardress!—fie! Are you growing superstitious? For shame! I will not talk with you to-night upon that subject, nor will I tax you with the manifest unkindness of your charges on myself, so often refuted, yet now again repeated. I have a matter of weightier interest to communicate. You know Mrs. Daly, the mother of your young friend, Kyrle?"

"There again!" exclaimed Hardress, starting from his seat, and speaking with passionate loudness. "There again, mother! Another horrid treason! Why, the whole world are joining in one cry of reprobation on my head. Another black and horrid perfidy! Oh! Kyrle, my friend, my calm, high-minded, virtuous, and serene companion! He trusted me with everything; told me his secrets, showed me his fears, and commended his hopes to my patronage. And what have I done? I pledged myself to be his friend. I lied!—I have supplanted him! How shall I meet him now for evermore? I feel as if the world were met to spit upon my face. This should be my desert. Oh, fool!—blind fool! Anne Chute! What was Anne Chute to me, or I to her, that I should destroy my own reputation, betray my friend, resist my Maker, and forsake my—" Suddenly arresting his speech at this juncture, he sunk back into his chair, and added in a low murmur, "Well, mother, tell this mournful news at once."

"It is soon told," said Mrs. Cregan, who had now become too well accustomed to those bursts of transient passion in her son to afford them any angry consideration. "Poor Mrs. Daly is dead."

"Dead!"

"But this evening I heard it. The circumstance is one of peculiar melancholy. She died quite unexpectedly in her accouchment."

"And if the virtuous are thus visited," said Hardress, after a pause, lifting up his hands and eyes, "what should not I expect? I wish I were fit to pray, that I might pray for that kind woman."

"There is one act of mercy in your power," said his mother; "you will be expected at the wake and funeral."

"And there I shall meet with Kyrle."

"What then?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" He paused for several minutes, during which he leaned on the table in a meditative posture. His countenance at length assumed an appearance of more peaceful grief, and it became evident from the expression of his eye, that a more quiet train of feeling was passing through his mind. "Poor Mrs. Daly!" he said at last. "If one would be wise at all times how little he would sacrifice to the gratification of simple passion in such a world as this! Im-

primis," he continued, counting on his finger ends. "Imprimis, a cradle; item, clothing; item, a house; item, fire; item, food; item, a coffin. The best require no more than these; and for the worst you need only add—item, a gallows, and you have said enough."

Mrs. Cregan heard this speech without the keen anxiety which she would have felt if Hardress had been less passionate in his manner and less extravagant in his mode of speech. But knowing this, she heeded little in him what would have filled her with terror in another.

"Well, will you go to the wake, Hardress?" she said. "You must set out to-morrow morning early."

"I will," said Hardress. "It's a long distance, but I can be there, at all events, by nightfall. When does the funeral take place?"

"I suppose after to-morrow. I will have the curicle at the door by day-break, for you must set me down at Castle Chute. Go now, and change your dress at once, or you will suffer for it. Nancy shall take you a warm footbath and a hot drink, when you are in your room."

Hardress retired without further question. The idea of meeting with Kyrle Daly, after the unmanly neglect and even betrayal of his interests, was now the one which occupied his sole attention. Half love is vanity; at least, a fair moiety of Hardress Cregan's later passion might be placed to the account of that effeminate failing. It could not, therefore, continue to maintain its hold upon his heart against a passion so new and terrible as that of remorse. His love for Anne Chute was now entirely dormant in his mind, and his reason was at full liberty to estimate the greatness of his guilt, without even the suggestion of a palliative. When we add to this his cruel uncertainty with respect to the Eily O' Connor, it is probable that few who hear the story will envy the repose of Hardress Cregan.

For one instant only, during his conversation with Danny Mann, the idea of Eily's death had flashed upon his mind, and for that instant it had been accompanied with a sensation of wilful pleasure. The remembrance of this guilty thought now haunted him with a deep feeling of remorse, as if that momentary assent had been a positive act. Whenever his eye-lids dropped, a horrid chain of faces passed before his imagination, each presenting some characteristic of death or pain—some appearing to threaten, and others to deride him. In this manner the long and lonely night crept by, and the dreary winter dawn round him still unrefreshed and feverish.

## CHAPTER XXX.

HOW HARDRESS GOT HIS HAIR DRESSED IN LISTOWEL, AND HEARD A LITTLE NEWS.

He rose and found that his mother was equipped for the journey. They took a hurried breakfast by candle-light, while Mike was employed in putting the horse to the curicle. The lakes were covered by a



low mist, that concealed the islands and the distant shores, and magnified the height of the gigantic mountains by which the waters are walled in. Far above this slumbering cloud of vapor, the close and wide-spread forests were seen along the sides of the stupendous ridge, the trees so much diminished by the distance, and by the illusion produced by the novelty of the point of vision, as to resemble a garden of mangel-wurzel.

Hardress had just taken his seat in the vehicle beside his mother, when a servant in livery rode up to the door, and touching his hat, put a letter into his hand. It contained an invitation from Hepton Connolly to a hunting dinner, which he was about to give in the course of a month. Hardress remained a moment in meditation.

"Well, how long am I to stop here waiting for my answer?" asked the messenger—the insolent groom alluded to in an early portion of the narrative. Hardress stared on him in silence for some moments.

"You had better go in and breakfast, I think," he said; "you don't intend to return without alighting!"

"Is it for Hepton Connolly? Why then you may take your *vido* I don't, nor for any other master under the sun. I was going to breakfast over at the inn, but as you make the offer, I'll not pass your doore."

"You do me a great deal of honor. When does the hunt take place?"

"In three week's time, I believe, or something thereabouts."

"Not sooner?"

"No. I wanted him to have it at once, for he couldn't have finer weather, an' the mare is in fine condition for it. But when Connolly takes a thing into his head, you might as well be talking to an ass."

"Well," said Hardress, "tell your master that you found me just driving from home, and that I will come."

Saying this he drove away, while his mother remained still wrapt in silent astonishment at the fellow's impudence.

"Such," said Hardress, "is the privilege of a clever groom. That rogue was once a simple, humble cottager, but fortune favored him. He assisted Connolly to win a sweepstakes, which gained him a reputation on the turf; the fame has since destroyed him. You would not know whether to choose between indignation or laughter, if you were present at the conversations that sometimes take place between him and his master."

"If, instead of winning me the king's plate, he could win me the king's crown, I could not endure him," said the proud mother.

"Nor I," returned her prouder son; "nor I, indeed."

About noon they stopped to bait and hear mass at the town of Listowel. Mrs. Cregan and her son were shown into a little parlor at the inn, the window of which looked out upon the square. The bell of the chapel on the other side was ringing for last mass, and numbers of people, in their holiday attire, were seen in the wide area, some hurrying towards the chapel-gate,

some loitering in groups about the square, and some sitting on the low window-sill stones.

The travellers joined the first mentioned portion of the crowd, and performed their devotions; at least, they gave the sanction of their presence to the ceremonial of the day. When they had returned to the inn, and taken their places in the little parlor, Mrs. Cregan, after fixing her eyes for a moment on her son, exclaimed:

"Why, Hardress, you are a perfect fright! Did you dress to-day?"

"Not particularly."

"Do you intend to call in at Castle Chute?"

"Just to visit in passing."

"Then I would advise you, by all means, to do something to your toilet before you leave this."

Hardress took up a mirror which lay on the wooden chimney-piece, and satisfied himself, by a single glance, of the wisdom of his mother's suggestion. His eyes were bloodshot, his beard grown and grisly, and his hair hanging about his temples in most ungraceful profusion. He rang the little bell which lay on the table, and summoned the landlady to his presence. It would be difficult, she told him, to procure a hair-cutter to-day, being a holiday, but there was one from Garryowen below, that would do the business as well as any one in the world, if he had only got his scissors with him.

Hardress started at the name of Garryowen; but as he did not remember the hair-cutter, and felt an anxiety to hear news from that quarter, he desired the stranger to be shown into another room, where he proposed effecting the necessary change in his attire.

He had scarcely taken his seat before the toilet, when a soft tap at the door, and the sound of a small, squeaking voice, announced the arrival of the hair-cutter. On looking round him, Hardress beheld a small, thin-faced, red-haired little man, with a tailor's shears dangling from his finger, bowing and smiling with a timid and conciliating air. In an evil hour for his patience, Hardress consented that he should commence operations.

"The platiez were very airy this year, sir," he modestly began, after he had wrapped a check apron about the neck of Hardress, and made the other necessary arrangements.

"Very airy, indeed. You needn't cut so fast."

"Very airy, sir—the white-eyes especially. Them white-eyes are fine platiez. For the first four months I wouldn't ax a better platie than a white-eye, with a bit o' bacon, if one had it; but after that the meal goes out of 'em, and they gets wet and bad. The cups arn't so good in the beginnin' o' the saison, but they should better. Turn your head more to the light, sir, if you please. The cups, indeed, are a fine, substantial, lasting platie. There's great nutriment in 'em for poor people, that would have nothin' else with them but themselves or a grain o' salt. There's no platie that eats better, when you have nothin' but a bit o' the little one (as they say) to eat with a bit o' the big. No platie that eats so sweet with point."

"With point," Hardress repeated, a little amused by



this fluent discussion of the poor hair cutter upon the varieties of a dish which, from his childhood, had formed almost his only article of nutriment, and on which he expatiated with as much cognosence and satisfaction as a fashionable gourmand might do on the culinary productions of Eustache Ude. "What is point?"

"Don't you know what that is, sir? I'll tell you in a minute. A joke that them that has nothin' to do, an' plenty to eat, make upon the poor people that has nothin' to eat, and plenty to do. That is, when there's dry piatez on the table, and enough of hungry people about it, and the famly would have, may be, only one bit o' bacon hanging up above their heads, they'd peel a piatie first, and then they'd *point* it up at the bacon, and they'd fancy that it would have the taste o' the mait when they'd be atin' it after. That's what they call point, sir. A cheap sort o' diet it is (Lord help us!), that's plenty enough among the poor people in this country. A great plan for making a small bit o' pork go a long way in a large family."

"Indeed it is but a slender sort of food. Those scissors you have are dreadful ones."

"Terrible, sir. I sent my own over to the forge before I left home, to have an eye put in it; only for that I'd be smarter a deal. Slender food it is indeed. There's a deal o' poor people here in Ireland, sir, that are run so hard at times, that the wind of a bit o' mait is as good to 'em as the mait itself to them that would be used to it. The piatez are everythin'—the *kitshen*\* little or nothin'. But there's a sort of piatez (I don't know did you honor ever taste 'em) that's gettin' greatly in vogue now among 'em, an' is killin' half the country—the white piatez—a piatie that has great produce, an' requires but little manure, an' will grow in very poor land, but has no more strength nor nourishment in it than if you had boiled a handful o' saw-dust and made gruel of it, or put a bit of deal board between you teeth and thought to make a breakfast of it. The black bulls themselves are better. Indeed the black bulls are a deal a better piatie than they're thought. When you'd peel 'em, they'd look as black as indigo, an' you'd have no mind to 'em at all; but I declare they're very sweet in the mouth, an' very strengthenin'. The English reds are a nate piatie too; and the apple piatie (I don't know what made 'em be given up), an' the kidney (though delicate of rearing); but give me the cups for all, that will hold the meal in 'em to the last, and won't require any intricket tillage. Let a man have a middling-sized pit o' cups across the winter, a small *caish*† to pay his rent an' a handful o' turf behind the doore, an' he can defy the world."

"You know as much, I think," said Hardress, "of farming as of hair cutting."

"Oyeh, if I had nothing to depend upon but what heads comes across me this way, sir, I'd be in a poor way enough. But I have a little spot o' ground besides."

"And a good taste for the produce."

"'Twas kind father for me to have that same. Did

you ever hear tell, sir, of what they call limestone broth?"

"Never."

"'Twas my father first made it. I'll tell you the story, sir, if you'll turn your head this way a minute."

Hardress had no choice but to listen.

"My father went once upon a time about the country, in the idle season, seeing would he make a penny at all by cutting hair, or setting razurs and penknives, or any other job that would fall in his way. Well an' good—he was one day walking alone in the mountains of Kerry, without a haip'ny in his pocket (for though he travelled afoot, it cost him more than he earned), an' knowing there was but little love for a county Limerick man in the place where he was, on being half perished with the hunger, an' evening drawing nigh, he didn't know well what to do with himself till morning. Very good—he went along the wild road, an' if he did, he soon see a farm-house at a little distance, o' one side—a snug-looking place, with the smoke curling up out of the chimney, an' all tokens of good living inside. Well, some people would live where a fox would starve. What do you think did my father do? He wouldn't beg (a thing one of our people never done yet, thank Heaven!) an' he hadn't the money to buy a thing; so what does he do? He takes up a couple o' the big limestones that were lying on the road in his two hands, an' away with him to the house. 'Lord save all here!' says he walkin' in the door. 'And you kindly,' says they. 'I'm come to you,' says he, this way, looking at the two limestones, 'to know would you let me make a little limestone broth over your fire, until I'll make my dinner?' 'Limestone broth!' says they to him again; 'what's that, *croo*?' 'Broth made o' limestone,' says he, 'what else?' 'We never heard of such a thing,' says they. 'Why, then, you may hear it now,' says he, 'an' see it also, if you'll gi' me a pot an' a couple o' quarts o' soft water.' 'You can have it an' welcome,' says they. So they put down the pot an' the water, an' my father went over an' tuk a chair hard by the pleasant fire for himself, an' put down his two limestones to boil, and kept stirrin' them round like stirabout. Very good—well, by-an'-bye, when the wather began to boil—'Tis thickening finely,' says my father; 'now if it had a grain o' salt at all, 'twould be a great improvement to it.' 'Raich down the salt-box, Nell,' says the man o' the house to his wife. So she did. 'O! that's the very thing just,' says my father, shaking some of it into the pot. So he stirred it again awhile, looking as sober as a minister. By-an'-bye, he takes the spoon he had stirring it, an' tastes it. 'It is very good now,' says he, 'although it wants something yet.' 'What is it?' says they. 'Oyeh, wisha, nothing,' says he; 'maybe 'tis only fancy o' me.' 'If it's anything we can give you,' says they, 'you're welcome to it.' 'Tis very good as it is,' says he; 'but when I'm at home, I find it gives it a fine flavor just to boil a little knuckle o' bacon, or mutton trotters, or anything that way, along with it.' 'Raich hether that bone o' sheep's head we had at dinner yesterday, Nell,' says the man o' the house. 'Oyeh, don't mind it,' says

\* Anything eaten with potatoes.

† A pig.

father; 'let be as it is.' 'Sure, if it improves it, you may as well,' says they. '*Baithershin!*\* says my father, putting it down. So after boiling it a good piece longer, 'Tis as fine limestone broth,' says he, 'as ever was tasted; an' if a man had a few platez,' says he, looking at a pot of 'em that was smokin' in the chimney corner, 'he couldn't desire a better dinner.' They gave him the platez, and he made good dinner of themselves an' the broth, not forgetting the bone, which he polished equal to chaney before he let it go. The people themselves tasted it, an' thought it as good as any mutton broth in the world."

"Your father, I believe, knew how to amuse his friends after a short journey as well as any other traveller."

The fellow leered at Hardress, thrust out his lips, and winked with both eyes, in a manner which cannot be expressed. "He was, indeed, a mighty droll, funny man. Not interruptin' you, sir, I'll tell you a thing that happened him in the hair-cuttin' line, that flogs all Munster, I think, for cuteness."

"I am afraid I cannot wait to hear it. I have a great way to go to-day, and a great deal to do before I set off."

"That's just biddin' me go on with my story, sir; for the more I talk, the faster I work, for ever. Just turn your head this way, sir, if you please. My father—a little more to the light, sir—my father was sittin' one fine mornin' in his little shop, curlin' a front curl belongin' to a lady (we won't mention who) in the neighborhood, with the sun shinin' in the door, and he singin' a little song for himself, an' meself, a craithur, sittin' by the fire, lookin' about me, an' sayin' nothin'. Very well; all of a sudden a gentleman, tall and well mounted, rode up to the doore, an' —— 'Hello!' says he, callin' out, 'can I get myself shaved here?' says he. 'Why not, please your honor?' says my father, startin' up, and layin' by the front out of his hand. So he 'lit off his horse, an' come in. He was a mighty bould, fierce-looking gentleman, with a tunderin' long sword be his side, down, an' a pair o' whiskers as big an' as red as a fox's brush, an' eyes as round as them two bull's eyes in the window-panes, an' they havin' a strange twist in 'em, so that when he'd be lookin' you straight in the face, you'd think it's out at the door he'd be lookin'. Besides that, when he'd spake, he used to give himself a loud roisterin' way, as if you were a mile off, an' not willin' to come near or to be said by him. 'Do you mind, now,' says he, an' he takin' a chair oppozzit the windee, while my father smartened himself, an' bate up a lather——'ever and always since I was the height of a bee's knee, says he, 'I had a mortal enmity to seein' a drop o' my own blood, an' I tell you what it is,' says he. 'What is it, sir?' says my father. 'I'll make a clear bargain with you now,' says the gentleman. So he took out a half-crown, an' laid it upon the table, an' after that he drew his sword, and laid it hard-by the half-crown. 'Do you see them two now?' says he. 'I do, surely,' says my father. 'The half-crown will be yours,' says the gentleman, 'if you'll shave me without drawin' my

blood; but if I see as much as would make a breakfast for——(he named an animal that I won't mention after him now)—if I see as much after you,' says he, 'I'll run this sword through your body, as shure as there's mait in mutton. So look before you lep; if you won't take the bargain, say it, and let me ride away,' says he. This was in times when a gentleman that way, would think as little a'most of doin' a thing o' the kind to a poor Catholic as he would now of sayin' it; so well became my father to look to himself. 'You'll never have it to say o' me,' says my father, 'that I wouldn't trust my hand so far at any rate in the business I was bred to.' So to it they fell, an' as Providence ordered it, my father shaved him without one gash, an' put the half-crown in his pocket. 'Well, now 'tis done,' says the gentleman, 'but you're a foolish man.' 'How so, sir?' says my father. 'Because, so sure as I saw the blood,' says the other, 'I'd make my word good.' 'But you never would see the blood, sir,' says my father quite easy, 'because I'd see it before you, an' I'd cut your throat with the razbur.' Well, 'twas as good as a play to see the look the gentleman gave him when he said that. He didn't answer in a word, but mounted his horse and rode away."

"He found his match in the hair-cutter," said Hardress, rejoiced as the story ended.

"I'll be bound, sir, he was in no hurry to make bargains o' that kind any more. 'Twas a mighty good answer, sir, wasn't it?"

"A desperate one at all events."

"Ah, desperate, you may say that; but my father was sure of his hand. I'll tell you another droll thing that happened my father once, when——"

But the patience of his listener was here completely stranded. The hair-cutter had got such a miserable pair of shears, that he was obliged to use as much exertion in clipping the hair, as a tinker or a plumber might do in cutting sheet lead. Besides, being accustomed to that professional sippancy of movement which, with proper instruments, might have expedited the operation, he made no allowance for the badness of his scissors, but clipped and plucked away as fast as usual; thus contriving to tear up half as much by the roots as he removed in the usual course of business. This, and other circumstances, induced Hardress to place a decided negative in the way of his anecdotes, until he had concluded his task.

This being accomplished, Hardress raised his hand to his head, and experienced a sensation on the palm, somewhat similar to that which would be produced by placing it on an inverted hair-brush. On looking in the glass, he discovered that his hair had been cut into a fashion which enjoys a lasting popularity at fairs and cottage merry-makings; but, however consistent with the interests of persons who only employed a barber once in a quarter, and then supposed that the closer he cut the better value he gave for the money, it was by no means in accordance with the established notions of good taste. There were indeed no gaps, as he boasted, for he had cut it almost as bare as a wig-block, leaving



only a narrow fringe, in front, from ear to ear, like the ends of a piece of silk. There was no help, however, for such mischief once effected, so that Hardress paid him without remark, and paid him liberally.

The little hair-cutter took it for granted, by the handsome manner in which his customer had compensated for his services, that he was highly gratified with the manner in which they had been performed.

"If your honor," he said, bowing very low, "would be passing through Garryowen, an' would be inclined to lave any o' your hair behind you, may be you'd think of Dunat O'Leary's shop, on the right-hand side o' the sthreet, three doores down from Mihil O'Connor's, the rope-maker's."

"I will, I will," said Hardress, turning suddenly away.

Mr. O'Leary walked slowly to the door, and again returned.

"There's a great set o' lads about the place, sir," he said, in his usual shrill voice, while a slight degree of embarrassment appeared in his manner, "an' they're forever christenin' people out o' their names, till a man is better known by a nickname than by his own. 'Tis ten to one, plase your honor, that you'll be the surer of finding me by asking for Foxy Dunat, than for my own lawful name; they're such a set o' lads."

"Very well; good morning, Foxy Dunat."

"Yes, sir, Foxy, in regard to the red hair that's on me. Ah, there's no standing them lads."

"Very well; good morning, Foxy Dunat. I'll remember."

"Good morning to your honor. Stay!" he once more returned from the door. "See what I was doing; carrying your honor's hair away with me."

"Well, and what business do you suppose I have of it now? I am not a wig-maker."

"I don't know, sir, but people mostly likes to put it up in some safe place again' the day of judgment, as they say."

"The day of judgment!"

"Yes, plase your honor. We must have everything about us then, that ever belonged to us, an' a man would look droll that time without his hair."

Hardress was not in a humor for jesting, but he could not avoid smiling in secret at this conceit.

"Very well," said he, tapping the hair-cutter upon the shoulder, and looking gravely in his face. "As I am going a long journey at present, I will feel obliged by your keeping it for me until then, and I will call on you if I want it."

"As your honor feels agreeable," said Dunat, again bowing low, and moving towards the door. Nevertheless, he did not leave the room until he had made the young gentleman acquainted with all the circumstances that occasioned his absence from home at this moment. In doing so, he unwarily touched Hardress to the quick. He had come, he said, in consequence of a letter he had received from a neighbor's daughter that had run away from her father, and was hiding somewhere among the Kerry mountains.

"A letter you received!" exclaimed Hardress, in strong surprise.

"Yes, sir; telling me she was alive, and bidding me let the old man know of it; the old rope-maker I mentioned awhile ago. Since I came, I heard it reported at Castle Island, this morning, that she was drowned somewhere in the Fleesk."

"Drowned! Eily drowned!" Hardress suddenly exclaimed, starting from a reverie, as the single word struck upon his hearing.

"Eily was her name, sure enough," replied O'Leary, staring on him, "howsoever you come to know it."

"I—I—you mentioned that name, I think; did you not?"

"May be it slipped from me, sir. Well, as I was saying, they thought she was drowned there, an' they wor for havin' a sheaf o' reeds, with her name tied upon it, put out upon the sthrame; for they say, when a person dies by water, the sheaf o' reeds will float against the sthrame, or with the sthrame, until it stops over the place where the body lies, if it had to go up O'Sullivan's cascade itself. But Father Edward O'Connor desired 'em to go home about their business, that the sheaf would go with the current, an' no way else, if they were at it from this till doomsday. To be sure he knows best."

At this moment the landlady knocked at the door, to inform our collegian that Mrs. Cregan was expecting him without. Having concluded his toilet, he hurried out of the room, not displeased at his release from the observation of this stranger, at a moment when he felt his agitation increasing to an extent that was almost ungovernable.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

HOW KYRLE DALY HEARS OF THE HANDSOME CONDUCT OF HIS FRIEND HARDRESS.

PREVIOUS to Anne Chute's departure from the cottage of her aunt, all the arrangements necessary for her marriage with Hardress had been verbally agreed upon. A feeling of decorum only prevented the legal preliminaries from being put in form before her return to her mother's castle. The singularly unequal and unaccountable behavior of her intended husband, during the whole course of wooing, had left her mind in a condition of distressing annoyance and perplexity. Though she still loved Hardress well, it was with an anxious and uneasy affection, such as she should entertain for a mysterious being whose talents had fascinated her will, but of whose nature she yet remained in troubled ignorance. Fame, who never moves her wings so swiftly as when she has got a tale to tell of death or marriage, soon spread the information far and wide. The manner in which it reached the ears of Kyrle Daly was as sudden as it was unwelcome.

He had gone down to the dairy-farm, for the purpose of shore-shooting, and was returning in order to spend the Little Christmas at home. It was about noon when he rode by the gate at Castle Chute. The door of the dwelling-house stood open, and several



figures appeared on the broad stone steps. They were too distant to be recognized, but Kyrle glanced with a beating pulse toward that part of the building which contained the sleeping-chamber of his mistress. The window-shutters were unclosed, and it was evident that Anne Chute had once more become a resident in the castle.

In order to be assured of the reality of this belief, young Daly spurred on his horse as far as the caravansary of Mr. Normile, already celebrated in an early part of our history. That individual, whom he found in the act of liberating an unruly pig, after payment of pound fees, informed him of the arrival at Castle Chute, a fortnight previous, of its young heiress and her uncle.

He rode on, unwilling to trust himself with any lengthened conversation on this subject while under the shrewd eye of an Irish peasant. All his former passion returned in an instant, and with an intensity which surprised himself. It had been the labor of his life since his last interview with the young lady above named, to remove her quietly from his recollection, and he flattered himself that he had, in a great degree, succeeded. He was no believer in the romantic and mischievous supposition, that true love never changes nor decays, even when hope has left it. He knew that there were many effeminate and sensitive characters, who having once permitted their imaginations to become deeply impressed, are afterwards weak enough to foster that impression, even while it is making inroads upon their health and peace; but such beings were the objects of his pity, not of his esteem. He was neither a fanatic nor a voluptuary in the passion. If, therefore, he had discovered that any one of those rational considerations, on which his love was founded, had been erroneously taken up—if he had discovered that the lady was, in reality, unworthy of the place to which he had raised her, we do not say he would at once have ceased to love, but he would certainly have experienced much less difficulty in subduing the frequent agitations of the passion. But he had not the assistance of such a conviction; and it was only after a long and vigilant exercise of his habitual firmness, that he had reduced his mind down to a state of dormant tranquility.

Opportunity, therefore, was only needed to rouse it up once more in all its former strength. That opportunity had now arrived, and Kyrle Daly found that the trial was a more searching one than he had been led to think. He yielded for a moment to the reflections which pressed upon him, and slackened the pace of his steed. He looked upon the castle and its quiet bay, the point, the wood, the waves, and the distant hills of Clare. He passed the little sandy slope on which he had witnessed the festivities of the saddle-race, and which now looked wintry, lone, and bleak in the December blast. The face of the river was dark and troubled—the long waves of the half-flood tide rolled in, and broke upon the sands, leaving a track of foam upon the water's verge, while a long black line of seaweed marked the height to which it had arisen on the shore. He glanced at the pathway from the road,

on which his hopes had experienced their last decisive and severe repression. His feelings, at this moment, approached the limits of pain too nearly, and he spurred on his horse, to hurry away from them and from the scene on which they had been first called into action.

He had not ridden far when he heard loud bursts of laughter, and the tramp of many horses on the road behind him. The voices were raised high in the competition to obtain a hearing, and he thought the accents were not those of strangers. The proud politeness of an Irish gentleman, which was rather conventional than natural with Kyrle Daly, prevented his looking round to satisfy his curiosity, until the party had ridden up, and he heard his own name coupled with a familiar greeting by many voices. Turning on his saddle, he beheld Mr. Connolly, Mr. Hyland Creagh, Doctor Leake, and Captain Gibson, riding abreast, and laughing immoderately.

"Connolly, how are you? How are you, Doctor? Mr. Creagh—Captain," touching his hat slightly to the latter, "what's all the fun about?"

"I'll tell Daly," said Connolly; "he's a lawyer."

"Pish!" replied Doctor Leake, "tis too foolish a thing; you will make him laugh at you."

"Foolish! It is the best story I ever heard in my life. Eh, Captain?"

Captain Gibson replied by an excessive roar of laughter, and Hyland Creagh protested it was worthy of the days of the Hell-fire Club. Connolly looked down in scornful triumph upon the Doctor, who tossed his head, and sneered in silence.

"I'll tell you how it was," said Connolly. "I believe 'tis no secret to you, Daly, or any other acquaintance of mine, that I owe more money to different friends than I am always willing to pay—

Owen Moore ran away,  
Owing more than he could pay;

so, if I should come to borrow money of you, you had better keep it in your pocket, I advise you. But it so happened that we spent the other evening at a friend's in the neighborhood, who could not afford me a bed, so I went to hammock at Normile's inn. In the morning, I stepped out to the stable to see how my horse had been made up in the night, when I felt a tap on the shoulder—just like that—do you feel it at all electrical?—(he touched Kyrle's shoulder)—I do, always. I turned, and saw a fellow in a brown coat, with a piece of paper in his hand. I was compelled to accept his invitation, so I requested that he would step into the inn while I was taking a little breakfast. While I was doing so, and while he was sitting at the other side of the fire, in walked Pat Falvey, Mrs. Chute's footman, with his mistress's compliments, to thank me for a present of baking apples I had sent her. I winked at Pat, and looked at the bailiff. 'Pat,' says I, 'tell your mistress not to mention it; and Pat,' says I, dropping to a whisper, 'I am a prisoner.' 'Very well, sir,' says Pat aloud, and bowing as if I had given him some message. He left the room, and in ten minutes I had the whole parish about the windows. They came in, they called for the bailiff, they seized him, and beat him until they

didn't leave him worth looking at. Dooly, the nailor, caught his arm, and O'Reilly, the blacksmith, took him by the leg, and another by the hair, and another by the throat; and such a show as they made of him before five minutes, I never contemplated. But here was the beauty of it. I knew the law, so I opposed the whole proceeding. 'No rescue', says I: 'I am his prisoner, gentlemen, and I will not be rescued; so don't beat the man!—don't toss him in a blanket!—don't drag him in a puddle!—don't plunge him into the horse-pond, I entreat you!' By some fatality my intentions were wholly misconceived, and they performed exactly the things that I warned them to avoid. They did beat him—they did toss him in a blanket—they did drag him through the puddle—and they did plunge him into the horse-pond! Only imagine what were my chagrin and disappointment. Doctor Leake maintains that it is a misprision of battery—a law term I never heard in my life. As if, by desiring them not to drag him through the horse-pond, I *imagined* their doing it. Then it was an overt act of dragging him through the horse-pond, *Compassing* the dragging him through would have been an actual act of battery, but the imagining it is only an overt act. As among the English regicides, by cutting off the head of Charles, they were said to *imagine* his death, which was an *overt act* of treason, whereas compassing his death was the actual treason itself. But in this case I deny both the *compassing* and the imagination. What do you think of it, Mr. Daly?"

"I think," said Kyrle with a smile, "that you ought to come and take my opinion on it some day or other."

"Ah, ha!" replied Connolly, shaking his head. "I understand you, young lawyer! Well, when I have a fee to spare, you shall have it. But here is the turn up to my house. *Est ubi locus*—how I forget my Latin! Daly, will you come up and dine with me?"

"I cannot, thank you."

"Well, I'm sorry for it. Creagh, you're not going?"

"I must."

"Stop and dine."

"No. I'll see you to-morrow. I have business in town."

The party separated, Kyrle Daly and Creagh continuing to ride in the same direction, while the rest wheeled off by a narrow by-road.

"You will be at the wedding, I suppose, Mr. Daly?" said the latter gentleman, after a silence of some minutes.

"What wedding?" asked Kyrle, in some surprise.

"Why, have you not heard of it? Miss Chute's wedding?"

"Miss Chute?" Kyrle repeated faintly.

"Yes. Everything, I understand, has been arranged for the ceremony, and Cregan tells me it is to take place next month. She would be a magnificent wife for any man!"

It was some moments before Kyrle could recover breath to ask another question.

"And—a—of course you heard who is to be the bridegroom?" he said with much hesitation.

"Oh, yes. I thought he was a friend of yours. Mr. Hardress Cregan."

"Cregan!" exclaimed Kyrle aloud, and starting as if he had received a galvanic shock; "it is impossible!"

"Sir!" said Creagh sternly.

"I think," said Kyrle, governing himself by a violent exertion, "you must have been misinformed. Hardress Cregan is, as you say, my friend, and he cannot be the man."

"I seldom, sir," said Creagh, with a haughty curl on his lip, "converse with any person who is capable of making false assertions; and, in the present instance, I should think the gentleman's father no indifferent authority."

Again Kyrle Daly paused for some minutes in an emotion of deep apprehension. "Has Mr. Cregan, then, told you," he said, "that his son is to be the bridegroom?"

"I have said he has."

Daly closed his lips hard, and straightened his person, as if to relieve an internal pain. This circumstance accounted for the enigmatical silence of his friend. But what a horrible solution!

"It is very strange," he said, "notwithstanding. There are many impediments to such a marriage. He is her cousin."

"Pooh, pooh, that's a name of courtesy. It is only a connection by affinity. Cousin! Hang them all, cousins on a string, say I! They are the most dangerous rivals a man can have. Any other man you can call out and shoot through the head, if he attempts to interfere with your prospects, but cousins must have a privilege. The lady may walk with her cousin (hang him!), and she may dance with her cousin, and write to her cousin, and it is only when she has run away with her cousin, that you find that you have been cozened with a vengeance."

While Creagh made this speech, Kyrle Daly was running over in his mind the entire circumstances of young Cregan's conduct, and the conclusion to which his reflections brought him was, that a more black and shameful treason had never been practiced between man and man. For the first time in his life, Kyrle Daly wholly lost his self-government. Principle, religion, duty, justice, all vanished for the instant from his mind, and nothing but the deadly injury remained to stare him in the face.

"I will horsewhip him!" he said within his mind; "I will horsewhip him at the wedding feast. The cool, dark hypocrite! I suppose, sir," he said aloud, turning to Creagh with a smile of calm and dignified courtesy, "I suppose I may name you as my authority for this?"

"Certainly, certainly," returned the old duellist with a short bow, while his eyes lit up with pleasure at the idea of an affair of honor. "Stay a moment, Mr. Daly," he added, as the young gentlemen was about to quicken his pace. "I perceive, sir, that you are going to adopt, in this business, the course that is usual among men of honor. Now, I have had a little experience in these affairs, and I am willing to be your friend—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Creagh, I—"



"Nay, pardon *me*, Mr. Daly, if you please. I do not mean your friend in the usual acceptation of the term: I do not mean your second; you may have a desire to choose for yourself in that respect; I merely wished to say, that I could afford you some useful hints as to your conduct on the ground. In the first instance, look to your powder. Dry it yourself, over night, on a plate, which you may keep hot over a vessel of warm water. Insert your charge at the breech of the pistol, and let your ball be covered with kid leather, softened with the finest salad oil. See that your barrel is polished and free from dust. I have known many a fine fellow lose his life by purchasing his ammunition at a grocer's on the morning of the duel. They bring it him out of some cask in a damp cellar, and of course it hangs fire. Do you avoid that fault. Then, when you come to the ground—level ground of course—fix your eye on some object beyond your foe, and bring him in a line with that; then let your pistol hang by your side, and draw an imaginary line from the mouth of the barrel to the third button of your opponent's coat. When the word is given, raise your weapon rapidly along that line, and fire at the button. He will never hear the shot."

"Tell me, Mr. Creagh," said Kyrle, in a grave tone, after he heard these murderous directions to the end, "are not you a friend of Mr. Cregan?"

"Yes. Very old friends."

"Do you not dine at his table, and sleep under his roof from day to day?"

"Pray, what is the object of these curious questions?"

"It is this," said Kyrle, fixing his eyes upon the man: "I find it impossible to express the disgust I feel at hearing you, the professed and bounden friend of that family, thus practice upon the life of one of its chief members—the son of your benefactor. Away, sir, with your bloody science to those who will become your pupils! I hope the time will come in Ireland, when you and your mean and murderous class shall be despised and trampled on as you deserve."

"How am I to take this, Mr. Daly?"

"As you will!" exclaimed Kyrle, driven wholly beyond the bounds of self-possession, and tossing a desperate hand towards the duelist. "I have done with you."

"Not yet, please the fates," Creagh said, in his usual restrained tone, while Kyrle Daly galloped away in the direction of his father's house. "To-morrow morning, perhaps, you may be enabled to say that with greater certainty. He is a fine young fellow. I didn't think it was in him. Now, whom shall I have? Connolly? Cregan? I owe it to Connolly, as I performed the same office for him a short time since; and yet I'd like to pay old Cregan the compliment. Well, I can think about it as I ride along."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

HOW KYRLE DALY'S WARLIKE ARDOR WAS CHECKED BY AN UNTOWARD INCIDENT.

A JOYOUS piece of news awaited Kyrle Daly at the

door of his own home. Lowry Looby met him on the avenue, his little arms outstretched, and his huge mouth expanded with an expression of delighted astonishment.

"Oh, Master Kyrle!" he said, "you're just come in time. I was goin' off for you. Hurry in—hurry in, sir! There's a new little sister within waiting for you this way."

"And your mistress, Lowry?" said Kyrle, springing from his horse, and tossing the reins to the servant.

"Finely, finely, sir, thank Heaven."

"Thank Heaven, indeed!" echoed Daly, hurrying on, with a flushed and gladdened face, towards the hall-door. Everything of self, his disappointment, the treachery of his friend, the loss of his mistress, and his dilemma with the duelist, were all forgotten in his joy at the safety of his mother.

The door stood open, and the hall was crowded with servants, children, and tenants. In the midst of a hundred exclamations of wonder, delight, and affection, which broke from the lips of the group, the faint cry of a baby was heard, no louder than the wail of a young kitten. He saw his father holding the little stranger in his arms, and looking in its face with a smile, which he was in vain endeavoring to suppress. The old kitchen-maid stood on his right, with her apron to her eyes, crying for joy. One or two younger females, the wives of tenants, were on the other side, gazing on the red and peevish little face of the innocent, with a smile of maternal sympathy and compassion. A fair-haired girl clung to her father's skirt, and petitioned loudly to be allowed to nurse it for a moment. Another looked rebukingly upon her, and told her to be silent. North-east and Charles had clambered upon a chair, to overlook the throng which they could not penetrate. Patey stood near the parlor door, jumping with all his might, and clapping his hands like one possessed. There appeared only one discontented figure on the scene. It was that of little Sally, hither to the pet and plaything of the family, who stood in a distant corner, with her face turned to the wall, her lip pouting, and her blue eye filling up with jealous tears.

The moment Kyrle made his appearance at the door, the uproar was redoubled. "Kyrle! Kyrle! Here's Kyrle! Kyrle, look at your sister! look at your sister!" exclaimed a dozen voices, while the group at the same moment opened, and admitted him into the centre.

"Poor little darling!" said Kyrle, patting it on the cheek. "Is it not better to take it out of the cold, sir?"

"I think so Kyrle. Nurse! Where's the nurse?"

The door of Mrs. Daly's sleeping-chamber opened, and a woman appeared on the threshold, looking rather anxious. She ran hastily through the hall, got a bowl of water in the kitchen, and hurried back again into the bed-room.

"Why doesn't she come?" said Mr. Daly. "The little thing cries so, I am afraid it is pinched by the air."

"I suppose she is busy with my aunt O'Connell and her patient yet," said Kyrle.

A hurried tramping of feet was now heard in the

bed-room, and the sound of rapid voices in anxiety and confusion. A dead silence sunk upon the hall. Mr. Daly and his son exchanged a glance of thrilling import. A low moan was the next sound that proceeded from the room. The husband placed the child in the arms of the old woman, and hurried to the chamber door. He was met at the threshold by his sister, Mrs. O'Connell (a grave-looking lady in black), who placed her hands against his breast, and said with great agitation of manner:—

"Charles, you must not come in yet."

"Why so, Mary? How is she?"

"Winny," said Mrs. O'Connell, addressing the old woman who held the infant, "take the child into the kitchen until the nurse can come to you."

"How is Sally?" repeated the anxious husband.

"You had better go into the parlor, Charles. Recollect yourself now, my dear Charles, remember your children——"

The old man began to tremble. "Mary," he said, "why will you not answer me? How is she?"

"She is not better, Charles."

"Not better!"

"No, far otherwise."

"Far otherwise! Come! woman, let me pass into the room."

"You must not, indeed you must not, Charles!" exclaimed his sister, flinging her arms round his neck, and bursting into tears. "Kyrle, Kyrle! speak to him!"

Young Daly caught his father's arm. "Well, well," said the latter, looking round him with a calm, yet ghastly smile, "if you are all against me, I must of course submit."

"Come with me to the parlor," said Mrs. O'Connell, "and I will explain to you."

She took him by the arm, and led him, with a vacant countenance and passive demeanor, through the silent and astonished group. They entered the parlor, and the door was closed by Mrs. O'Connell. Kyrle Daly remained fixed like a statue, in the same attitude in which his aunt had left him, and a moment of intense and deep anxiety ensued. The rare and horrid sound, the scream of an old man in suffering, was the first that broke on that portentous stillness. It acted like a spell upon the group in the hall. They were dispersed in an instant. The wome ran shrieking in various directions. The men looked dismayed, and uttered hurried sentences of wonder and affright. The children terrified by the confusion, added their shrill and helpless wailings to the rest. The death cry was echoed in the bed-room, in the parlor, and in the kitchen. From every portion of the dwelling, the funeral shriek ascended to the Heavens; and Death and Sorrow, like armed conquerors, seemed to have possessed themselves by sudden storm of this little hold, where peace and happiness had reigned so long and calmly.

Kyrle's first impulse on hearing his father's voice, made him rush to the bed-room of his mother. There was no longer any opposition at the door, and he entered

with a throbbing heart. The nurse was crying aloud, and wringing her hands at the fire-place. Mrs. Leahy, the midwife, was standing near the bed-side, with a troubled and uneasy countenance, evidently as much concerned for the probable injury to her own reputation as for the affliction of the family. Kyrle passed them both, and drew back the curtain of the bed. His mother was lying back quite dead, and with an expression of languid pain upon her features.

"I never saw a case o' the kind in my life," muttered Mrs. Leahy. "I have attended hundreds in my time, an' I never saw the like. She was sitting up in her bed, sir, as well as I'd wish to see her, an' I just stepped to the fire to warm a little gruel, when I heard Mrs. O'Connell calling me; I ran to the bed, an' sure there I found her dying! She just gave one moan, and 'twas all over. I never heard of such a case. All the skill in the world wouldn't be any good in such a business."

Kyrle Daly felt no inclination to dispute the point with her. A heavy, dizzy sensation was in his brain, which made his actions and his manners resemble those of a person who walks in his sleep. He knelt down to pray, but a feeling like lethargy disqualified him for any exercise of devotion. He rose again, and walked listlessly into the hall.

Almost at the same moment, Mr. Daly appeared at the parlor door, followed by his aged sister, who was still in tears. The old man glanced at his children, and waved his hands before him. "Take them from my sight," he said, in a low voice, "let the orphans be removed; go now, my children, we never shall be happy here again."

"Charles, my dear Charles!" said his sister, in a tone of gentle remonstrance, while she laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Well, Mary, I will do whatever you like. Heaven knows I am not fit to direct myself, now. Ha! Kyrle, are you returned? I remember I wrote you word to come home to conclude the Christmas with us. I did not think you would have so mournful a home to come to. When did you come?"

"You forget, Charles, that you saw Kyrle awhile ago," said Mrs. O'Connell.

"Did I? I had forgotten it," returned Mr. Daly, tossing his head. He extended his hand to Kyrle, and burst into tears. Kyrle could not do so. He passed his father and aunt, and entered the parlor which was now deserted. He sat down at a small table before the window, and leaning on his elbow, looked out upon the face of the river. The wintry tide was flowing against a sharp and darkening gale, and a number of boats, with close-reefed sails and black hulls, heeling to the blast, were beating through the yellow waves; the sky was low and dingy; the hills of Cratloe rose on the other side in all their bleak and barren wildness of attire. A harsh wind stirred the dry and leafless wood-bines that covered the front of the cottage, and every object in the landscape seemed to wear a character of dreariness and discomfort.

Here he remained for several hours in the same dry and stolid mood of reflection. Not a single tear, not a



single sound of sorrow, was added by him to the general clamor of the household. He never before had been tried by an occasion of this nature, and his present apathy filled him with alarm and astonishment. He listened to the wailings of the women and children, and he looked on the moistened faces of those who hurried past his chair from time to time, until he began to accuse himself of want of feeling and affection.

While he sat thus silent, the door was opened, and Lowry Looby thrust in his head to inform him that the family were assembled to say a litany in the other room. Kyrle rose, and proceeded thither without reply or question, while Lowry, oppressed with grief, made his retreat into the kitchen. Here he was met by the nurse, who asked him for some half-pence, that she might lay them, according to custom, on the lips and eyes of the corpse.

"I didn't like," she said, "to be tazing any o' the family about it, an' they in trouble."

"Surely, surely," said Lowry, while he searched his pockets for the coin. "Ah, nurse! so that's the way ye let her go between ye! Oh, asthora, Mrs. Daly! an' 'tis I that lost the good misthress in you this day! Soft and pleasant be your bed in Heaven this night! An' so it will. You never refused to feed the hungry here, an' God won't refuse to feed you where you are gone. You never turned the poor out o' your house in this world, an' God won't turn you out of his house in the other. Soft and pleasant be your bed in Heaven this night, Mrs. Daly. Winny, eroo, wasn't it you was telling me that the misthress's three first children died at nurse?"

Old Winny was sitting by the fireside, dandling the now forgotten little infant in her arms, and lulling it with an ancient ditty, of which the following beautiful fragment formed the burthen:—

"Gilli beg le m' onnu thu  
Gilli beg le m' chree!  
Coth yari me von gilli beg,  
'N heur ve thu more a creen!"\*

"They did," she said, in answer to Lowry's question: "all before Master North-aist went off so fast as they wor wained."

"See that!" said Lowry. "She cried a pottle for every one o'them. An' see how it is now—she has them three little angels waitin' to recieve her at the gate of Heaven this day. Here is the money, nurse, an' I wish every coin of it was gould for the use you're going to make of it."

The nurse left the kitchen, and Lowry took his seat upon the settle-bed, where he remained for some time, looking downwards and striking the end of his walkingstick against the floor, gently and at regular intervals. The crying of the child disturbed his meditations, and he frequently lifted his head, and stared with a look of stern remonstrance at the unconscious innocent.

"The Lord forgive you, you litile disciple!" said

\* My soul's little darling you are!  
My heart's little darling!  
What will I do without my little darling  
When you're grown up and old?"

Lowry, "'tis little you know what harm you done this day! Do all you can—grow up as fine as a queen, an' talk like an angel—'twill set you to fill up the place o' the woman you took away from us this day. Howl your tongue, again I tell you, 'tis we that have raison to cry, 'an' not you."

The news of this unexpected visitation became diffused throughout the country with a speed resembling that of sound itself. Friend after friend dropped in as evening fell, and the little parlor was crowded before midnight. It was a dreadful night without, the same (it will be remembered), on which Eily O'Connor left the cottage in the Gap. The thunder clattered close over head, the rain fell down in torrents and the reflection of the frequent lightning-flashes danced upon the glasses and bowl, around which the company were seated in the parlor. It was yet too soon for the report to have reached the ears of the real friends of the family, whose condolence might have been more efficacious than that of the humbler crowd of distant relatives and dependents who were now assembled in the house of mourning. Kyrle considered this, and yet he could not avoid a certain dreary and desolate feeling, as he looked round upon the throng of persons by whom their hearth was girded. But though he could not receive from them the delicate condolence which his equals might have afforded, their sympathy was not less cordial and sincere.

The night passed away in silence and watching. A few conversed in low whispers, and some pressed each other, by signs, to drink; but this courtesy was for the most part declined by a gathering of the brows and a shake of the head. The gray and wintry morning found the dwelling thronged with pale, unwashed, and lengthened faces. Some strayed out on the little lawn, to breathe the river air. Others thronged the room of death, where an early mass was celebrated for the soul of the departed. At intervals a solitary cry of pain and grief was heard to break from some individual of the crowd, but it was at once repressed by the guests, with low sounds of anger and surprise. The family were silent in their woe, and it was thought daring in a stranger to usurp their prerogative of sorrow.

The arrivals were more frequent in the course of the second evening, and a number of gigs, carriages, and outside jaunting-cars were laid by in the yard. No circumstance could more fully demonstrate the estimation in which this family were held, than the demeanor of the guests as they entered the house. Instead of the accustomed ceremonials which friends use at meeting, they recognized each other in silence and with reserve, as in a house of worship. Sometimes a lifting of the eyelid and a slight elevation of the hand expressed their dismay and their astonishment; and if they did exchange a whisper, it was only to give expression to the same feeling. "It was a dreadful loss! Poor man! What will become of the children?"

About nightfall on the second evening, Kyrle was standing at the window of the room in which the corpse was laid out. The old nurse was lighting the candles that were to burn on either side of the death-bed. The

white curtains were festooned with artificial roses, and a few were scattered upon the counterpane! Kyrle was leaning with his arm against the window-sash, and looking out upon the river, when Mrs. O'Connell laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Kyrle," said she, "I wish you would speak to your father, and make him go to bed to-night. It would be a great deal too much for him to go without rest the two nights successively."

"I have already spoken to him, aunt, and he has promised me that he will retire early to his room. We ought to be all obliged to you, aunt, for your attention; it is in conjunctures like this that we discover our real friends. I am only afraid that you will suffer from your exertions. Could you not find somebody to attend to the company to-night, while you are taking a little rest?"

"Oh! I am an old nurse-tender," said Mrs. O'Connell. "I am accustomed to sit up. Do not think of me, Kyrle."

She left the room, and Kyrle resumed his meditative posture. Up to this moment he had not shed a single tear, and the nurse was watching him, from time to time, with an anxious and uneasy eye. As he remained looking out, an old man, dressed in dark frieze, and with a stooping gait, appeared upon the little avenue. The eye of Kyrle rested on his figure, as he walked slowly forward, assisting his aged limbs with a seasoned blacktorn stick. He figured, involuntarily, to his own mind, the picture of this poor old fellow in his cottage, taking his hat and stick, and telling his family that he would "step over to Mrs. Daly's wake." To Mrs. Daly's wake! His mother, with whom he had dined on the Christmas Day just past, in perfect health and security! The incident was slight, but it struck the spring of nature in his heart. He turned from the window, threw himself into a chair, extended his arms, let his head hang back, and burst at once into a loud and hysterical passion of grief.

Instantly the room was thronged with anxious figures. All gathered around his chair with expressions of compassion and condolence.

"Come out—come out into the air, Masther Kyrle," said the nurse, while she added her tears to his. "Don't, a'ra gal. Don't now, asthora na chree. Oh! then, 'tis little wonder you should feel your loss."

"Kyrle," said Mrs. O'Connell, in a voice nearly as convulsive as his whom she sought to comfort, "remember your father, Kyrle; don't disturb him."

"Let me alone—oh, let me alone, aunt Mary," returned the young man, waving his hands, and turning away his head, in deep suffering. "I tell you I shall die if you prevent me." And he abandoned himself once more to a convulsive fit of weeping.

"Let him alone, as he says," whimpered old Winny. "I'm sure I thought it wasn't natural he should keep it on his heart so long. It will do him good. Oh, vo, vo! it is a frightful thing to hear a man crying."

Suddenly Mr. Daly appeared amid the group. He walked up to Kyrle's chair, and took him by the arm. The latter checked his feeling on the instant, and

arose with a calm and ready obedience. As they passed the foot of the bed, the father and son paused, as if by a consent of intelligence. They exchanged one silent glance, and then flinging themselves each on the other's neck, they wept long, loudly, and convulsively together. There was no one now to interfere. No one dared at this moment to assume the office of comforter, and every individual acted the part of a principal in the affliction. The general wail of sorrow which issued from the room was once more echoed in the other parts of the dwelling, and the winds bore it to the ear of Hardress Cregan, as he approached the avenue.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### HOW HARDESS MET A FRIEND OF EILY'S AT THE WAKE.

He entered the house with that species of vulgar resolution which a person feels who is conscious of deserving a repulse, and determined to outface it; but his bravery was wholly needless. Poor Kyrle was busy now with other thoughts than those of Cregan's treachery.

He was shown into the parlor, in which the gentlemen were seated round the fire, and listening to the mournful clamor which yet had hardly subsided in the distant room. The table was covered with decanters of wine, bowls of whisky-punch, and long glasses. A large turf fire blazed in the grate, and Lowry Looby was just occupied in placing on the table a pair of plated candlesticks almost as long as himself. Mr. Barnaby Cregan, Mr. Connolly, Doctor Leake, and several other gentlemen, were seated at one side of the fire. On the other stood a vacant chair, from which Mr. Daly had been summoned a few minutes before by the voice of his son in suffering. A little farther back, on a row of chairs which was placed along the wall, the children were seated—some of them with countenances touchingly dejected, and a few of the very youngest appearing still more touchingly unconscious of their misfortune. The remainder of the circle (which, though widened to the utmost limit, completely filled the room) consisted of the more fortuneless connections of the family, their tradesmen and some of the more comfortable class of tenants. One or two persons took upon themselves the office of attending to the company, supplying them with liquor, and manufacturing punch, according as the fountain was exhausted.

When Hardress appeared at the door, his eye met that of Connolly, who beckoned to him in silence, and made room for him upon his own chair. He took his place, and looked round for some members of the family. It was, perhaps, rather to his relief than disappointment, that he could not discern Kyrle Daly or his father among the company.

Shortly afterwards two or three clergymen made their appearance, and were with difficulty accommodated with places. While Hardress was occupied in perusing the countenances of these last, he felt his arm grasped,



and turning round, received a nod of recognition, and a handshake (such as was then in fashion) from Dr. Leake.

"A dreadful occasion this, doctor," whispered Hardress.

The doctor shut his eyes, knit his brows, thrust out his lips, and shook his head with an air of deep reproof. Laying his hand familiarly on Hardress's knee, and looking fixedly in his face, said:—

"My dear Cregan, 'tis a warning—'tis a warning to the whole country. This is what comes of employing unscientific persons."

Some whispering conversation now proceeded amongst the guests, which, however, was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of Kyrle Daly at the parlor-door. He walked across the room with that port of mournful ease and dignity which men are apt to exhibit under any deep emotion, and took possession of the vacant chair before alluded to. Not forgetful in his affliction of the courtesy of a host, he looked around to see what new faces had entered during his absence. He recognized the clergymen, and addressed them with a calm, yet cordial politeness.

"I hope," he said, smiling courteously, yet sadly, as he looked upon the circle; "I hope the gentlemen will excuse my father for his absence. He was anxious to return, but I prevented him. I thought a second night's watching would have been too severe a trial of his strength."

A general murmur of assent followed this appeal, and the speaker, resting his forehead on his hand, was silent for an instant.

"I wish you would follow his example, Kyrle," said Mr. Cregan. "I am sure we can all take care of ourselves, and you must want rest."

"It is madness," said Connolly, "for the living to injure their health, when it can be of no possible use."

"Pray, do not speak of it," said Kyrle; "if I felt in the least degree fatigued, I should not hesitate. Lowry," he added, calling to his servant, who started and turned round on his heel, with a curious eagerness that would at any other time have been comic in its effect—"Lowry, will you tell Mrs. O'Connell to send in some tea? Some of the gentlemen may wish to take it."

Lowry disappeared, and Kyrle relapsed into his attitude of motionless dejection. A long silence ensued, the guests conversing only by secret whispers, signs and gestures, and significant contortions of the face. It was once more broken by Kyrle, who, looking at Mr. Cregan, said, in a restrained and steady voice: "Has Hardress returned from Killarney yet, Mr. Cregan?"

Hardress felt his blood rush through his veins, like that of a convict, when he hears from the bench those fearful words: "Bring him up for judgment!" He made a slight motion in his chair, while his father answered the question of Kyrle.

"Hardress is here," said Mr. Cregan; "he came while you were out."

"Here! is he? I ought to be ashamed of myself," said Kyrle, rising slowly from his chair, and meeting

his old friend half-way with an extended hand.

They looked to the eye of the guests, pale, cold and passionless, like two animated corpses. "But Hardress," continued Kyrle, with a ghastly lip, "will excuse me, I hope. Did you leave Mrs. Cregan well?"

"Quite well," muttered Hardress, with a confused bow.

"I am glad of it," returned Kyrle, in the same tone of calm, dignified, and yet mournful politeness. "You are fortunate, Hardress, in that. If I had met you yesterday, I would have answered a similar question with the same confidence. And see how short—"

A sudden passion choked his utterance, he turned aside, and both the young men resumed their seats in silence.

There was something to Hardress infinitely humiliating in this brief interview. The manner of Kyrle Daly, as it regarded him, was merely indifferent. It was not cordial, for then it must necessarily have been hypocritical, but neither could he discern the slightest indication of a resentful feeling. He saw that Kyrle Daly was perfectly aware of his treason; he saw that his esteem and friendship were utterly extinct; and he saw, likewise, that he had formed the resolution of never exchanging with him a word of explanation or reproach, and of treating him in future as an indifferent acquaintance, who could not be esteemed, and ought to be avoided. This calm avoidance was the stroke that cut him to the quick.

Lowry now entered with tea, and a slight movement took place among the guests. Many left their places, and order being restored, Hardress found himself placed between two strangers, of a rank more humble than his own. He continued to sip his tea for some time in silence, when a slight touch on his arm made him turn round. He beheld on his right an old man dressed in dark frieze, with both hands crossed on the head of his walking-stick, his chin resting upon them, and his eye fixed upon Hardress, with an air of settled melancholy. It was the same old man whose appearance on the avenue had produced so deep an effect on Kyrle Daly—Mihil O'Connor the rope maker.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said gently; "but I think I have seen your face somewhere before now. Did you ever spend an evening at Garryowen?"

If, as he turned on his chair, the eye of Hardress had encountered that of the corpse, which now lay shrouded and confined in the other room, he could not have experienced a more sudden revulsion of fright. He did not answer the question of the old man (his father-in-law! the plundered parent!), but remained staring and gaping on him in silence. Old Mihil imagined that he was at a loss, and laboring to bestir his memory. "Don't you remember, sir," he added, "on a Patrick's Eve, saving an old man and a girl from a parcel o' the boys in Munget street?"

"I do," answered Hardress in a low and hoarse voice. "I thought I remembered the face and the make," returned Mihil. "Well, sir, I'm that same old man, and many's the time, since that night, that I wished (if it was Heaven's will) that both she and I had died

that night upon the spot together. I wished that when you seen us that time you passed us by and never *riz* a hand to save us—always if it was Heaven's will, for I'm submissive; the will of Heaven be done, for I'm a great sinner, and I deserved great punishment, and great punishment I got; great punishment that's laid on my old heart this night!"

"I pity you," muttered Hardress, involuntarily. "I pity you, although you may not think it."

"For what?" exclaimed the old man, still in a whisper, elevating his person, and planting his stick upright upon the floor. "For what would you pity me? You know nothing about me, man, that you'd pity me for. If I was to tell you my story, you'd pity me, I know; for there isn't that man living, with a heart in his breast, that wouldn't feel it. But I won't tell it to you, sir. I'm tired of telling it, that's what I am. I'm tired of talking of it, an' thinking of it, an' dreaming of it, an' I wisht I was in my grave, to be done with it for ever for a story—always, always," he added, lifting his eyes in devout fear—"always, if it was Heaven's will. Heaven forgi' me! I say what I oughtn't to say, sometimes thinking of it."

"I understand," muttered Hardress incoherently. The old man did not hear him.

"An' still, for all," Mihil added, after a pause, "as I spoke of it at all, I'll tell you something of it. That girl you saw that night with me—she was a beautiful little girl, sir, wasn't she?"

"Do you think so?" Hardress murmured, still without knowing what he said.

"Do I think so?" echoed the father with a grim smile. "It's little matter what her father thought. The world knew her for a beauty, but what was the good of it? She left me there; afther that night, an' went off with a stranger."

Hardress again said something, but it resembled only the delirious murmurs of a person on the rack.

"Oh, vo, Eily! that night, that woeful night!" continued the old man. "I'm ashamed o' myself, to be always this way, like an ould woman, moaning and ochoining among the neighbours; like an ould goose, that would be cackling afther the flock, or a fool of a little bird, whistling upon a bough of a summer evening, afther the nest is robbed."

"How close this room is!" said Hardress; "the heat is suffocating."

"I thought at first," continued Mihil, "that it is dead she was, but a letter come to a neighbour o'mine to let me know that she was alive and hearty. I know how it was. Some villyan that enticed her off. I sent the neighbour westwards to look afther her, an' I thought he'd be back to-day, but he isn't. I tould him to call at my brother's, the priest's, in Castle Island. Sure, he writes me word, he seen her himself of a Christmas Day last, an' that she tould him she was married, and coming home shortly. Ayeh, I'm afraid the villyan decaved her, an' that she is not rightly married; for I made it my business to inquire of every priest in town and country, an' none of 'em could tell me a word about it. She decaved me, an' I'm afeared

he's decavin' her. There let him! there let him! But there's a throne in Heaven, and there's One upon it, an' that man, an' my daughter, an' I will stand together before that throne one day!"

"Let me go!" cried Hardress aloud, and breaking from the circle with violence. "Let me go! let me go!—can any one bear this?"

Such an incident, amid the general silence, and on this solemn occasion, could not fail to produce a degree of consternation amongst the company. Kyrle looked up with an expression of strong feeling. "What's the matter?" "What has happened?" was asked by several voices. "It is highly indecorous." "It is very unfeeling," was added by many more.

Hardress stayed not to hear their observations, but struggled through the astonished crowd, and reached the door. Kyrle, after looking in vain for an explanation, once more leaned down with his forehead on his hand, and remained silent.

"He's a good young gentleman," said Mihil O'Connor, looking after Hardress and addressing those who sat around him. "I was telling him the story of my daughter. He's a good young gentleman—he has great nature."

The unfortunate Hardress in the meantime strayed onward through the hall of the cottage, with the feeling of a man who has just escaped from the hands of justice. He entered another room appropriated to the female guests, where Mrs. O'Connell presided at the tea-table. The gradation of ranks in this apartment was similar to that in the other, but the company were not quite so scrupulous in the maintenance of silence. A general and very audible whispering conversation was carried on, in which a few young gentlemen, who were sprinkled among the ladies, took no inactive part. A hush, of some moment's duration, took place on the entrance of Hardress, and a hundred curious eyes were turned on his figure. His extreme paleness, the wildness of his eyes, and the ghastly attempt at courtesy which he made as he entered, occasioned a degree of general surprise. He passed on, and took his seat by the side of Mrs. O'Connell, who, like Mihil, placed his agitation to the account of sympathy, and entered him at once upon her list of favorites.

A number of young ladies were seated on the right of this good lady, and at a distance from the long table, round which were placed a number of females of an humbler rank, dressed out in all their finery, and doing honor, to Mrs. O'Connell's tea and coffee. One or two young gentlemen were waiting on the small circle of ladies, who sat apart near the fire, with tea, cakes, toast, &c. The younger of the two, a handsome lad, of a cultivated figure, seemed wholly occupied in showing off his grace and gallantry. The other, a grave wag, strove to amuse the ladies by paying a mock ceremonious attention to the tradesmen's wives and daughters at the other side of the fire, and to amuse himself by provoking the ladies to laugh.

Revolutions in private, as in public life, are occasions which call into action the noblest and meanest principles of our nature—the extremes of generosity and of



selfishness. As Lowry Lobby took away the tea-service, he encountered, in the hall and kitchen, a few sullen and discontented faces. Some complained that they had not experienced the slightest attention since their arrival, and others declared, they had not got "as much as one cup o' tay."

"Why then, mend ye!" said Lowry, "why didn't ye call for it? Do you think people that's in trouble that way, has nothing else to do but to be thinkin' o' ye an' o' yer aitin' an' drinkin'? What talk it is! There's people in this world, I b'lieve, that thinks more o' their own little finger than o' the lives an' fortunes o' all the rest."

So saying, he took a chair before the large kitchen fire, which, like those in the two other apartments, was surrounded by a class of watchers. On a wooden form on one side, were seated the female servants of the house, and opposite to them the hearse-driver, the mutes, the drivers of two or three hack-carriages, and one or two of the gentlemen's servants. The table was covered with bread, mugs of punch, and Cork porter. A few, exhausted by the preceding night's watching and overpowered by the heat of the fire, were lying asleep in various postures, on the settle-bed at the farther end.

"Twill be a good funeral," said the hearse-driver, laying aside the mug of porter, from which he had just taken a refreshing draught.

"If it isn't, it ought to be," said Lowry; "they're people, sir, that are well known in the country."

"Surely, surely," said one of the hack-coachmen, taking a pipe from the corner of his mouth, "an' well liked, too, by all accounts."

A moan from the females gave a mournful assent to this proposition.

"Ah, she was a queen of a little woman," said Lowry. "She was too good for this world. Oh, vo! where's the use o' talking at all! Sure' twas only a few days since I was saltin' the bacon at the table over, an' she standin' a near me, knitting. 'I'm afraid, Lowry,' says she, 'we won't find that bacon enough; I'm sorry I didn't get another o' them pigs killed.' Little she thought that time that they'd outlast herself. She never lived to see 'em in pickle!"

A pause of deep affliction followed this speech, which was once more broken by the hearse-driver.

"The grandest funeral," said he, "that ever I see in my life was that of the Marquis of Watherford, father to the present man. It was a sighth for a king. There was six men marching out before the hearse, with goold sticks in their hands, an' as much black silk about 'em as a lady. The coffin was covered all over with black velvet an' goold, an' there was his name above upon the top of it, on a great goold plate intirely, that was shining like the sun. I never seen such a sighth before nor since. There was forty-six carriages after the hearse, an' every one of 'em belonging to a lord, or an estated man at the laste. It flogged all the shows I ever see since I was able to walk the ground."

The eyes of the whole party were fixed in admiration upon the speaker, while he made the above oration

with much importance of look and gesture. Lowry, who felt that poor Mrs. Daly's funeral must necessarily shrink into insignificance in comparison with this magnificent description, endeavored to diminish its effect upon the imaginations of the company by a few philosophical remarks.

"Twas a great funeral, surely," he began.

"Great!" exclaimed the hearse-driver; "it was worth walking to Watherford to see it."

"Them that has money," added Lowry, "can easily find means to sport it. An' still, for all, now, sir, if a man was to look into the rights o' the thing, what was the good o' all that? What was the good of it for him that was in the hearse, or for them that wor after it? The Lord save us, it isn't what goold an' silver they had upon their hearses they'll be axed where they are going; only what use they made of the goold an' silver that was given them in this world. 'Tisn't how many carriages was afther 'em, but how many good actions went before 'em; nor how they were buried, they'll be axed, but how they lived. Them are the questions, the Lord save us, that'll be put to us all, one day; an' them are the questions that Mrs. Daly could answer this night as well as the Marquis of Watherford, or any other lord or marquis in the land."

The appeal was perfectly successful; the procession of the marquis, the gold sticks, the silks, the velvet, and the forty-six carriages were forgotten; the hearse-driver resumed his mug of porter, and the remainder of the company returned to their attitudes of silence and dejection.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### HOW THE WAKE CONCLUDED.

IT WAS intended that the funeral should proceed at daybreak. Towards the close of a hurried breakfast, which the guests took by candle-light, the tinkling of a small silver bell summoned them to an early mass, which was being celebrated in the room of the dead. As Hardress obeyed its call, he found the apartment already crowded, and a number of the domestics and other dependents of the family kneeling at the door and in the hall. The low murmur of the clergyman's voice was only interrupted occasionally by a faint moan, or a short, thick sob, heard amid the crowd. The density of the press around the door prevented Hardress from ascertaining the individuals from whom those sounds of affliction proceeded.

When the ceremony had concluded, and when the room became less thronged, he entered and took his place near the window. There was some whispering between Mrs. O'Connell, his father, Hepton Connolly, and one or two other friends of the family. They were endeavoring to contrive means for withdrawing Kyrle and his father from the apartment, while the most mournful crisis of this domestic calamity was carried on—the removal of the coffin from the dwelling of its perished inmate. Mr.

Daly seemed to have some suspicion of an attempt of this kind, for he had taken his seat close by the bed's head, and sat erect in his chair, with a look of fixed and even gloomy resolution. Kyle was standing at the head of the coffin, his arms crossed upon the bed, his face buried between them, and his whole frame as motionless as that of one in a deep slumber. The priest was unvesting himself at the table near the window, which had been elevated a little, so as to serve for an altar. The clerk was at his side, placing the chalice, altar-cloths, and vestments, in a large ticken-bag, according as they were folded. A few old women still remained kneeling at the foot of the bed, rocking their persons from side to side, and often striking their bosoms with the cross of the long rosary. The candles were now almost burnt down and smouldering in their sockets, and the winter dawn, which broke through the open window, was gradually overmastering their yellow and imperfect light.

"Kyle," said Hepton Connolly, in a whisper, touching the arm of the afflicted son, "come with me into the parlor for an instant; I want to speak to you."

Kyle raised his head, and stared on the speaker, like one who suddenly wakes from a long sleep. Connolly took him by the sleeve, with an urgent look, and led him passively out of the apartment.

Mr. Daly saw the manœuvre, but he did not appear to notice it. He kept the same rigid, set position, and looked straight forwards with the same determined and unwinking glance as if he feared the slightest movement might unhinge his resolution.

"Daly," said Mr. Cregan, advancing to his side, "Mr. Neville, the clergyman, wishes to speak with you in the middle room."

"I will not leave this!" said the widower, in a low, short, and muttering voice, while his eyes filled up with a gloomy fire, and his manner resembled that of a tigress who suspects some invasion of her young, but endeavors to conceal that suspicion until the first stroke is made—"I will not stir from this, sir, if you please."

Mr. Cregan turned away at once, and cast a desponding look at Mrs. O'Connell. That lady lowered her eyelids significantly, and glanced at the door. Mr. Cregan at once retired, beckoning to his son that he might follow him.

Mrs. O'Connell now took upon herself the task which had proved so complete a failure in the hands of Mr. Cregan. She leaned over her brother's chair, laid her hand on his, and said in an earnest voice:—

"Charles, will you come with me to the parlor for one moment?"

"I will not," replied Mr. Daly, in the same hoarse tone—"I will not go, ma'am, if you please."

Mrs. O'Connell pressed his hand, and stooped over his shoulder. "Charles," she continued, with increasing earnestness, "will you refuse me this request?"

"If you please," said the bereaved husband, "I will not go—indeed, ma'am, I won't stir!"

"Now is the time, Charles, to show that you can be resigned. I feel for you—indeed I do—but you must

deny yourself. Remember your duty to Heaven, and to your children, and to yourself. Come with me, my dear Charles."

The old man trembled violently, turned round on his chair, and fixed his eyes upon his sister.

"Mary," said he, with a broken voice, "this is the last half hour that I shall ever spend with Sally in this world, and do not take me from her."

"I would not," said the good lady, unable to restrain her tears; "I would not, my dear Charles. But you know her well. You know how she would act if she were in your place. Act that way, Charles, and that is the greatest kindness you can show to Sally now."

"Take me where you please," cried the old man, stretching out his arms, and bursting into a fit of convulsive weeping. "Oh, Sally!" he exclaimed, turning round, and stretching his arms toward the coffin, as he reached the door—"Oh, Sally! is this the way that we are parted, after all? This day, I thought your friends would have been visiting you and your babe in health and happiness. They *are* come to visit you, my darling, but it is in your coffin, not in your bed, they find you! They are come, not to your babe's christening, but to your own funeral. For the last time now, good bye, my darling Sally. It is not now to say good bye for an hour, or good bye for a day, or for a week—but for ever and for ever. God be with you, Sally! For ever and for ever! They are little words, Mary!" he added, turning to his weeping sister, "but there's a deal of grief in them. Well, now, Sally, my days are done for this world. It is time for me now to think of a better life. I am satisfied. Far be it from me to murmur. My life was too happy, Mary, and I was becoming too fond of it. This will teach me to despise a great many things that I valued highly until yesterday, and to warn my children to despise them likewise. I believe, Mary, if everything in this world went on as we could wish, it might tempt us to forget that there was another before us. This is my comfort, and it must be my comfort now forever more. Take me where you please now, Mary, and let them take *her*, too, wherever they desire. Oh! Sally, my poor love, it is not to-day, nor to-morrow, nor the day after, that I shall feel your loss; but when weeks and months are gone by, and when I am sitting all alone by the fire-side, or when I am talking of you to my orphan children. It is then, Sally, that I shall feel what happened yesterday! That is the time when I shall think of you, and of all our happy days, until my heart is breaking in my bosom!" These last sentences the old man spoke standing erect, with his hands clenched and trembling above his head, his eyes filled up and fixed on the coffin, and every feature swollen and quivering with strong emotion. As he concluded, he sank, exhausted by the passionate lament, upon the shoulder of his sister.

Almost at the same instant, little Sally came peeping in at the door, with a face of innocent wonder and timidity. Mrs. O'Connell, with the quick feeling of a woman, took advantage of the incident to create a diversion in the mind of her brother.



"My dear Charles," she said, "do try and conquer this dejection. You will not be so lonely as you think. Look there, Charles; you have got a Sally still to care for you."

The aged father glanced a quick eye around him, and met the sweet and simple gaze of the little innocent, upturned to seek his own. He shook his sister's hand forcibly, and said with vehemence:

"Mary, Mary! I thank you! From my heart I am obliged to you for this!"

He caught the little child to his breast, devoured it with kisses and murmurs of passionate fondness, and hurried with it, as with a treasure, to a distant part of the dwelling.

Mr. Cregan, in the meanwhile, had been engaged, at the request of Mrs. O'Connell, in giving out the gloves, scarfs, and cypresses, in the room which, on the preceding night, had been allotted to the female guests. In this matter, too, the selfishness of some unworthy individuals was made to appear, in their struggles for precedence, and in their dissatisfaction at being neglected in the allotment of the funeral favors. In justice, however, it should be stated, that the number of those unfeeling individuals was inconsiderable.

The last and keenest trial was now begun. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the men to the hearse, which was drawn up at the hall-door. The hearse-driver had taken his seat, the mourners were already in the carriages, and a great crowd of horsemen and people on foot, were assembled around the front of the house, along the avenue, and on the road. The female servants of the family were dressed in scarfs and huge head-dresses of white linen. The house-maid and Winny sat on the coffin, and three or four followed on an outside jaunting-car. In this order the procession began to move; and the remains of this kind mistress, and affectionate wife and parent, were borne away for ever from the mansion which she had blessed so many years by her gentle government.

The scene of desolation which prevailed from the time at which the coffin was first taken from the room, until the whole procession had passed out of sight, it would be a vain effort to describe. The shrieks of the women and children pierced the ears and the hearts of the multitude. Every room presented a picture of affliction. Female figures flying to and fro, with expanded arms, and cries of heart-broken sorrow; children weeping and sobbing aloud in each other's arms; men clenching their hands close, and stifling the strong sympathy that was making battle for loud utterance in their breasts; and the low groans of exhausted agony which proceeded from the mourning coaches that held the father, Kyrie Daly, and the two nearest sons. In the midst of these affecting sounds, the hearse began to move, and was followed to a long distance on its way by the wild lament that broke from the open doors and windows of the now forsaken dwelling.

"Oh, mistress!" exclaimed Lowry Looby, as he stood at the avenue gate, clapping his hands and weeping, while he gazed, not without a sentiment of melancholy pride, on the long array which lined the uneven road,

and saw the black hearse-plumes becoming indistinct in the distance, while the rear of the funeral train was yet passing him by—"Oh, mistress! mistress! 'tis now I see that you are gone in earnest. I never would believe that you wor lost, until I saw your coffin goin' out o' the doores!"

From the date of this calamity a change was observed to have taken place in the characters and manners of this amiable family. The war of instant affliction passed away, but it left deep and perceptible traces in the household. The Dalys became more grave and more religious; their tone of conversation of a deeper turn, and the manner, even of the younger children, more staid and thoughtful. Their natural mirth (the child of good nature and conscious innocence of heart) was not extinguished: the flame lit up again as time rolled on, but it burned with a calmer, fainter, and perhaps a purer radiance. Their merriment was frequent and cordial, but it never again was boisterous. With the unhappy father, however, the case was different. He never rallied; the harmony of his existence was destroyed, and he seemed to have lost all interest in those occupations of rural industry which had filled up a great proportion of his time from boyhood. Still, from a feeling of duty, he was exact and diligent in the performance of those obligations, but he executed them as a task, not as a pleasure. He might still be found at morning superintending his workmen at their agricultural employments, but he did not join so heartily as of old in the merry jests and tales which made their labor light. It seemed as if he had, on that morning, touched the perihelium of his existence, and from that hour the warmth and sunshine of his course was destined to decline from day to day.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

HOW HARDRESS AT LENGTH RECEIVED SOME NEWS OF EILY.

THE marriage of Hardress Cregan and Anne Chute was postponed for some time in consequence of the affliction of their old friends. Nothing, in the meantime, was heard of Eily or her escort; and the remorse and the suspense endured by Hardress began to affect his mind and health in a degree that excited great alarm in both families. His manner to Anne still continued the same as before they were contracted; now tender, passionate, and full of an intense affection, and now sullen, short, intemperate, and gloomy. Her feeling, too, towards him continued still unchanged. His frequent unkindness pained her to the soul; but she attributed all to a natural or acquired weakness of temper, and trusted to time and to her own assiduous gentleness to cure it. He had yet done nothing to show himself unworthy of her esteem, and while this continued to be the case, her love could not be shaken by mere infirmities of manner, the result, probably, of his uncertain health, for which he had her pity, rather than resentment.

But on Mrs. Cregan it produced a more serious impression. In her frequent conversations with her son he had, in the agony of his heart, betrayed the workings of a deeper passion and a darker recollection than she had ever imagined possible. It became evident to her, from many hints let fall in his paroxysms of anxiety, that Hardress had done something to put himself within the power of outraged justice, as well as that of an avenging conscience. From the moment on which she arrived at this discovery, she avoided as much as possible all farther conversation on those topics with her son, and it was observed that she, too, had become subject to fits of abstraction and of seriousness in her general manner.

While the fortunes of the family remained thus stationary, the day arrived on which Hepton Connolly was to give his hunting-dinner. Hardress looked forward to this occasion with some satisfaction, in the hope that it would afford a certain degree of relief to his mind, under its present state of depression; and when the morning came he was one of the earliest men upon the ground.

The fox is said to have kennelled in the side of a hill near the river-side, which on one side was gray with lime-stone crag, and on the other covered with a quantity of close furze. Towards the water, a miry and winding path among the underwood led downward to an extensive marsh or corcass, which lay close to the shore. It was overgrown with a dwarfish rush, and intersected with numberless little creeks and channels, which were never filled, except when the spring-tide was at the full. On a green and undulating champaign above the hill, were a considerable number of gentlemen mounted, conversing in groups, or cantering their horses around the plain, whilst the huntsmen, whippers-in, and dogs, were busy among the furze, endeavoring to make the fox break cover. A crowd of peasants, boys, and other idlers, were scattered over the green, awaiting the commencement of the sport, and amusing themselves by criticising, with much sharpness of sarcasm, the appearance of the horses, and the action and manners of their riders.

The search after the fox continued for a long time without avail. The gentlemen became impatient, began to look at their watches, and to cast from time to time an apprehensive glance at the heavens. This last movement was not without a cause; the morning, which had promised fairly, began to change and darken. It was one of those sluggish days, which frequently usher in the spring season in Ireland. On the water, on land, in air, on earth, everything was motionless and calm. The boats slept on the bosom of the river. A low and dingy mist concealed the distant shores and hills of Clare. Above, the eye could discern neither cloud nor sky. A heavy haze covered the face of the heavens, from one horizon to the other. The sun was wholly veiled in mist, his place in the heavens being indicated only by the radiance of the misty shroud in that direction. A thin, drizzling shower, no heavier than a summer dew, descended on the party, and left a hoary and glistening moisture on their dresses,

on the manes and forelocks of the horses, and on the face of the surrounding landscape.

"No fox to-day, I fear," said Mr. Cregan, riding up to one of the groups before mentioned, which comprised his son Hardress and Mr. Connolly. "At what time," he added, addressing the latter, "did you order dinner? I think there is little fear of our being late for it."

"You all deserve this," said a healthy-looking old gentleman, who was one of the group: "feather-bed sportsmen every one of you. I rode out to-day from Limerick myself, was at home before seven, went out to see the wheat shaken in, and on arriving on the ground at ten, found no one there but this young gentleman, whose thoughts seems to be hunting on other ground at this moment. When I was a young man, daybreak never found me napping that way."

"Good people are scarce," said Connolly; "it is right we should take care of ourselves. Hardress, will you canter this way?"

"He is cantering elsewhere," said the same old gentleman, looking on the absent boy. "Mind that sigh. Ah! she had the heart of a stone."

"I suspect he is thinking of his dinner, rather," said his father.

"If Miss Chute had asked him to make a circuit with her," said Connolly, "She would not have found it so hard to get an answer."

"Courage, sir," exclaimed the old gentleman, "she is neither wed nor dead."

"Dead, did you say?" cried Hardress, starting from his reverie. "Who says it? Ah! I see."

A burst of laughter from the gentlemen brought the young man to his recollection, and his head sunk in silence and confusion.

"Come, Hardress," continued Connolly, "although you are not in love with me, yet we may try a canter together. Hark! What is that? What are the dogs doing now?"

"They have left the cover on the hill," cried a gentleman, who was galloping past, "and are trying the corcass."

"Poor Dalton!" said Mr. Cregan, "that was the man that would have had old Reynard out of cover before now."

"Poor Dalton!" exclaimed Hardress, catching up the word with passionate emphasis, "poor—poor Dalton! Oh, days of my youth!" he added, turning aside on his saddle, that he might not be observed, and looking out upon the quiet river, "Oh, days—past, happy days! my merry boyhood, and my merry youth!—my boat! the broad river, the rough west wind, the broken waves, and the heart at rest! Oh, miserable wretch! what have you now to hope for? My heart will burst before I leave this field!"

"The dogs are chopping," said Connolly, "they have found him. Come! come away!"

"'Tis a false scent," said the old gentleman. "Ware hare!"

"Ware hare!" was echoed by many voices. A singular hurry was observed amongst the crowd upon the



brow of the hill, which overlooked the corcass, and presently all descended to the marsh.

"There is something extraordinary going forward," said Cregan; what makes all the crowd collect upon the marsh?"

A pause ensued, during which Hardress experienced a degree of nervous anxiety, for which he could not account. The hounds continued to chop in concert, as if they had found a strong scent, and yet no fox appeared.

At length a horseman was observed riding up the miry pass before mentioned, and galloping towards them. When he approached, they could observe that his manner was flurrid and agitated, and his countenance wore an expression of terror and compassion. He tightened the rein suddenly, as he came upon the group.

"Mr. Warner," he said, addressing the old gentleman already alluded to, "I believe you are a magistrate?"

Mr. Warner bowed.

"No harm, sir, to any of our friends, I hope?" said Mr. Warner, putting spurs to his horse, and galloping away. The answer of the stranger was lost in the tramp of the hoofs, as they rode away.

Immediately after, two other horsemen came galloping by. One of them held in his hand a straw bonnet, beaten out of shape, and dragged in the mud of the corcass. Hardress just caught the word "horrible," as they rode swiftly by.

"What's horrible?" shouted Hardress, rising on his stirrup.

The two gentlemen were already out of hearing. He sunk down again on his seat, and glanced aside at his father and Connolly. "What does he call horrible?" he repeated.

"I did not hear him," said Connolly. "Come down upon the corcass, and we shall learn."

They galloped in that direction. The morning was changing fast, and the rain was now descending in much greater abundance. Still there was not a breath of wind to alter its direction, or to give the slightest animation to the general lethargic look of nature. As they arrived on the brow of the hill, they perceived the crowd of horsemen and peasants collected into a dense mass around one of the little channels before described. Several of those in the centre were stooping low, as if to assist a fallen person. The next rank, with their heads turned aside over their shoulders, were employed in answering the questions of those behind them. The individuals who stood outside were raised on tiptoe, and endeavored, by stretching their heads over the shoulders of their neighbors, to peep into the centre. The whipper-in, meanwhile, was flogging the hounds away from the crowd, while the dogs reluctantly obeyed. Mingled with the press were the horsemen, bending over their saddle-bows, and gazing downward on the centre.

"Bad manners to ye!" Hardress heard the whipper-in exclaim, as he passed, "what a fox ye found us this morning. How bad ye are, now, for a taste o' Christian's flesh!"

As he approached nearer to the crowd he was enabled to gather farther indications of the nature of the transaction, from the countenance and gestures of the people. Some had their hands elevated in strong fear, many brows were knitted in eager curiosity, some raised in wonder, and some expanded in afright. Urged by an unaccountable impulse, and supported by an energy, he knew not whence derived, Hardress alighted from his horse, threw the reins to a countryman, and penetrated the group with considerable violence. He dragged some by the collars from their places, pushed others aside with his shoulder, struck those who proved refractory with his whip-handle, and in a few moments attained the centre of the ring.

Here he paused, and gazed in motionless horror upon the picture which the crowd had previously concealed.

A small space was kept clear in the centre. Opposite to Hardress stood Mr. Warner, the magistrate and coroner of the county, with a small note book in his hand, in which he made some entries with a pencil. On his right stood the person who had summoned him to the spot. At the feet of Hardress was a small pool, in which the waters now appeared disturbed and thick with mud, while the rain, descending straight, gave to its surface the semblance of ebullition. On the bank at the other side, which was covered with seapink and a species of short moss peculiar to the soil, an object lay on which the eyes of all were bent with a fearful and gloomy expression. It was for the most part concealed beneath a large blue mantle, which was drenched in wet and mire, and lay so heavy on the thing beneath as to reveal the lineaments of a human form. A pair of small feet, in Spanish-leather shoes, appearing from below the end of the garment, showed that the body was that of a female; and a mass of long, fair hair, which escaped from beneath the capacious hood, demonstrated that this death, whether the effect of accident or malice, had found the victim untimely in her youth.

The cloak, the feet, the hair, all were familiar objects to the eye of Hardress. On very slight occasions, he had often found it absolutely impossible to maintain his self-possession in the presence of others. Now, when the full solution of all his anxieties was exposed before him; now, when it became evident that the guilt of blood was upon his head; now, when he looked upon the shattered corpse of Eily, of his chosen and once beloved wife, murdered in her youth, almost in her girlhood, by his connivance, it astonished him to find that all emotion came upon the instant to a dead pause within his breast. Others might have told him that his face was rigid, sallow and bloodless as that of the corpse on which he gazed. But he himself felt nothing of this. Not a sentence that was spoken was lost upon his ear. He did not even tremble, and a slight anxiety for his personal safety was the only sentiment of which he was perceptibly conscious. It seemed as if the great passion, like an engine embarrassed in its action, had been suddenly struck motionless, even while the impelling principle remained in active force.

"Has the horse and car arrived?" asked Mr. Warner,

while he closed his note-book. "Can any one see it coming? We shall be drenched to the skin before we get away."

"Can we not go to the nearest inn, and proceed with the inquest?" said a gentleman in the crowd, "while some one stays behind to see the body brought after?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Warner, with some emphasis "the inquest must be held *super visum corporis*, or it is worth nothing."

"Warner," whispered Connolly to Cregan, with a smile, "is afraid of losing his four-guinea fee. He will not let the body out of his sight."

"You know the proverb," returned Cregan, "'a bird in the hand,' etc. What a fine fat fox he has caught this morning!"

At this moment the hounds once more opened in a chopping concert; and Hardress, starting from his posture of rigid calmness, extended his arms, and burst at once into a passion of wild fear.

"The hounds! the hounds!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Warner, do you hear them? Keep off the dogs! They will tear her if ye let them pass! Good sir, will you suffer the dogs to tear her? I had rather be torn myself than look upon such a sight. Ye may stare as ye will, but I tell you all a truth, gentlemen. A truth, I say—upon my life, a truth!"

"There is no fear," said Warner, "fixing a keen eye upon him.

"Aye, but there is, sir, by your leave," cried Hardress. "Do you hear them now. Do you hear that yell for blood? I tell you I hate that horrid cry. It is enough to make the heart of a Christian burst. Who put the hounds upon that horrid scent—that false scent? I am going mad, I think. I say, sir, do you hear that yelling now? Will you tell me now there is no fear? Stand close! Stand close, and hide me—*her*, I mean. Stand close!"

"I think there is none whatever," said the coroner, probing him.

"And I tell *you*," cried Hardress, grasping his whip, and abandoning himself to an almost delirious excess of rage, "I tell *you* there is. If this ground should open before me, and I should hear the hounds of Satan yelling upward from the deep, it could not freeze me with a greater fear! But, sir, you can pursue what course you please," continued Hardress, bowing and forcing a smile; "you are here in office, sir. You are at liberty to contradict as you please, sir; but I have my remedy. You know me, sir, and I know you. I am a gentleman. Expect to hear farther from me on this subject."

So saying, and forcing his way through the crowd, with as much violence as he used in entering, he vaulted with the agility of a Mercury into his saddle, and galloped as if he were on a steeple-chase, in the direction of Castle Chute.

"If you are a gentleman," said Mr. Warner, "you are as ill-tempered a gentleman as ever I met, or something a great deal worse."

"Take care what you say, sir," said Mr. Cregan, riding rapidly up, after a vain effort to arrest his son's

flight, and after picking up from a straggler, not three yards from the scene of action, the exaggerated report that Hardress and the coroner had given each other the lie. "Take care what you say, sir," he said. "Remember, if you please, that the gentleman, ill-tempered or otherwise, is my son."

"Mr. Cregan," exclaimed the magistrate, at length growing somewhat warm, "if he were the son of the lord lieutenant, I will not be interrupted in my duty. There are many gentleman here present; they have witnessed the whole occurrence, and if they will tell you that I have done or said anything unbecoming a gentleman, I am ready to give you, or your son either, the satisfaction of a gentleman."

With this pacificatory and Christian-like speech, the exemplary Irish peace-preserver turned upon his heel, and went to meet the carman, who was now within a few paces of the crowd.

While the pitying and astonished multitude were conveying the shattered remains of Eily O'Connor to the nearest inn, her miserable husband was flying with the speed of fear in the direction of Castle Chute. He alighted at the Norman archway, by which Kyrle Daly had entered on the day of his rejection, and, throwing the reins to Falvey, rushed without speaking up the stone staircase. The talkative domestic still retained a lingering preference for the discarded lover, and saw him with a grief supplanted by this wild and passionate young gentleman. He remained for a moment, holding the rein in his hand, and looking back with a gaze of calm astonishment at the flying figure of the rider. He then compressed his lips—moved to a little distance from the horse—and began to contemplate the wet and reeking flanks and trembling limbs of the beautiful animal. The creature presented a spectacle calculated to excite the compassion of a practiced attendant upon horses. His eyes were wide and full of fire—his nostrils expanded, and red as blood. His shining coat was wet from ear to flank, and corded by numberless veins that were now swollen to the utmost by the accelerated circulation. As he panted and snorted in his excitement, he scattered the flecks of foam over the dress of the attendant.

"Oh! murder, murder!" exclaimed the latter, after uttering that peculiar sound of pity which is used by the vulgar in Ireland, and in some continental nations. "Well, there's a man that knows how to use a horse! Look at that crater! Well, he ought to be ashamed of himself, so he ought—any gentleman to use a poor dumb crater that way. As if the hunt wasn't hard enough upon her, without bringin' her up in a gallop to the very doore!"

"An' as if *my* trouble wasn't enough besides," grumbled the groom, as he took the rein out of Falvey's hand. "He ought to stick to his boating, that's what he ought, an' to leave horses for those that knows how to use 'em."

"Who rode that horse?" asked old Dan Dawley, the steward, as he came along sulky and bent by age to the hall-door.

"The young masther we're gettin'," returned Falvey.



"Umph!" muttered Dawley, as he passed into the house, "that's the image of the thratement he'll give all that he gets into his power."

"It's thrue for you," said Falvey.

Dawley paused, and looked back over his shoulder. "It's thrue for me!" he repeated gruffly. "It's you that say that, an' you were the first to praise him when he came into the family."

"It stood to raison I should," said Falvey. "I liked him betther than Masther Kyrle himself, for bein' an off-hand gentleman, an' aasily spoken to. But sure a Turk itself couldn't stand the way he's goin' on of late days!"

Dawley turned away with a harsh grunt; the groom led out the heated steed upon the lawn, and Falvey returned to make the cutlery refulgent in the kitchen.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### HOW HARDRESS MADE A CONFIDENT.

HARDRESS CREGAN, in the meantime, had proceeded to the antique chamber, mentioned in a former chapter, which led to the drawing-room in the more modern part of the mansion. He flung himself into a chair which stood near the centre of the apartment, and remained motionless for some moments, with hands clasped, and eyes fixed upon the floor. There were voices and laughter in the drawing-room, and he could hear the accents of Anne Chute resisting the entreaties of Mrs. Cregan and her mother, while they endeavored to prevail on her to sing some favorite melody.

"Anne," said Mrs. Chute, "don't let your aunt suppose that you can be disobliging. What objection is there to your singing that song?"

"One, I am sure, which aunt Cregan won't blame me for, mamma. Hardress cannot endure to hear it."

"But Hardress is not here now, my dear."

"Ah! ah! aunt. Is that your principle? Would you teach me to take advantage of his absence, then, to foster a little will of my own?"

"Go—go—you giddy girl," said Mrs. Chute. "Have you the impudence to make your aunt blush?"

"My dear Anne," said Mrs. Cregan, "if you never make a more disobedient use of your husband's absence than that of singing a little song which you love, and which you can't sing in his presence, you will be the best wife in Ireland."

"Very well, aunt, very well. You ought to know the standard of a good wife. You have had some experience, or my uncle (I should say) has had some experience of what a good wife ought to be. Whether his knowledge in that way has been negatively or positively acquired, is more than I'll venture to say."

Hardress heard her run a tender prelude along the keys of her instrument, before she sung the following words:—

My Mary of the curling hair,  
The laughing teeth and bashful air,  
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,  
With blushes in the skies.  
*Shule! Shule! Shule, agra!*  
*Shule ascur, agus shule, aroon.\**

\* Come! come! Come, my darling!  
Come softly, and come, my love!

My love! my pearl!  
My own dear girl,  
My mountain maid, arise!

Wake, linnet of the osier grove!  
Wake, trembling, stainless, virgin dove!  
Wake, nestling of a parent's love!  
Let Moran see thine eyes,  
*Shule! Shule! etc.*

I am no stranger, proud and gay,  
To win thee from thy home away,  
And find thee, for a distant day,  
A theme for wasting sighs.  
*Shule! Shule! etc.*

But we were known from infancy;  
Thy father's hearth was home to me;  
No selfish love was mine for thee,  
Unholy and unwise.  
*Shule! Shule! etc.*

And yet (to see what love can do!)  
Though calm my hope has burned, and true,  
My cheek is pale and worn for you,  
And sunken are mine eyes!  
*Shule! Shule! etc.*

But soon my love shall be my bride,  
And happy by our own fireside,  
My veins shall feel the rosy tide,  
That lingering Hope denies.  
*Shule! Shule! etc.*

My Mary of the curling hair,  
The laughing teeth and bashful air,  
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,  
With blushes in the skies.  
*Shule! Shule! Shule, agra!*  
*Shule ascur, agus shule, aroon!*  
My love! My pearl!  
My own dear girl!  
My mountain maid, arise!

After the song was ended, Hardress heard the drawing-room door open and shut, and the stately and measured pace of his mother along the little lobby, and on the short flight of stairs which led to the apartment in which he sat. She appeared at the narrow stone stairway, and used a gesture of surprise when she beheld him.

"What! Hardress!" she exclaimed, "already returned! Have you had good sport to-day?"

"Sport!" echoed Hardress, with a burst of low, involuntary laughter, and without unclasping his wreathed hands, or raising his eyes from the earth; "yes, mother, very good sport. Sport, I think, that may bring my neck in danger one day."

"Have you been hurt, then, child?" said Mrs. Cregan, compassionately bending over her son.

Hardress raised himself in his seat, and fixed his eye upon her's, for a few moments, in gloomy silence.

"I have," he said. "The hurt that I feared so long, I have got at length. I am glad you have come. I wished to speak with you."

"Stay a moment, Hardress. Let me close those doors. Servants are so inquisitive, and apt to pry."

"Aye, now," said Hardress, "now, and from this time forth, we must avoid those watchful eyes and ears. What shall I do, mother? Advise me, comfort me! Oh! I am utterly abandoned now; I have no friend, no comforter but you! That terrible hope, that looked more like a fear, that kept my senses on the rack from morn to morn, is fled, at last, for ever. I am all forsaken now."

"My dear Hardress," said his mother, much distressed, "when will you cease to afflict yourself and me

with those fancies? Forsaken, do you say? Do your friends deserve this from you? You ask me to advise you, and my advice is this. Lay aside those thoughts, and value, as you ought to do, the happiness of your condition. Who, with a love like Anne, with a friend like your amiable college companion, Daly, and with a mother at least devoted in intention, would deliver himself up as you do, to fantastic dreams of desolation and despair? If, as you seem to hint, you have a cause for suffering in your memory, remember Hardress, that you are not left on Earth for nothing. All men have something to be pardoned, and all time here is capable of being improved in the pursuit of mercy."

"Go on," said Hardress, setting his teeth, and fixing a wild stare upon his parent, "you but remind me of my curses. With a love like Anne! One whisper in your ear. I love her not. While I was mad I did; and in my senses now, I am dearly suffering for that frantic treason. She was the cause of all my sin and sorrow, my first and heaviest curse. With such a friend! Why, how you laugh at me! You know how black and weak a part I have played to him, and yet you will remind me he was my friend. That's kindly done, mother. Listen!" he continued, laying a firm grasp upon his mother's arm—"Before my eyes, wherever I turn me, and whether it be dark or light, I see One, painting the hideous portrait of a fiend. Day after day he comes and adds a deeper and blacker tint to the resemblance. Mean fear and selfish pride, the coarser half of love, worthless inconstancy, black falsehood, and red-handed murder—those are the colors that he blends and stamps upon my soul. I am stained in every part. The proud coward that loved and was silent, when already committed by his conduct, and master of the conquest that he feared to claim. The hypocrite that volunteered a friendship to which he proved false almost without a trial. The night brawler, the drunkard, the faithless lover and the perjured husband! Where—who has ever run a course so swift and full of sin as mine? You speak of Heaven and mercy! Do you think I could so long have endured my agonies without remembering that! No; but a cry was at its gates before me, and I never felt that my prayer was heard. What that cry was, I have this morning learned.

"Mother," he added, turning quickly around, with great rapidity of voice and action, "I am a murderer!"

Mrs. Cregan never heard the words. The look and gesture, coupled with the foregoing speech, had pre-informed her, and she fell back, in a death-like faint, into the chair.

When she recovered, she found Hardress kneeling by her side, pale, anxious, and terrified, no longer supported by that horrid energy which he had shown before the revelation of his secret, but motionless and helpless—desolate as an exploded mine. For the first time, the mother looked upon her child with a shudder in which remorse was mingled deeply with abhorrence. She waved her hand two or three times, as if to signify that he should retire from her sight. It was so that Hardress understood and obeyed the gesture. He took

his place behind the chair of his parent, awaiting with gaping lip and absent eye the renewal of her speech. The unhappy mother, meanwhile, leaned forward in her seat, covering her face with her hands, and maintained for several minutes that silent communion with herself which was usual with her when she had received any sudden shock. A long pause succeeded.

"Are you still in the room?" she said, at length, as a slight movement of the guilty youth struck upon her hearing.

Hardress started, as a schoolboy might at the voice of his preceptor, and was about to come forward, but the extended arm of his parent arrested his steps.

"Remain where you are," she said; "it will be a long time now before I shall desire to look upon my son."

Hardress fell back, stepping noiselessly on tiptoe, and letting his head hang dejectedly upon his breast.

"If those things are not dreams," Mrs. Cregan again said, in that calm restrained tone which she always used when her mind was undergoing the severest struggles, "if you have not been feeding a delirious fancy, and can restrain yourself to plain terms for one quarter of an hour, let me hear you repeat this unhappy accident. Nay, come not forward, stay where you are, and say your story there. Unfortunate boy! We are a miserable pair!"

She again leaned forward with her face buried in her expanded hands, while Hardress, with a low, chidden and timid voice and attitude, gave her in a few words the mournful history which she desired. So utterly abandoned was he by that hectoring energy which he displayed during his former conversations with his parent, that more than half the tale was drawn from him by questions, as from a culprit fearful of adding to the measure of his punishment.

When he had concluded, Mrs. Cregan raised her head with a look of great and evident relief.

"Why, Hardress," she said, "I have been misled in this. I overleaped the mark in my surmise. You are not then the actual actor of this horrid work?"

"I was not the executioner," said Hardress. "I had a deputy," he added with a ghastly smile.

"Nor did you, by word or act, give warrant for the atrocity of which you speak!"

"Oh! mother, if you esteem it worth your while to waste any kindness on me, forbear to torture my conscience with that wretched subterfuge. I am the murderer of Eily! It matters not that my finger has not gripped her throat, nor my hand been reddened with her blood. My heart, my will, has murdered her. My soul was ever beforehand with the butcher who has sealed our common ruin by this bloody disobedience. I am the murderer of Eily! No, not in act, as you have said, nor even in word! I breathed my bloody thoughts into no living ear. The dark and Hell-born flame was smouldered where it rose, within my own lonely breast. Not through a single chink or cleft in all my conduct could that unnatural rage be evident. When he tempted me aloud I answered, scorned, and defied him; and, when at our last fatal interview I gave him that charge which



he has stretched to bloodshed, my speech was urgent for her safety."

"Ay?"

"Ay, mother, it is truth! I answer *you* as I shall answer at that dreadful bar, before that Throne the old man told me of, when he and she shall stand to blast me there!"

He stood erect, and held up his hand, as if already pleading to the charge. Mrs. Cregan at the same moment rose, and was about to address him with equal energy and decision of manner.

"But still," he added, preventing her, "still I am Eily's murderer. If I had an enemy who wished to find me a theme for lasting misery, he could not choose a way more certain than that of starting a doubt upon that subtle and worthless distinction. I am Eily's murderer! That thought will ring upon my brain, awake or asleep, for evermore. Are these things dreams? Oh, I would give all the world of realities to find that I had dreamed a horrid dream, and awake, and die!"

"You overrate the measure of your guilt," said Mrs. Cregan, and was about to proceed when Hardress interrupted her.

"Fool that I was!" he exclaimed, with a burst of grief and self-reproach, "fool, mad fool, and idiot that I was! How blind to my own happiness! For ever longing for that which was beyond my reach, and never able to appreciate that which I possessed. In years gone by, the present seemed always stale, and flat, and dreary; the future and the past alone looked beautiful. Now I must see them all with altered eyes. The present is my refuge, for the past is red with blood, and the future burning hot with shame and fire."

"Sit down, and hear me, Hardress, for one moment."

"Oh, Eily!" the wretched youth continued, stretching out his arms to their full extent, and seeming to apostrophize some listening spirit: "Oh, Eily! my lost, deceived, and murdered love! Oh, let it not be thus without recall! Tell me not that the things done in those hideous months are wholly without remedy! Come back! Come back! my own abused and gentle love! If tears, and groans, and years of self-inflicted penitence can wash away that one accursed thought, you shall be satisfied. Look there!" he suddenly exclaimed, grasping his mother's arm with one hand, and pointing with the other to a distant corner of the room. "That vision comes to answer me!" He followed a certain line with his finger through the air, as if tracing the course of some hallucination. "As vivid, and as ghastly real, as when I saw it lying, an hour hence, on the wet, cold blanket; the yellow hair uncurled; the feet exposed—the feet that I first taught to stray from duty! the dark, blue mantel, covering and clinging round the horrid form of death that lay beneath. Four times I have seen it since I left the spot, and every time it grows more deadly vivid. From this time forth my fancies shall be changed; for gloomy visions, gloomier realities; for ghastly fears, a ghastlier certainty."

Here he sunk down into the chair which his mother

had drawn near her own, and remained for some moments buried in deep silence. Mrs. Cregan took this opportunity of gently bringing him into a more temperate vein of feeling; but her feelings carried her beyond the limit which she contemplated.

"Mistake me not," she said, "unhappy boy! I would not have you slight your guilt. It is black and deadly, and such as Heaven will certainly avenge. But neither must you fly to the other and worse extreme, where you can only cure presumption by despair. You are *not* so guilty as you deem. That you willed her death was a dark and deadly sin but nothing so hideous as the atrocious act itself. One thing, indeed, is certain, that, however this affair may terminate, we are an accused and miserable pair for this world. I in you, and you in me! Most weak and wicked boy! It was the study of my life to win your love and confidence, and my reward has been distrust, concealment, and—"

"Do you reproach me, then?" cried Hardress, springing madly to his feet, clenching his hand, and darting an audacious scowl upon his parent. "Beware, I warn you! I am a fiend, I grant you; but it was by your temptation that I changed my nature. You, my mother! you have been my fellest foe! I drank in pride with your milk, and passion under your indulgence. You sport with one possessed and desperate. This whole love-scheme, that has begun in trick and cunning, and ended in blood, was all your work! And do you now—"

"Hold!" cried his mother, observing the fury of his eye, and his hand raised and trembling, though not with the impious purpose she affected to think. "Monster! would you dare strike your parent?"

As if he had received a sudden blow, Hardress sunk down at her feet, which he pressed between his hands, while he lowered his forehead to the very dust. "Mother!" he said, in a changing and humble voice, "my first, my constant, and forbearing friend, you are right. I am not quite a demon yet. My brain may fashion wild and impious words, but it is your son's heart that still beats within my bosom. I did not dream of such a horrid purpose."

After a silence of some minutes, the wretched young man arose, with tears in his eyes, and took his seat in the chair. Here he remained fixed in the same absent posture, and listening, but with a barren attention, to the many soothing speeches which were addressed to him by his mother. At length, rising hastily from his seat, with a look of greater calmness than he had hitherto shown, he said:—

"Mother there is one way left for reparation. I will give myself up."

"Hold, madman!"

"Nay, hold, mother. I will do it. I will not bear this fire on my brain. I will not still add crime to crime for ever. If I have outraged justice, it is enough. I will not cheat her. Why do you hang upon me? I am weak and exhausted; a child could stay me now—a flaxen thread could fetter me. Release me, mother! There is peace and hope and comfort in this thought.

Elsewhere I can find nought but fire and scourges. Oh! let me make this offering of a wretched life to buy some chance of quiet. I never shall close an eye in sleep again until I lie on a dungeon floor. I never more shall smile until I stand upon the scaffold! Well, well, you will prevail—you will prevail," he added, as his mother forced him back into the chair which he had left; "but I may find a time. My life, I know, is forfeited."

"It is not forfeited."

"Not forfeited! Hear you, just Heaven, and judge! The ragged wretch, that pilfers for his food, must die—the starving father, who counterfeits a wealthy name to save his children from a horrid death, must die—the goaded slave, who, driven from a holding of his fathers, avenges his wrong upon the usurper's property, must die—and I, who have pilfered for my passion—I, the hypocrite, the false friend, the fickle husband, the coward, traitor, and murderer (I am disgusted while I speak)—my life has not been forfeited! I alone stand harmless beneath these bloody laws! I said I should not smile again, but this will force a laugh in spite of me."

Mrs. Cregan prudently refrained from urging the subject farther for the present, and contented herself with appealing to his affectionate consideration of her own feelings, rather than reminding him of his interest in the transaction. This seemed more effectually to work upon his mind. He listened calmly and with less reluctance, and was about to express his acquiescence, when a loud and sudden knocking at the outer door of the chamber made him start from his chair, turn pale, and shake in every limb like one convulsed. Mrs. Cregan, who had herself been startled, was advancing towards the door, when the knocking was heard again, though not so loud, against that which led to the drawing-room. Imagining that her ear, in the first instance, had deceived her, she turned on her steps, and was proceeding toward the latter entrance, when the sound was heard at both doors together, and with increased loudness. Slight as this accident appeared, it produced so violent an effect upon the nerves of Hardress, that it was with difficulty he was able to reach the chair which he had left, without falling to the ground. The doors were opened—the one to Anne Chute, and the other to Mr. Cregan.

"Dinner is on the table, aunt," said the former.

"And I am come on the very point of time to claim a neighbor's share of it," said Mr. Cregan.

"We are more fortunate than we expected," said Anne. "We thought you would have dined with Mr. Connolly."

"Thank you for that hint, my good niece."

"Oh! sir, don't be alarmed; you will not find us unprovided, notwithstanding. Mr. Hardress Cregan," she continued, moving towards his chair with a lofty and yet a playful carriage, "will you allow me to lead you to the dining-room?"

"He is ill, Anne—a little ill," said Mrs. Cregan, in a low voice.

"Dear Hardress! you have been thrown!" ex-

claimed Anne, suddenly stooping over him with a look of tender interest and alarm.

"No, Anne," said Hardress, shaking her hand in grateful kindness; "I am not so indifferent a horseman. I shall be better presently."

"Go in—go in, ladies," said Mr. Cregan. "I have a word on business to say to Hardress. We will follow you in three minutes."

The ladies left the room and Mr. Cregan, drawing his son into the light, looked on his face for some moments with silent scrutiny.

"I don't know what to make of it," he said at length, tossing his head. "You're not flagging, Hardress—are you?"

"Flagging, sir?"

"Yes. You do not feel a little queer about the heart now in consequence of this affair?"

Hardress started, and shrunk back.

"Whew!" the old sportsman gave utterance to a prolonged sound that bore some resemblance to a whistle. "'Tis all up! That start spoke volumes. You've dished yourself for ever. Let nobody see you. Go—go along into some corner, and hide yourself; go to the ladies; that's the place for you. What a fool I was to leave a pleasant dinner party, and come here to look after a——. Well, I have seen you stand fire stoutly once. So it is with all cowards. The worm will turn when trod upon; and you were primed with strong drink, moreover. But how dared you—this is my chief point—this—how dared you stand up, and give any gentleman the lie, when you have not the heart to hold to your words? What do you stare at?—Answer me."

"Give any gentleman the lie!" echoed Hardress.

"Yes, to be sure. Didn't you give Warner the lie a while ago upon the coarass?"

"Not I, I am sure."

"No! What was your quarrel, then?"

"We had no quarrel. You are under some mistake."

"That's very strange. That's another affair. It passes all that I have ever heard. The report all over the ground was that you had exchanged the lie, and some even went so far as to say that you had horse-whipped him. It leaves me at my wit's end."

At this moment Falvey put in his head at the door, and said:

"Dinner, if ye please, gentlemen; the ladies is waitin' for ye."

This summons ended the conversation for the present, and Hardress followed his father into the dining-room.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

HARDRESS FINDS THAT CONSCIENCE IS THE SWORN FOE OF VALOR.

HE who, when smitten by a heavy fever, endeavors, with bursting head and aching bones, to maintain a cheerful seeming among a circle of friends, may imagine something of Hardress Cregan's situation on this



evening. His mother contrived to sit near him during the whole time, influencing his conduct by word and gesture, as one would regulate the movements of an automaton.

The company consisted only of that lady, her son, her husband, and the two ladies of the mansion. The fire burned cheerfully in the grate, the candles were lighted, Anne's harpsichord was thrown open, and, had the apartment at that moment been unroofed by *Le Diable Boiteux*, in the sight of his companion, Don Cleofas would have pronounced it a scene of domestic happiness and comfort.

It appeared, from the conversation which took place in the course of the evening, that the coroner had not even found any one to recognize the body, and the jury, after giving the case a long consideration, had come to the only conclusion for which there appeared to be satisfactory evidence. They had returned a verdict of "Found drowned."

"He would be a sharp lawyer," continued Mr. Cregan, "that could take them up on that verdict. I thought there were some symptoms of murder in the case, and wished them to adjourn the inquest, but I was overruled. After all, I'll venture to say it was some love business. She had a wedding ring on."

"Be calm," whispered Mrs. Cregan, laying her hand on her son's arm. "Some young husband, perhaps, who found he had made a bad bargain. Take care of yourself, Anne; Hardress may learn the knack of it."

Hardress acknowledged the goodness of this jest by a hideous laugh.

"It was a shocking business!" said Mrs. Chute. "I wonder, Hardress, how you can laugh at it. Depend upon it, it will not terminate in that way. Murder is like fire—it will out at some cleft or another."

"That is most likely to be the case in the present instance," said Mr. Cregan, "for the clothes, in all likelihood, will be identified, and Warner has sent an advertisement to all the newspapers and to the parish chapels, giving an account of the whole transaction. It is, indeed, quite certain, that the case will be cleared up, and the foul play, if there be any, discovered. Whether the perpetrators will be detected or not, is a different question."

Mrs. Cregan, who was in an agony during this conversation, felt a sudden relief when it was ended by Anne Chute's calling on her uncle for a song.

Mr. Cregan, who was always very funny among young people, replied that he would with all his heart. And accordingly, with a prefatory hem, he threw back his head, raised his eyes to the cornice, dropt his right leg over the left knee, and treated the company to the following effusion, humming the tune with his head, by slightly jerking it from side to side:

*Gilli ma chree,*  
Sit down by me;  
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;  
This hearth's our own,  
Our hearts are one,  
And peace is ours for ever!  
When I was poor,  
Your father's door  
Was closed against your constant lover,

With care and pain  
I tried in vain  
My fortunes to recover.  
I said, "To other lands I'll roam,  
Where fate may smile on me, love!  
I said, "Farewell, my own old home!"  
And I said, "Farewell to thee, love!"  
Sing *Gilli ma chree*, etc.  
I might have said,  
"My mountain maid,  
Come live with me, your own true lover;  
I know a spot,  
A silent cot,  
Your friends can ne'er discover,  
Where gently flows the wassail tide,  
By one small garden only:  
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,  
And the linnet sings so lonely."  
Sing *Gilli ma chree*, etc.  
I might have said,  
"My mountain maid,  
A father's right was never given.  
True hearts to curse  
With tyrant force,  
That have been blessed in Heaven."  
But, then, I said, "In after years,  
When thoughts of home shall find her,  
My love may mourn, with secret tears,  
Her friends thus left behind her."  
Sing *Gilli ma chree*, etc.  
"Oh, no," I said,  
"My own dear maid,  
For me, though all forlorn, for ever,  
That heart of thine  
Shall ne'er repine  
O'er slighted duty—never!  
From home and thee though wandering far,  
A dreary fate be mine, love;  
I'd rather live in endless war,  
Than buy my peace with thine, love."  
Sing *Gilli ma chree*, etc.  
Far, far away,  
By night and day,  
I toiled to win a golden treasure;  
And golden gains  
Repaid my pains  
In fair and shining measure.  
I sought again my native land;  
Thy father welcomed me, love;  
I poured my gold into his hand,  
And my guerdon found in this, love!  
Sing *Gilli ma chree*,  
Sit down by me;  
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;  
This hearth's our own,  
Our hearts are one,  
And peace is ours for ever.

It was not until he courted rest and forgetfulness in the solitude of his chamber, that the Hell of guilt and memory began to burn within the breast of Hardress. Fears, which until this moment he had despised as weak and childish, now oppressed his imagination with all the force of a real and imminent danger. The darkness of his chamber was crossed by horrid shapes, and the pillow seemed to burn beneath his cheek, as if he lay on fire. If he dozed, he seemed to be rocked on his bed, as if borne upward on the back of a flying steed, and the cry of hounds came yelling on his ear with a discord even more terrible than that which rung upon the ear of the hunted Acteon, in the exquisite fiction of the ancients. That power of imagination, in which he had been often accustomed to take pride, as in a high intellectual endowment, became now his most fearful curse; and, as it had been a chief instrument in his seduction, was also a principal engine of retribution.

Several circumstances, trifling in themselves, but powerful in their operation upon the mind of the guilty youth, occurred in the course of the ensuing week, to give new fuel to the passion which preyed upon his nerves. A few of these we will relate, if only for the purpose of showing how slight a breath may shake the peace of him who has suffered it to be sapped in the foundation.

When the first agony of his remorse went by, the love of life—triumphant even over that appalling passion—made him join his mother in her fears of a discovery, and her precautions for its prevention. He sought, therefore, many opportunities of misleading the observation of his acquaintances, and affected to mingle in their amusements with a greater carelessness than he had ever assumed during the period of his uncertainty respecting Eily's fate.

A small party had been formed one morning for the purpose of snipe-shooting, and Hardress was one of the number. In a rushy swamp (adjoining the little bay which had been selected as the scene of the saddle-race so many months before), the game were said to exist in great quantities, and thither, accordingly, the sportsmen first repaired. A beautiful, but only half-educated pointer, which Hardress procured in Kerry, in his eagerness for sport, had repeatedly broken out of bound, in disregard of all the menaces and entreaties of his owner, and by these means, on many occasions narrowly escaped destruction. At length, while he was indulging in one of those wild gambols, a bird rose, with a sudden shriek, from the very feet of Hardress, and flew forward, darting and wheeling in a thousand eccentric circles. Hardress levelled and fired. The snipe escaped; but a mournful howl of pain from the animal before alluded to, seemed to announce that the missile had not sped upon a fruitless errand. In a few seconds the poor pointer was seen crawling out of the rushes, and turning at every step to whine and lick its side, which was covered with blood. The slayer ran, with an aching heart, towards the unfortunate creature, and stooped to assist and to caress it. But the wound was past all remedy. The poor quadruped whimpered and fawned upon his feet, as if to disarm the suspicion of resentment, and died in the action.

"Oh, murther, murther!" said Pat Falvey, who accompanied the party, "the poor thing was all *holed* with the shot! Oh, look at the limbs stiffening, and the light that's gatherin' in the eyes! There's death now, Masther Hardress, the Lord save us!—there's death!"

"Where?" said Hardress, looking round with some wildness of eye, and a voice which was indicative at the same time of anger and of bodily weakness.

"There, before your eye, sir," said Falvey. "There's what we'll all have to go through one time or another, the Christian as well as the baste! 'Twould be well for some of us if we had as little to answer for as that poor pointer, afther our doin's in this world."

The other gentlemen had now collected around, with many expressions of condolence on the fate of the poor servant of the chase. Hardress appeared to be affected

in a peculiar manner by the transaction which he had witnessed. His glances were vague and unsettled, his cheek was deadly pale, and his limbs trembled exceedingly. This was the first shot he had fired in the course of the day; and the nature of the sport in which he was engaged had not once occurred to him until he saw the blood flowing at his feet. To a mind like his, always sensitive and reflective, and rendered doubly so by the terrific associations of the last few months, the picture of death in this poor quadruped was scarcely less appalling than it might have been in the person of a fellow-mortal. He felt his head grow dizzy as he turned away from the spot; and, after a few feeble paces he fell senseless among the rushes.

The gentlemen hastened to his relief, with looks of astonishment rather than of pity. Some there were imperfectly acquainted with his character, or perplexed by the extraordinary change which it had lately undergone, who winked and sneered apart when he was lifted from the earth; and though no one ventured openly to impute any effeminacy of character to the young gentleman, yet, whenever they spoke of the occurrence in the course of the day, it was not without exchanging a conscious smile. On another occasion a boating party was formed, when Hardress, as usual, took the rudder in hand. His father, on entering the little vessel, was somewhat surprised at seeing a new boatman seated on the fore-castle.

"Hello!" he said, what's your name, my honest fellow?"

"Larry Kett, sir, plase your honor," returned the man, a sturdy old person, with a face as black as a storm.

"Why, Hardress! had you a quarrel with your little hunchback?"

Hardress stooped suddenly down, as if for the purpose of arranging a block, and after a little silence replied:

"No quarrel, sir; but he chose to seek another service, and I do not think I have made a bad exchange."

The conversation changed, and the party (among whom was Anne Chute) proceeded on their excursion. The wind freshened considerably in the course of the forenoon, and before they had reached that part of the river which flowed by the dairy-cottage of Mr. Daly, it blew a desperate gale. The boatman, more anxious for the comfort of the ladies than really apprehensive for the boat, suggested the expediency of putting about on the homeward course before the tide should turn.

"If you hold on," said the man, with a significant look, "until the wind an' tide come conthrary, there 'ill be a swell in the channel, that it is as much as you can do to come through it with the two reefs."

Hardress assented, but it was already too late. They were now a considerable distance below the cottage, with a strong westerly wind, and a tide within twenty minutes of the flood.

"What are you doing, Masther Hardress?" said the boatman. "Won't you haul home the mainsheet and jib?"

Hardress, whose eyes had been fixed on the rocky



point before the cottage, started suddenly, and proceeded to execute the nautical manœuvre in question. The little vessel, as docile to her helm as a well-mounted hunter to his rider, threw her bow away from the wind, and rushed roaring through the surges with a fuller and a fiercer energy. After suffering her to run for a few minutes before the wind, Hardress commenced, with due caution, the process of jibbing or shifting the mainsail from one side of the vessel to the other.

"Down with yer heads, ladies, if ye please; take care of the boom."

All the heads were lowered, and the boom swung rapidly across, and the vessel heeled with the sudden impulse, until her leeward gunwale sipped the brine.

"Give her a free sheet, now, Master Hardress," said Kett, "and we'll be up in two hours."

All boatmen know that it requires a much steadier hand and more watchful eye to govern a vessel when the wind is fair than when it is adverse. A still greater nicety of attention was requisite in the present instance, as the wind was high, and the now returning tide occasioned, as the boatman predicted, a heavy sea in the channel. It was, therefore, with considerable chagrin that Larry Kett perceived his master's mind wandering, and his attention frequently altogether withdrawn from the occupation which he had in hand. That nervous disease to which he had become a slave for many weeks, approached a species of paroxysm when Hardress found himself once more upon the very scene where he had first encountered danger with the unfortunate Eily, and before that dwelling, beneath whose roof he had pledged, to his forgotten friend, the faith which he had since betrayed. It was impossible his reason could preserve its calmness amid those terrible remembrances. As the shades of evening fell, assisted by the gloomy clouds that scowled upon the brow of Heaven, he became subject to the imaginative weakness of a child. The faces of his companions darkened and grew strange in his eye. The roar of the waters was redoubled, and the howling of the wind along the barren shores brought to his mind the horrid cry of the hounds, by which his guilt and his misery had been so fearfully revealed. The shapes of those whom he had wronged seemed to menace him from the gloomy chasms that gaped around between the enormous billows, and the blast came after with a voice of reproach, as if to hurry him onward to a place of dreadful retribution. Sometimes the corpse of Eily, wrapped in the blue mantle which she generally wore, seemed to be rolled downward from the ridge of a foaming breaker; sometimes the arms seemed stretched to him for aid; and sometimes the pale and shrouded figure of Mrs. Daly seemed, from the gloom, to bend a look on him of quiet sadness and upbraiding. While wholly absorbed in the contemplation of these phantoms, a rough grasp was suddenly laid upon his arm, and a rough voice shouted in his ear:

"Are you deaf or dreaming? Mind your hand, or you'll put us down!"

Hardress looked around like one who suddenly

awakes from slumber, and saw his father looking on him with an inflamed and angry countenance. In his reverie a change had taken place, of which he was totally unconscious. A heavy shower drove full upon the party, the sky had grown still darker, and the wind had risen still higher. The time had gone by when the spirits of Hardress caught fire from the sight of danger, and when his energies were concentrated by difficulty, as the firmness of an arch is augmented by the weight which it is made to sustain. The suddenness of his father's action startled him to the very heart; the strange, and as it appeared to him, sudden change in the weather, confirmed the disorder of his senses, and springing forward, as a culprit might do from the sudden arrest of an officer of justice, he abandoned the rudder, and fled with murmurs of affright into the centre of the boat, where he sank exhausted upon the ballast.

The scene of confusion which ensued it is needful that we should describe. Larry Kett, utterly unable to comprehend what he beheld, took charge of the helm, while the remainder of the party buised themselves in restoring Hardress to some degree of composure. There was no remark made at the time, but, when the party were separating, some touched their foreheads and compressed their lips in a serious manner; while others, in secret whispers, ventured, for the first time, to couple the name of Hardress Cregan with that epithet which is so deeply dreaded by young men, that they will burst the ties of moral justice, of religion, of humanity, and even incur the guilt of murder, to avoid its imputation—the epithet of coward.

Never was there a being more constitutionally formed for deeds of courage and of enterprise than Hardress, and yet (such is the power of conscience), never was a stigma affixed with greater justice. He hurried early to his room, where he passed a night of feverish restlessness, secured, indeed, from the observation of others, but still subjected to the unwinking gaze of memory, whose glance, like the diamond eyes of the famous idol, seemed to follow him whithersoever he turned with the same deadly and avenging expression.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### HOW THE SITUATION OF HARDRESS BECAME MORE CRITICAL.

ANOTHER occurrence, mingled with somewhat more of the ridiculous, but not less powerful in its effect upon the mind of Hardress, took place in a few days afterwards.

In the lack of some equally exciting exercise, and in order to form a pretext for his frequent absence from the Castle, Hardress was once more tempted to take up his gun, and look for shore-fowl in the neighborhood. One morning when he was occupied in drawing a charge in the hall, Falvey came running in to let him know that a flock of May-birds had pitched in one of

the gullies in the creek, which was now almost deserted by the fallen tide.

"Are there many?" said Hardress, a little interested. "Oceans, oceans of 'em, sir," was the reply of the figurative valet.

"Very well; do you take this bag, and follow me to the shore. I think we shall get at them conveniently from behind the lime-kiln."

This was a commission which Falvey executed with the worst grace in the world. This talkative person was, in fact, a perfect, and even absurd coward, nor did he consider the absence of any hostile intention as a security, when the power of injury was in his neighborhood. His dread of fire-arms, like that of Friday, approached to a degree of superstition, and it would appear from his conduct that he had anything but a steady faith in the common opinion that a gun must throw its contents in the direction of the bore. Accordingly, it was always with considerable reluctance and apprehension that he accompanied his young master on his shooting excursions. He followed him now with a dejected face, and a sharp and prudent eye, directed ever and anon at the loaded weapon which Hardress balanced in his hand.

They approached the game under cover of a low, ruined building, which had been once used as a lime-kiln, and now served as a blind to those who made it an amusement to scatter destruction among the feathered visitants of the little creek. Arrived at this spot, Hardress perceived that he could take the quarry at a better advantage from a sand-bank at some distance on the right. He moved, accordingly, in that direction, and Falvey, after conjecturing how he might best get out of harm's way, crept into the ruined kiln, and took his seat on the loose stones at the bottom. The walls, though broken down on every side, were yet of a sufficient height to conceal his person, when in a sitting posture, from all observation of man or fowl. Rubbing his hands in glee, and smiling to find himself thus snugly ensconced from danger, he awaited with an anxiety, not quelled, indeed, but yet somewhat diminished, the explosion of the distant engine of death.

But his evil genius, envious of his satisfaction, found means of putting his tranquility to naught. Hardress altered his judgment of the two stations, and accordingly crept back to the lime-kiln with as little noise as he had used in leaving it. He marvelled what had become of Falvey; but, reserving the search for him until he had done his part upon the curlews, he went on his knee, and rested the barrel of his piece on the grass-covered wall of the ruin, in such a manner that the muzzle was two inches above the head of the unseen, and smiling, and unconscious Falvey. Having levelled on the centre of the flock, he fired, and an uproar ensued which it is almost hopeless to describe. Half a dozen of the birds fell without hearing the shot; several fluttered a few paces, and then sunk gasping on the slob. The great mass of the flock rose screaming into the calm air, and were chorussed by the whistling of myriads of sea-larks, red-shanks, and other diminutive waterfowl. But the most alarming strain

in the concert was played by poor Falvey, who gave himself up for dead on hearing the shot fired close to his ear in so unexpected a manner. He sprang at one bound clear out of the lime-kiln, and fell flat on his face and hands upon the short grass, roaring and kicking his heels in the air like one in the agonies of the *colica pictorum*. Terrified to the soul by this startling incident, Hardress threw down his gun, and fled as from the face of a fiend.

In the meantime the cries of the prostrate Falvey attracted to his relief a stranger, who had hitherto lain concealed under a projection of the bank. He jumped upon the wall of the kiln, and remained gazing for some moments on the fallen man, with an expression which partook more of curiosity than of compassion. Seeing the gun, he imagined that Falvey had fired the shot himself, and experienced some injury from the recoil. It was with a kind of sneer, therefore, that he took up the weapon, and proceeded to question the sufferer.

"What's de matter wid you, man alive? What makes you be roarin' that way?"

"I'm *hot*!"\* returned Falvey, with a groan. "I'm hot. The master holed me with the shot. Will I get the priest? Will I get the priest itself?"

"Where did he hole you?"

"There, in the lime-kiln, this minute. Will I get the priest?"

"I mane, where are you *hot*? In what part of your body?"

"Oyeh, it is all one," said Falvey, a little perplexed by the question. "I felt it in the very middle o' my heart. Sure I know I'm a gone man!"

"How do you know it, ayeh? Straighen yourself an' sit up a bit. I don't see any signs of a hole."

Falvey sat up and began to feel his person in various places, moaning the whole time in the most piteous tone, and looking occasionally on his hands, as if expecting to find them covered with blood. After a minute examination, however, no such symptom could be discovered.

"Ah, dere's nottin' de matter wid you, man," said the stranger. "Stand up, man; you're as well as ever you wor."

"Faiks, may be so," returned Falvey, rising and looking about him with some briskness of eye. "But sure I know," he added, suddenly drooping, "'tis the way always with people when they are holed by a gun; they never feel it until the moment they dhróp."

"Well, an' isn't it time for you to tink of it when you begin to feel it?" returned the stranger.

"Faiks, may be so," returned Falvey, with increasing confidence. "That I may be blest," he added, swinging his arms, and moving a few paces with greater freedom, "that I may be blest if I feel any pain! Faiks, I thought I was *hot*. But there's one thing, any way; as long as ever I live, I never again will go shooting with any man, gentle or simple, during duration."

"Stay a minute," said the stranger; "won't you go out for the curlews?"

"Go out for 'em yourself, an' have 'em if you like,"

\* An Irish preterite for the word *hit*.



returned Flavey; "it's bother enough I got with them for birds."

He took up the gun and pouch, and walked slowly away, while the stranger, after slipping off his shoes and stockings, and turning up the knees of his under-garment, walked out for the game. He had picked up one or two of the birds, and was proceeding farther along the brink of the gully, when a sudden shout was heard upon the rocky shore on the other side of the creek. The stranger started and looked, like a frightened deer, in that direction, where Falvey beheld a party of soldiers running down the rocks, as if with the purpose of intercepting his passage round a distant point by which the high road turned. The stranger, possibly aware of their intention, left his shoes, the game, and all, behind him, and fled rapidly across the slob, in the direction of the point. It was clear the soldiers could not overtake him. They halted, therefore, on the shore, and, leveling their pieces with deliberation, fired several shots at the fugitive, as after a run-away prisoner. With lips a-gape with horror, Falvey beheld the shining face of the mud torn up by the bullets within a few feet of the latter. He still, however, continued his course unhurt, and was not many yards distant from the opposite shore, when (either caught by a trip, or brought down by some bullet aimed) he staggered and fell in the marl. He rose again, and again sank down upon his elbow, panting for breath, and overpowered by fatigue and fear. Falvey delayed to see no more, being uncertain at whom their muskets would be next directed. Lowering his person as far as might be consistent with a suitable speed, he ran along the hedge-ways in the direction of the Castle.

In the meantime Hardress, full of horror at the supposed catastrophe, had hurried to his sleeping-room, where he flung himself upon the bed, and sought, but found not, relief in exclamations of terror and of agony. "What!" he muttered through his clenched teeth, "shall my hands be always bloody? Can I not move but death must dog my steps? Must I only breathe to suffer and destroy."

A low and broken moan, uttered near his bed-side, made him start with a superstitious apprehension. He looked round, and beheld his mother kneeling at a chair, her face pale, excepting the eyes, which were inflamed with tears. Her hands were wreathed together, as if with a straining exertion, and sobs came thick and fast upon her breath, in spite of all her efforts to restrain them. In a few minutes, while he remained gazing on her in some perplexity, she arose, and, standing by his bedside, laid her hand quietly upon his head.

"I have been trying to pray," she said, "but I fear in vain. It was a selfish prayer—it was offered up for you. If you fear death and shame, you will soon have cause to tremble. For a mother who loves her son, guilty as he is, and for a son who would not see his parents brought to infamy, there have been fearful tidings here since morning."

Hardress could only look the intense anxiety which he felt, to learn what those tidings were.

"In a few words," said Mrs. Cregan, "the dress of

that unhappy girl has been recognized, and by a train of circumstances (command yourself awhile!)—circumstances which this sick head of mine will hardly allow me to detail, suspicion has fallen upon your former boatman and his family. Do you know where he is?"

"I have not seen him since the—the—I know not. My orders were that he should leave the country, and I gave him money for the purpose."

"Thank Heaven for that!" Mrs. Cregan exclaimed with her usual steady energy, while she clasped her hands together, and looked upward with a wrapt fervor of expression. The action, however, was quickly altered to a chilly shudder. She looked suddenly to the earth, veiling her eyes with her hand, as if a rapid light had dazzled her. "Thank Heaven!" she repeated, in a tone of terrified surprise. "Oh! mighty Being, Origin of justice, and Judge of the guilty, forgive me for that impious gratitude! Oh! Dora Cregan, if any one had told you in your youth that you should one day thank Heaven to find a murderer safe from justice! I do not mean you, my child," she said, turning to Hardress; "you are no murderer."

Hardress made no reply, and Mrs. Cregan remained silent for a few minutes, as if deliberating on the course which it would be necessary for her to adopt. The deception practiced on Anne Chute was not among the least of those circumstances which made her situation one of agonizing perplexity. But her fate had been already decided, and it would be only to make the ruin of her son assured, if she attempted now to separate the destiny of Anne from theirs.

"We must hasten this marriage," Mrs. Cregan continued, after a silence of some minutes, "and, in the meantime, endeavor to get those people, the Naughtens, out of the way. They will be sought for without delay. Mr. Warner has been inquiring for you, that he might obtain information of your boatman. I told him that you had parted with the man long since, and you did not know whither he had gone. Do you think you could sustain an interview with him?"

Hardress, who was now sitting upon the bed-side, pale, and with features distorted by terror, replied to this question by a chilly shudder and a vacant stare.

"We must keep him out, then," said his mother; "or, if he must see you, it shall be in your chamber. There is still one way in which you might be saved—the way which you proposed yourself, though I was not then sufficiently at ease to perceive its advantages. Go boldly forward and denounce this wretch; lay all the information in your power before the magistrates, and aid the officers of justice in bringing him to punishment."

Hardress turned his dull and bloodshot eyes upon his mother, as if to examine whether she was serious in this proposition. If a corpse, rigid in death, could be stimulated to a galvanic laugh, one might expect to find it such a hideous convulsion as Hardress used on discovering that she did not mock.

"No, mother," he said, curbing the Sardonic impulse, "I am not innocent enough for that."

"Why will you so perversely wrong yourself?" said Mrs. Cregan. "Neither in your innocence, nor in your culpability, do you seem to form a true estimate of your conduct. You are not so guilty as—"

"Very true, mother," said Hardress, impatient of the subject, and cutting it short with a burst of fierceness, scarcely less shocking than his laughter. "If the plea of conscious guilt will not suffice, you may take my refusal upon your own ground. I am too innocent for that. I am not fiend enough for such a treachery. Pray let me hear no more of it, or I shall sicken. There's some one has knocked three times at the room door. I am quite weary of playing the traitor, and if I had nothing but pure heart-sickness to restrain me, I should yet long for a reform. My brain will bear no more; a single crime would crush it now. Again! There's some one at the door."

"Well, Hardress, I will speak with you of this at night."

"With all my heart. You say things sometimes that go near to drive me mad, but yet you always talk to me as a friend, for my own sake, and kindly. Mother!" he added, suddenly laying his hand on her arm, as she passed him, and as the light fell brighter on her thin and gloomy features: "Mother, how changed you are since this unhappy act! You are worn out with fears and sorrows. It has been my fate or fault (I will not contend for the distinction) to scatter poison in the way of all who knew me. A lost love for one, for another, falsehood, desertion, death; for a third, duplicity and ingratitude; and even for you, my mother, ill health, a sinking heart, and a pining frame. I can promise nothing now. My mind is so distracted with a thousand images and recollections (each of which, a year since, I would have thought sufficient to unsettle my reason), that I know not how to offer you a word of comfort. But if these gloomy days should be destined to pass away, and (whether by penitence or some sudden mercy) my heart should once again be visited with a quieter grief, I will then remember your affection."

There was a time when this speech would have been moonlight music to the ear of Mrs. Cregan. Now, her esteem for Hardress being fled, and a good deal of self-reproach brought in to sour the feeling with which she regarded his conduct, it was only in his moments of danger, or anger, or distress, that her natural affections were forcibly aroused in his behalf. Still, however, it did not fail to strike upon her heart. She sunk weeping upon his neck, and loaded him with blessings and caresses.

"I do not look for thanks, Hardress," she said, at length, disengaging herself, as if in reproof of her weakness, "because I do the part of a mother. All that you have said, my child, in my regard, is very vain and idle! A quiet, at least a happy, fire-side is a blessing that I never more can enjoy, nor do I even hope for it. It is not because I think your guilt not worthy of the extreme punishment of the laws, that therefore I should deem it possible we can either of us forget our share in the horrid deed that has been done. Let us not disguise the truth from our own hearts. We are a

wretched and a guilty pair, with enough of sin upon our hands to make our future life a load of fear and penitence."

"I did but speak it," said the son, with some peevishness of tone, "in consideration of your suffering."

"I wish, Hardress, that you had considered me a little more early."

"You did not encourage me to a confidence," said Hardress. "You repressed it."

"You should not," retorted the mother, "have needed encouragement under circumstances so decisive. Married! if you had breathed a word of it to me, I would have sooner died than urge you as I did."

"I told you I was pledged."

"You did, ay, there, indeed, my son, your reproach strikes home. I thought that you would only break a verbal truth, and most unjustly did I wish that you should break it. How fearfully has Heaven repaid me for that selfish and unfeeling act! But you were all too close and secret for me. Go—go, unhappy boy; you taunt me with the seduction which was only the work of your own shameful passion."

This painful dialogue, which, perhaps, would have risen to a still more bitter tone of recrimination, was broken off by a renewal of the summons at the door. It appeared as if the applicant for admission had gone away in despair, and again returned after a fruitless search elsewhere. On opening the door, Mrs. Cregan encountered the surly visage of Dan Dawley, who informed her that her presence was required in the ball-room: such was the name given to that apartment in which Hardress had made to her a confession of his guilt. When she had left the chamber, Hardress, who grew momentarily more weak and ill, prepared himself for bed, and bade the old steward send him one of the servants. This commission the surly functionary discharged on returning to the servant's hall, by intimating his master's desire to Pat Falvey, who had entered some time before.

Mrs. Cregan, in the meantime, proceeded to the chamber above mentioned, which she could only reach by passing through the narrow hall and winding staircase near the entrance. The former presented a scene calculated to alarm and perplex her. A number of soldiers, with their soaped and powdered queues, and musket-barrels shining like silver, were stuck up close to the wall on either side, like the wax figures in the shop of a London tailor. On the gravel before the door she could see a number of country people, who had collected about the door, wondering what could have brought "the army" to Castle Chute. From the door of the kitchen and servant's hall a number of heads were thrust out, with faces indicative of a similar degree of astonishment and curiosity.

Passing through this formidable array, Mrs. Cregan ascended the stairs, and was admitted at the door of the ball-room by a figure as solemn and formidable as those below. The interior of the room presented a scene of still more startling interest. A table was spread in the centre, around which were standing Mr. Warner, the magistrate, Mr. Barnaby Cregan, Captain



Gibson, and a clerk. At the farther end of the table, his arm suspended in a cotton handkerchief, stood a low, squalid, and ill-shaped figure, his dress covered with mud, and his face which was soiled with blood and marl, rather expressive of surprise and empty wonder than of apprehension or of suffering.

Mrs. Cregan, who recognized the figure, paused for a moment in a revulsion of the most intense anxiety, and then walked calmly forward with that air of easy dignity, which she could assume even when her whole nature was at war within her. This power of veiling her inward struggles, even to the extremity of endurance, made her resemble a fair tower sapped in the foundation, which shows no symptoms of weakness up to the very instant of destruction, and is a ruin even before the sentiment of admiration has faded on the beholders's mind.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

HOW THE DANGER TO THE SECRET OF HARDRESS WAS  
AVERTED BY THE INGENUITY OF IRISH WITNESSES.

MR. WARNER informed her that it was no longer necessary that her son's assistance should be afforded them, as they had had the good fortune to apprehend the object of their suspicions. They should, however, he said, be compelled to await the arrival of their witnesses, for nothing had been gained by putting the fellow on his examination. His answers were all given in the true style of an Irish witness, seeming to evince the utmost frankness, yet invariably leaving the querist in still greater perplexity than before he put the question. Every hour, he said, they expected the arrival of this man's brother and sister from Killarney, and they should then have an opportunity of confronting them with him and with the previous witnesses.

"I have already sent off a messenger," continued Mr. Warner, "to my own little place, to see if they have yet arrived, in order that they may be brought hither and examined on the spot. The inconvenience to Mrs. Chute, I hope she will excuse, and my principal reason for wishing to see you, Mrs. Cregan, was that you might bear our explanation to that lady. On occasions of this kind all good subjects are liable to be trespassed on, perhaps more than courtesy might warrant."

"I will answer for my sister," said Mrs. Cregan, coldly; "she will not, of course, withhold any accommodation in her power. But this man—has he been questioned, sir?"

"He has."

"Might I be allowed to see the examination?"

"By all means, Mrs. Cregan. Mr. Houlahan, will you hand that book to the lady.

Mr. Houlahan, after sticking his pen behind his ear, rose and delivered the volume accordingly, with a smirk and bow, which he meant for a wonder of politeness. The lady, whose thoughts were busy with other matters than with Mr. Houlahan's gallantry, received,

it, nevertheless, with a calm dignity, and opening her reading-glass, stooped to the page which that gentleman had pointed out. She glanced with assumed indifference over the details of the examination of Daniel Mann, while she devoured its meaning with agonizing closeness of scrutiny. The passage which concerned her most was the following:—

"—Questioned, If he were known to the deceased Eily O'Connor; answereth, He hath met such a one in Garryowen, but knoweth nothing farther. Questioned if he heard of her death; answereth, Nay. Questioned, If he knoweth a certain Lowry Looby, living; answereth, Yes. Questioned, Whether Eily O'Connor did not lodge for a time in the house of Philip Naughten, Killarney; answereth, How should he be aware of his brother-in-law's lodgers? Saith, He knoweth not. Questioned, If he were not present in said Naughten's house, when said Eily, deceased, said Looby being then in Naughten's kitchen, did give a letter to Poll Naughten, sister to prisoner, addressed to Dunat O'Leary, hair-cutter, Garryowen, and containing matter in the handwriting of said Eily; answereth, How should he (the prisoner) see through a stone wall? Saith, He was in the kitchen. Saith, Looby was a fool, and that his eyes were not fellows. Saith, He knoweth not who was in the said inner room. Questioned, Why he was discharged out of the employment of his master, Mr. Hardress Cregan; answereth, He knoweth not. Questioned, Where he hath been residing since he left his master's service; answereth, It is a token that examinant doth not know or he would not ask. And the like impertinent and futile answers, with sundry speeches little to the purpose, hath the prisoner responded to all subsequent inquiries."

With a feeling of relief, Mrs. Cregan returned the book to the clerk, and glancing towards the prisoner, observed that his eye was fixed on her's with a look of shrewd and anxious inquiry. To this glance she returned one equally comprehensive in its meaning. It told him she was fully in the counsels of her son, and prepared him to be guided by her eye.

At the same moment the sentinel was heard presenting arms at the door, and a corporal entered to say that Mr. Warner's messenger had returned, and that the witnesses might be expected in a few minutes.

"All's right, then," said Mr. Warner, who entered on a scrutiny of this kind with the same professional *gout* which might make Xenophon find excitement amid the difficulties and intricacies of his famous retreat. "Remove the prisoner. We shall examine them apart, and see if their stories will bear the jangling. If they are all as much given to the negative as this fellow, I am afraid we shall find it hard to make them jar."

This was a moment of intense anxiety to Mrs. Cregan. She saw no probability of being able to communicate with the prisoners (for such were all the witnesses at present); and she comprehended all the importance of preventing, at least, the chance of Hardress's name being mingled up with the account of the unknown visitor at the cottage of the Naughtens.

A little experience, however, in the proceedings of Irish law courts would have given her more courage and comfort on this subject. The peasantry of Ireland have, for centuries, been at war with the laws by which they are governed, and watch their operation in every instance with a jealous eye. Even guilt itself, however naturally atrocious, obtains a commiseration in their regard, from the mere spirit of opposition to a system of government which they consider as unfriendly. There is scarcely a cottage in the south of Ireland where the very circumstance of legal denunciation would not afford, even to a murderer, a certain passport to concealment and protection. To the same cause may be traced, in all likelihood, the swiftness of disguise, the closeness, the affected dulness, the assumed simplicity, and all the inimitable subtleties of evasion and of wile which an Irish peasant can display when he is made to undergo a scene of judicial scrutiny, in which he will frequently display a degree of gladiatorial dexterity which would throw the spirit of Machiavelli into ecstasies.

While Mrs. Cregan remained endeavoring to control the workings of her apprehension, a bustle was heard outside the door, in which the sound of a female voice, raised high in anger and remonstrance, overtopped the rest in loudness, like a soprano voice in a chorus.

"Let me in!" she exclaimed, in a fierce tone; "do you want to thrust your scarlet jacket between the tree and the rind? Let me in, you tall ramrod, or I'll pull the soap and powder out of your wig. If I had you on the mountains, I'd cut the pig's tail from your pole, and make a show o' you. Do, do—draw your bay'net on me, you cowardly object. It's like the white blood o' the whole of ye! I know fifty lads of your size, that would think as little of tripping you up on a fair-green, and making a high-road of your powdered carcass, as I do of snapping my fingers in your face! That for your rusty bay'net, you woman's match!" Here she burst into the room and confronted the magistrate, while the sentinel muttered, as he recovered his guard, "Well! you're a rum one, you are, as ever I see."

"Danny a'ra, gal! Oh vo, ohone, achree, asthoral is that the way with you? What did you do to 'em?—what's the matter?"

"Dat de hands may stick to me, Poll, if I know," returned the prisoner, while she moaned and wept over him with a sudden passion of grief. "Dey say 'tis to kill some one I done. Dey say one Eily O'Connor was a lodger of ours westwards, an' dat I tuk her out a night an' murdered her. Isn't dat purty talk? Sure you know yourself we had no lodgers."

"Remove that prisoner," said Mr. Warner; "he must not be present at her examination."

"I'll engage I have no longin' for it," returned Danny. "She knows right well that it is all talks, an' 'tis well I have found a friend at last dat'll see me out o' trouble."

Danny was removed, and the examination of Poll Naughten was commenced by the magistrate. She had got but one hint from her brother to guide her

in her answers, and on all other topics she came to the resolution of admitting as little as possible.

"Your name is Poll Naughten? Stay, she is not sworn. Hand her the book."

She took the volume with an air of surly assurance, and repeated the form of the oath.

"She did not kiss it," whispered Mr. Houlahan, with a sagacious anxiety; "she only kissed her thumb. I had my eye upon her."

"Had you? Well, gi' me the book till I plase that gentleman. Is that the way you'd like to lip the leather?" she said, after a smack that went off like a detonating cap. "Is that done to your liking, sir?"

Mr. Houlahan treated this query with silence, and the examination proceeded.

"Poll Naughten is your name—is it not?"

"Polly Mann they christened me for want of a better, an' for want of a worse I took up with Naughten."

"You live in the Gap of Dunloe?"

"Iss, when at home."

"Did you know the deceased Eily O'Connor?"

"Eily who?"

"O'Connor."

"I never knew a girl o' that name."

"Take care of your answers. We have strong evidence."

"If you have it as sthrong as a cable, you may make the most of it. You have my answer."

"Do you know a person of the name of Looby?"

"I do, to be sure, for my sins, I believe."

"Do you remember his being in your house in last autumn?"

"I do, well; an' I'd give him his tay the same night if it wasn't for raisins."

"Did you give him a letter on that evening?"

"He made more free than welcome, a dale. I can tell him that."

"Answer my question. Did you give him a letter?"

"Oyeh, many's the thing I gev him, and I'm sorry I didn't give him a thing more along with it, an' that's a good flakin'."

"Well, I don't deny you credit for your good wishes in that respect, but still I wait to have my question answered. Did you give Looby a letter on that evening?"

"Listen to me now, plase your honor. That the head may go to the grave with me——"

"Those asseverations, my good woman, are quite superfluous. You should remember you are on your oath."

"Well, I am; sure I know I am upon my oath, an' as I am upon it, an' by the vartue o' that oath, I swear I never swopped a word with Lowry Looby from that day to this."

"Whew!" said the magistrate, "there's an answer. Hear me, my good woman. If you won't speak out, we shall find a way to make you speak."

"No use in wasting blows upon a willing horse. I can do no more than speak to the best of my ability."

"Very well. I ask you again, therefore, whether Looby rec ived a letter from you on that evening?"

"Does Lowry say I gev him a letter?"



"You will not answer, then?"

"To be sure I will. What am I here for?"

"To drive me mad, I believe."

"Faiks, I can't help you," said Poll, "when you won't listen to me."

"Well, well, speak on."

"I will, then, without a word of a lie. I'll tell you that whole business, and let Lowry himself contradiet me if he daar to do it. 'Tis as good as six years ago, now, since I met that boy at one o' the Hewsan's wakes."

"Well, what has that to do with an answer to a plain question?"

"Easy a minute, can't you, and I'll tell you. He behaved very polished that night, an' I seen no more of him until the day you spake of, when he came into the cottage from Killarney."

"Woman," said the magistrate, "remember that you have sworn to tell the whole truth; not only the truth, but the whole truth."

"Ah, then, gentleman an' lady, d'ye hear this? Did anybody ever hear the peer o' that? Sure, it's just the whole truth I'm tellin' him, an' he wont listen to the half of it."

"Go on," said Mr. Warner, in a tone of resignation.

"Sure that's what I want to do, if I'd be let. I say this, an' I'll stand to it: Lowry gave me impidence that I wouldn't stand from his mather, an' I did (let him make the most of it), I admit it, I did give him a stroke or two. I did. I admit it."

"And after the *strokes*, as you call them, you gave him a letter?"

"What letter?"

"I see; you are very copious of your admissions. Are you Philip Naughten's wife?"

"I am."

"Ay, now we're upon smooth ground. You can give an answer when it suits you. I'm afraid you are too many for me. What shall we do with this communicative person?" he said, turning to the other gentlemen.

"Remand her," said Captain Gibson, whose face was purple from suppressed laughter, "and let us have the husband."

"With all my heart," returned Mr. Warner. "Take that woman into another room, and bring up Philip Naughten. Take care, moreover, they do not speak upon the way."

Poll was removed, a measure which she resented by shrill and passionate remonstrances, affecting to believe herself very ill-treated. Her husband was next admitted and, from his humble, timid, and deprecating manner, at once afforded the magistrate some cause of gratulation; and Mrs. Cregan of deep and increasing anxiety.

He approached the table with a fawning smile upon his coarse features, and a helpless, conciliating glance at every individual around him.

"Now, we shall have something," said Mr. Warner; "this fellow has a more tractable eye. Your name is Philip Naughten, is it not?"

The man returned an answer in Irish, which the magistrate cut short in the middle.

"Answer me in English, friend. We speak no Irish here. Is your name Philip Naughten?"

"The wisha, yourneen——"

"Come, come—English. Swear him to know whether he does not understand English. Can you speak English, fellow?"

"Not a word, plase your honour."

A roar of laughter succeeded this escapade, to which the prisoner listened with a wondering and stupid look. Addressing himself in Irish to Mr. Cregan, he appeared to make an explanatory speech, which was accompanied by a slight expression of indignation.

"What does the fellow say?" asked Mr. Warner.

"Why," said Cregan, with a smile, "he says he will admit that he couldn't be *hung in English before his face*,"\* but he does not know enough of the language to enable him to tell *his story* in English."

"Well, then, I suppose we must have it in Irish. Mr. Houlahan, will you act as interpreter?"

The clerk, who thought it *genteel* not to know Irish, bowed, and declared himself unqualified.

"Wisha, then," said a gruff voice at a little distance, in a dark corner of the room, "it isn't but what you had opportunities enough of learning it. If you went to foreign parts, what would they say to you, do you think, when you'd tell 'em you didn't know the language of the country where you were born? You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, so you ought."

This speech, which proceeded from the unceremonious Dan Dawley, produced some smiling at the expense of the cuphuistic secretary, after which the steward himself was sworn to discharge the duties of the office in question.

The preliminary queries having been put and answered, the interpreter proceeded to ask, at the magistrate's suggestion, whether the witness was acquainted with the deceased Eily O'Connor.

But if it had been the policy of Mrs. Naughten to admit as little as possible, it seemed to be the policy of her husband to admit nothing at all. The subterfuge of the former in denying a knowledge of Eily, under her maiden name (which, she imagined, saved her from the guilt of perjury), was an idea too brilliant for her husband. He gaped upon the interpreter in silence for some moments, and then looked on the magistrate as if to gather the meaning of the question.

"Repeat it for him," said the latter.

Dawley did so.

"'Tis the answer he makes me, plase your honor," he said, "that he's a poor man that lives by industhering."

"That's no answer. Repeat the question once more, and tell him I shall commit him for trial if he will not answer it."

Again the question was put, and listened to with the same plodding, meditative look, and answered with

\* A common phrase, meaning that the individual understood enough of the language to refute any calumny spoken in his presence, which, if uncontradicted, might leave him in danger of the halter. The acute reader may detect in his pithy idiom a meaning characteristic of the country in which it is used.

a countenance of honest grief, and an apparent anxiety to be understood, which would have baffled the penetration of any but a practised observer. So earnest was his manner, that Mr. Warner really believed he was returning a satisfactory answer. But he was disappointed.

"He says," continued the interpreter, "that when he was a young man he rented a small farm from Mr. O'Connor, of Crag-beg, near Tralee. He has as much tricks in him, please your honor, as a rabbit. I'd as lieve be brakin' stones to a paviour as putting questions to a rogue of his kind."

Threats, promises of favor, lulling queries, and moral expedients of every kind, were used to draw him out into the communicative frankness which was desired. But he remained as adamant. He could or would admit nothing more than that he was a poor man, who lived by his industry, and that he had rented a small farm from Mr. O'Connor, of Crag-beg.

The prisoners, therefore, after a short consultation, were all remanded, in order that it might be afforded for confronting them with the friends of the unhappy Elly. Mrs. Cregan, with the feeling of one who has stood all day before a burning furnace, hurried to the room of Hardress to indulge the tumult which was gathering in her bosom; and the gentlemen, by a special invitation (which could no more be declined without offence, in the Ireland of those days, than in a Persian cottage), adjourned to the consolations of Mrs. Chute's dining-parlor. Separate places of confinement were allotted to the prisoners; a sentinel was placed over each, and the remainder of the party, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Captain Gibson, were all entertained like princes in the servants' hall.

## CHAPTER XL.

### HOW HARDRESS TOOK A DECISIVE STEP FOR HIS OWN SECURITY.

THE hospitalities of Castle Chute were on this evening called into active service. If the gravest occasion of human life, the vigil of the dead, was not in those days always capable of restraining the impetuous spirit of enjoyment so much indulged in Irish society, how could it be expected that a mere anxiety for the interests of justice could corrupt the flow of their social gaiety? Before midnight the house rang with laughter, melody, and uproar, and in an hour after every queue in the servants' hall was brought into a horizontal position. Even the three that stalked on guard were said to oscillate on their posts with an ominous motion, as the bells in churches forebode their fall when shaken by an earthquake. Hardress continued too unwell to make his appearance, and this circumstance deprived the company of the society of Anne Chute, and indeed of all the ladies, who took a quiet and rather mournful cup of tea by the drawing-room fire. The wretched subject of their solicitude lay burning on his bed, and listening to the boisterous sounds of mirth that pro-

ceeded from the distant parlor, with the ears of a dreaming maniac.

The place in which his boatman was confined had been a stable, but was now become too ruinous for use. It was small and roughly paved. The rack and manger were yet attached to the wall, and a few slates, displaced upon the roof, admitted certain glimpses of moonshine, which fell cold and lonely on the rough, unplastered wall and eaves, making the house illustrious, like that of Sixtus V. Below, on a heap of loose straw, sat the squalid prisoner, warming his fingers over a small fire, heaped against the wall; and listening in silence to the unsteady tread of the sentinel, as he strode back and forward before the stable door, and hummed, with an air of suppressed and timid joviality, the words—

"We won't go home till morning,  
We won't go home till morning,  
We won't go home till morning,  
Until the dawn appears!"

A small square window, closed with a wooden bar and shutters, was to be found above the rack, and opened on a hay-yard, which, being raised considerably above the level of the stable floor, lay only a few feet beneath this aperture. Danny Mann was in the act of devouring a potato, reeking hot, which he had cooked in the embers, when a noise at the window made him start, and set his ears like a watch-dog. It was repeated. He stood on his feet, and crept softly into a darker corner of the stable, partly in superstitious apprehension, and partly in obedience to an impulse of natural caution. In a few minutes one of the shutters was gently put back, and a flood of mild light was poured into the prison. The shadow of a hand and head was thrown with great distinctness of outline on the opposite wall; the other shutter was put back with the same caution, and in a few moments nearly the whole aperture was again obscured, as if by the body of some person entering. Such, in fact, was the case; and the evident substantiality of the figure did not remove the superstitious terrors of the prisoner, when he beheld a form wrapt in white descending by the bars of the rack, after having made the window close again, and the apartment, in appearance, as gloomy as ever.

The intruder stood at length upon the floor, and the face, which was revealed in the brown fire-light, was that of Hardress Cregan. The ghastliness of his mouth and teeth, the wildness of his eyes, and the strangeness of his attire (for he had only wrapped the counterpane around his person), might, in the eyes of a stranger, have confirmed the idea of a supernatural appearance. But these circumstances only tended to arouse the sympathy and old attachment of his servant. Danny Mann advanced towards him slowly, his hands wreathed together, and extended as far as the sling which held the wounded arm would allow; his jaw dropt—half in pity and half in fear, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Master Hardress," he said at length, "is it you I see at dat way?"

Hardress remained for some time motionless as a



statue, as if endeavoring to summon up all his corporeal energies to support him in the investigation which he was about to make.

"Won't you speak to me, masther?" continued the boatman; "won't you speak a word itself? 'Twas all my endeavor since I came hether to thry an' get 'em to let me speak to you. Say a word, masther, if it is only to tell me 'tis yourself dat's dere!"

"Where is Eily?" murmured Hardress, still without moving, and in a tone that seemed to come from the recesses of his breast, like a sound from a sepulchre. The boatman shrank aside, as if from the eye of Justice itself. So sudden had the question struck upon his conscience, that the inquirer was obliged to repeat it before he could collect his breath for an answer.

"Masther Hardress, I tought, after I parted you dat time——"

"Where is Eily?" muttered Hardress, interrupting him.

"Only listen to me, sir, one moment——"

"Where is Eily?"

"Oh, vo! vo!"

Hardress drew the counterpane around his head, and remained for several minutes silent in the same attitude. During that time the drapery was scarcely seen to move, yet Hell raged beneath it. A few moans of deep but smothered agony were all that might be heard from time to time. So exquisite was the sense of suffering which these sounds conveyed, that Danny sank trembling on his knees, and responded to them with floods of tears and sobbing.

"Masther Hardress," he said, "if dere's anything dat I can do to make your mind aisy, say de word. I know dis is my own business, an' no one else's. An' if dey find me out itself, dey'll never be one straw de wiser of who advised me to it. If you tink I'd tell, you don't know me. Dey may hang me as high as dey like; dey may flake de life out o' me, if dey please; but dey never'll get a word outside my lips of what it was dat made me do it. Didn't dey try me to-day, an' didn't I give 'em a sign o' what I'd do?"

"Peace, hypocrite!" said Hardress, disgusted at a show of feeling to which he gave no credit. "Be still, and hear me. For many years, it has been my study to heap kindness upon me. For which of those was it that you came to the determination of involving me in ruin, danger, and remorse, for all my future life—a little all it may be, certainly?"

It would seem from the manner in which Danny gaped and gazed on his master while he said these words, that a reproach was one of the last things he had expected to receive from Hardress. Astonishment, blended with something like indignation, took place of the compassion which before was visible upon his countenance.

"I don't know how it is, Masther Hardress," he said. "Dere are some people dat it is hard to please. Do you remember saying anything to me at all of a time in de room at de masther's, at Killarney, Masther Hardress? Do you remember givin' me a glove at all? I had my token surely for what I done."

So saying, he drew the glove from his waistcoat, and handed it to his master; but the latter rejected it with a revulsion of strong dislike.

"I tought I had ears to hear at dat time, and brains to understand," said Danny, as he replaced the fatal token in his bosom, "an I'm sure it was no benefit to me dat dere should be a hue-and-cry over de mountains after a lost lady, an' a chance of a hempen cravat, for my trouble. But I had my warrant—dat was your very word, Masther Hardress—warrant, wasn't it? '*Well, when you go,*' says you, '*here is your warrant,*' an' you ga' me de glove. Worn't dem your words?"

"But not for death," said Hardress. "I did not say for death."

"I own you didn't," returned Danny, who was aroused by what he considered a shuffling attempt to escape out of the transaction. "I own you didn't; I felt for you, an' I wouldn't wait for you to say it. But did you mane it?"

"No!" Hardress exclaimed, with a burst of sudden energy. "As I shall answer it in that bright Heaven, I did not. If you crowd in among my accusers at the judgment-seat, and charge me with that crime, to you, and to all, I shall utter the same disclaimer that I do at present. I did not mean to practise on her life. As I shall meet with her before that Judge, I did not. I even bade you to avoid it. Did I not warn you not to touch her?"

"You did," said Danny Mann, with a scorn which made him eloquent beyond himself, "an' your eye looked murder while you said it. After dis, I never more will look in any man's face to know what he manes. After dis, I won't believe my senses. If you'll persuade me to it, I'll own dat here is noting as I see it. You may tell me I don't stand here, nor you dere, nor dat de moon is shining trough dat roof above us, nor de fire burning at my back, an' I'll not gainsay you after dis. But listen to me, Masther Hardress. As sure as dat moon is shining, an' dat fire burning, an' as sure as I'm here an' you dere, so sure de sign of death was on your face dat time, whatever way your words went."

"From what could you gather it?" said Hardress, with a deprecating accent.

"From what? From everything. Listen hether. Didn't you remind me den of my own offer on de Purple Mountain a while before, an' tell me dat, if I was to make dat offer again, you'd tink different? An' didn't you give me de token dat you refused me den? Ah, dis is what makes me sick, after my putting my neck into de halter for a man. Well, it's all one. An' now to call me out o' my name, an' tell me I done it for harm! Dear knows, it wasn't for any good I hoped for it, here or hereafter, or for any pleasure I took in it dat it was done. And talkin' of hereafter, Masther Hardress, listen to me. Eily O'Connor is in Heaven, an' she has told her story. Dere are two books kept dere, dey tell us, of all our doings, good an' bad. Her story is wrote in one o' dem books, an' my name (I'm sore afeerd) is wrote after it; an' take my word for dis, in whichever o' dem books my name is wrote, your own is not far from it."

As he spoke these words, with an energy beyond what he had ever shown, the fire fell in, and caused a sudden light to fill the place. It shone, ruddy brown, upon the excited face and uplifted arm of the deformed, and gave him the appearance of a fiend denouncing on the head of the affrighted Hardress the sentence of eternal woe. It glared likewise on the white drapery of the latter, and gave to his distorted and terrified features a look of ghastliness and fear that might have suited such an occasion well. The dreadful picture continued but for a second, yet it remained engraved upon the mind of Hardress, and like the yelling of the hounds, haunted him, awake and dreaming to his death. The fire again sunk low, the light grew dim. It came like a dismal vision, and like a vision faded.

They were aroused from the pause to which this slight incident gave occasion by hearing the sentinel arrest his steps as he passed the door, and remain silent in his song, as if in the act of listening.

"All right within there?" said the sentinel, with his head to the door.

"All's right *your* way, but not *my* way," returned Danny, sulkily.

In a few minutes they heard him shoulder his musket once again, and resume his walk, humming with an air of indifference the same old burthen:

"We won't go home till morning,  
Until the dawn appears."

Hardress remained gazing on his servant for some moments, and then said in a whisper:

"He has not heard us, as I feared. It is little worth, at this time, to consider on whom the guilt of this unhappy act must fall. We must at least avoid the shame, if possible. Could I depend upon you once again, if I assisted in your liberation, on the understanding that you would at once leave the country?"

The eyes of the prisoner sparkled with a sudden light. "Do you tink me a fool?" he said. "Do you tink a fox would refuse to run to earth wid de dogs at his brush?"

"Here, then," said Hardress, placing a purse in his hand, "I have no choice but to trust you. This window is unguarded. There is a pathway through the hay-yard, and thence across the field, in the direction of the road. Depart at once, and without farther question."

"But what'll I do about dat fellow?" said Danny. "Dat sentry comes constant dat way; you hear him now asking me if all's right."

"I will remain here and answer for you," said Hardress, "until you have had time to escape. In the meantime, use your utmost speed, and take the road to Cork, where you will be sure to find vessels ready to sail. If ever we should meet again on Irish soil, it must be for the death of either; most probably of both."

"An' is dis de way we part after all!" said Danny. "Well, den, be it so. Perhaps, after you tink longer of it, master, you may tink better of me." So saying, he sprang on the manger, and ascended (notwithstanding his hurt) with the agility of a monkey to the window. A touch undid the fastening, and in a few

moments Hardress became the sole occupant of the temporary dungeon.

He remained for a considerable time leaning with his shoulder against the wall, and gazing with a vacant eye upon the decaying fire. In this situation, the sentinel challenged several times in succession, and seemed well content with the answers which he received. But the train of thought which passed through the mind of Hardress became at length so absorbing that the challenge of the soldier fell unheard upon his ear. After repeating it without avail three or four times, the man became alarmed, and applying the butt of his musket to the door, he forced it in without much effort. His astonishment may be conceived, when, instead of his little prisoner, he beheld a tall figure wrapt in white, and a ghastly face, on which the embers shed a dreary light. The fellow was a brave soldier, but (like all people of that class in his time) extremely superstitious. His brain, moreover, was heated with whisky punch, and his imagination excited by numberless tales of horror which had been freely circulated in the servants' hall. Enough only remained of his presence of mind to enable him to give the alarm, by firing his musket, after which he fell senseless on the pavement. Hardress, no less alarmed, started into sudden energy, and climbing to the window, with an agility even surpassing that of the fugitive, hurried off in the direction of his sleeping-chamber.

There were few in the house who were capable of adopting any vigorous measures on hearing the alarm. Hastening to the spot, they found the sentinel lying senseless across the stock of his musket, the stable-door open, and the prisoner fled. The man himself was enabled, after some time, to furnish a confused and broken narrative of what he had seen; and his story was in some degree confirmed by one of his comrades, who stated that at the time when the shot was fired he beheld a tall, white figure gliding rapidly amongst the haystacks, in the little inclosure, where it vanished in the shape of a red heifer.

The sentinel was placed under arrest in an apartment of the castle, until the pleasure of his officer could be known respecting him. Captain Gibson, however, in common with the other gentlemen, and the greater number of his soldiers, was at this moment wholly incapable either of conceiving or expressing any opinion whatsoever.

This story, as usual, was circulated throughout the country in the course of the following day, with many imaginative embellishments. Among other inventions, it was said that the ghost of Eily O'Connor had appeared to the sentinel to declare the prisoner's innocence and demand his liberation. Many persons adduced the well-known character of Eily as a ground for lending credence to this fiction. "It was like her," they said; "she was always a tender-hearted creature."

The evidence remaining against the other prisoners was now so immaterial, that their dismissal became a necessary consequence. Several efforts were made to draw them into some confession of their participation in the offence alleged, but if they were cautious in their



admissions while the murderer was in custody, they would make no admission whatever after hearing of his escape. Equally unavailing were all the exertions made for the recapture of the suspected fugitive, and in a few weeks the affair had begun to grow unfamiliar to the tongues and recollections of the people.

Notwithstanding the assurances of Danny, and the danger which he must incur by remaining in the country, a doubt would frequently cross the mind of Hardress whether he really had availed himself of his recovered freedom to leave it altogether. He had money; he had many acquaintances, and he was an Irishman: an indifferent one, it is true, but yet possessing the love of expense, of dissipation, and the recklessness of danger, which mingle so largely in the temperament of his countrymen. It was almost an even question whether he would not risk the chances of detection for the purpose of playing the host among a circle of jolly companions in the purlieus of his native city. These considerations, often discussed between Hardress and his now miserable mother, made them agree to hasten the day of marriage, with the understanding that (by an anticipation of the modern fashion) the "happy pair" were to leave home immediately after the ceremony. The south of France was the scene fixed upon for the commencement of their married life—the month of honey.

## CHAPTER XLI.

### HOW THE ILL-TEMPER OF HARDRESS AGAIN BROUGHT BACK HIS PERILS.

A CIRCUMSTANCE which occurred during the intervening period once more put Hardress to a severe probation. It was not less severe, moreover, that it came like the accessions of a nervous disorder, suddenly, and from a cause extremely disproportioned to its violence.

He had been conversing with his intended bride, on that day which was fixed upon as the penultimate of their courtship, with a more than usual appearance of enjoyment. Anne, who looked out for those breaks of sunshine in his temper as anxiously as an agriculturist might for fair weather in a broken autumn, encouraged the symptom of returning peace, and succeeded so happily as to draw him out into quick and lively repartees, and frequent bursts of laughter. Unfortunately, however, in her ecstasy at this display of spirits, she suffered her joy to hurry her unwisely into the forbidden circle which enclosed his secret, and their music turned to discord. She thought this holiday hour afforded a fair opportunity to penetrate into the Blue Chamber of his heart, from which he had so often warned her, and which a better impulse than curiosity urged her to explore. She did not know that the interior was defiled with blood.

"Well, Hardress," she said, with a smile that had as much of feeling as of mirth, "is not this a happier score for counting time, than sitting down to shut our eyes

and ears to the pleasant world about us, and opening them on a lonesome past or a foreboding future?"

If the clouds of the past and the future, both, had met and mingled in the mid-heaven of consciousness, they could not have cast a darker or more sudden shade than that which now overspread the brow of Hardress. The laughter darkened on his cheek, his eye grew stern and dull, and his whole being, from the inmost feeling of his nature to the exterior on which those feelings were indicated, seemed to have undergone an instantaneous change.

Anne perceived her error, but did not cease to follow up her claim upon his confidence.

"Do not let me feel," she said, "that I have brought back your gloom. Dear Hardress, hear me still without uneasiness. My sole intention is that of procuring your health and peace of mind; and surely it should not be considered an intrusion that I desire your confidence. Do you fear to find in me anything more foreign than a near and interested friend? Believe me, you shall not, Hardress. I am driven upon this inquiry in spite of me. There is something hidden from me which it would be kinder to reveal. I see it prey upon your own health and spirits, day after day. I see it even fixing its cruel hold at length upon my aunt. You meet with a consciousness in your eyes, and you both glance from time to time at me, as if I were a stranger or—I should not say it, perhaps—a spy. If I come upon you when you speak together, there is a hush at my appearance, and sometimes an embarrassed look, and I have often seen trouble in your eyes, and tears in hers. Tell me, my dear Hardress, what is the cause of this? You either apprehend, or you have endured, some terrible misfortune. It is not now the time to treat me as a stranger."

She ceased to speak, and seemed to expect an answer, but Hardress said not a word. He remained with his hands crossed on the back of the chair, his cheek resting upon these, and his eyes fixed in gloomy silence on the floor.

"Or, if you do not think me worthy of a confidence," Anne resumed, with some warmth, "at least—Nay, but I am ill-tempered now," she added, suddenly checking herself. "I should not say that; I would say, Hardress, if you really find yourself prevented from admitting me into your confidence, at least assure yourself of this. If it is anything in your present situation—in—I fear to say too much—in your engagement with myself, that interferes with your peace of mind, I—I—had rather suffer anything—than—than—be the cause of suffering to you."

She turned away as she said these words, to hide from him the burst of tears with which they were accompanied. She pressed her handkerchief against her lips, and used a violent, though silent, effort to avoid the convulsive utterance of the grief that struggled at her heart.

It often happens that the most sensitive persons are those who are most blind to, and make less allowance for, the susceptibility of others. The long habit of brooding over his own wants and sufferings made

Hardress, incapable, for the moment, of appreciating the generous affection which this speech evinced. He answered gloomily that "there were many things in the minds of all men which they would hide, if possible, even from themselves, and which therefore they could not reasonably be expected to communicate over readily to another, however undeniable the claim to confidence might be."

With this cold answer the conversation ceased. A little, yet but a little, warmed, to find her generous proposal (a proposal which cost her so much agony) thus unhandsonely received, Anne dried her tears, and remained for some minutes in that sorrowing and somewhat indignant composure to which in virtuous breasts the sense of unmerited injury gives birth. Subduing, however, as she had long since learned to do, her personal feelings to a sense of duty, she forced herself to assume an air of cheerfulness, and once more resumed the tone of conversation which had preceded this unfortunate failure. Again her wonted spirits arose at her desire, and again she was successful in withdrawing Hardress from his mood of dismal meditation.

One remarkable feature in the mental disease of Hardress (for such it might now be justly termed) was, as we have before remarked, the extreme uncertainty and arbitrariness of its accessions. His existence seemed to be without a basis, his mind without a centre or a rest. He had no consciousness of duty to support him, no help from Heaven, and no trust in man. Even the very passion that ate up his soul was incapable of affording to his mind that firmness of purpose and false strength which passion often gives; for his was merely retrospective, and had no object in the future. He became a passive slave to his imagination. Frequently, while enjoying a degree of comparative tranquillity, the thought would suggest itself to his fancy, that, "perhaps this very day, secure as he believed himself, might see him manacled and in a dungeon." Instead of quietly turning his attention away to an indifferent subject, or baffling the suggestions (as a guiltless person might) by resigning himself to a directing Providence, he combated it with argument; it increased and fastened on his imagination, until at length his nerves began to thrill, his limbs grew faint, his brow moist, and his whole being disturbed as at the presence of an actual danger. At other times, when sitting alone, it would occur to him that his servant might, notwithstanding his caution, have abused his confidence and remained in the country. The idea of the danger, the ruin, which would most probably attend such disobedience, frequently produced so violent an effect upon him that he would spring from his seat in a transport of frenzy, sink on one knee, and press both hands with his utmost force against the ground as if in the act of strangling the delinquent. Then, hearing the footsteps of Anne, or his mother, approaching the door, he would arise suddenly, covered with shame, and reach his chair exactly in time to avoid detection.

Soon after the conversation we have above detailed, Mr. Cregan entered, and some questions arose on the escape of Mr. Warner's prisoner, and the possibility of his

recapture. This led naturally to a disquisition on the nature of the crime alleged against him, and of capital punishments in general.

"People have hinted," said Mr. Cregan, "that this might have been a case of suicide: and for my part, I don't see the impossibility."

"I should think it very unlikely," said Anne. "Suicide is a very un-Irish crime. The people are too religious for it, and some say too miserable."

"Too miserable!" exclaimed Mr. Cregan. "Now, I should think that the only cause in the world for suicide—the only possible palliative."

"I am not metaphysical enough to account for it," returned Anne, with a smile, "and I only repeat a sentiment which I heard once from Hardress. But their misery, at all events, is a cause for their piety, and in that way may be a cause of their resignation also."

"Of all crimes," said Mr. Cregan, "that is the most absurd and unaccountable, and I wonder how juries can reconcile it to themselves to bring in their shameful verdicts of insanity so constantly as they do. When you hear of a fellow's cutting his throat, look at the inquest, and if you can't laugh at the evidence, you have nothing in you. 'The deceased was observed to be rather silent and melancholy the day before; he wore his hat on one side, a fashion which his nearest acquaintances had never observed him to use till then; he called his wife out of her name, and went into the rain without an umbrella.' I should like to see how far such evidence would go to prove a case of lunacy in Chancery."

"Then you would, I suppose, uncle, have the law put in force in all its rigor—confiscation of property, and impaling the body on a cross-road?"

"Impaling the bodies!" exclaimed Cregan, in a transport of zeal: "I would almost have 'em impaled alive! Why do you laugh? A bull, is it? Adad, and so it is. Then it is time for me to cut and run." So saying, he made his exit with the utmost speed, while his niece leaned aside and laughed.

Hardress heard all this with what might be supposed the sensation of one who finds himself struck by death while witnessing a farce. But he succeeded in concealing his emotions from the observation of his young friend.

The time was now arrived for their customary morning walk, and Anne arranged her bonnet and cloak before the large pier-glass, while she continued from time to time to address herself to Hardress. He had already taken his hat and gloves, and not liking the subjects on which she was speaking, paced up and down the room in gloomy and fretful impatience.

"What a dreadful death hanging must be!" said Anne, as she curled up a wandering tress upon her fingers. "I wonder how any temptation can induce people to run the risk of it."

"Come," said Hardress, "the morning will change if you delay."

"An instant only. If you would but deliver yourself up for a moment to such a day-dream, you may imagine something of the horror of it. Suppose your-



self now, Hardress, marching along between two priests, with a hangman after you, and the rope about your neck, and a great crowd of people shouldering each other to obtain one glance at you—and——“

“There’s a rain-cloud in the west,” said Hardress; “we shall lose the best part of the day.”

“I am just ready,” returned Anne; “but let me finish my picture. Imagine yourself now at the place of execution; that you feel your elbows tied behind, and that shocking cap put down upon your eyes.”

“Yes, yes, it is very pretty,” said Hardress, peevishly; “but I wish you would think of what you are about.”

“You ascend, and there is a dreadful buzz amongst the people; your heart beats, your brain grows dizzy, you feel the hangman’s iron fingers on your neck; the drop seems unfirm beneath your feet.”

“You will drive me mad!” roared Hardress, stamping on the floor in a paroxysm of fury. “This is intolerable! I bid you make yourself ready to walk, and instead of doing so, you talk of death and hangmen, halters and ignomy, as if there were not real woe enough on earth, without filling the air around us with imaginary horrors. Forgive me, Anne,” he added, observing the air of astonishment and sudden reserve with which she regarded him, as alarming as it was ominous—“forgive me for this ill-tempered language. You know my very being hangs upon you; but I am sick and sad, and full of splenetic thoughts.”

“Hardress,” said Anne, after a long pause, “I have borne a great deal from you, but——”

“Nay, Anne,” said Hardress, taking her hand with much anxiety and submissiveness of look, “do not say more at present. If I could tell you what is passing in my mind, you would pity, and not blame me. You are almost the only thing in this world, in my present state of ill-health, in which my heart is interested, and if you look cold upon me, my life will indeed grow wintry. This will not, I hope, continue under a sunnier sky and more serene air. You must not be angry with me for having a set of irritable nerves.”

After an interval of silent reflection, Anne took his arm without reply, and they proceeded on their walk. She did not, however, cease to meditate seriously and deeply on the scene which had just taken place.

The morning was fair, and freshened by a gentle wind. The boats sped rapidly along the shores, the sea-gull sailed with wings outspread and motionless upon the breeze; the sea-lark twittered at the water’s edge; the murmur of the waves as they broke upon the strand sounded sweet and distant; the green leaves quivered and sparkled against the sunshine; the peasants laughed and jested at their labor in the fields, and all was cheering, tender, and pastoral, around them.

On a sudden, as they approached an angle in the road, the attention of our loiterers was caught by sounds of boisterous mirth and rustic harmony. In a few seconds, on reaching the turn, they beheld the persons from whom the noise (for we dare not call it music) proceeded. A number of young peasants, dressed out in mumming mas-

querade, with their coats off, their waistcoats turned the wrong side outward, their hats, shoulders and knees decorated with gay ribbons, (borrowed for the occasion from their fair friends), their faces streaked with paint of various colors, and their waists encircled with shawls and sashes, procured, most probably, from the same tender quarter. Many of them held in their hands long poles, with handkerchiefs fluttering at the top, and forming a double file on either side of half-a-dozen persons, who composed the band, and whose attire was no less gaudy than that of their companions. One held a piccolo, another a fiddle, another a bagpipe. A fourth made a dildorn\* serve for a tambourine, and a fifth was beating with a pair of spindles on the bottom of an inverted tin can, while he imitated, with much drollery, the important strut and swagger of the military kettle-drum. Behind, and on each side, were a number of boys and girls, who, by their shrill clamor, made the discord that prevailed among the musicians somewhat less intolerable. Every face was bright with health and gayety, and not a few were handsome.

They came to a halt, and formed a semicircle across the road, as Anne and Hardress came in sight. The musicians struck up a jig, and one of the young men, dragging out of the crowd, with both hands, a bashful and unwilling country girl, began to time the music with a rapid movement of heel and toe, which had a rough grace of its own, and harmonized well with the rough-bewn exterior of the peasant.

It is the custom at dances of this kind for the gentleman to find a partner for his fair antagonist, after he has finished his own jig, and that partner, if he be a person of superior rank, is expected to show his sense of the honor done him by dropping something handsome, as he is going, into the piper’s hat. Neither is it in the power of a stranger to decline the happiness that is offered to him, for the people have a superstition that such a churlishness (to say nothing of its utter want of politeness) is ominous of evil to the lady, betokening the loss of her lover at some future day. Hardress was compelled, though much against his will, to comply with the established usage, the bashful fair one insisting with a great deal of good humor on her claim, and appealing to Miss Chute for her influence with a supplicating tone and eye.

While he was dancing, Anne passed the May-day mummers (for so were the merry-makers termed) and strolled on alone. On a sudden the music ceased, and she heard a clamor commence, which had the sound of strife. Turning hastily round, she beheld a strange hurry amongst the crowd, and Hardress in the midst, griping one of the mummers by the throat, and then flinging him back with extreme violence against the dry-stone wall on the road side. The man rose again, and looking after Hardress, tossed his hand above his head, and shook it in a menacing way.

Hardress hurried away from the group, many of whom remained gazing after him in astonishment, while others gathered around the injured man, and seemed to inquire the cause of this singular and unprovoked as-

\* A vessel used in winnowing wheat, made of sheep-skin stretched over a hoop.

sault. The same inquiry was made by Anne, who was astonished at the appearance of terror, rage, and agitation, that were mingled in the demeanor of Hardress. He made some confused and unsatisfactory answer, talked of the fellow's insolence and his own warm temper, and hurried toward the Castle by a shorter way than that which they had taken in leaving it.

The wedding-feast was appointed for the evening of the following day, and it was determined that the ceremony should take place early in the morning after the entertainment. The articles had already been signed by Anne, with a pale cheek, and a trembling, though not reluctant, hand. These circumstances made it impossible for her to think of altering her intentions, nor did she, with consciousness, even admit the idea to fasten on her mind. Still, however, her anxiety became every hour more trying and oppressive, and when she retired to rest upon this evening, she could not avoid murmuring, in the words of the plebeian elector of Coriolanus: "If 'twere to give again—but 'tis no matter."

## CHAPTER XLII.

HOW MR. WARNER WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO FIND A MAN THAT COULD AND WOULD SPEAK ENGLISH.

ABOUT sunset, on the evening of the following day, while Castle Chute and its vicinity were merry as wedding times could make them, Mr. Warner, the magistrate, was quietly enjoying a bowl of punch with a friend at his own table. That table was spread at a distance of about eight miles from the Castle, and that friend was Captain Gibson. Another individual, Mr. Houlahan, the clerk, was seated at a distant corner of the table, imbibing his fluid in silence; but as he was seldom spoken to, and never ventured to mingle in the conversation himself, he could scarcely be considered as one of the company.

"Come, captain," said Mr. Warner, filling his glass, and passing the bowl to the gallant officer, "I will give you the bride."

"I shall drink it with all my heart," returned the captain. "The bride," he added, raising the glass to his lips, and honoring the toast with a draught of proportionate profundity.

"And, talking of the bride," continued Mr. Warner, "though I rejoice at it on my own account, as it gives me the pleasure of your society, yet it puzzles me to know, captain, why *you* are not at the wedding to-night."

"For the best of all reasons," returned Mr. Gibson, "because I wasn't asked."

"You may be certain, then, that there was some mistake in that, for the Chutes have always kept an open house."

"I am sure of it. Well, what do you say if I give you the bridegroom, in return for your bride?"

"I don't know. I had rather drink the lady."

"Oh! so should I for that matter; but we have drunk her."

"There's something mystical in that haughty young man that I cannot like. His conduct, on many occasions, lately, has given me anything but a favorable indication of his character. I have sometimes been tempted to think—but no, no," he added, suddenly interrupting himself, "I should not indulge in those surmises, which, after all, may be the suggestion of prejudice and rash judgment. Come sir, I *will* drink the bridegroom; and allow me to add a sentiment: The bridegroom; and may he show himself worthy of his fortune."

As he said these words the parlor-door was opened, and a servant appeared, to say that a stranger wished to speak with Mr. Warner on judicial business.

"Pooh," said the magistrate; "some broken head or sixpenny summons. Let him come to me to-morrow morning."

"He says his business is very pressing, sir; an' 'twill be more your own loss than his if you let him go."

"What! is that the ground he goes on? Then I suppose we must hear him. Captain, I know all these examinations are amusing to you. Shall I have him in here?"

"You could not do me a greater pleasure," said the officer; "these people are the only actors on earth."

The stranger was accordingly shown up. His story seemed to be almost told by his appearance, for one of his eyes was blackened and puffed out, so as nearly to disguise the entire countenance. There was in his tread and action an appearance of gloomy determination, which had something in it impressive, and even chilling. The magistrate perceived at a glance that the affair was of a more serious nature than he had at first suspected.

"Well, my good man," he said, in a gentle tone, "what is your business with me?"

"I'm not a good man," said the stranger, "as my business wid you will show. Aren't you de crowner dat *set* upon Eily O'Connor?"

"I am."

"Did you find the murderers yet?"

"They are not in custody, but we have strong information."

"Well, if you have, maybe you don't want any more?" said the man contemptuously, and seeming about to depart.

"No, no, the more we obtain, the stronger our case will be, of course."

"Den listen to me," said the stranger, "and I'll make it strong enough for you."

"This instant," returned Mr. Warner. "Mr. Houlahan, will you prepare your writing materials, and take down this examination in the regular form?"

"Do," said the stranger. "Give me de book, an' swear me: put every sentence in your book, for every word I have to say is goold to you an' to de counselers. An' write down first dat Eily was surely murdered, an' dat I, Danny Mann, was de one dat done de deed."

"Mann!" exclaimed the magistrate; "what! our fugitive prisoner?"



"I was your prisoner, till I was set at liberty by one dat had a raison for doing it. I'm now come to deliver myself up, an' to tell de whole truth, for I'm tired o' my life."

The magistrate paused for a moment, in strong amazement.

"I think it my duty," said he, "to warn you on one point. If you have been a principal in the murder, your confession will not entitle you to mercy as an approver, while it will be used as evidence against yourself, voluntarily tendered as it is."

"I don't want mercy," returned the stranger; "if I did, it isn't in coorts I'd look for it. If I valued my life, it was in my own hands already, an' 'tisen't here you'd find me now. It was not the fear of death, nor the hope of pardon, that brought me hether, but because I was decaved and disappointed in one dat I thought more of dan of my own life, a hundred times. Do you see dat mark?" he added, stepping out into the light, and raising one shoulder so as to bring the defect in his spine more strikingly into view. "All my days dat was my curse. Didn't dey give me a nickname for it, an' usen't some laugh, and more start and shiver, when I'd come in sight of 'em? In place of being, as I ought to be, fighting at the fair, drinking at the wake, an' dancing at de jig-house, dere's the figure I cut all my days! If anybody vexed me, an' I'd even strik him, he would'n return the blow, for who'd take notice o' the little lord? If I sat down by a girl, you'd think by her looks dat she wasn't shure of her life untill she got away. An' who have I to tank for dat? Mr. Hardress Cregan. 'Twas he that done it to me, an' I a little boy. But if he did, he showed such feeling after—he cried so bitter, an' he cared so much for me, that my heart warmed to him for my very loss itself. I never gev him as much as a cross word or look for what he done nor never spoke of it untill dis minute. I loved him from dat very time, twice more than ever, but what's de use o' talking? He's not de same man now. He met me yesterday upon the road, an' what did he do? He strucked me first, but dat I'd bear aisy, he called me out o' my name, an' dat I didn't mind; but I'll tell you what druv me wild—he caught me by de throat, an' he flung me back again'd de wall, just de same way as when he ga'e me my hurt, an' made me a cripple for life. From dat moment a change come in me towards him. He doesn't feel for me, an' I won't feel for him; he had his revenge, an' I'll have mine. Write down," he added, wiping the damp from his brow, and trembling with passion, "write down, Danny Mann for de murderer of Eily, an' write down Hardress Cregan for his adviser."

Both the gentlemen started, and gazed on one another.

"Ye start!" cried the deformed, with a sneer, "an' ye look at one another as if ye thought it a wonder a gentleman should do de like—but dere's de difference. A gentleman will have a bloody longing, an' he'll hide it for fear of shame. Shame is de portion of de poor man, an' he'll ease his longing when he can, for he has notten to lose. A gentleman will buy de blood of his innimy for goold, but he'll keep his own clane gloves and slender fingers out of it. A poor man does his own

work wid his own hands, an' is satisfied to damn his own soul only. All the difference I see is this, that a gentleman—besides his being a murderer—is a decaver an' a coward."

"If you really mean," said the magistrate, "to impeach Mr. Hardress Cregan with this crime, you do not strengthen your testimony by evincing so much vindictive feeling. His character stands high, and we know that the highest have often had their steps beset by serpents, who have no other motive for the sting they give than private malice, or revenge, such as you avow."

The wily taunt succeeded. The stranger turned on the magistrate a scowl of indescribable contempt.

"If I could not afford to avow it," he said, "I had wit enough to hide it. I know your laws of old. It isn't for noting that we see de fathers of families, de pride an' de strength of our villages, de young an' de old, de guilty an' de innocent, snatched away from dere own cabins, an' shared off for transportation an' de gallows. It isn't for noting our brothers, our cousins, an' our friends, are hanged before our doores from year to year. Dey taich us something of de law, we tank 'em. If I was trusting to my own confessions, I knew enough to say little of what brought me here. A counsellor would tell you, mister magistrate, dat I'll be believed the sooner in a coort for daling as I done. But I have oder witnesses. Eily O'Connor was Hardress Cregan's wife. You start at dat, too. Dere's the certificate of her marriage. I took it out of her bosom, after I——"

He suddenly paused, placed both hands upon his eyes, and shuddered with so much violence that the floor trembled beneath him. The listeners maintained their attitude of deep and motionless attention.

"Yes," he at length continued, letting his hands descend, and showing a horrid smile upon his lip, "de poor creature kep her hand in her bosom, an' upon dat paper, to de last gasp, as if she thought it was to rob her of dat I wanted. Little she mattered her life in de comparison. De priest dat married 'em died de moment after; a black sign for Eily, an' a blacker sign, perhaps, for de weddin' dey're goin' to have to-morrow mornin'. Dat's a good witness. Write down dat in your book; an' den write down, Phil Naughten an' his wife, for havin' Eily in their house, an'—but let 'em tell their own story. When you have dem wrote, put down Lowry Looby after, an' den Myles Murphy, an' after, Mihl O'Connor, de father; and, last of all, if you want a real witness, I'll tell you how you'll make it certain. Be de first, yourself, to lay a hand on Hardress; tell him you heerd of his doin's, an' look into his face while you are speakin', an' if dat doesn't tell de whole story, come back an' call me liar."

"It is clear!" said Mr. Warner, starting from his seat. "Captain, I need make no excuse to you for stirring. Mr. Houlahan, remain, and see this man confined. What, Horan! bring the horses to the door this instant. Captain, you will, perhaps, accompany me, as the service may possibly be dangerous or difficult on such an occasion. We will first ride for a guard to your quarters (though that will cost some time), and then proceed to arrest

this gentle bridegroom. Horan, quick with the horses. I thought there was something in him not so orthodox. I am sorry for it; 'tis a shocking business; a mournful transaction."

"And will require, I think," said the captain, "that we should proceed with great delicacy. So amiable a family, and such a shock——"

"With great delicacy, certainly," returned the magistrate, "but likewise with a firmness becoming our trust. Mr. Houlahan, look closely to the prisoner. He left our vigilance at fault on another occasion. Come, captain, here are the horses."

They rode rapidly away; and Mr. Houlahan, slipping out of the room, locked the door on the outside, and went to prepare some suitable dungeon upon the premises for the prisoner.

The unfortunate man remained for several minutes standing on the floor, his hands clasped and elevated before him, his ear inclined as if in the act of listening, and his eye set in stolid, dreamy wonder. The window opened on a craggy field, and was fortified by several bars of iron. He did not, however, even cast a glance at this formidable impediment. Every faculty of his spirit seemed for the moment to be either absorbed by one engrossing image, or to be suspended altogether by a kind of mental syncope.

While he remained thus motionless, and while the house was quiet and still around him, he suddenly heard a rough but not unmelodious voice singing the following verses, outside the window:—

"But for that false and wicked knave  
Who swore my life away,  
I leave him to the J dge of Heaven,  
And to the judgment-day,

"For gold he made away my life,  
(What more could Herod do?)  
Nor to his country, nor his God,  
Nor to his friend, proved true."

The verses seemed to be sung by one in the act of passing the window, and, with the last line, the singer had proceeded beyond hearing. The verses, though containing a common ballad sentiment, characteristic of the peculiar notions of honor and faith held among the secret societies of the peasantry, seemed as if directed immediately against the informer himself. At least his conscience so received it.

He might become one day the subject of such a ballad. He, too, had his sense of shame and of honor (as all men have), regulated by the feelings of the class in which he moved. It would tell nothing against him there that he had died by the hangman's hands! Every petty village had its Tell and its Riego, and they had made that death no more disgraceful in the peasant's eye. Their names were cherished amongst the noblest recollections of his heart, they were sung to his ancient melodies, and made familiar sounds in the ears of his children. But to be branded as an informer—that character which, combining, as it does, the vices of bad faith, venality, and meanness, is despised and detested by the Irish peasantry beyond all social sins—that was a prospect which he could not bear so well. And then he turned to Hardress, and thought of *his* feelings, of his old kindness and affection. He made excuses for

his sudden passion, and he thought how those kindnesses would be dwelt upon in the ballad which was to immortalize the guilt and penitence of Hardress and his own treachery.

He started from his reverie, and gazed around him like a forest lion in a trap. He rushed to the door, and gnashed his teeth to find it locked. He drew back to the other side of the room, and dashed himself against it with all his force. But it was a magistrate's door, and it resisted his efforts. He turned to the window, dashed out the frame, and shivered the glass with his foot, and seizing the iron railing with both hands, swung himself from it, and exerted his utmost strength in endeavoring to wrench it from its fastening in the solid masonry; but he might as well have set his shoulder to displace the centre of gravity itself. Baffled, exhausted, and weeping with vexation and remorse, he hung back out of the railing, his face covered with a thick damp, and his limbs torn and bleeding from the fragments of the broken glass.

We shall leave him to suffer under all the agonies of suspense, augmented by the double remorse under which he now began to labor, and turn our eyes in the direction of the Castle.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

HOW THE BRIDE WAS STARTLED BY AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

INVITATIONS, numberless as the sybil's leaves, had been dispersed throughout the country, on the occasion of the wedding at Castle Chute. Among the rest the Dalys were not forgotten, although certain circumstances in the history of both families, with which the reader is already acquainted, made it appear probable that they would be merely received as things of form. It was, therefore, with feelings of strong surprise and of secret confusion (though arising from very different causes) the bridal pair understood that Kyrle Daly intended to be amongst the guests.

The popularity of the bride amongst the tenantry on the estate was manifested by the usual demonstrations of festive enjoyment. Bonfires were lighted on the road before the avenue-gate, and before every public-house in the neighborhood. The little village was illuminated, and bands of rural music, followed by crowds of merry idlers, strolled up and down, playing various lively airs, and often halting to partake of the refreshments which were free to all who choose to draw upon the hospitality of the family.

Before sunset the house was crowded with blue coats and snow-white silks. Several of the guests strayed in groups upon the demesne, and young gentlemen, fashionably dressed, might be seen hovering around the ladies, and endeavoring to make havoc of all, by enchanting those who were near them by their conversation, and those at a distance by the elegance and grace of their gesticulations.

Mrs. Cregan was in the drawing-room, among the



elder guests, pale, worn and hollow-eyed, but still preserving the same lofty, courteous and cordial demeanor to her friends by which her manner had been always marked.

The bridegroom, habited in a splendid suit, that seemed to sit upon his frame as the shirt of Dejanira upon the shoulders of Hercules, glided like a spectre through the laughing crowd, the most envied and most miserable of all the throng.

A few of the most intimate female connections of the bride were admitted into the garden where Anne herself, leaning on the arm of a bridesmaid, was watching the last sun that was to shine upon her freedom. Her dress was a simple robe of white, and her hair, for the last time dressed in the maiden fashion of the day, hung loose upon her neck. As she glided to and fro among the walks, her fair companion endeavored by every species of railleury to draw her out of the low-spirited and anxious mood which had been hourly increasing upon her since the morning. But, as in a disease of the frame, an injurious determination to the part afflicted is said to be occasioned by merely directing the attention toward it, so in our moments of social depression the jest that makes us feel it is observed only serves to augment its heaviness.

At a turn in the walk, hedged round by a pear-tree neatly trained, the lovely friends were suddenly met, and one of them startled, by the appearance of a young man attired in a wedding costume and handsome, but with a pale serenity upon his features that might have qualified him to sit as a study for Camillus. The lady who started at his appearance was the bride; for in this interesting person she recognised her old admirer, Mr. Kyrle Daly.

It was the first time they had seen each other since the day on which their conversation had been attended with so much pain to both. It would have little served to confirm the newly-acquired tranquillity of Kyrle Daly, if he had known how often, and with feelings how unconsciously altered, his conduct had been compared by Anne with that of Hardress during the last few months. True, this was a subject of meditation on which she never willingly suffered her mind to repose for an instant. It was a forbidden land, on which her wandering thoughts alone would steal at intervals; but these unlicensed musings had tended to qualify her old opinions in a degree more striking than she herself believed. Of all this Kyrle Daly, of course, knew not imagined nothing, and therefore was he here. He came secure in the consciousness of a right intention, and believing that his own appearance of quiet and cheerfulness of mind would afford a real satisfaction to his fair, and only poetically cruel, friend.

He advanced towards the ladies with an easy cordiality, and that total absence of consciousness in his own demeanor which was most certain to restore quietness to Anne, for self-possession is often as contagious as embarrassment. He addressed her in the tone of an interested friend, inquired for her health, spoke of her mother, even of Hardress, whom he said he had not yet been fortunate enough to meet, then of the weather, of the

scene around them, of the company, of every subject that was at the same time amusing and indifferent. The same attentions, and with a tone so studiously similar that the ear of Petrarch only might have found a difference, he addressed to Miss Prendergast, the bridesmaid, who was also an old acquaintance. Finally, he gently contrived to separate the ladies, and giving an arm to each, they continued to tread the garden walks, while he divided between them the same cheerful conversation on indifferent subjects. His spirits flowing freely, and supported by those of the lively bridesmaid, became too much for Anne's depression, and she became cheerful almost without perceiving it.

After some time Miss Prendergast, beckoned by a fair friend in a neighboring walk, deserted her companions for some moments. Both stopped to await her return, and Kyrle, perceiving the embarrassment of the bride beginning to return, took this opportunity of entering on something like an explanatory conversation.

"You see, Miss Chute," he said, with a smile, "you were a better prophetess than I believed you. If you were one that could be vain of your influence, I should not do so wisely, perhaps, in making such an admission; but you are not. I have not, as you perceive, found it so difficult a task to master my old remembrance."

The eyes of Anne fell unconsciously upon the worn cheeks and figure of the speaker. He saw the secret suspicion which the glance implied, and he reddened slightly, but he saw likewise that it was involuntary, and he did not seem to observe it.

"There are some feelings," he continued, "though looked upon as harmless, and even amiable in themselves, which ought to be avoided and repelled with as much vigilance as vice itself. I once thought it a harmless thing to turn my eyes on past times, and deliver myself up, on a calm evening, to the memory of my younger hours, of sunny days departed, of faces fled, or changed, of hearts made cold by death or by the world, that once beat fervently beside my own; to lean against some aged tree in the twilight, and close my eyes and ears to the lonely murmur of the woods around me, and fancy I heard the whoop of my boyish friends, or the laugh of my first love along the meadows. But I have learned to think more vigorously. I was young then, and fond; but age has taught me wisdom, at least in this respect. I shun these feelings now as I would a crime. They are the fancies that make our natures effeminate and weak—that unfit us for our duty to Heaven and to our fellow-creatures, and render us in soul what the sensualist is in frame. I have meditated long enough to know that even my feelings towards yourself at one time (exalted as they were by the excellence of the object) were still unworthy, and deserved to be disappointed. I think, and I fear not to let you know, that if I were again to become a suitor, my sentiments should be governed by a higher feeling of duty, and I could bear the trial of a sudden repression with greater firmness and a more submissive spirit."

"You will give me credit, then," said Anne, with much relief and real pleasure, "for some knowledge of your character?"

"No, no! it was not in me then," said Kyrle, with a smile, "or the occasion would have brought it into action. Hardress could tell you what a mournful evening—; but wherefore should he trouble you?" he added, suddenly interrupting himself. "And apropos of Hardress—his health appears to suffer, does it not?"

"Daily and hourly."

"And without a cause?"

"The physicians," said Anne, "can find none."

"Aye," returned Kyrle, "it is a distemper that is not to be found in their nosology. It is the burning of an honorable mind beneath an undeserved and self-inflicted imputation. He knew of my—my—regard for his fair cousin. I forced a confidence upon him, and he feels this transaction a great deal more acutely than he ought."

Anne started at this disclosure, as if it shed a sudden light upon her mind. Her eyes sparkled, her face glowed, and her whole frame seemed agitated by a solution of her doubts, which appeared so natural, and which elevated the character of Hardress to that noble standard at which she always loved to contemplate and admire it.

"It must be so!" she said, with great animation, "and I have done him wrong. It is like his fine and delicate nature. He is still, then, what I have always thought him, fine-minded, sensitive, and generous as—" she suddenly turned, and extending her hand to Kyrle, said, in an altered tone, "as yourself, my excellent friend!"

Kyrle took the hand which was tendered to him, with as little appearance of emotion as he could command, and resigned it again almost upon the instant.

At this moment Hardress appeared upon the walk. His step was troubled and rapid, his eye suspicious and wandering, his hair neglected, and his whole appearance that of a person at fearful odds with his own thoughts. He stopped short as he approached them, and glanced from one to another with a look of wildness and irresolution.

"I have been looking for you, Anne," he said in a weak voice; "Mrs. Chute has been wishing to speak with you about your preparations."

"Do you leave Ireland so soon?" asked Kyrle with some interest.

"To-morrow morning we leave home," replied Anne, trembling and slightly confused.

"Then," said Kyrle, resuming the hand which he had so hastily resigned, "permit me to offer my good wishes. Be assured, Anne," he added, accompanying her to a little distance along the walk, and using a tone which Hardress could not overhear, "be assured that I am perfectly, perfectly contented with your happiness. Let me entreat you to forget altogether, as I myself will learn to do henceforward, that I have ever proposed to myself any higher or happier destiny. That scheme has fallen asunder, and left no deeper an impression on my reason than a love-dream might upon my heart. I desire only to be remembered as one who imagined himself the warmest of your admirers, but who found out,

on a little examination, that he was only your friend."

Anne remained silent for a moment, deeply penetrated by the anxiety for her peace of mind which Kyrle evinced in all his conduct and conversation.

"Mr. Daly," she replied at length, and with some agitation, "it is impossible for me now to say all that I feel with respect to your consideration of me on every occasion. I am proud of the friendship that you offer me, and if we meet again, I hope you will find me worthy of it."

She hurried away, and Kyrle, returning on his steps, resumed his place before the bridegroom. The picture which was formed by the two figures might have challenged the united efforts of a Raphael and an Angelo, to do it justice. Kyrle Daly, standing erect, with arms folded, his face pale and bright with the serenity of triumphant virtue; his mouth touched by a smile of forgiveness and of sympathy; and his eye, clear, open, and seraphic in its character, presented a subject that might have pleased the eye of the pupil of Perugino. Hardress, on the other side, with one hand thrust into his bosom, his shoulders gathered and raised, his brow knitted, rather in shame and pain than in sternness or anger, his eyes not daring to look higher than the breast of Kyrle, and his face of the color of burnt Sienna, would have furnished a hint for the sterner genius of Buonarrotti.

"Hardress," said Kyrle, with an air of sudden frankness, "confess the truth, that you did not expect me here to-day."

Hardress looked up surprised, but made no answer.

"I am come," continued Kyrle, "to do justice to you and to myself. That I have something to complain of, you will not deny—that I have not so much as I imagined, I am compelled to admit. My resentment, Hardress, has been excessive and unjustifiable, and with that admission, I toss it to the winds forever."

The surprise of Hardress seemed now so great as to master even his remorse and anxiety. He looked with increasing wonder into the eyes of Daly.

"Knowing as I did," continued the latter, "what passion was, I should have made more charitable allowances for its influence on another; but all charity forsook me at that moment, and I thought it reasonable that my friend should be a cold philosopher where I was a wild enthusiast. I have not even to reproach you with a want of confidence, for it now appears, from my unreasonable expectations, that I could not have deserved it. We are both, perhaps, to blame. Let that be a point agreed upon, and let all our explanations resolve themselves into these two words—forgive, forget."

Saying this, he gave his hand to Hardress, who received it with a stare of absent wonder and confusion. Some indistinct and unintelligible murmurs arose to his lips, and died in the act of utterance.

"I know not," continued Kyrle, "and I shudder to think how far I might have suffered this odious sentiment to grow upon me, if it were not for an occasion of melancholy importance to us all, which arrested the feeling in its very bud. I have even sometimes thought



that my unaccomplished sin might possibly have been the cause of that—" Here he shuddered, and stopped speaking for some moments.

Before he could resume, the sound of the dinner-bell broke short the conference. Kyrle, glad of the relief, hastened to the house, while Hardress remained as if rooted to the spot, and gazing after him in silence. When he had disappeared, the bridegroom raised his eyes to the heavens, where already a few stars twinkled in the dying twilight, and said within his own mind:—

"In that world which lies beyond those points of light, is it possible that this man and I should ever fill a place in the same region?"

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW MORE GUESTS APPEARED AT THE WEDDING THAN HAD BEEN INVITED.

LIGHT and laughter—mirth and music—plenteous fare and pleasant hearts to share it, were mingled in the dining-room on this occasion. Mrs. Chute presided; the "old familiar faces" of Mr. Cregan, Mr. Creagh, Mr. Connolly, Doctor Leake, and many others, were scattered among the guests, and every eye seemed lighted up, to contribute its portion of gayety to the domestic jubilee. A cloud of vapor, thin and transparent as a peri's sighs, arose from the dishes which adorned the table, and was dissipated in the air above. The heavy moreen window-curtains were let down, the servants flew from place to place like magic, the candles shed a warm and comfortable lustre upon the board, and the clatter of plates, the jingling of glasses and decanters, the discomfiture of provision, and the subdued vigor with which all this was accomplished, considering the respectability of the guests, was really astonishing. Without any appearance of the havoc and carnage which is displayed on such occasions in humbler life, it is a question whether there were not actually more execution done, in a quiet, determined way. It furnished a new instance of the superior advantages of discipline.

Towards the close of the feast, the manliness of Kyrle Daly was put to a cruel test, by one of those unfeeling jests which are the sports of fools in every country. The reader may smile at the circumstance as trifling, but it was not so in its effects upon the heart of the forlorn lover. A young lady, who was considered a wit among her country friends, and feared accordingly, put a willow-leaf upon a slice of cream-cheese, and handed it to Kyrle Daly with an unconscious face. Some months before, a jest of this kind would have put his temper to its severest trial, and even now he felt as if he had been stung by a serpent. He did not, however, betray the least emotion, but took revenge by going near the lady as soon as circumstances permitted, and making mock-love to her during the night.

The spirit of the scene produced its effect upon the mind of Hardress himself, who, yielding to its influence,

adopted a degree of gayety that surprised and delighted all who were interested in his fortunes. It is true that from time to time a fear struck at his heart, like the shock of an alarm, and the glassy eyes of a corpse seemed at intervals to stare at him from among the crowd. But he turned his eyes and his thoughts away to happier objects, and, as if in defiance of the ghastly interruption, became more gay then before.

Mrs. Cregan did not smile to see her son so far forget his misery. A feeling of nervous apprehension had lain upon her spirits throughout the day, and became more oppressive and insupportable according as the time approached of Hardress's departure. The more certain his escape became, the more did her anxiety increase, lest it should, by some unlucky circumstance, be yet prevented.

While Hardress, in the full fling and zest of his false spirits, was in the act of taking wine with a fair friend, he felt a rustling, as of some person passing by his chair, and a low voice whispered close to his ear, "Arise and fly for your life!"

The wine-glass fell, untasted, from his hand, and he remained a pale and motionless image of terror. There was some laughing among the company, who perceived the accident; and many ingenious omens were deduced, not very favorable to the prospects of the lady. But the agitation of the bridegroom was attributed to mere embarrassment.

The cloth, soon after, was removed; some songs were sung, and the ladies rose to depart. Hardress, with the mysterious warning still ringing in his ear, was about to follow in their train, when a rough grasp was laid upon his arm, the door was shut with violence, and he beheld Hepton Connolly standing with his finger raised in an attitude of menace and reproach. Hardress felt his heart sink at the thought that this interruption might cost him his life.

"Let me go, my dear Connolly," he said, in an anxious voice. "It is of the last importance to me."

"The last importance!" repeated Connolly, with a suspicious smile. "I'd consider it a disgrace to me, my dear Hardress, if you were to go to bed sober after being in my company to-night, the last you are to spend in the country. Come, come, Hardress, don't look fierce; you will have Miss Chute long enough, but here are a pleasant set of fellows whom, perhaps, you may never see round the same table on earth again."

"But Connolly!"

"But Hardress!"

"What's the matter there?" cried a rough voice from the head of the table. "Anybody sneaking? Bring him up here by the collar. If any man leaves this room sober to-night, I shall make it personal with him."

The speaker (who was no other than the culprit's father) added an oath, and the room rang with exclamations. Hardress, faint with fear and anxiety, was compelled to return to the table, and the bowl was shortly circulated with that enthusiasm which was considered appropriate to the occasion. The wine which he drank, and the conversation in which he was compelled to mingle, gradually stole him back into his

revel mood, and in a little time he became more loud and seemingly mirthful than ever. The voice which he heard might be ideal as the visions he had seen. He thought no more of it.

He became engaged in a violent dispute with Creagh, as to whether the cascades of Killarney were the better or worse for being without basins. Hardress contended that the want was a defect, inasmuch as it left the beholder without that delightful sensation which he might gather from the contrast of those two most perfect images of tumult and repose, a roaring cataract, with clouds of foam and mist, and a smooth expanse of water, with its glancing and streaky light, and its lulling motion, like the heaving of a sleeping infant's bosom. Creagh, on the other hand, held (and he defended the idea stoutly, as he happened to hit on it by accident) that the very mystery attending the disappearance of the stream, when the spectator saw it hurry downward by his feet, still foaming and roaring on, until it was hidden from his view by the closing thicket below, gave a greater idea to the mind than could be produced by the contrast which Hardress admired.

The latter had his hand raised, with a *cascade* of eloquence just bursting from his lips, when a warm breath came to his ear, and the same low voice murmured in a tone still lower than before—"Arise, I tell you! the army is abroad, and your life is in danger."

It could not now be an illusion, for the tresses of the speaker had touched his cheek, and the dress had brushed his feet. He dashed his chair aside, and standing suddenly erect, looked round him for the warner. A female dress just glanced on his eye as he stared on the open door which led to the hall. He followed it with so much rapidity no one could find time to interfere; but the hall was empty of living figures. He only saw the cloaks and hats of the visitors hanging against the wall, while the dusky flame of a globe-lamp threw a gloomy and dispiriting light upon the walls and ceiling. On one side the floor was shaken by the dancers, and the ear stunned with the music of bagpipe, violin, and dulcimer; on the other, he heard the bacchanalian uproar of the party he had left. At a distance, in the kitchen, he could distinguish the sound of one solitary bagpipe, playing some air of a more rapid and vulgar character; while the voice of a villager, penetrating in triumph through a two-foot wall of stone and mortar, was heard singing some wild and broken melody, which was meant for mirth, but in which a stranger ear might have detected a greater depth of pathos and of feeling than the composer probably intended. Snatching his hat and coat, and trembling in every joint, Hardress was about to hurry down a narrow staircase leading to the yard-door, when his mother with a bridesmaid met him on the way.

"Come this way, Hardress," she said, "I have a partner engaged for you."

"Mother," said Hardress, with the horrid sense of oppression which one feels in a dream of danger and vain resistance, "take your hand from my arm and let me pass."

Mrs. Cregan imagined that as, in compliance with an established superstition, patronized by some of the old people, the bridegroom was not to sleep in the house on the night before the bridal, Hardress was thus early preparing to comply with the old custom.

"You must not go so soon," returned Mrs. Cregan.

"Come, Miss Prendergast, make that arm prisoner, and lead him to the ball-room."

Hardress, with a beating pulse, resigned himself to his fate, and accompanied the ladies to the dancing-room. Here he remained for some time, endeavoring, but with a faint spirit, to meet and answer the gayety of his companions. After dancing a minuet with a good deal of silent approbation, he led his fair partner to her seat, and, taking a chair at her side, began to entertain her as best he could, while other dancers occupied the floor. His chair was placed a few yards distant from an open door, at which a crowd of servants and tenants appeared thrusting in their heads, and staring on the dancers for the purposes of admiration or of satire, as the occasion might arise.

One of these, a handsome country lad, had encroached so far as to get within a foot or two of Hardress's chair, and to be recognized by him with some appearance of kindness.

"Master Hardress," he said, stooping to his ear, "did Syl Carney tell you anything?"

"No!" said Hardress, turning suddenly around, and neglecting to finish some observation which he was in the act of making to his fair companion.

"Why, then, never welcome her!" said the lad. "I told her to slip in a word to you, some way, to let you know that Danny Mann has given information, and the army are out this night."

Hardress trembled, as if the hangman's grasp had been laid upon him.

"What a shocking dance that hornpipe is!" exclaimed the lady. "I am always reminded when I see it of the dampers of a piano."

"Precisely, indeed," said Hardress, with a smile like death, "very ridiculous indeed. Tell me how you know of this?" he said, apart to the boy. "Speak low and quickly."

"From a little hunchback in bridewell at magistrate Warner's," returned the lad. "He bid me—but the lady is talking to you."

"I beg your pardon," said Hardress, turning quickly round.

"It was not I," said the fair dancer; "it was Mrs. Cregan called."

He looked at his mother, and saw her holding towards him a small basket of confectionery and oranges, while she glanced towards the ladies. Hardress rose to perform this piece of gallantry with a sensation of gloomy resignation, and with a feeling of bitterness towards his unhappy parent, as if she ought to have known that she was knotting the cord upon his life.

When it was done, he hurried back to his seat, but the servants were all gone, and the door was closed. He stole from the apartment to the hall, once more resumed his hat, and, ascending the small flight of steps



leading to the chamber so often mentioned, he was once more upon the point of freedom.

But the grasp of an avenging Providence was laid upon his life. In the middle of this chamber he encountered the bride alone.

"Hardress," said she, "are you leaving us for the night?"

"I am," he murmured in a faint voice, and passed on.

"Stay, Hardress!" said Anne, laying her hand upon his arm. "I have something to say, which you should know immediately."

This last interruption completed the confusion of the bridegroom. A sudden faintness fell on his whole frame, his brain grew dizzy, his senses swam, and he reeled, like one intoxicated, into a vacant chair.

"Well, Anne," said he, "anything—everything—my life itself, if you think it worth your while to require it."

"I owe it my peace, and even to yours, Hardress," said Anne, "to tell you that I have discovered all."

"Discovered all!" echoed Hardress, springing to his feet.

"Yes—all. A generous friend—generous to you and me alike—has given the whole story of your cause of suffering, and has left me nothing to regret, but that Hardress should not have thought it worth his while to make Anne a partner in his confidence. But that I have forgotten likewise, and have only now to say that I regret my own conduct as much as I once was grieved for yours. I must have added to the pain which—Hark!"

"What do you hear?" cried Hardress, crouching fearfully.

"There is a tumult in the drawing-room. Good Heaven, defend our hearts! What is that noise?"

The door of the room was thrown open, and a female figure appeared, with hair disordered, and hands outspread with an action of warning and avoidance.

"Hardress, my child!"

"Well, mother?"

"Hardress, my child!"

"Mother, I am here! Look on me! Speak to me! Do not gasp, and stare on your son in that horrid way! Oh, mother, speak, or you will break my heart!"

"Fly—fly—my child—Not that way! No! The doors are defended. There is a soldier set on every entrance. You are trapped and caught. What shall we do? The window! Come this way—come—quick—quick!"

She drew him passively after her into her own sleeping-chamber, which lay immediately adjoining. Before Anne had made one movement from the attitude of sudden fear and wonder to which this strange occurrence had given rise, Mrs. Cregan again appeared in the chamber, showing in her look and action the same hurried and disordered energy of mind.

"Go to your room!" she said, addressing the bride. "Go quickly to your room; stop not to question me——"

"Dear aunt!——"

"Away, I say! You will drive me frantic, girl! My reason is already stretched to its full tension, and a single touch may rend it. Go, my dear child, my love! my wretched—Ha!"

"Anne Chute! Where's Anne?" exclaimed an anxious voice at the doorway. "Where is the bride?"

"Here, here!" said Mrs. Cregan.

Kyrle Daly rushed into the room, his face paler than ever, and his eyes filled with anxious inquiry.

"Come this way, Anne!" he said, taking her hand, while his own were trembling with anxiety. "Unhappy bride! Oh, horrid, fearful night! Come—come!"

"I will not stir!" exclaimed the bride, with vehemence. "What mean those words and actions? There is some danger threatens Hardress—Tell me, if there is——"

"Take her away, good Kyrle."

"He shall not take me hence. Why should he? Why does he call me an unhappy bride? Why does he say this night is horrid and fearful? I will not stir——"

"They are coming!—force her hence, good Kyrle," muttered the expectant mother.

Struggling in his arms, and opposing prayers, threats, and entreaties to the violence which he employed, Kyrle Daly bore the affrighted bride away from the apartment. He remained by her side during the whole evening, often soothing her anxiety by his ready eloquence, and watching every movement of her mind and feelings with the tender vigilance of a near and devoted relative.

Mrs. Cregan, meanwhile, remained alone in the room, her ear bent to catch the first sounds of approaching danger, and her frame made rigid with the intensity of feeling. Her hands were employed, while in this attitude, in arranging her hair, and removing as far as possible every appearance of disorder from her dress. At length, the clatter of muskets and the tramp of many feet was heard in the little hall. A momentary convulsion shook her frame. It passed away, and she rose to her usual height and her customary stateliness of eye and gesture.

At the same moment the door opened, and Mr. Warner, accompanied by Captain Gibson and the military party, appeared upon the little staircase. The first mentioned seemed surprised and somewhat embarrassed at the sight of Mrs. Cregan. He murmured something of his regret at being compelled to do what must be so painful to her, and was proceeding to recommend that she should retire, when she cut short the speech.

"Talk not to me, sir," she said, "of your regret or your reluctance. You have already done your worst to fix a stigma on our name and a torture in our memories. For months, for weeks, and days, my son spoke with you, laughed with you, and walked freely and openly among you, and then you laid no hand upon his shoulder. You waited for his wedding-day to raise your lying cry of murder; you waited to see how many hearts you might crush together at a blow. You have done the worst of evil in your power; you have dismayed our guests, scattered terror amid our festival, and made the remembrance of this night, which should have been a happy one, a thought of gloom and shame."

"My duty," murmured the magistrate, "obliged me to sacrifice——"

"Complete your duty, then," said the mother haughtily, "and do not speak of your personal regrets. If justice and my son are foes, what place do you fill between them? You mistake your calling, Mr. Magistrate; you have no personal feelings in this transaction. You are a servant of the law, and, as a servant, act."

Mr. Warner bowed, and directed the soldiers to follow him into the inner room. At this order Mrs. Cregan turned her face over her shoulder with a ghastly smile.

"That," she said in a tone of calm reproach, "that is my sleeping chamber."

"My duty, madam."

"Be it so," said Mrs. Cregan, in a low voice, and turning away her face with the same painful smile, while her heart crept and trembled.

The party entered the room.

"I hope," said Captain Gibson, who really began to think that Mrs. Cregan had a great deal of reason, "I hope Mrs. Cregan will not blame me for my part in this transaction."

"I do not blame you," said the mother, with a scornful smile; "it is your trade."

At this portentous moment, Mr. Cregan, Mr. Connolly, and two or three other gentlemen, came reeling into the apartment, excessively intoxicated, and retaining consciousness enough to feel a sense of injury not wholly understood, and a vague purpose of resistance.

"Dora," said Mr. Cregan, staggering towards her, and endeavoring to look sober, "what are you doing here? What's the matter?"

Mrs. Cregan, her whole soul absorbed by the proceedings in the inner room, did not even appear to be conscious of his presence.

"Very—very extraordinary conduct," he said, turning an unsteady eye upon the captain. "Soldiers, officers, eh, Connolly?"

"Very—very extraordinary conduct," echoed Connolly.

"Do they take the house for a barrack?" continued Cregan. "Captain, withdraw your soldiers."

Captain Gibson, already annoyed by the taunt of Mrs. Cregan, returned this demand by a stern look.

"Stand by me, Connolly. Your swords, gentlemen!" cried Cregan, as he drew his own.

The others imitated his example. Captain Gibson, without condescending to unsheathe his own weapon, turned to his men, and, beckoning with his finger, said:

"Disarm those drunken gentlemen."

His orders were obeyed upon the instant: a few slight scratches being all that was sustained by the soldiers in the drunken scuffle that ensued. The gentlemen were placed, with their hands tied, on chairs at the other side of the room, and the bundle of rapiers were laid upon the window-seat.

"Very well, sir—very well," said Mr. Cregan, "I shall remember this, and so shall my friends. I am a gentleman, sir, and shall look for the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"Expect the same from me," said Connolly, swinging his person round upon the chair.

"And me," said a third.

"And me," echoed a fourth.

"I little expected to meet with such a return as this for our hospitality," continued Mr. Cregan.

"For shame! for shame, Cregan," said the unhappy mother; "do not degrade yourself and your friends by such remonstrances. The hand of an enemy is raised against us, and let not the unworthy being think that he can sink us as low in mind as in our fortunes."

Captain Gibson, who took no notice of the gentlemen, again seemed hurt to the quick, perhaps not wisely, by this allusion from the lady.

"Mrs. Cregan," he said, "it is one of the most painful duties of a gentleman in my situation, that he must sometimes be subjected to such insinuations as those; and it is only the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed that would prevent my forming a very harsh judgment of any lady who could use them."

"Sir," said Mrs. Cregan, lowering her head with a smile of the most bitter irony, "your consideration and your forbearance are extraordinary. All the events of this night bear witness to it. It must have surely been with much violence to that fine gentlemanly spirit that you chose a moment like this for your investigation. But I see you are impatient, sir, and I will desist, for you are a soldier, and I am but a female, and it is easy to see who would have the best of the argument."

"Madam!—"

"Our friends dispersed, our mirth so quickly changed to terror, this scene of confusion at our domestic festivity, everything, sir, bears testimony to your forbearance. That sensitive and gentlemanly nature that is so tender of insinuations, appears in all the actions of this night. My husband tied there, like a malefactor, and my poor son——Ah, shield and hide us, Earth! I hear his voice!"

A bustle was heard in the inner room, and the wretched lady, throwing her arms high above her head, uttered a shriek so loud, so shrill and piercing, that the stoutest soldier started like a maiden, and the flush of anger on the officer's cheek was changed to a death-like paleness. Half-sobered by the fearful sound, the intoxicated father rose from his chair, and turned a dull eye upon the room-door, while every figure on the scene expressed, in various degrees, the same feeling of commiseration and anxiety.

"The prisoner is here!" cried Warner, hurrying into the room.

"Is he?" shrieked the distracted and almost delirious mother. "Dark blood-hound, have you found him? May the tongue that tells me so be withered from the roots, and the eye that first detected him be darkened in its socket!"

"Peace, shocking woman," said the magistrate; "your curses only add to the offence that Heaven has already suffered."

"What!" cried the unhappy parent, "shall it be for nothing, then, that you have stung the mother's heart, and set the mother's brain on fire? I tell you, no! My



tongue may hold its peace, but there is not a vein in all my frame but curses you! My child! My child!" she screamed aloud, on seeing Hardress at the door. She rushed, as if with the intent of flinging herself upon his neck, but, checking the impulse as she came near, she clasped her hands, and, sinking at his feet, exclaimed, "My child, forgive me!"

"Forgive you, mother!" replied her son, in a wretched voice; "I have destroyed you all!"

"The crime was mine," exclaimed the miserable parent; "I was the author of your first temptation, the stumbling-block between you and repentance. You will think bitterly of me, Hardress, when you are alone."

"Never!" said Hardress, raising her in his arms. "Still honored, always well-meaning and affectionate, I will never think of you but as a mother. My eyes are open now. For the first time in many weary months, the first thought of peace is in my heart; and but for you, and those whom I have made wretched with you, I would call that thought a thought of joy. Grieve no more, mother, for my sake. Grieve not, because it is in vain. The bolt has sped, the victim has been struck, and Earth has not a remedy. Grieve not, because I would not have it otherwise. A victim was due to Justice, and she shall no longer be defrauded. I had rather reckon with her here than in a future world."

"I cannot part with you," murmured his mother, while her head rested on his shoulder; "do not put away my hands awhile. It is tearing my very heart up!"

"Dear mother, let me go," said Hardress, gently disengaging himself; "we shall meet again, I hope. In the meantime, hear my farewell request, as you have heard all that I have ever made: waste not your days in idle retrospection, but pray for me with fervor; be kind to those whom I have loved, and remember that my death, at least, was happier than my life."

"I threatened you with poverty," muttered Mrs. Cregan, while her memory glanced wildly through the past.

"Dear mother!—"

"I bade you leave my house or do my pleasure—"

"Why will you vex my soul at such a moment?"

"I have tied the cord upon your throat! I slighted your scruples. Your own dread words come back upon me now. Those words which I heard with so little emotion at Dinis, and in this hall before, now ring like the peal of dead-bells in my ear. I have been your fellest foe. You drank in pride with my milk, and passion under my indulgence. I have destroyed you for this world, and—"

"My dear, dear mother!" cried Hardress, clasping her to his breast, and bursting into tears of shame and penitence, "forget, I implore you, those impious and reproachful words; they were the ravings of my madness, and should not be regarded. Hear me now, in the full and calm possession of my judgment, and let those words only be remembered. Do you hear me, my dear mother?"

"I do—I am listening. Speak, my child; I will remember well."

Hardress stooped to her ear, and murmured in a low voice: "In a secret drawer of my cabinet you will find a paper unsealed. Give it to—" he paused and bowed down a moment in deep agitation—"to Anne Chute; I am glad she bears that name—glad of her fortune in escaping me. Let her read that paper. I have penned it with the view of rendering justice to a confiding friend, whose confidence I have betrayed. Oh, memory memory!—but I must look forward now, not back. Ah mother, if I had really known how to value your affectionate counsels in my childhood—if I had only humbled my heart to a belief in its own weakness, and a ready obedience to your will in my younger days, I shall not die in my youth a shameful death, and leave you childless in your age."

"Aye," said Mrs. Cregan, "or if I had done the duty of a mother; if I had thoughtless of your worldly, and more of your eternal happiness. My brain is scorched!"

"My dear fond parent, will you add to my agony?"

"You will hate me in your prison."

"Never!"

"I know what you will say when they are dragging you to the scaffold. It is my mother, you will say, who has bound these cords upon my limbs. The people will stare on you, and you will hang your head, and say that I was the author of your shame. And in the moment of your death—"

"I will pray for you," said Hardress, pressing her to him and kissing her forehead, "as you will do for me. While he spoke, he felt the arms that encircled his neck grow rigid, and the face that looked up to his was overspread with a damp and leaden paleness.

"Farewell, dear mother! for the present," he continued, "and remember—Oh, she is growing cold and weak; remove her—remove her quickly, gentlemen!"

She was borne out, in a half-fainting condition, and Hardress, surrendering himself to the hands of the soldiers, prepared to depart. Turning round once more before he left the room, he said aloud:—

"Hear me, and testify against me, if it shall please you. Lest my returning feebleness, or the base love of life, should tempt me once again to shun my destiny, I am willing here to multiply my witnesses. I am guilty of the crime with which you charge me—guilty, not in act, nor guilty even in word, nor positive, implied assent—but guilty, beyond even the wish of pardon. I am glad this hideous dream at length is ended; glad that I have been forced to render up her right to Justice, even against my will, for I was sick of my anxieties."

He ceased, and the party proceeded down the narrow staircase leading to the hall door, Hardress being placed in the centre. In a few minutes the lighted chambers of the Castle, its affrighted revellers, its silenced musicians, the delirious mother, the drunken father and his band of brawlers, the bewildered bride, and all the scattered pomp of the espousal, were lost to the eye of the unhappy Hardress.

Some apprehension was entertained lest any injudicious person among the peasantry should occasion the use-

less loss of lives by attempting a rescue before the party left the neighborhood; but no symptoms of such an intention were manifested by the people. The whole transaction had been conducted with so much rapidity, that the circumstance of the bridegroom's capture was not generally known, even in the Castle, for some time after his departure.

## CHAPTER XLV.

### HOW THE STORY ENDED.

It only remains for us to inform the reader, in general terms, of the subsequent fortunes of the various actors in this domestic drama. Such is the fate of the historian, regarded only as the chronicler of events or feelings in which he has no share; his claim to attention rests only upon these. While they continue to awaken interest, he may toy and dally as he pleases; he may deck his style with flowers, indulge his fancy in description, and even please his vanity with metaphysical speculation; but when the real matter of the tale is out, farewell his hobbies! Stern and brief must thenceforth be the order of his speech, and listlessness or apathy become the guerdon of his wanderings. He is mortified to find that what he mistook for interest was only patience, and that the attention which he imagined to be bestowed upon himself was only lavished on the automata which his fingers exercised.

Stern and brief, then, be the order of our speech henceforward. Unhappily a portion of our incidents will fit that manner well.

The remorse of Hardress led him even to exaggerate his own share in the transaction on which the foregoing measures were founded. Nevertheless, when all the circumstances of the case had been fully considered, the mercy of the executive power was extended to his life, and a perpetual exile from his native land was the only forfeit which he paid to the outraged law. But before this alteration in his destiny had been announced to him, Hardress had learned to receive it with great indifference. With the austerity of an ancient penitent, he persisted in refusing to hold personal communication with any of his friends, his mother only excepted, and even she was cheated (by a necessary device, for her health could not have sustained it) of the last parting interview.

The mitigation of punishment, which was intended to save his life, had only the effect of sparing him the ignominy of such a fate. An occurrence which took place on the day of his departure completed the ruin which ill-health had long been making in his constitution.

The convict-ship which was to bear him from his home had cleared out of port, and lay at anchor in that part of the river which, from its basin-like appearance, has received the appropriate denomination of the Pool. In the gray of a summer morning the prisoners, Hardress amongst the number, left the gaol in King's Island, where they had been confined, for the purpose

of occupying their places on board. Arrived at the river side, the party halted with their guard, while a small boat was let down from the vessel's stern, and manned for the shore. It touched the strand, and received its lading of exiles. It could not hold the entire party, and Hardress, who felt a sudden and, to him, unaccountable reluctance to leave his native soil, while it was possible for him yet to feel its turf beneath his feet, petitioned to be left until the return of the pinnace.

He looked to the misty hills of Cratloe, to the yet silent and inactive city, and over the face of the gently agitated waters. The fresh, cool light of the morning only partially revealed the scene; but the veil that rested on the face of nature became more attenuated every instant, and the aerial perspective acquired, by rapid yet imperceptible degrees, a greater scope and clearness. Groups of bathers appeared at various distances on both sides of the river, some plunging in headlong from the lofty quays, some playing various antics in the water, and some floating quietly on the surface of the tide in the centre of the stream, while others, half-dressed and shivering at the brink of the sloping strands, put in the hand or foot to ascertain the temperature of the refreshing element before venturing to fling off the remaining habiliments, and share in the salutary recreation.

In other respects the scene was nearly the same in appearance as it has been described in the third chapter of this volume. Nature, always the same calm and provident benefactress, had preserved her mighty heart unchanged throughout the interval, and the same joyous serenity was still visible upon her countenance. The passions of men may convulse the frame of society; the duration of human prosperity may be uncertain as that of human woe; and centuries of ignorance, of poverty, and of civil strife may suddenly succeed to years of science, and thrift, and peace; but still the mighty mother holds her course unchanged. Spring succeeds winter, and summer spring, and all the harmonies of her system move on through countless ages with the same unvarying serenity of purpose. The scene of his happy childhood evinced no sympathy with the condition of the altered Hardress.

He turned with an aching heart from the contemplation of the landscape, and his eye encountered a spectacle more accordant to his present feelings. The row of houses which lined the quay on which the party halted consisted for the most part of coffin-makers' shops, a gloomy trade, although, to judge by the reckless faces of the workmen, it would appear that "custom had made it with them a property of easiness."

Only one of those dismal houses of traffic was open at this early hour, and the light which burned in the interior showed that the proprietor was called to the exercise of his craft at this unseasonable time by some sudden and pressing call. The profession of the man was not indicated, as in more wealthy and populous cities, by a sculptured lid, or gilded and gaudy hatchment suspended at a window pane. A pile of the unfinished shells, formed for all ages from childhood to



maturity, were thrust out at the open window, to attract the eye of the relatives of the newly dead. The artificer himself appeared in the interior of his workshop, in his working-dress, and, plane in hand, was employed in giving the last touch to an oaken coffin, placed lengthways on his bench. Its size denoted that the intended occupant died in the full maturity of manhood.

While Hardress watched him plying his melancholy trade in silence, a horseman rode up to the door, and dismounted with some awkwardness and difficulty. He was a small, red-haired man, and Hardress thought that the face and manner were not altogether new to his observation. Another horseman followed, and alighted with more ease and alertness. He was tall and well formed, and Hardress shrank aside from his gaze, for in this person he recognized one of the persons who appeared against him at his trial. Leaning against one of the short posts used for the purpose of holding the cables of the shipping, and once more turning his face towards the river, Hardress listened to the conversation which ensued.

"Servant kindly, Mr. Moran," said the smaller man. "Well, is the coffin ready?"

"What time will it be wanted?" was the reply.

"The car will be here in half an hour. Father Edward bid me to step on before, in dread you wouldn't have it done. If it wasn't out of regard for him and his, indeed, I'd rather be spared the jaunt, for I was always a poor horseman, and I think it jolting enough I'll get between this and the church-yard."

"And where will he be buried?"

"At Mungret Church, westwards. His people are all buried at St. John's; but he took it as a delight to be buried at Mungret, because it was there his daughter was buried before him."

A deep groan escaped the second horseman as he said these words.

"No wonder for you to be heart-broken!" exclaimed the first. "Old and good friends were parted when they were taken from you. The poor old man! 'twas enough to convert a Turk to hear him on his death-bed giving his forgiveness to all the world, and praying for his enemies. A year since, as you know well, Myles Murphy, Mihil O'Connor and his daughter were a happy pair; but he never raised his head from the day she left his floor. Well, well, 'tis thrue for Father Edward what he says, that this world would be good for nothing if there was not another."

At this moment a soldier touched the arm of Hardress, and pointed to the pinnace, whose keel just grated on the gravelled strand. With a rigid and terrified countenance, Hardress arose, and was about to hurry down the steps leading from the quay, when his strength suddenly failed him, and he would have fallen headlong to the bottom, but for the timely aid of his escort.

When he recovered from the confusion which this attack occasioned in his brain, he found himself seated on the deck of the vessel, her canvas wings outspread, and the shores of his native soil fleeting rapidly away on either side. He looked, as the ship went on, to the

cottage of the Dalys. Two or three of the children, in deep mourning, were playing on the lawn; Lowry Looby was turning the cows into the new-mown meadow, and Mr. Daly himself, also in deep black, was standing, cane in hand, upon the steps of the hall-door. The vessel still swept on, but Hardress dared not turn his eyes in the direction of Castle Chute. The dawn of the following morning beheld him tossed upon the waves of the Atlantic, and looking back to the clifted heads of the Shannon, that stood like a gigantic portal opening far behind. The land of his nativity faded rapidly on his sight; but before the vessel came within sight of that of his exile, Hardress had rendered up the life which the law forbore to take!

His mother lived long after, in the practice of the austere and humiliating works of piety which her Church prescribes for the observance of the penitent. Her manner, in the course of time, became quiet, serene, and uncomplaining; and though not so generally admired, she became more loved among her friends and her dependants than in her days of pride and haughtier influence.

One circumstance may be mentioned, as affording a striking proof of the deep root which her predominant failing had taken in her character. After reading the paper which Hardress had left in his cabinet, and finding that it was written under what she conceived a too humiliating sense of his unworthiness, she refrained from bestowing it as he desired. It was not until the salutary change above mentioned had been wrought in her character, and after the purpose which the document was intended to accomplish had been brought to pass by other means, that she complied with her son's parting wishes.

It was a circumstance which placed the character of Anne Chute in a noble point of view, that, from the moment of the fearful discovery recorded in the last chapter, she never once upbraided her unhappy relative with the concealment which had so nearly linked her fate with that of one whose conduct she had so much cause to view with horror. Much as she had loved Hardress, and shocked as she was by the terrible occurrences of that night, she could not look back without the feeling of one who has escaped a great and hidden danger. It would have been denying her a virtue which she ought not to have wanted, if we said that the generosity and disinterestedness of Kyrle Daly failed eventually to produce that effect upon her feelings which it had long since done upon her reason. It was long, indeed, before this favorable indication could be suffered to appear; but it did appear, at length, after the remembrance of this unhappy story had grown faint in the course of time, and the tumult which it had left in many bosoms had been stilled for years, by penitence, or death. They were then united, and they were as happy as Earth could render hearts that looked to higher destinies and a more lasting rest. They lived long after in the practise of the duties of their place in life, and of that religion to which the guilty and the neglectful owe their deepest terrors, and good men their dearest consolations.

The wretched partner in the crime of Hardress died amid all the agonies of a remorse which made even those whose eyes had often looked upon such scenes shrink back with fear and wonder. He owed his fate to an erring sense of fidelity, and to the limited and mischievous course of education too common in his class; while Hardress might be looked on as the victim of his cherished vanity and pride of self-direction.

These events furnished Lowry Looby with matter for a great fund of philosophical eloquence, which he was fond of indulging at even, when his pipe lit freely and the fire shone bright upon the hearth. This faithful servant lived long enough to enjoy the honors of a freehold in his native county of Clare, and to share it with the careful housewife

who was accustomed to provide for his wants with so much affectionate care at the dairy-cottage. His name, I understand, was found upon the poll-books at the late memorable election in that county; but on which side of the question he bestowed his voice, is more than my utmost industry has enabled me to ascertain.

Reader, if you have shuddered at the excesses into which he plunged, examine your own heart, and see if it hide nothing of the intellectual pride and volatile susceptibility of new impressions, which were the ruin of Hardress Cregan. If, besides the amusement which these pages may have afforded, you should learn anything from such research for the avoidance of evil, or the pursuit of good, it will not be in vain that we have penned the story of our two COLLEGIANS.

## NARRATIVE.

*The real occurrence which suggested the plot of the Collegians, though furnishing little more than the ground-work of that tale, was in itself little inferior in interest. THE FOLLOWING NARRATIVE OF IT IS TAKEN FROM THE New Monthly Magazine:—*

The river Shannon, in its passage westward towards the Atlantic, expands, about forty miles below the city of Limerick, into a capacious sheet of water resembling an estuary, and making a distance of ten or twelve miles from bank to bank. At the northern, or county of Clare side, is the town of Kilrush. Upon the opposite shore, adjoining the borders of the counties of Limerick and Kerry, is the town of Tarbert; and a few miles higher up the stream, the now inconsiderable village of Glyn—the same from which a branch of the Fitzgeralds originally took their ancient, and still honored, title of “Knights of Glyn.” None of these places make any kind of show upon the banks, which, besides, are pretty thickly planted almost down to the water’s edge. The river itself in this part presents few signs of human intercourse. In the finest summer weather the eye may often look round and search in vain for a single bark or boat to break the solitude of the scene. The general desolation is in fact at times so complete, that were an adept in crime to be in quest of a place where a deed of violence might be perpetrated under the eye of God alone, he could not select a fitter scene than the channel of the river Shannon, midway between the points I have just described.

One morning, a little after sunrise, about the latter end of July, in the year —, two poor fishermen, named Patrick Connell and — Driscoll, who lived at Moneypoint, a small hamlet near Kilrush, went down to the river side, according to their custom, to attend to their occupation. As they walked along the strand in the direction of their boat, they came upon a human body, which had been washed ashore by the last tide. It was the remains of a young female, and had no clothing or covering of any kind, excepting a small bodice. Who or what she had been they could not conjecture, but how she came by her death was manifest. They found a rope tied to one end as tightly as possible round the neck, and at the other presenting a large loop, to which they supposed that a stone, or some other weight, had been attached, until the working of the stream had caused it to separate. From the general state of the body, and more particularly from the

teeth having almost all dropped out, they concluded that it must have been under the water for several weeks. After a short consultation, the two fishermen resolved upon proceeding without delay to Kilrush, to apprise the civil authorities of the circumstance; but in the meantime, they could not bear to think of leaving the remains exposed, as they had found them, on the shore, liable to be borne away again by the tide before they could return. They accordingly removed the body to a little distance beyond high-water mark, and gave it a temporary interment.

The magistrates of the neighborhood having ascertained, from the report of the fishermen, that a dreadful crime had been committed, set immediate inquiries on foot for the discovery of the offender. The exertions of the magistrates in the present instance were so successful that a considerable mass of circumstantial evidence was in readiness for the coronor’s jury that was summoned to inquire into the identity of the deceased and the cause of her death. The details were voluminous, and I shall, therefore, select only the most striking and material.

The most important and ample information was communicated by a young woman named Ellen Walsh. A few weeks before the finding of the remains, this person being at Kilrush, went down to the river side in search of a passage across to Glyn, where she resided in service with a lady. It was then approaching sunset. Upon arriving at the shore, she found a small pleasure-boat on the point of putting off for Tarbert. Six persons were in the boat: a Mr. S—, a young woman, who was addressed as Mrs. S—, Stephen Sullivan, Mr. S—’s servant, and three boatmen of the town of Kilrush. There was also on board a trunk belonging to Mrs. S—. The only one of the party of whom Ellen Walsh had any previous knowledge was Sullivan, whose native place was Glyn, and upon addressing herself to him for a passage across, she was permitted to enter the boat. They immediately got under weigh, expecting to reach Tarbert before dark; but before they had proceeded any distance on their way across, they discovered that this was impracticable. In addition to an adverse tide, it came on to blow so hard against them that the boat made little or no way, so that they were kept out upon the water the whole of the night. Towards morning a heavy shower of rain fell, but the wind having moderated, the rowers succeeded in reaching a small place below Tarbert, called Carrickafayle. Here



the party landed as the day began to dawn, and taking the trunk along with them proceeded to a small public-house in the village, to dry themselves, and obtain refreshment. After breakfast, the boatmen, who had been hired for the single occasion of rowing the boat across the river, were dismissed and returned towards their homes. The boat, which (it afterwards appeared) had been purchased a few days before by Mr. S——, and Sullivan went out (they said to search for change of a note), and were absent about an hour, leaving Mrs. S—— and Ellen Walsh together in the public-house.

And here it was that some particulars observed by the latter, when subsequently recalled to her recollection and disclosed, became of vital moment as matter of circumstantial evidence. It has been already stated that the body found by the fishermen was without any covering, save a small bodice, so that no direct evidence of identity could be established by ascertaining what particular dress Mrs. S——wore; but, indirectly, a knowledge of this fact (as will appear in the sequel) became of the first importance. Upon this subject Ellen Walsh was able to give some minute and accurate information. She had forgotten the color of the gown Mrs. S——wore when they landed at Carrickafoyle; but she well remembered that she had on a gray cloth mantle, lined with light blue silk, and with welts of a particular fashion in the skirts. She also wore a pink-colored silk handkerchief round her neck, and had on her finger two gold rings—one plain, the other carved. These Ellen Walsh had observed and noted before Mr. S—— and his servant left the public-house; but during their absence, Mrs. S—— opened the trunk, and, with the natural vanity of a young female, exhibited for her admiration several new articles of dress which it contained. Among other things, there were two trimmed spencers—one of green, the other of yellow silk; two thin muslin frocks—one plain, the other worked; and a green velvet reticule, trimmed with gold lace.

Upon the return of Mr. S—— and Sullivan to the public-house, the weather having now cleared, they proposed to Mrs. S—— to go on board the boat. Ellen Walsh, understanding that Tarbert was their destination, desired to accompany them; but Sullivan, taking her aside, recommended her to remain where she was until the following morning, adding (and this last observation was in the hearing of his master), that in the meantime "they would get rid of that girl" (Mrs. S——), and then return and convey her to Glyn. This Ellen Walsh declined, and followed the party to the beach, entreating to be at least put across to the other side of a certain creek there, which would save her a round of several miles on her way homewards. At first they would not consent, and put off without her, but seeing her begin to cry, Mr. S—— and Sullivan, after a short consultation, put back the boat, and taking her in, conveyed her across the creek, and landed her about three miles below the town of Glyn. They then sailed away in the direction of the opposite shore, and she proceeded homewards. Early next morning Ellen Walsh having occasion to go out upon some errand, was surprised to see Sullivan standing at the door of his mother's house in Glyn. She entered the house, and the first thing she perceived was Mrs. S——'s trunk upon the floor. She asked if Mrs. S—— was in Glyn. Sullivan replied, "that she was not; that she had shipped her off with the captain of an American vessel." Two or three days after, Ellen Walsh saw upon one of Sullivan's sisters a gray mantle, which she instantly recognized as the one Mrs. S—— had worn at Carrickafoyle. There was a woman at Glyn named Grace Scanlon, with whom Mr. S——, when he went there, was in the habit of lodging. In this person's house Ellen Walsh, some time after, saw the silk handkerchief, one of the spencers, and the two muslin frocks, which Mrs. S—— had shown her at Carrickafoyle. (These it appeared from other evidence, had been sold to Grace Scanlon by Sullivan, who accounted to her for their coming into his possession by stating that Mrs. S—— had run away from Kilrush

with an officer, and left her trunk of clothes behind her.) Finally, about a fortnight after the disappearance of Mrs. S——, Ellen Walsh, going one evening into Grace Scanlon's house, found Mr. S—— and Sullivan sitting there. The former had on one of his fingers a gold carved ring, precisely resembling that worn by Mrs. S——. They both were under the influence of liquor, and talked much and loud. Among other things, Sullivan asked his master for some money, and on being refused, observed emphatically: "Mr. John, you know I have as good a right to that money as you have."

Such were in substance the most material facts (excepting one particular hereafter mentioned) that had fallen under Ellen Walsh's observation; and upon the magistrates being apprised that she had such evidence to give, she was summoned as a witness upon the inquest. She accordingly attended, and accompanied the coroner's jury to the place where the remains had been deposited by the fishermen. The circumstances she detailed were pregnant with suspicion against Mr. S—— and his servant. A young and defenceless female had disappeared. Upon the last occasion of her having been seen, she was in their company, in an open boat, on the river Shannon. A declaration had been made by the servant, "that she was to be got rid of." On the very next day her trunk of clothes is seen in their possession. And soon after a part of the dress she wore in the boat on the servant's sister, and one of her rings on the master's finger; add to this the mysterious allusion to the money: "Mr. John, you know I have as good a right to that money as you have." A few weeks after, a body is washed ashore, near to the place where this young woman had last been seen—the body of a young female, who had manifestly been stript and murdered, and flung into the river, exhibiting symptoms of decay (according to the report of the fishermen) that exactly tallied with the time of her suspected death. But, on the other hand, there were some circumstances in the case, as detailed by Ellen Walsh, which justified the magistrates in considering that a jury should pause before they pronounced her evidence to be conclusive. Of Sullivan they had no knowledge; but his master they knew to be a young gentleman of some territorial property, of respectable parentage, and nearly allied by blood with more than one of the noble families of Ireland. This naturally compelled them to entertain some doubts. Then, upon the supposition that he and his servant had concerted the murder of the young woman Ellen Walsh had seen with them, what could be more clumsy and incautious than their previous and subsequent conduct? The inference from her story of the transaction was, that the time and manner executing their deadly purpose was finally determined upon during their absence from the public-house at Carrickafoyle. Yet the very first thing they do upon their return is to inform her, without any kind of necessity for the communication, "that they want to get rid of that girl";—a declaration consistent enough with their subsequent account of her disappearance, but almost incredible, if considered as a gratuitous disclosure by persons meditating the perpetration of an atrocious crime. They next permit the same person (as if determined that she should be a further witness against them) to see them bearing away their victim to the very scene of execution; and finally they appear the next day in the town of Glyn, and publicly exhibit themselves and the evidences of their crime to the very person from whose scrutiny and observation, upon the supposition of their guilt, they must have known they had so much to apprehend.

These conflicting views did not escape the attention of the magistrates who had undertaken the investigation of the affair. They saw that the case would continue involved in the mystery, unless it could be unequivocally made to appear that the young woman seen by Ellen Walsh and the murdered person were the same. For this purpose, before they allowed the body to be disinterred for the inspection of the jury, they used the precaution of reinterroga-

The friends of the prisoner were, for many and obvious reasons, desirous that he should be conveyed in a close carriage to the place of execution. Expecting a reprieve, they had neglected to provide one, and they now found it impossible to hire such a conveyance. Large sums were offered at the different places where chaises and horses were to be let; but the popular prejudice prevailed. At last an old carriage was found exposed for sale, and purchased. Horses were still to be provided, when two turf-carts, belonging to tenants of the prisoner, appeared moving in the town. The horses were taken from the carts, and harnessed to the carriage. To this the owners made no resistance; but no threats nor entreaties could induce either of them to undertake the office of driver. After a further delay, occasioned by the difficulty a needy wretch among the bystanders was tempted, by the offer of a guinea, to take the reins, and brave the ridicule of the mob. The prisoner accompanied by the gaoler and clergyman, was put into the carriage, and the procession began to advance. At the distance of a few hundred yards from the gaol, a bridge was to be passed. The horses, which had shown no signs of restiveness before, no sooner reached the foot of the bridge than they came to a full stop. Beating, coaxing, cursing, all were unavailing; not an inch beyond that spot could they be made to advance. The contest between them and the driver terminated in one of the horses deliberately lying down, amidst the cheers of the mob. To their excited apprehensions, this act of the animal had superstitious import. It evinced a preternatural abhorrence of the crime of murder, a miraculous instinct in detecting guilt, which a jury of Irish gentlemen had taken hours to pronounce upon. Every effort to get the carriage forward having failed, the prisoner was removed from it, and conducted on foot to the place of execution. It was a solemn and melancholy sight as he slowly moved along the main street of a crowded city, environed by mil-



itary, unpitied by the populace, and gazed at with shuddering curiosity from every window. For a while the operation of the laudanum he had drunk was manifested. There was a drowsy stupor in his eye as he cast it insensibly around him. Instead of moving continuously forward, every step he made in advance seemed a distinct and laborious effort. Without the assistance of the gaoler and clergyman, who supported him between them, he must, to all appearance, have dropped on the pavement. These effects, however, gradually subsided, and before he arrived at the place of execution, his frame had resumed its wonted firmness.

At the place of execution, the prisoner was solemnly adjured by the clergyman in attendance to admit the justice of his sentence; he as solemnly reasserted his innocence. The cap was drawn over his eyes, and he was about to be thrown off. An accidental interruption occurred. The clergyman raised the cap, and once more appealed to him as to a person upon whom the world had already closed. The answer was: "I am suffering for a crime in which I never participated. If Sullivan is ever found, my innocence will appear." Sullivan was found before the next assizes, when he was tried and convicted upon the same evidence adduced against his master. Sullivan was a Catholic, and after his con-

viction made a voluntary and full confession. It put the master's guilt beyond all question. The wretched girl, according to his statement, had insisted upon retaining in her own hands a portion of some money which it appeared she had taken from her uncle when she deserted him. To obtain this, and also to disembarass himself of an incumbrance, her seducer planned her death. Sullivan undertook to be executioner. After setting Ellen Walsh on shore, they returned to an unfrequented point near Carrickafoyle, where the instruments of murder—a musket and a rope—lay concealed. With these and the unsuspecting victim, Sullivan put out in the boat. The master remained upon the strand. After the interval of an hour the boat returned, bearing back Ellen Hanlon unharmed. "I thought I had made up my mind," said the ruffian, in his penitential declaration; "I was just lifting the musket to dash her brains out; but when I looked in her innocent face, I had not the heart to do it." This excuse made no impression upon the merciless master. Sullivan was plied with liquor, and again despatched upon the murderous mission; the musket was once more raised, and—the rest has been told.

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# THE PEEP O'DAY:

OR,

JOHN DOE.

## CHAPTER I.

THE old devotion to private skirmishing of the Irish peasantry is well known. Skirmishing would indeed be too mild a word to express the ferocious encounters that often took place among them—(we speak in the past tense, for from a series of wretchednesses, the spirit has of late considerably decreased)—when parties, or, as they are locally termed, factions, of fifty or a hundred, met, by appointment, to wage determined war; when blood profusely flowed, and, sometimes, lives were lost.

But, apart from the more important instances of the practice those pitched battles presented, accident, and the simplest occurrences of their lives—pleasure, rural exercise, sport, or even the sober occupation of conveying a neighbor to his last home—supplied, indifferently well, opportunities for an Irish row.

On festival days, when they met at a "pattern" (patron, perhaps) or merry-making, the lively dance of the girls, and the galloping jig-note of the bagpipes, usually gave place to the clattering of alpeens, and the whoops of onslaught. When one of them sold his pig, or, under Providence, his cow at the fair, the kicking up of a "scrimmage," or at least the plunging head foremost into one, was as much a matter of course as the long draughts of ale or whisky that closed his mercantile transaction. At the village hurling-match, the "hurlet," or crooked stick with which they struck the ball, often changed its playful utility. Nay, at a funeral, the body was scarce laid in the grave when the voice of petty discord might be heard above the grave's silence.

These contentions, like all great events, generally arose from very trivial causes. A drunken fellow, for instance, was in a strange public-house; he could not content himself with the new faces near him, so struck at some three, six, or ten, as it might be, and, of course, got soundly drubbed. On his return home, he related his case of injury, exhibiting his closed eye, battered mouth, or remnant of nose; and, enlisting all his relatives, "kith-and-kin"—in fact, all his neighbors who liked "a bit of diversion," and they generally included the whole male population able to bear arms—at the head of his faction he attended the next fair, or other place of resort, where he might expect to meet his foes.

The noise of his muster went abroad, or he had sent a previous challenge: the opposite party had assembled in as much force as possible, never declining the encounter: one or other side was beaten, and tried to avenge his disgrace on the first opportunity. Defeat again followed, and again produced like efforts and results; and thus the solemn feud ran through a number of years and several generations.

A wicked, "devil-may-care" fellow, feverish for sport, would, at fair, pattern, or funeral, sometimes smite another without any provocation, merely to create a riot: the standers-by would take different sides, as their taste or connections inclined them, and the fray thus commencing, between two individuals who owed each other no ill-will, embroiled half the assembled concourse. Nay, a youth, in despair that so fine a multitude was likely to separate peaceably, would strip off his heavy outside coat, and trail it through the puddle, daring any of the lookers-on to tread upon it. Such defiance was rarely ineffectual; he knocked down, if possible, the invited offender; a general battle ensued that soon spread like wild-fire, and every "alpeen" was at work in senseless clatter and unimaginable hostility.

The occurrence of the word "alpeen," here and elsewhere, seems to suggest a description of the weapon of which it is the name, and this can best be given in a piece of biographical anecdote.

Jack Mullally still lives in fame, though his valiant bones are dust. He was a landlord of a public-house in a mountain district; a chivalrous fellow, a righter of wrongs, the leader of a faction of desperate fighting men:—like Arthur, with his doughty knights, he was a match for any four among them, though each a hero: above all, he was the armorer of his department. In Jack's chimney-corner, hung bundles of sticks, suspended there for the purpose of being dried and seasoned. These were of two descriptions of warlike weapons—shortish *oaken* cudgels, to be used as quarter-staves, or, *par excellence*, genuine shillelaghs; and the alpeens themselves—long wattles with heavy knobs at the ends, to be wielded with both hands, and competent, under good guidance, to the felling of an ox.

Jack and his subjects, Jack and his alpeens, were rarely absent from any fair within twenty miles, having



always business on hand in the way of their association. When a skirmish took place, the side that could enlist in their interests Jack, his alpeens, and his merry men, was sure of victory. The patriarch was generally to be found seated by his kitchen fire. Business was beneath him; he left all that to the "*vanithee*," and his hours lapsed, when matters of moment did not warn him to the field, either in wetting his sticks with a damp cloth, and then heating them over the turf blaze, to give them the proper curve; or in teaching a pet starling to speak Irish, and whistle "*Shaun Buoy*," or, haply, in imbibing his own ale or whisky, and smoking his short black pipe, or *doodheen* as he himself termed it. Here he gave audience to the numerous suitors and ambassadors who, day by day, came to seek his aid, preparatory to concerted engagements. His answer was never hastily rendered. He promised, at all events, to be, with his corps, at the appointed ground: then and there would he proclaim of which side he was the ally. This precautionary course became the more advisable as he was always sure of a request from both factions; and time, forethought, and inquiry, were necessary to ascertain which side might prove the weaker. For to the weakest—the most aggrieved formed no part of his calculations—Jack invariably extended his patronage.

The vanithee, good woman, when she heard of an approaching fair or other popular meeting, immediately set about preparing plasters and ointments; this resulted from a thrifty forecast. For, were she to call in a doctor every time her husband's head wanted piecing, it would run away with the profits of her business. Jack, indeed, never forgot his dignity so far as to inform his wife that he intended being engaged on such occasions: but she always took it for granted, and, with the bustle of a good housewife, set about her preparations accordingly. Till at length a breach happened in his skull which set her art at defiance; and ever since she lives the sole proprietor of the public-house where Jack once reigned in glory. The poor widow has thriven since her husband's death; and is now rich, not having lately had Jack's assistance in spending (she never had it in earning). She recounts his exploits with modest spirit; and one blessing, at least, has resulted from her formerly matronly care of the good man: she is the Lady Bountiful of her district; a quack, it may be, yet sufficiently skilful for the uncomplicated ailments of her country customers.

Such ordinary facts as we have here glanced at, never fail to strike with astonishment, if they do not greatly interest, the English visitor to "the sister isle," when he is first made acquainted with them. In both ways were they regarded by two young English officers quartered at a remote, though no very remote period, in the inland town of Clonmel, before whom a native acquaintance descended on these traits of local character, while he and his military friends sat over their evening bottle. The bottle emptied, the Clonmel visitor gone, Lieutenants Howard and Graham remained together, still occupied with the new and extraordinary anecdotes they had heard. They separated for the

night, and continued to recur with interest to the information of their friend. They were amazed, if not shocked; they could not understand how such things could happen. In a civilized country, indeed, a motive to the cool, scientific punishment that Spring and Neat, or Spring and Langan, bestow upon each other, was easily comprehended; but they stared with utter consternation at the mystery of an Irish fight, because it was discussed with shillelaghs and alpeens, instead of fists and knuckles.

Next morning they met, after their early parade, at Graham's private lodgings—for, at the time we speak of, the officers of a regiment were afforded, even in considerable towns in Ireland, but scanty accommodation in barracks. It was a hot, oppressive forenoon in the close of July, promising a day of even more relaxing influence, and ten hours of sunlight were before them, to be spent in one way or other. To the man of business, or to the professional man in London, to the needy author, the toiling lawyer, nay, considering the various rounds of metropolitan amusements, perhaps to the Cornet of the Guards himself, this may seem no very embarrassing prospect; but to the fashionable English lieutenant on country service in Ireland it might well appear an endless vista, beset with doubt and fear, and all the little fiends of apathy and idleness.

In their want of something to do, and while they again recurred to the topics of the preceding night, the friends felt curious to behold, as they had previously been surprised to hear of, an Irish row; and—

"Oh, for a fight of alpeens!" said Graham, throwing up the window, as he rose from breakfast, and heaving one of those heavy sighs that denote the joint reign of heat and listlessness. "Howard, what is to become of us this ferocious day?"

"There's nothing to be done with the fishing-rods," returned Howard; "Izaak Walton himself could not tempt to bite any trout in his senses, till evening, at least. And I am tired of the two Misses O'Flaherty."

"And I of the three Miss Nicholsons, and of the four Miss Pattensons," said Graham; "their prattle and tattle, their tastes and their raptures, are death to me. They have all been escorted through the streets, and on their public promenades, and to Church, Mass, or Meeting, by the poor ensigns of the last score of regiments quartered in their native town, saying the same fiddle-faddle things, and exhibiting to each set, successively and in vain, from time immemorial, the same faces and the same fascinations."

"Then their brothers and male cousins are such sots, asses, or puppies," continued Howard, in the same complimentary strain, towards people who thought themselves as the apple of his eye.

"And their mothers and maiden aunts such worriers," rejoined Graham in the same tone. "And the girls themselves, too, they walk so much, and they clack so fast, and they parade one so here and there, that a man had better be on a real forced march at once, than by their sides in such weather. But, suppose billiards?"—

"Monstrous!"

"Then the racket-court?"

"Terrible!"

"A cool hand at whist till mess-hour?"

This proposal was also considered and declined. The friends having thus passed in review all the means of enjoyment suggested by their situation and ruling tastes, remained for some time hopelessly silent, picking crumbs of bread off the breakfast-table, and gently filipping them out at the open window, until the entrance of their last night's guest gave a fresh and pleasing turn to their ideas. Renewing with him the conversation about Irish fights and merry-makings, they were cheered to find that a pattern was that day holden a few miles from Clonmel, where they might hope to become acquainted, at a civil distance, with the prowess of the Alpeen and Shillelagh.

A proposal from Mr. Burke, their Clonmel friend, to guide them to the spot, was immediately accepted; and, though the sun grew fierce in his strength, they resolved to proceed on foot, for he promised to lead them by a short cut through fields and meadows. The breeze of the open country was reviving, and they would saunter along, resting in the occasional shade, and by the clear cool brooks; no hurry was in the case; indeed it were better to come upon the scene of festivity toward evening. Altogether, everything was *now* practicable and delightful. So, sinking the military character in peaceful suits of clothes, a precaution prudently hinted by Mr. Burke, each gentleman, by his further advice, exhibited himself with a respectable shillelagh, and the little expedition set out.

## CHAPTER II.

AFTER a pleasant saunter through an open, interesting country, Howard and Graham, and their friend, gained the spacious plain on which the pattern was being held. For some time they rambled about amongst the people, looking on at their diversions, or occasionally joining in their mirth. Assuredly there was here a sufficient variety to engage their attention. Some were employed at the wonders of the show-box, or listening with open mouths, and looks of respectful amazement, to the oratory of its accomplished exhibitor. Our gentlemen did not, themselves, refuse an approving laugh to one turn of the fellow's eloquence. He had in his hand the knotted string, which guided the movements of a picture of a certain battle, celebrated in the annals of the Irish rebellion for a triumph over some regiments of Irish militia by a mob of peasants, assisted by a part of the handful of French landed at Killala.

"Look to the right," quoth the showman, "and you shall see the Wicklow militia scampering off the ground, my Lord Monck at their head, on the gallant occasion. Small blame to his lordship, for the French are at his heels."

Passing from this group of rustic connoisseurs, our visitors next noticed a swarm of simple clowns, who stood, all their faculties of acuteness and comprehension brought

to a focus, watching the coils of a strip of old hat, as the cunning knave who professed this species of gambling folded it up in good affectation of plain dealing; then, certain that they had kept an observant eye during the process, they proceeded, with hope almost raised to certainty, to stick a wooden peg in the proper loop. A half-penny was paid for the venture, and if successful they were to gain thrice the sum; but, with all their sagacity, bitter disappointment was sure to follow. Many staked their money on the fascinating evolutions of the Wheel of Fortune; and always with certain loss: others threw a stick at some wooden pins placed upright in the ground, ever filled with honest surprise that they could not hit any of them, though but a few yards distant. There were beggars with every boasted ailment under the sun, clamorously insisting on the charity of "the good Christians;" and ballad-singers with cracked lungs, squeaking forth ditties of unique composition; such as,—

"As I did ramble,  
Down by a bramble," &c.

There were venders of cakes and of cheese, of apples and of gingerbread, all striving with incessant uproar to attract custom. But the principal diversion, and that to which the greater number were attached, was dancing on the green sod. As our trio stood a little elevated above the concourse, they counted ten pipers within ken, each surrounded by a crowd of "boys and girls," footing it away with every mark of utter glee and happiness. The manner in which a piper set up his establishment was simple enough. If he had a wife—as which of them had not?—she brought a stool, and, lacking that convenience, a stone served the purpose: he seated himself; struck up a merry jig; one or two friends patronized his muse, and presently he had a group around him, and was prosperous.

By the way, an occurrence noticed by our party, on their walk to the pattern, should here be mentioned. A few fields from the scene of festivity they perceived a young fellow, rakishly dressed in his holiday garb, stop, unconscious of observance, before one of those tall stones occasionally to be met with in the country parts of Ireland, but of which the use or meaning is unknown to us, notwithstanding that we have anxiously inquired after their tradition. The athletic fellow held his hat in his hand, bowed to the stone with all the air he could assume; bowed again and again; then replaced his hat, and began to dance rapidly before his stationary partner. He kept his eyes fixed on his feet, as if to watch how they did their business; and after some time, at length seemingly pleased with his performance, he took off his hat again; again bowed profoundly to the stone, and with an exulting shout, scampered off to the pattern. Here he was soon recognized, using to a pretty girl, as he took her out to dance, the same graceful ceremonies he had before lavished on an object not so sensible of his fascinations.

"Tents," or booths, constructed in a very primitive manner, were, to the number of forty or fifty, erected along the field. Long, pliant wattles stuck in the ground at regular distances, and running some thirty



feet, then meeting at top, and covered with blankets, sacks, or such like awning, made up each tent. A description of the interior of one will give a proper idea of the rest. A long deal table, or rather a succession of deal tables, was placed nearly from end to end; forms were ranged at each side; and on these sat a mixed company of old and young. Here a youthful fellow was placed by a pretty girl, his arm around her neck, while he whispered his best soft things, and she smiled, and pouted, and coquetted; opposite sat two or three old men discoursing on the weather, the crops, and the prices; the young folks no ways bashful in their presence, and little reason had they to be so; for the ancients quaffed their liquor often and heartily, taking not the least notice of what passed at the other side. Here too was a piper, and the dance went on as vigorously within as without. The landlord and landlady stationed near the entrance were provided with a good store of ale and whisky, at the call of their customers, attended by a wench as comely as possible, eternally out of breath with running here and there, as the incessant knocks of the empty quarts against the table challenged her attention. It was her business to see that the same quart did not thump a second time, and to be prepared with her best smile and ready joke, and perhaps something else, equally ready and desirable, for every customer who should choose to laugh or bandy wit, or struggle for a stray favor, with the decently-coy Hebe.

Having walked everywhere their curiosity directed, without observing any promise of an Irish row, our amateurs were, in some disappointment, about to return home, when their unconscious acquaintance whom they had seen bowing to the stone made his appearance from the aperture of a tent, his hat doffed, and leading by the hand a blooming lass. It was evident he had seen the party of gentlemen from within; and now stopping and scraping before them—"Gentlemen," said he, "here's a merry young girl want's a position for a dance." His fair charge whispered to him, and he continued, addressing himself to Graham, "Will you, sir, take a small dance wid the colleen chaise?"

She sent, on her own part, a merry invitation from her black eye, and Graham's Clonmel friend answered: "This gentleman never said no to a pretty girl in his life." The girl curtsied, still looking to Graham, who, of course, repaid her with a bow. Whereupon she offered her hand, and rather led than was led by Graham into the tent, Howard, Burke, and the posture-master following.

Here they found themselves in the presence of fifty or sixty country people of both sexes and all ages; some singing; some spouting love; some dancing, and some conversing vehemently, and with, at least, spirited gesticulation. But, though thus separately engaged in the detail, all were unanimous in one accompaniment, namely, the consumption of ale or whisky, more or less; their hearts wide open as their mouths and eyes, and their animal spirits ecstatic from the genial influence of the liquor.

With officious eagerness, they made room for the

strangers, whose "health an' long life" was immediately toasted round from mouth to mouth; and, according to the local usages of hospitality, Graham, Howard, and Burke, had to pledge every soul within view, each in his or her own magnum. This was more than an inconvenience; but the visitors had determined to conform in everything to the taste of their circle, and, in the entire good-will of their neighbors, they found the benefit of their policy. For, when in turn they ordered some whisky punch, and pushed it round, they had enlisted, forever, the affection of every creature present.

"Arrah, thonomon-duoul, gintilmen, bud here's your hearty welcome among us; here's long life an' glory to ye! Upon my soul bud I loves the likes o' ye in the bottom o' my heart, that wouldn't be shy or afraid to sit down and take a drop wid the country-boys. Ye deserve the best in the tent, an' ye must have it as long as Paddy Fliinn has a laffina in the 'varsal world—halloo, there!" and thump went the empty quart against the table. Mr. Patrick Fliinn, the knight of the stone, had emptied his vessel at one draught, out of the good-will he bore them, and now pounded with a force that set all the other vessels dancing, while the tent echoed the sound.

During his delivery of this speech, Howard had time more closely to observe the face and probable character of their quondam acquaintance. He seemed about twenty-three years of age, tall, wiry, and athletic: his features expressed rather shrewdness than openness; the eyes gray and small; the nose aquiline, and the mouth in a perpetual play of waggery and good-humor, which, perhaps, was as much a convenient affectation as a natural habit. His whole manner and dress, too, appeared ostentatiously disposed to claim notice for him as a queer, scapegrace-looking fellow. He now wore his hat on one side; and the collar of his shirt being open, displayed a throat and neck red as scarlet, and rough as a cow's tongue.

While Howard made his observations, he was interrupted by a husky, gruff voice at his other side, saying: "Here's tow'd's yere good healths, gintilmin, an' that ye may thrive an' prosper, an' that I may live to see ye here again at the pattrern this day twelve-months, I pray Gor."

The voice that pronounced these words was not in unison with them; and when Howard fixed his eyes upon the speaker, he felt that neither in person or feature did they find a correspondence. The man was, in fact, of that outward description termed ill-looking. His face, large and gross, beamed with nothing kindly: in stature he was short and broad, but of Herculean symmetry; under a bushy black eyebrow lurked a deep, and, if not scowling, a watchful eye: the whole expression of his features was gravity of a disagreeable kind. At variance with the general costume around, he wore an ample, sailorly jacket, and a red handkerchief, that coiled like a cable round a throat unconscious of a shirt-collar. In other respects his dress accorded with the usual one; being composed of a nameless-colored shirt, breeches open at the knees, pale blue stockings, un-

gartered, and part of an old hat, tied with "suggans," or hay ropes, about the small of each leg, and covering the top of his brogues. His age might be forty-five.

But Howard was again diverted from his studies by—"Musha, yere healths, an' kindly welcome to the pattrern a hinnies-machree,"—addressed to him and Burke by a sedate old matron, whose clothing, being of the most costly kind worn by the class to which she belonged, showed her to be "comfortable," and that she could well afford to spend a little on such occasions as the present. She had on a good blue rug cloak, the falling hood lined with purple satin, and a large silver hook-and-eye to fasten it at her neck. A flaming silk handkerchief was tied on her head in the way peculiar to her country, the costly lace of her cap peeping from under it. There was a cordiality, and earnestness of voice, and a soft benevolence of smile, accompanying her words, that formed a strong contrast to the last salutation.

"Healths a piece, genteels, all round—not forgetting you, sir," added a rosy lass, with a stammer, a smile, and a blush, and her eyes half raised over the vessel, as in the last words she addressed herself to Howard. And in this strain arose the civilities of every individual in the booth: the phrase and sentiment varying with the age or character of the speaker.

In the meantime, Howard and Burke were lookers-on at the dance between Graham and his partner. When the jig was first about to be struck up, Graham, under the tutelage of Burke, requested to know the tune the lady wished. He was answered, according to invariable custom, with a set phrase—"What's your will is my pleasure, sir." But here the fair one proved over complaisant; as, from his total ignorance of native music, Graham could name no tune likely to be understood. In this dilemma he had recourse to the piper, who sat with his instrument prepared, awaiting orders: and in a whisper desired he would give his own favorite. But, before we proceed further, let us introduce more particularly Mr. Thadeus Fitzgerald, or—as he was called by his own friends—Thady Whigarald, the piper.

This popular votary of Apollo, was, if his physiognomy furnished proof, as happy in playing his pipes, as those they set a capering. He sat a good bulky personage, with a fat, pleasant orb of countenance, which, while he tuned his pipes, simpered like a joint of mutton in the dinner-pot: when at work his sightless eyeballs kept rolling about, as his head went backward and forward, and up and down, in unison with his own beloved strains; while every other feature expressed correspondent applause and ecstasy. His rusty, broad-brimmed hat was encircled by a small hay-rope instead of the ordinary band, and in this his pipe was stuck: the leaf turned up all round; so that if Thady happened to be out in a shower, he must have a rivulet running round his head.

His gray frieze coat and waistcoat were much broken; the knees of his breeches open as usual; and his stockings so peculiarly tied below the fat knee as to serve for convenient pockets. Into one he slipped the

halfpence, the result of his professional skill; and from the other occasionally extracted a quid of tobacco, which, with a dexterous jerk, he deposited in his mouth, scarcely ever allowing this digression to interfere with the progress of his music. Thady was facetious withal; from time to time encouraging the dancers, as good sportsmen cheer on their dogs. When he heard the feet beat loud time to his jig, which in his estimation was the beau-ideal of dancing,—“Who! success attend you, my darlin’!—Who! ma colleen-beg! That’s id, a-vice-ma-chree!—Who! Who! that’s your sort, Shaun-mus!”—these and similar ejaculations joyfully mingled with the notes of his instrument.

To Graham’s request for his own favorite air Thady replied “Why, thin, agra, because your lavin’ it to myself, I’ll give you somethin’ that’s good: so here goes in the name o’ God;” and instantly he set his arm in motion to inflate his bag. Then volunteering a prefatorial shout, he struck up a jig, the rapid canter of which set Graham’s extremities going at such a rate as quickly to put him in a violent heat, and leave him panting for breath. Meanwhile, Graham’s mountain-partner, possessing better lungs, or being more of an adept at the exercise, seemed little exhausted, and through common shame and gallantry he rallied his own spirits, and resolved to dance the battle out. But, notwithstanding the encouraging shouts of Thady, the lively and really mirth-inspiring air, and the importance which he could not fail to perceive was attached to durability—for at different intervals he was addressed by the spectators with—“That’s id, your sowl! hould on as long as Thady has a screech in the chanther!”—notwithstanding all this, Graham was at last compelled to make his bow, and retire to a seat, completely blown and crestfallen.

His partner, seemingly but just fresh for the sport, looked triumphant, and still timing the music, jiggled towards Howard, with a rapid curtsey, and—“I dance to you, sir, i’ your plase.” Refusal was out of the question; and, although he had his friend’s fate before his eyes, up sprang the desperate man she had pitched upon. After some time Howard had the gratification to observe that his blooming adversary began in her turn to betray signs of fatigue, and he was about to congratulate himself on a speedy victory, for he had fully entered into the spirit of competition he observed so prevalent, when another damsel bounced up, flung by her mantle with a jolly air, cocked and secured her coarse straw bonnet, assumed the place of the first, and set upon Howard with all her might. This reinforcement soon decided his fate. Burke took the hint from what had been done by the second girl; Mr. Patrick Flinn relieved Burke. Other “country-boys” took part with the strangers, for it had now become a real contest between the sexes; and the fun waxed uproarious. Thady blew with redoubled fury, and grew downright clamorous in his cries of encouragement. The excessive effort creating excessive heat, our military incognitos and friend indulged in frequent glasses of punch, to prevent bad consequences; so that in a little time they joined in



the loud mirth of their companions; and unconsciously expressed their delight in the same manner as those around them. They turned their partners with a shout, and became *au fait* at the Irish screech. All in the tent felt flattered by the jocularly and heartiness with which they entered into the rustic mirth; and they had to undergo exclamations of good will, shakes of the hand, and even hugs and kisses, from old and young. Every draught of ale and toss of whisky went down freighted with "health and long life to the gintilmen, every inch o' them;" and all declared their readiness, nay, anxiety, to die on the spot, if it could be of the least service to them.

### CHAPTER III.

HOWARD, sitting down to rest during the progress of the dance, found himself again by the side of Paddy Flinn, who immediately addressed him.

"Musha, then, beggin' your pardon, sir, will you taste a drop of ale from a poor boy?" Howard tasted accordingly, and Paddy then caught his hand in an immense fist, hard as his own plough-handle, with a pressure that nearly caused the complimented person to shriek out.

"Sha-dhurth," \* Flinn continued—"upon my conscience, but I'd bear to be kilt stone-dead for you or any friend o' yours. Show me the man, standin' afore me, that 'ud say black is the white o' your eye!—whoo!"—(we have no better translation for the screech). "Whoo!—ma-hurp on duoul!—bud I'd batter his soul to smithereens!" And, letting Howard's hand go, he smote the table with such might, at the same time emitting a tremendous yell, that the quart from which he was drinking jumped into his lap, and there emptied its contents. Paddy took it up very leisurely, and looking at it for a moment, while his face assumed an expression of unique waggery, and lost the menacing appearance which a moment before it had worn, thus apostrophized the vessel.

"Why, then, fire to your soul, an' ill end to you, for one quart, couldn't you be asy wid yourself, an' not to go spill a body's dhrup o' liquor? Where do you think I'm to make out the maines o' fillin' you so often?" He again thumped the table with it, however, and the smiling tapster appeared in a thrice. "Here ma colleen dhass," he cried, "an' give us a quart the next time that we're losin' the dhrink."

"A pretty girl, Paddy," observed Howard.

"Arrah, then, isn't she, sir? an' all o' them, the craturs, considerin' sich as them, that lives on phatoes one an' twenty times in the week?"† But here a sudden stop was put to the dialogue; Howard, from what immediately followed, imagining the fellow had lost his wits. Paddy sprang up; gave his hat a violent shove, that made it hang at quite one side of his head; jumped across the table; in his transit overset two old men who were talking Irish; and, without waiting to apologize for his rudeness, brushed up to where the

dance was going forward, and bellowed out, as he flourished a stick he had snatched in his progress—

"Show me the mother's son o' you that daare touch that! Whoo! Dare you touch it?"—whisking round, and playing the stick over the head of a young fellow near him.

"No! but I'd sthrike the man that would!—Whoo!" was the answer.

Paddy, after waiting for some time, hallooing and brandishing his weapon in defiance of the whole world, stooped down and raised a hat from the ground, which, with many professions of esteem and love, he presented to Graham, from whose head it had fallen in dancing, and who, in the full fling of the sport, had scarcely observed his loss. Paddy then moved quickly back to his place; but Howard shifted his quarters, not choosing any longer the immediate proximity of so turbulent a spirit.

Perhaps Howard had another reason for this change of place. No intimate and cordial fellowship seemed to exist between Flinn and the short, dark man we have before described as attracting Howard's notice; yet, on more than one occasion, he thought he observed a peculiar intelligence take place between them. It was interchanged slightly indeed, by the rapid elevation of an eyebrow, the compression of the lips, a shrug, a faint smile, or even a stare; but these simple indications bespoke, in Howard's mind, a closer acquaintance than it was evident the parties wished to proclaim, and the mystery interested him.

Another circumstance, too, assisted the interest. At the very upper part of the tent sat a young man about twenty-four years of age, better dressed and of better air than most around him. From the moment our party came in he had occupied the same place, sleeping or appearing to sleep, through all the uproar, and the only person unconnected with it. He was booted and spurred, and soiled with travel; hence, perhaps, the weariness he could not or would not cast off. Once, however, he was perfectly awake for a moment, and bending rather a stern eye upon Paddy, as he sat, conversing with our friends, the young man called out: "Flinn!" in a commanding and quick tone. The word seemed to strike with equal effect upon Flinn and the gruff-looking man, for both rose, when Flinn said to the other, with a wave of his hand, "'tisin't you, but me, Jack Mullins," and proceeded alone to wait on the young person who had summoned him.

As they conversed rapidly and secretly together, Howard perceived, by the frequent recurrence to him and Graham of the stranger's keen blue eye, that he and his friend formed the subject of their discourse. Displeased, if not offended, his own brow and lip curled: he turned fully round in the direction where the young man sat, and challenged his attention. His manner was scarcely noticed by the person to whom it was addressed, except by a careless aversion of his glance, when, looking once more to Howard, their eyes encountered for an instant. Immediately after Flinn returned to his place, and the person with whom he had conversed turned his side to the company, crossed his legs,

\* Your health.

† Three times a day.

leaned his head on his hand, and relapsed into sleep or apathy.

Howard now took a seat beside Jack Mullins, as he had heard Flinn call the surly fellow, whose manner during the whole evening was taciturn in the extreme. For since he drank the stranger's health, upon their first appearance, he had never spoken to those near him, nor indeed opened his lips, except to afford passage to the inundations of ale, against the influence of which he seemed completely proof, or to send forth a yell, his sole tribute to the general mirth. When Howard sat down by him, he turned his face slowly round, then, with a continued, stolid stare, moved his hand to a quart, and holding it before him, said: "Sha dhurth, again, a-vich;" drank and relapsed into silence.

Howard, from a variety of motives, wishing to draw him into dialogue, remarked: "My friend Paddy is a queer fellow, I believe."

"You may say that a-roon."

"Then you know him?"

"Anan?"

Howard repeated the hypothetical question.

"Why, about as well as you know him yourself; an' sure that's a *raison* for saying as much of him as you do, a-vich."

"Och, we all knows poor Paddy well enough," said a curious little old man, with a rusty buckle-wig, who, sitting opposite, overheard the conversation. "He's a *boulamskeich* iv a divil that never minds nothin' bud his diversion. But for all that, he's as *good* a boy as any in the place, or the next place to id, by Gor," and the old fellow's eyes twinkled, as he benevolently brought forward the virtues of Paddy's character.

"I'm glad to hear you say so," said Howard. "I perceive he is over fond of his 'drop o' drink,' as he calls it, and that temperance can scarcely be said to be amongst his good qualities. But I suppose he is an industrious lad?"

"We never hard much to say fur him in the regard o' that," replied the old man.

"Well, then, he is a dutiful son; supporting infirm parents perhaps?"

A rude "ho! ho!" here sounded from the throat of Mullins. But he corrected himself as Howard turned round; and now presented a face of impenetrable indifference. The old commentator continued.

"Ulla-loo, a-vich-ma-chree, Paddy doesn't live with his father or mother. He's a stranger among us, like; a laborin' boy that goes the country, doin' a start o' work for one body or another, just whin he wants the price of a gallon, comin' on a pathern, or a fair, or a thing that-a-way. Bud for all that, as I said afore, he's the *best* boy among us."

Howard, though easily comprehending that the willing expositor knew less of Paddy than Mullins, who professed to know nothing, was impelled to ask another question: "The best boy? I should like to know what you mean. Paddy is good-natured, I suppose; obliging, and willing to serve a friend or a neighbor?"

"Why, a hinny, Paddy'ud be as decent, an' as willin' as another to do a decent thing. But sorrow a much

has the poor gorgoon in his power, barrin' the one thing. An' maybe he'd do that as free fur love. Yes, mostha; he'd fight fur you till he was kilt, out-an'-out."

"Still you do not tell me how he is 'the best boy.'" "Musha, God help you, an' beggin' your pardon, sir, a-vich, but I *did* tell you. A better boy nor my poor Pawdeen never walked a fair;" and he looked affectionately at Flinn, who was, and for some time had been, dancing. "Divil a four o' the cleanest boys in the country bud he'd stretch with his alpeen afore you could screech."

His conversation was here interrupted by the hero himself who, as he sat down at some distance, commenced, in consequence of a general request, to exhibit as a singer. He sang in Irish, and Howard necessarily lost the literal sense of his verses; but the air to which they ran had such a character of downright waggery, as could not for a moment be mistaken. Paddy prefaced each verse with a prose introduction, spoken in all the mock-seriousness of a finished exhibitor; and the effect produced by the whole on the audience was most surprising. They seemed frantic with delight; they jumped about, screamed, banged the table, and greeted the close of every verse with a general shout of approbation. What would an applause-loving actor not give for such an audience?

Howard, wishing to fathom the taste of his rustic friends, longed to be made acquainted with the nature of the composition, and for this purpose applied to a decent-looking man who seemed more orderly in his demeanor than the others, and to whose opinion a universal respect was paid whenever he deigned to deliver himself, which was not often. In fact, this was the mountain schoolmaster, and Howard could not have applied to a better person. After some preliminary remarks, composed of the biggest and most obsolete words the pedagogue could recollect, he supplied a literal translation of one verse, which ran as follows:

"Oh, whiskey, the delight and joy of my soul!  
You lay me stretched on the floor,  
You deprive me of sense and knowledge,  
And you fill me with a love of fighting;  
My coat you have often torn from my back;  
By you I lost my silken cravat;  
But all shall be forgotten and forgiven,  
If you meet me after mass next Sunday."

The song passed away, and Howard again sought to penetrate the rhinoceros caution in which Mullins wrapped himself.

"An accomplished fellow every way," he said, turning to his neighbor.

"Ay, faith," was the reply.

"I saw him speaking to that strange young man, some time ago," continued Howard.

"Did you?" said Mullins, unmoved.

"And therefore conclude they are acquainted?"

"Ay in troth?" (asking rather than assenting).

"Well?"

"Pray do you know that sleepy young man?"

"Me?—how could I?"

"Why I thought when he spoke—"

"Harkee, a-vich," interrupted Mullins, with, for the first time, a slight approach to interest—"I know little



of anybody, and don't care how little anybody knows of me: I never ax questions, for fear I'd be told lies. Bud," he continued, changing his manner into an affectation of communicativeness, as he perceived Howard's displeasure—"sure we all know *that's* the farmer's son, that comes to hire us now an' then, to dig the phatoes, o' the likes o' that. An' sure Paddy Flinn, or any other laborin' boy o' his kind, may know as much of him as another, an' no harm done."

Howard was here called on to take his place in the everlasting dance, and rose accordingly. The fame of the "gentilman's" exploits had gone abroad, and the boys and girls poured in from the neighboring booths, totally abandoning the pipers without, to partake of the superior glee that was going on in the favored tent. The place became excessively heated by the throng, and, since dancing must be the order of the evening, it was proposed by Howard and his friends to substitute country dances for jigs, in order to do away with some of the monstrous labor of the occupation. The novelty of the thing made it highly acceptable, although, except the strangers, there were not, perhaps, two individuals present who understood the evolutions of a figure. The gentlemen chose their partners amongst the very prettiest lasses; took the upper places, in order that the others might study the figure before their turn came around; and, with an encouraging whoop from Thady Whigarald, at the same time that he struck up "Mrs. McCloud," set off in high spirits.

In a little time the lads and lasses began to understand the dance, and then, wondering at and delighted with their own cleverness, the glee became deafening. Every soul in the tent was infected with the Imp of boisterous enjoyment. The dancers shouted as they bounced along: the piper drowned his own music in his own shouts. Children and old men and women shouted as the performers whisked by, and with gesticulations accompanied them in their career. Those who sat at the table beat time with their fists; so that the quarts, pints, and tumblers went through the mazes of a figure of their own. And two urchins, bestriding an empty barrel, and kicking with their heels, provoked from it a sound that, while it assisted in the chorus, told equally well for the pocket of the landlord, and the guzzling capability of his guests.

In the midst of the sport, Howard, who had occasionally reconnoitred the upper part of the tent, where the persevering sleeper lay, observed that from time to time Mullins sidled his way in that direction, and was now within a few yards of the young man. The increasing puzzle had its effect on Howard, and he brought his mind to consent to a finesse, that under other circumstances he should certainly have rejected, no matter how urged on by curiosity or interest. Having danced to the bottom with his partner, he pleaded to her a slight illness, enjoining her not to make any remark; left the party, bearing a glass of water in his hand, and stretched himself on a form nearly opposite Mullins, and about equidistant from him and the other person, who still seemed wrapt in sleep. To a gruff question from Mullins, he urged a bad head and sto-

mach, and much fatigue, and then apparently composed himself to slumber, and in a short time gave natural symptoms of deep repose.

The ruse was successful. After a lapse of about ten minutes, Howard could hear Mullins move higher up on his seat, and then a quick whisper from the other—"No—no—stay as you are—no nearer. Do you think he sleeps?"

"Like a top," answered Mullins in the same whisper—"But let us step out, if you like, for a surety."

"Idiot!" said the other, "how can you propose *that*? Don't you fear we are watched?"

"Well, a-vich," answered Mullins, passively.

"Well or ill, listen to me. And don't turn round so, and gape at me. I see you with my side-sight. Turn off, and look away from me, as I do from you. There, and now answer me in that position, but no louder than I question you. I have ridden hard at your appointment up from the harbor; and a damned fag it is to one so long unused to it. Since I entered this tent and saw you, I have been in hell's torments, in not being able to ask you one question. Is he at the pattern?"

"I saw him on the road, an' he tould me he was for comin' here, as a good place to hire his men for the harvest."

"How long is this ago?"

"About five hours agone, I think."

"Are you sure he is to come alone?"

"Not the laste sure in the world; but all the other way. Didn't I tell you he guessed you were somewhere in the country? Didn't you say, yourself, this moment, he may be on the watch? An' sure he wouldn't come here widout a few alpeens, any way. The red devil himself can call his faction about him, an' so can he."

"Well, how many of us are here?"

"Only myself an' Flinn, an' six boys more. But I often riz a good Faction in a worse place out o' nothin' at all bud a good will for a scrimmage."

"You know you must not appear to him unless we are successful, out-and-out. The six other lads are abroad?"

"Yes; here an' there, an' over-an' hether. And Flinn, you see, for all his caperin' an' his devil's thricks, is watchin' the mouth o' the tent."

There was a pause, broken only by one or two impatient sighs that came from the younger person, who again resumed, in a hasty whisper:—

"Damnation!—if *this* fellow be only giving us the fox's sleep?"

"Avoch, don't fear him. 'Tisn't a soft omadhaun like him could think of any sich thing."

"But I saw him speaking to you?"

"Well, an' if you did? Sure I knew how to answer him: don't fear."

Another pause ensued, and the young man once more led the conversation.

"Mullins, now listen attentively to me.

"Well, a-vich."

"His life must be spared on this occasion. Let us

first secure and get him down to the harbor. That's all I want for the present."

"An' that's little enough. I remembered you told me so afore, an' sure I told Flinn, too, as you bid me. We'll all mind it."

"Again I warn you to keep out of his sight. The moment the game is up, take to the road, and wait for us a little way forward. If we fail, your continuing to live on good terms with the rascal is what we must mainly depend on for success another time! D'you hear me?"

"Avoch, to be sure I do."

"Then move down from me, now, as easily as you can. I see another of these fools coming."

Mullins obeyed this order as Graham advanced in some anxiety to look after Howard. He found his friend seemingly asleep on the forms, and Howard allowed himself to be often called and shaken before he would acknowledge the restoration of his senses. At last jumping up he declared his illness to be quite gone. Wishing to communicate to Graham in private the strange conversation he had heard, he advanced towards the dancers, first observing that the young man had re-assumed his drowsy mask, and that Mullins had slid a good distance off, and was now looking at and cheering on the crowd, with as much affectation of enjoyment as his gross and lethargic features could assume.

"The very devil's in that fellow," said Graham pointing to Flinn, as he approached the revellers. "He had been continually out of place since you left us; jostling and plunging, and setting every one astray. Expostulation was thrown away upon him; I endeavored to give him some directions, and he listened pretty tamely for a moment, but as we spoke the precious piper emitted such a blast and shout as were to much for him. Off he went like a shot, thump against another man's partner, who had no time to get out of his way and brought her to the earth. But, without at all ceasing the motion of his feet, Paddy instantly caught her up, gave her a kiss, to which Petruchio's in the church was mere billing and cooing, and adding—"There alanna! sure I'll kiss you an' cure you," on he went as if nothing had happened."

Howard now made an effort to move through the crowd to the opening of the tent, beckoning Burke, and leading Graham. Considerable difficulty occurred in the very first step, as well from the good-natured officiousness of the people, as from their number and bustle. A moment after other circumstances completely foiled any such intention.

Paddy Flinn was just about to lead down the dance. The last couple had just finished; and at the entreaty of his partner he seemed endeavoring to bring his mind to a focus, and try to understand what he had to do, his face being turned to the entrance of the tent. Suddenly he sprang forward; snatched an alpeen that lay quietly besides the piper; and then with a tremendous yell, upsetting every person and thing in his way, flourished the weapon, and made a deadly blow at a gentlemanly-dressed man who was just entering. The

foremost of a considerable body of peasants who came in with this person guarded off the blow, and in turn struck at the aggressor. Their sticks crossed and chattered; but at last Paddy felled his man, crying out at the same time, as the rest of the hostile party pressed upon him—"Where are ye, my boys, abroad!—Come on for the right cause!—Look afther Purcell!—he's goin' to escape!" Then turning to the people in the tent—"Neighbors! neighbors!—neighbors an' all good Christens!—stand up for honest men! This is the devil's bird, Purcell!—stand up for the orphans he made! for the widow he kilt! for the daughter he ruined! and the son that's far away!—Whoo!"

As he spoke, Howard looked with amazement at the sudden and almost incredible change that in a moment was presented in the face and manner of Flinn. His features lost every trait of the levity and drollery that had hitherto appeared to be their fixed character, and now bent and flashed with natural sternness and ferocity. His figure became erect, firm and well-set. All previous jauntiness and swagger were cast aside like a disguise: his whole mien was that of a man made up to the accomplishment of a desperate purpose, and seemingly incapable of a moment's trifling or good-humor.

The instant he concluded his speech, the shout was echoed from abroad, and some six or seven, evidently the friends he had invoked, pressed upon the rear of Purcell's party, and gave the greater number of them something to do. Flinn, after levelling the foremost of the van, for some time singly engaged the remainder. And well did he uphold the character given of him to Howard by the little old man in the buckle-wig. Within a few minutes he had stretched four additional enemies by the side of the first victim to his invincible arm and murderous alpeen. But presently he was saved the trouble as well as the glory of a single stand against shameful odds. Every male creature in the tent flew to arms, and the greater proportion siding with Flinn, he became the leader of the more numerous faction.

Now ensued a scene of truly astonishing uproar. The tables, on which the landlord had disposed his good things, were upset in an instant: his jars and bottles went smash, and rivulets of good ale and whisky inundated the tent: bread and meat, and cheese, were trodden under foot. Thady Whigarald was tumbled from his seat, his pipes crushed to atoms; and the last desperate and expiring sob of the wind-bag, and scream of the chanter, mingled ludicrously enough with his own pathetic lamentations for the loss of his darling instrument. The landlord uselessly endeavored to harangue the combatants: in vain he pointed out the utter ruin hurled upon him. The girls and old women screamed, and tried to escape by the entrance; but it was crowded with battle, and all chance of retreat, except with danger to limb and life, thereby rendered hopeless. So that after a time they flocked to the upper part of the tent, keeping shrill chorus to the war-whoops of the men of fight, to the frantic oratory of the landlord and landlady, to the clattering and clashing of alpeens, and



the rapid and too audible blows that resulted from them.

But the worst is to be told. Arms were scarce; and, woeful to relate, the frail tenement that had hitherto afforded the combatants shelter and merriment was demolished in a twinkling, to supply the pressing want. The wattles on which the awning was suspended were torn up; the blankets and sacks, that had formed the roof, pulled down and trampled to rags. Howard had, before now, seen a battle "in the tented field;" Graham had long fondly imagined one, and both had speculated even upon an Irish row. But such an exhibition as the present neither had ever yet beheld or dreamt of.

They and their friends endeavored to make peace, counting upon the previous devotion expressed to their superior persons. But such is the fickleness of all human influence and popularity, that broken pates were likely to be the only result of so ill-timed an assumption of superiority. No one, indeed, struck at them; but they were shoved and shouldered aside, and sent helpless and unnoticed through the tide of battle, like bubbles dancing upon the war of ocean, or straws or atoms whisked through the conflict of the whirlpools. Meantime the hand of chance alone shielded them from the promiscuous blows that were dealt around, some of which they would, in all probability, have shared, had not a providential rescue occurred in their behalf.

An amazonian maiden, to whom Graham had been particularly "sweet," as she would herself say, in the course of the evening, observed his dangerous situation, and, with the energy and disinterestedness of a primitive heroine, plunged forward to snatch him from it. Dashing aside the waves of battle, she won her fearless way to Graham's side, clasped him in her arms, and, bearing him to the top of the tent, she set him down on his legs amid the peaceable cohort of women who had taken up their position. Some four or five, stimulated by her example, made the same exertions, and with the same success, in behalf of Howard and Burke; and our three friends, being thus safely disengaged, the treble files closed upon them, clamorously refusing to afford further opportunity for peacemaking.

One of the first observations which Howard made assured him that neither Mullins nor his drowsy companion remained where he had left them. In fact, they were nowhere to be seen; and as, so far as he could recollect, they had not advanced to the belligerents, it was plain they must have retired through the space left after the demolition of the tent. Before he had been spirited away from the immediate scene of action, Howard could ascertain that Purcell, as he had heard Flinn call the gentleman who served as a provocative to the engagement, was also missing. And the yelling exclamations which now broke from Paddy proved that he must have effectually baffled his foes, and escaped whole and uninjured, whatever fate had been allotted for him.

We have taken up some time in describing a scene, and the rapid succession of events, that in reality did not occupy above five minutes; for, counting from the

moment that Flinn gave his first blow down to that during which Howard made the observations just attributed to him, not more time had certainly elapsed. As he concluded his reflections, Flinn, with a yell of mingled anguish and desperation, pressed his men through the opening of the tent to scour the plain abroad in search of his absconded foe. Purcell's party made feeble opposition to this movement, and presently the skeleton mouth of the booth, the only remnant of it that had existence, disgorged the throng of combatants, and our visitors were left, unmolested, with the crowd of women. These, too, soon disappeared, following, with screams of apprehension and terror, the fate of their "kith-and-kin," engaged in the sanguinary conflict. Some hasty and hearty kisses, and prayers for everlasting long life and good health, were, indeed, bestowed on the "gintilmen" before their final separation. But at last all withdrew, and Howard, Graham, and Burke were left alone, in the first twilight of a beautiful summer evening, to seek their way back to Clonmel, and congratulate themselves as well on their escape from, as upon their introduction to, the novelties and haps of an Irish skirmish.

They quickly struck out of the pattern-field, choosing in the first instance a circuitous path, rather than exposure to the continued tumult that Flinn keep up all over the plain.

They could, however, observe at some distance, as they retired, vendors of all kinds of trumpery removing their stalls, and pipers' wives running off with a stool under one arm, and a blind husband under the other, in order to yield prudent way to the approaching stream of combatants. For a full half-hour too, the shouts of the field came on the evening breeze; and they had gained a near view of Clonmel before distance completely divided them from all echo of the scene of struggle.

Howard, in talking over with his friends the conversation he had heard between Mullins and the stranger, felt pleasure in expressing his certainty that the proscribed victim had escaped their vengeance. His curiosity, indeed, continued excited to know the certain close of the matter, as well as the provocation to hostility, and all other circumstances of the case. But after some time he gave up the thought, and was content to regard the whole as "a mass of things" indistinctly seen, and never to be discriminated. He was, however, mistaken in the latter part of his conclusions.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days before the occurrences detailed in the last chapters, some of those rustic depredations, so utterly disgraceful to the country in which they take place, had been committed in the neighborhood of Clonmel, on a scale much inferior, however, to their magnitude and atrocity. Howard and Graham had, among others, become acquainted with the rumors of such events, previous to their sortie to the pattern. But as their scene was laid in another and distant part

of the county, and as they had yet assumed no very formidable aspect, nor created much sensation, they were not thought of sufficient consequence to interfere with the day's enjoyment.

In about a week after the era of the pattern, more alarming reports of continued outrage spread through Clonmel, and the public mind became considerably agitated. Bodies of nightly depredators, or terrorists at least, traversed the county, attempting to enforce their own wild views in their own manner. These bands were, according to their private taste, variously designated; the terms *shanavest* and *caravat*, invented by themselves, were adopted by the community at large in reference to them. *Shanavest* means "old waistcoats;" *caravat*, "cravat;" both words compounded of equal portions of bad English and bad Irish, and intended to describe the parts of dress by which the association chose to be distinguished. Without dwelling on strange words, it will be sufficient to say that the spirit of these combinations, one and all, was a resuscitation, in some shape or other, of the old spirit of Whiteboyism, concerning which we assure ourselves every reader has, by this time, the proper ideas.

It appeared that each body had a captain or leader, with a mock name, which was conferred at the pleasure of himself or his constituents, and also acceded to by the public. In recurring to these names, a singular feature of Irish character invites attention. It is remarkable, that in every act of proclaiming his real or imaginary wrongs, and committing himself to the black passions attendant on a course of ignorant self-assertion and unbridled revenge, the Irish peasant—the inheritor of misery and neglect, and sufficiently proving in the continuance of this turmoil his sense of so hard a lot—should evince a levity that can be supposed natural only to a body of men associated in the spirit of eccentric enjoyment. The president of a club of "queer fellows" might receive or assume such appellations as the most terrible leaders of Irish depredation invented and promulgated for themselves. And in the exercise of his mock dignity, or while he humorously enforced his conventional pains and penalties, might affect about the same character that the Whiteboy captain put on at the very moment that he issued his ill-spelt manifestos of no sportive tendency, and while he was prepared and determined to exact the letter of their demands.

The local reformer of the mountain, the bog, or the desert; the legislator for an almost uncultivated tract of impoverished country; the desperate neck-or-nothing leader of a throng of desperate and sanguinary men; disguised his identity in a humorous ideal; wrote his threatening notices in the tone of an April-day hoax; denounced a foe as one friend might promise to another a hit over the knuckles: talked of a midnight visit as the same friend might propose a pleasurable surprise to that other; and performed his whole part as if he were Tom-fool to a corps of Christmas mummers. If this be the affectation of demoralized habits of thought and feeling, it is hideous and demoniacal; something in the nature of the jeer and levity

with which Goethe has so startlingly invested his Mephistopheles. But there is a bitter eccentricity often resulting from a long-cherished sense of wretchedness; a kind of stubborn braving of ill-fate that ostentatiously shows itself in outward lightness and recklessness. There is a mockery of the heart by the heart itself; a humor, in fact, which the inspired writings would seem beautifully to describe, when they declare, that "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." There is this step between our conjectured opinion and the miserable creatures it would make ten-fold more miserable, and, all national distinctions apart, it leaves us a better sympathy than the first supposition could with the common tendencies of human nature.

Craving pardon, according to the established custom of all rambles, for this unintended digression, we resume, by proceeding to notice some of the names affected by these rustic Lycurguses. One called himself Capt. Starlight; another, Capt. Moonshine; a third, Jack Thrustout; a fourth, Richard Roe; and all who are familiar with rather recent Irish affairs will remember the doghtry CAPTAIN JOHN DOE. This quaint title, as well as two others above-mentioned, originated from the fictitious names that the law, in its own roundabout and strange mystification, inserts in ejectments served on those whom it is gravely about to dispossess of their tenements. And it must have been curious enough to observe the incipient Shanavests or Caravats putting their heads together, spelling over the jocose piece of parchment, and making a variety of shrewd conjectures as to whom this Richard Roe or John Doe could really be, until, to their cost, they found him a very formidable personage, and, by some crude association in the recesses of their own minds, resolved, while they adopted his name, to be as farcical and as devastating as his merry prototype, in his best day.

Our hero was, indeed, of sufficient character to engage, almost as soon as he had announced his political existence, the attention of his Clonmel neighbors. Meetings were called to arrange a plan of warfare against him; and proclamations of rewards, to a large amount, issued for his apprehension. In these official documents, his face, person, dress, and age, were, on good authority, set forth. And as the more peaceable inhabitants, together with the old ladies, servant-wenchs, and little boys of Clonmel, read therein details of his swarthy complexion, stout figure, forbidding features, and wild attire, all belonging to a man of the stern age of forty-five years, great was the reverential panic inspired, and universal the abhorring homage paid to Captain John Doe's grim person.

From week to week, from month to month, his fame spread proportionately with his excesses. He at last approached pretty near to Clonmel, and was said to hover about the town, now at this side, and now at the other, from the adjacent heights of Slievenamon and the Galteigh mountains. Parties of military accordingly marched, from time to time, against him, but with no material success. Captain Doe's adroitness, and uniform good fortune in baffling a superior enemy,



became as notorious as his desperate resistance to, or triumph over, an equal or inferior one. His hairbreadth escapes, his rapid movements, and the various disguises he could at pleasure assume, were the theme of every tongue. In the vulgar apprehension, they equalled if they did not surpass, the subtlety and the wonderful finesse of the whole corps of primitive Irish Raparees, with Redmond O'Hanlon at their head, and Cahier-na-Choppell bringing up the reserve.

Seven months after the pattern day, that is, in the end of the succeeding February, Lieutenant Howard was ordered, with a considerable party, from the headquarters of his regiment at Clonmel, to relieve another detachment which for some time had been harassing John Doe among the mountains, about thirteen Irish miles distant. Howard set off in good spirits. He was, as we have observed, heartily tired of the refinements of the town; and was therefore excited and pleased with the prospect of seeing more of the interior of the country, particularly on such a service. He was, withal, confident in the strength of his party, and vain, by anticipations, of the success which others had missed, and of which he made no question. He had but one regret in undertaking his little campaign, and this grew out of his separation from Graham, between who and Howard a sincere friendship had long been cemented. To remove or alleviate this only disagreeable feature, it was arranged between them that Graham should apply for an occasional leave of absence, and visit Howard during his absence on this hill-duty, for a day or a two at a time. For the first leave he was immediately to apply; and in order that Graham might promptly commence the desired intercourse, Howard was to write him an intimation of his quarters, as soon as he took them up.

Three days after Howard's departure, a letter accordingly reached his friend, but without proposing so immediate a meeting as had at first been contemplated. Howard mentioned, in explanation, that he had scarcely gained his field of action, when the movements of Doe demanded his best measures. That he had since been marching and countermarching from point to point; that after twice eluding his very grasp, Captain John had now escaped all observation; and that he, Howard, necessarily proposed to scour the country in search of him, and could not, therefore, name any place, nor indeed any day, for receiving Graham. He would, however, write from time to time, and anxiously hoped that the nature of his service might afford him a speedy pause, and thereby at once give opportunity for their seeing each other.

Subsequent letters continued to reach Graham, dated from the one spot, yet still declining to see him, on the grounds that the writer could not answer for his remaining one hour after another where he was. Doe's hiding place was still a mystery, although, night by night, some traces of him were left abroad: Howard had chosen his present quarters as the best point from which to take general observations, and originate, at a moment's notice, the most effectual sorties. And, while his sojourn in them was daily uncertain, there still

arose a daily necessity for remaining stationary until circumstances, that an hour might produce, should call for a change of place and measures.

At last, Graham received a note, dated from new quarters, though only three miles from the last, which, on the strong probability that Howard should now, for a few days at least, occupy them, invited Graham to the long-planned meeting. It further hinted, that Howard's change of position was owing to a successful manoeuvre against Doe, which, as he was thereby hemmed in, embarrassed that formidable captain, and, no doubt, would end in his destruction. The writer addressed his note from an Irish cabin, where he at present bivouacked, and to which his messenger would conduct Graham.

It was still moonlight when Graham, attended by the single soldier who had delivered Howard's letter, commenced his journey on the following morning. It was Sunday. The stars twinkled joyously throughout a deep blue sky, cleared by the influence of a frosty atmosphere: those brilliant hosts of light might, to minds of an imaginative tendency, seem shining forth in universal jubilee that their nightly course was run, and the relieving day at hand. As Graham and his follower gained the broad way that led on the outside of Clonmel, towards the recesses of Slievenamon mountain, and as the crisp frost crackled under his horse's step, he felt all the buoyancy that to youthful hearts, such a morning, enjoyed in bounding liberty, could not fail to communicate.

His attendant, a staid old soldier of sixty, systematic as a machine, grave as an owl, and comely as a place as an old pinch-beck time-piece, was, however, a considerable drag on his happiness. This man rode a very indifferent hack; added to which, he had been some forty years out of the saddle, so that he could neither keep up with Graham's spirited animal, nor take much pleasure in the extra effort necessary in endeavoring to do so. Accordingly, it became his interest and policy to curb, by all prudent means, Graham's uncalculating career, for which purpose he more than once suggested to his "Honor," awkwardly essaying each time to carry one hand to his cap, the propriety of pushing on abreast, that his Honor might have the immediate service of an old soldier on a road by no means safe at such an early hour in the morning.

"Why, Evans," said Graham, at last pulling up, "I wonder what danger you can fear, man. Lieutenant Howard writes me word, and you confirm it, that this Doe is surrounded—almost taken prisoner, I may say. Besides, we are both well armed."

"Please your Honor," said Evans, slowly and gravely, "Doe, which they improperly call Captain, *may* be surrounded, or *may not* be surrounded."

"Pray, what may that signify?" Graham demanded.

"Your Honor won't think I mean but that his Honor Lieutenant Howard is very sure he is surrounded," continued Evans, still more gravely, and with an additional shade of visage that might be called the shade mysterious. "But after all his escapes from our hands, when the oldest soldier didn't think it possible, and

with all his disguises and outlandish tricks that were never equalled but in a play, played on the stage, in a playhouse, it is hard to say—that is, to be very certain, that he is, at the present time—”

The speaker here interrupted himself with a “Hush!” and drew up his horse to listen, as the noise made by another horse approaching was distinctly heard in a side direction towards the main road, which was Graham’s route, and which had lost much of its broad and level character since it had begun to turn amongst the first inequalities that flanked the main base of Slievenamon.

Graham also paused to listen, and, as audibly as his vider, heard the near approach of a horseman down a wild and narrow bridle-road, or borean, about ten yards to the right of the way. He immediately took a pistol from his holster; Evans unslung his musket, which had hitherto dangled most awkwardly and inconveniently across his back; and both halted and sat up in their saddles, observing profound silence, except that Evans whispered to his officer a respectful hope that the horse he bestrode might stand fire better than he knew how to trot.

In a moment they heard a noise accompanying that of the horse’s feet—namely, a lusty, stentorian voice, sending forth, in measured and prolonged notes, some kind of a strain. It was too deep and serious for a song, unless a song of very severe and doleful character. At first Evans, taking the latter view of the case, thought he could recognize in it a generic likeness to his not quite distinct reminiscences of “The Death of Abercromby,” or some of its interminable similitudes: but having vainly cocked his ear, while he cocked his musket, to catch a word of the old ditty; in fact, having ascertained that the singer gave utterance to a language that, whatever it was, was not English, Evans became assured that it must be Irish. Recollecting that, among other curious things, Doe was much in the habit of carolling aloud his own rebellious songs, a conviction flashed upon him, which he communicated in another whisper to Graham, and both stood doubly prepared on the defensive.

The appearance, almost immediately, of a man, from the borean, was not calculated, all circumstances of time, place, and prepossession considered, to allay the nerves of our travellers. He was well mounted on a strong, active, though not handsome horse: his figure seemed over large, and was enveloped from the chin to the boot-heels in a dark top-coat. On his head appeared a white mass of something, which the imperfect light did not allow Graham to distinguish or to assign to any known class of head-gear; and upon this again was placed a hat, with a remarkably broad brim, and a low, round crown. As he emerged on the main road, this apparition still continued its peculiar chant, and was only interrupted by the challenge—“Who goes there?—stand!”—of Graham, and its instant echo by the mechanical old soldier.

“Stand yourself, then,” answered the stranger, in an easy, unembarrassed, but by no means hostile tone; and continuing rather jocosely, he repeated an old school-boy rhyme—

“If you’re a man stand;  
If you’re a woman go;  
If you’re an evil spirit sink down, low!”

“Did you say ‘fire,’ sir?” asked Evans, in an aside to Graham, and levelling his piece.

“No!” said Graham aloud. “Hold! And you, sir, I ask again, who and what are you? Friend or foe?”

“A friend to all honest men, and a foe when I can help myself to no man at all,” was the reply.

“That’s no answer,” whispered Evans.

“You speak in untimely and silly riddles, sir,” said Graham. “Advance and declare yourself.”

“Begging your pardon,” continued the stranger, still in a good-humored tone, “I see no prudent reason why I should advance at the invitation of two persons armed and unknown to me.”

“We are the King’s soldiers,” said Evans, rather precipitously.

“Silence, man,” interrupted Graham—“I am an officer in the King’s service, sir, and my attendant is a soldier.”

“O ho!” quoth the stranger, “an officer, are you, but no soldier?”

“What sir!” exclaimed Graham, raising his pistol, while Evans had recourse to his musket.

“Hold! and for shame, gentlemen!” cried the other, seriously altering his tone—“What! on a defenseless and peaceable poorman, who has given no provocation? Upon my life, now, but this is unceremonious treatment just at the end of one of my own boreens. In the King’s name, forbear—if, indeed, ye are the King’s soldiers as you say, though I can discover no outward badges of it.” For Graham rode in a plain dress, and Evans had disguised under his great coat all appearance of uniform, a foraging cap alone intimating, to an experienced eye, his military character.

“I pledge my honor to the fact,” said Graham, in answer to the stranger’s last observation, as he lowered his hand and was imitated by Evans, “and you will at least respect the word of a gentleman.”

“Tis my habit to do so, sir,” said the strange man; “and in proof of what I say, I am willing now to advance to you, if you also pledge your honor not to be fingering your triggers there.”

“I do, sir—you may come on in perfect safety. But hold—I have also my terms to propose—are you armed?”

“Me? God help me, what have I to do with such matters?”

“But how am I to be assured?”

“Why, I’ll tell you then, answered the other, resuming the jocular tone—“You can easily see by the moonlight, and indeed by the daylight, too, which is just breaking on us, that in my two hands, at least I have neither gun, blunderbuss, pistol, nor cutlass. See, I hold out both my arms in this manner.”

“Stop!” roared Evans, as he saw the arms in motion, and suspecting a finesse, again levelled his musket.

“Recover arms!” cried Graham, impatiently. “Fall back, Evans, and keep yourself quiet.”

“God bless you, sir, and do manage him now,” the stranger said, as Evans obeyed orders—“I shall hold



out my arms, I say, as they are at present, and we'll leave the rest to my horse. Come, Podhereen, right about face, and march."

The obedient animal moved accordingly, and a few paces brought his master and Graham face to face: "And now, sir," continued the stranger, "I suppose you are satisfied, and I may just lift the rein from the beast's neck as before."

To this Graham assented, rather because he saw no reasonable ground for refusal, than because he was perfectly satisfied. Though Evans, from behind, whispered: "Search him first, your honor; 'tis Doe, I'll take my oath of it, in one of his disguises. Look at him!"

Graham did look, and in truth, if his moral certainty was not so strong as Evans, he had his misgivings in common with the crafty old campaigner. The white protuberance on the stranger's head he could now ascertain to be some species of wig, bloated out over the ears, and the back of the neck, to an immoderate compass, and lying close to the brow and side of the face in a rigid, unbroken line, while it peaked down in the middle of the forehead—much like, in this respect, the professional head-disguise of the gentlemen of the long robe. The broad-leaved, round-topped thing on the pinnacle of this, still seemed to be a hat: the dark loose coat, with a small cape reaching between the shoulders, hid all detail of the figure. By his face the stranger was between forty and fifty; exactly Doe's age. His heavy eyebrows, broad-backed nose, and expressive mouth, together with the self-assured twinkle of eyes that gleamed on Graham like illuminated jets, and a certain mixed character of severity and humor that ran through his whole visage, indicated a person of no ordinary cast.

Still Graham looked, at a loss what to make of a costume so *outré*, and, to his experience, unprecedented: till at last the subject of his scrutiny again broke silence.

"I suppose I may go my road without any further question sir?"

"May I ask which road you travel, sir?" Graham said, with obvious meaning.

"Tut, tut, now," said the other, "that's too Irish a way of answering a gentleman's question, on the King's high-road. Danger has often come of such odd answers. You see I am unarmed, and I see you have it in your power, that is, if you liked it, to strip me of my old wig and hat in a minute, and no friend of mine the wiser. In fact, sir, you now give me sufficient cause to look after my own personal safety. I have no wish to offend any gentleman, but you must excuse me for saying, I cannot be quite sure who or what *you* are. You may be Captain John, as well as any other captain, for aught I know."

This was said with perfect gravity; and Graham hastened, in some simplicity, to make the most solemn and earnest declarations of his loyalty and professional services and character.

"Well," continued the stranger, who had now turned the tables, and become catechist accordingly, "all this

may be very true, and from your appearance and manner I am inclined to think the best of you. But if *you* are not he, how can I be so sure of that suspicious-looking person at your back?"

Evans, shocked to the bottom of his soul, as well as displeased, that under any circumstances he could be confounded with a rebel, traitor, and desperado, shouted out at this observation, and was with some difficulty restrained by Graham from taking instant vengeance for the insult. When he was restored to order, Graham assured the stranger, with emphasis equal to what he had used on his own account, of Evans's real character.

"Then pass on, gentlemen, and let me go about my lawful business," continued the man, drawing up at the road-side to allow them to pass. Graham accordingly put his horse in motion, and, followed by Evans, both still holding their arms, trotted by. Graham and the stranger touched hats to each other as they parted, but Evans only bent, on his now detected foe, a ferocious look, which was returned in a burst of suppressed laughter.

"He's either Doe or the Devil, please your Honor," said Evans, when they had advanced a little forward. "And now why does he follow us?" he continued, as with some difficulty turning round in the saddle he saw the stranger trotting after them at about the distance of thirty yards.

"Never mind him, Evans," said Graham; "if he keeps that fair distance, we can't hinder a peacable man from pursuing his journey."

"But who is that coming down the hill-side before us?" asked Evans, pointing off the road to where the moon threw a shadow over the side of a declivity, which the day had not yet sufficient influence to relieve or dissipate.

Graham, looking in the direction to which Evans's hand pointed, saw a form in rapid motion down the hill; and both, almost simultaneously, pealed out their usual—"Who's there?—stand!" but the form still continued to descend.

"Stand, on your life!" repeated Graham; but no notice was taken of his threat. At this moment the horseman behind quickened the pace of his horse, and approached much nearer.

"We are surrounded, please your Honor!" said Evans.

"Fire, then!" said Graham aloud, and continued in a lower tone, "I will turn round to meet this other man."

"Nonsense!" cried the stranger from behind, who seemed to have heard Graham's orders to Evans—"stop, man, stop! don't fire!—'tis a harmless creature of my own!" But his words had little effect on Evans, the report of whose piece was almost instantly heard, succeeded by a loud bellow from the hill, and then the form continued to tumble down more rapidly than before, now evidently impelled by its own gravity, till at last it splashed through the thin ice of a little stream of water at the side of the road.

"There," continued the stranger, who had by this

time come up; "now you have done it. A brilliant affair it is for the King's men to boast of!"

"What do you mean, fellow?" said Graham, confronting him; "stand off, or take the consequences."

"Ulla-loo!—I'm not another calf to be treated in such a manner," replied the stranger; "I tell you I'm no mark for such doughty knights. But stop—here's a second foe breaking the fence at the top of the hill—make ready—present—fire!"

"'Twas a poor calf, of a certain, please your Honor," interrupted Evans, who had now returned from an investigation at the spot where the enemy remained stationary.

"A *poor* calf!" retorted the horseman. "'Twas as thriving a calf as was ever seen at this side of the country: and of all creatures in the world the very one I had my eye on for my next Christmas beef. And I must say, gentlemen, that if ye are what ye pretend to be, I take it rather ill of the King to train up his soldiers in hostility to any poor man's meat. I thought he had some other employment for them."

Evans's antipathy, now increased by a sense of shame, and a growing apprehension of the stranger's ridicule, turned off in dogged dudgeon, while Graham said—"This is all extremely ridiculous, sir, but, perhaps, mostly owing to your own strange and unsatisfactory conduct. As to the loss you have sustained, if indeed the animal was yours, or, whether it was or not, here is pecuniary recompense; and so, good morning to you."

"Stop a moment, sir," answered the horseman, "I have no claim on your money. 'Twas an accident, and must be arranged as such: you will put it up, if you please;" with a wave of his hand, an inclination of his head, and altogether the assumption, for the first time, of an air, voice, and manner, that was impressive, if not gentlemanly and commanding. Graham mechanically complied with the felt influence of this change of character, and returned the money to his purse. The stranger continued:

"With respect to the other part of your implied terms, it must be 'good morning,' or 'well met,' just as you insist on it."

"Good morning, then, if you please, sir," answered Graham, and slightly bowing, again set off with Evans. Yet, he was scarcely two minutes on his way, when he felt a kind of regret at having so cavalierly rejected the stranger's half approach to fellowship. In the improved light of the gradually expanding morning this person's face had become more distinct, and more pleasantly distinct during the last words he had spoken. Graham now thought over the easy self-assertion with which he had refused the money, and recollected that the language adopted in his explanation was much more that of a gentleman than the idiomatic turn of his previous discourse, while it also had less of the brogue of his country. In fact, Graham felt half sorry, and half curious. He was getting deeper into the feeling, when the object of it again diverted from himself this dawn of favorable impression.

The noise of his horse's feet, in rapid motion, first awakened Graham from his reverie; and, looking behind

them, our travellers saw the stranger nearer than they had reckoned, holding out one arm, and crying, "Halt!—halt!"

Evans concluded that they were now in reality to be attacked; and Graham, impatient of so incorrigible an intruder, mended his pace to avoid him.

"Will your Honor please to leave me behind?" asked Evans, thumping his spurless heels against the sides of his hack, and applying the butt of his musket for a common purpose, as he vainly endeavored to keep up with Graham.

"Halt, I say!—your purse!—your purse!" cried the horseman, still closing them.

"I'll shoot you as dead as Abercromby first—blast my limbs, if I don't!" roared Evans, facing round.

"Why, you stupid and provoking fellow," said the pursuer, slackening his speed, "won't you let me give your master his own?"

"Fall back, Evans," said Graham, advancing.

"Your purse, sir," continued the stranger, extending his arm; "it fell from you on the spot where we last halted. Again, good morning to you."

"I'm much obliged," said Graham, taking it. "And, now that we can all see each other better, suppose, sir, if our routes agree, that we push on together?"

"My way does not hold for more than a hundred yards further, along this main road," answered the stranger carelessly. "I must then turn off to the left."

"Please your Honor, that's exactly our route," whispered Evans.

"Then we are to be together, sir, if you have no objection," resumed Graham.

"None in the world," was the reply; and, much to the astonishment of Evans, Graham fell into line with the stranger, leaving the galled, and jaded, and fretted orderly to follow as he might.

The day was almost fully up. The thick vapor that had slept out the night on the bosom of Slievenamon, whitened in the returning light, and lazily obeying the summons of the breeze, began to crawl towards the peak of the mountain, and there once more deposit itself, as if to take another nap. Graham remarked on the picturesque effect: and his companion remarked, "Yes, it was odd enough that old Slievenamon should put on its nightcap just as all the rest of the world was throwing off that appendage."

Graham, too proper and systematic in the succession of his ideas to like this trope, did not notice it, but proceeded, with a little vanity of his travelled lore, to allude to the superiority of Italian over our island scenery.

"Superiority is a general word," said the stranger, "in the way you use it. I presume you do not mean mere height, as applied to such mountain scenery as surrounds us; in other respects, the Italian landscape, principally owing, of course, to the influence of atmosphere, is more beautiful than the English one; and, from the scarcity of trees in Ireland, much more so than the Irish one. But among the mist and shadow of our island hills, as you call them, particularly in Kerry, I have always felt a fuller sense of the sublime, at least,



than I ever did in the presence of continental scenery, either in Italy or in Spain. Switzerland alone, to my eye, first equals us, and then surpasses us."

This speech gave information of rather more acquaintance with the distinctions, in a knowledge of which Graham took it for granted he might shine, than it seemed practicable to turn to advantage. He, therefore, avoided the general subject, and, taking up only a minor division of it, protested he could not understand why, unless it was attributable to the indolence of its people, Ireland should be so "shamefully deficient in trees."

"Indeed!" his companion replied, in an indefinite tone; then, after a pause, adding, that "he thought so too;" but Graham did not notice the scrutinizing, and, afterwards, rather contemptuous look; and, finally, the severe waggery of face, that filled up the seeming hiatus.

So, having to his own mind hit on a fruitful theme, Graham diverged into all of the ramifications of Irish indolence. Obstinacy was his next word: Irish indolence and obstinacy. They would neither do, nor learn how to do anything, he said; they would not even submit to be educated out of the very ignorance and bad spirit that produced all this Whiteboyism. There was a national establishment, he was well assured, in Dublin, with ample means, that proposed the blessings of education on the most liberal plan; yet the very ministers of the religion of the country would not suffer their ragged and benighted flock to take advantage of so desirable an opportunity. The bigoted rustic pastors actually forbade all parents to send their children to the schools of this institution.

"Yes," the stranger said, "the parish priests—the bigoted parish priests. And all because a certain course of reading was prescribed in these schools."

"Precisely, sir," assented Graham.

"The bigotry of the priests is intolerable," said the stranger, "and only equalled by its implacability. Nothing can bring them to consent to the proposed terms, because, forsooth, they plead a conscientious scruple; because they say their approval would be a breach of their religious duty. As if we had anything to do with the private conscience and creed of such people."

"Or as if the body of respectable gentlemen, who framed the regulation, should accede, by rescinding their law, to the superstitious prejudices of such people," echoed Graham.

"Very true, sir. The Medes and Persians, I am given to understand, never repealed a law, and why should the gentlemen you speak of?" Besides, there is so little necessity for the concession. The liberal and wise association can so easily accomplish its professed object without it."

"Pardon me, sir, there we differ: the object proposed is the education of the poor of this country; and I cannot exactly see how they are to be educated, if—as is on all hands undeniable—the parish priests have sufficient influence to keep them, now and for ever, out of the school-houses."

"Oh, sir, nothing can be easier. But first let me see

that we understand each other. You and I, suppose are now riding to the same point. Well, a pit, an inundation, or a fallen mountain, occurs a little way on, rendering impassable the road we had conceived to be perfectly easy, so that we cannot gain our journey's end by this road. If you please, the place we want to reach shall stand for the education of the poor Irish, the object professed: *we* may personify the educating society, taking our own road, and the bigoted priests are represented by the monstrous impediment. Well, sir, we reach that insurmountable obstacle to our progress. Now, would it not be most humiliating and inconsistent, and all that is unworthy, if we did not instantly stop, and declare we would not proceed a foot further, by any other road, till our favorite one, that never can be cleared, *is* cleared for us? So far I understand you."

"Then I protest it is an advantage I do not possess over you, sir," said Graham.

"All will be distinct in a moment," resumed his companion. "I say we are both exactly of opinion that the society should not, with ample means and professions, take a single step towards its end, unless by its own blockaded way. That, in dignified consistency, it should not vouchsafe to teach one chattering urchin how to read, or write, or cast up accounts, unless it can, at the same time, teach him theology. In other words, till it sees the mountain shoved aside, the deluge drained, or the bottomless pit filled up. In other words again, till the bigoted Popish priests consent to sacrifice their conscience, whatever it may be; though, meantime, the swarming population remain innocent of any essential difference between B and a bull's foot, or between A and the gable-end of a cabin. We are agreed, I say, sir?"

"Faith! whatever may be your real drift, I must admit you have substantially defined, though in your own strange way, the very thing I but just now endeavored to distinguish. And, I must repeat, from what we have both said, that the main object of the society still seems shut out from attainment. This, however, was what you appeared to deny, I think. I should be glad to hear your remedy."

"We come to it at once, sir. By no means look out for another road, but try to get rid of the immovable barrier."

"I protest, you rather puzzle me."

"That's the way, sir," continued the stranger, running on in his wonted delight and bitterness. "No time can be lost, no common sense and consistency compromised in the hopeful experiment. That's the way."

"What, sir? what do you mean?"

"Convert the parish priests; there is nothing easier."

"Pardon me, sir, but I begin to fear that you trifle with me," said Graham, mortified and displeased at having so long exhibited for the amusement of so strange a person.

"I should be sorry, young gentleman, to say anything to offend you; I am sure I have not intended to do so. But now farewell, Mr. Graham; present my

compliments to your friend, Lieutenant Howard, and tell him he shall soon hear more of me. Farewell! my road lies up against, or rather round the breast of this hill; you will find your quarters two miles on. A good morning, sir;" and without more pause he turned off the by-road they had for some time pursued, into a rugged and narrow path, strewn with stones and rock; and, after a few words of encouragement to Podhereen, his athletic horse, disappeared among the curves and bends of encircling hills and inequalities.

Graham stared in consternation when he heard the stranger mention Howard's and his name. His rapid disappearance along so wild a path, together with what Graham now regarded as the uncommon assurance of his late manner, induced, more than ever, serious apprehensions as to his identity, in the foundation of which he was abundantly assisted by Evans. Both seemed to think it was their policy to push forward to Howard's quarters with all possible speed; and even Graham allowed the suspicion of an ambuscade to shadow his mind. Evans, accordingly, put his back to the utmost stretch, now requiring but little accommodation from his officer, to keep him in view.

They gained, however, a near prospect of Howard's mountain quarters, without any further adventure. An untenanted cabin served for his bivouac. It was built in a desolate little valley, fronting the road over which Graham traveled, but considerably below its level, having one knoll of mountain at one side, another at the other, with an open background of flat and apparently marshy country. Before the door of the cabin, Graham recognized his friend, surrounded by the few soldiers who formed his immediate body-guard, and who, with the exception of a sentinel, seemed employed in furnishing their arms and accoutrements. About a quarter of a mile in the open ground beyond, the main force of his party was also discernible in a line round the marsh, standing to their arms.

Howard, almost at the same time, saw his friend's approach; hastened to meet him; and led him, laughing at his own means for hospitality, into the cabin. There, however, a good breakfast was prepared, and a bright furze-fire blazed in the ample chimney.

## CHAPTER V.

DURING breakfast, Graham did not fail to mention to Howard his adventures on the road; and the individual who, for a great part of the journey, had been his almost self-elected companion, became an object of equal interest to Howard as to himself. The fact of his seeming to know Graham's person, and the purpose of his route, with his parting allusion to Howard, which the friends now construed into a threat, won on their apprehension. Notwithstanding Howard's strong assurances that he could not be the man they almost feared to think, conjecture was still busy, and doubt uppermost.

After some time spent in discussing the matter,

Howard recollected an engagement of importance which he wished to keep. It was to meet, at the Roman Catholic place of worship of the mountain district, a Protestant clergyman, who was also a county magistrate, and with him a Roman Catholic priest of eminence, from whom they expected an address to the rude congregation on their secret associations. This latter gentleman Howard had already met, he said, at the house of a Roman Catholic proprietor in the neighborhood, where he had passed the last fortnight previous to the change to his present quarters. He proceeded to speak of him as a man who had gained much character by his writings and preachings to the common people. "Here," continued Howard, "are some of his pamphlets to the Whiteboys, which you will read and judge of for yourself. But I have to add of my good friend, Father O'Clery, that *he* is the friend of Flood, Grattan, Curran, Lord Avonmore and other Irish stars, who have unanimously elected him a member of that festive body, quaintly denominated 'The Monks of St. Patrick.' Also, that he has officially received notice of the gratitude of government for his most useful, as well as talented, exertions."

"The second fact I have mentioned reminds me," pursued Howard, "of the facetious social character of O'Clery. Indeed, I have scarcely ever met a person of a rarer vein. Nature seems to have stamped him a wit and a satirist; but he contrives, with peculiar good humor, to exercise her gifts in a harmless way. Then, everything about him is, to me, eccentric. His swollen, old-fashioned, white wig; his curious, round hat; and the robust horse he rides, which he calls, I think, *Podhereen*, or 'Beads.'"

"Calls *what*?" cried Graham.

"'Tis a curious name," answered Howard, "like everything else in this curious country, and I do not wonder at your astonishment. Podhereen is the title borne by this horse, which, as I have translated it, means 'Beads;' hence the point of so calling a priest's horse, perhaps from the circumstance of the rider often saying his rosary on the animal, as he journeys from place to place."

"If Podhereen be indeed the creature's name," resumed Graham, "and if such a hat, and wig, and manner, as you describe, belong to O'Clery, then I have been an ass, and the priest knows it, too, Howard."

"What!" cried Howard—"ah, I have it! I have it!—O'Clery was this morning to have ridden from a friend's house near Clonmel, to keep the appointment at the chapel, to which his Protestant fellow-laborer, with whom he lives in some amity, had also been invited. As I live by the sword, you met him on the road, and lo! your Captain John!"

"Nothing is more evident, I fear," replied Graham, rather taken aback by the discovery.

"About two miles from where we sit," continued Howard, "a straggling path averages among the hills towards the friend's residence, where I have met him, and where he had engaged to breakfast. Lo, again, your mysterious disappearance! He knew you were



coming hither,—I am to see him at the chapel, and again and again, behold !”

“All too true, Howard,” resumed Graham, shaking his head, and laughing. “The worst is, I was goose enough to read him a lecture on the bigotry of popish priests, in which the old Jesuit seemed to join, till he had meshed me in a confusion of I know not what ideas. But from all you say of the man’s satirical turn, I now clearly understand how I have been bamboozled.”

“Exquisite !” cried Howard, “O’Clery will live on this forever and a day ! But come, you must see him in his true character. The hour of appointment is at hand, and we can scarcely be in time at the chapel.”

The friends accordingly proceeded across two or three uncultivated fields, to the mountain chapel of the district. It was visible from a distance; a low, almost squalid-looking building, contrived, according to universal usage, in something of the shape of a cross, with small narrow windows, many of which were broken; and thatched with straw, that in some places was decayed and blackened by the weather. No “venerable jews” shaded this less than humble conventicle. In fact, not a single tree was in sight: no inclosure ran round it even the burial-ground was exposed to all intruders.

“Can this be a Christian place of worship ?” said Graham, as they approached, “I rather thought we were going to yonder smart-looking building, with blue slates and a steeple, as the brow of the hill.”

“To say truth,” replied Howard, “being good and loyal Protestants, that should be our destination. It is a Protestant church, where the beneficed clergyman reads prayers, as Swift often did, to one old lady who lives near, and, — if the roads be good, — to two. Sometimes, indeed, as was also occasionally the case with the humorist I have mentioned, the clergyman’s clerk represents, in a large and cold church, the imaginary congregation of the parish. Nay, O’Clery gravely asserts that, upon a particular occasion, even this kind of parliamentary representation ceased. His story is, that the old clerk died of a pleurisy, caught during a winter’s attendance in the damp and deserted building, and that for three months, as there was no second Protestant of his rank in the parish, his office remained vacant. Some bungling endeavor at a schismatic substitute was, however, made. A young popish peasant, attracted by the salary, promised to attend; but as the fear of a long penance, and, I believe, everlasting damnation to boot, forbade him to be present at heretical ceremonies, he contrived to reconcile his conscience to his interests, in the following manner: During service the fellow walked outside the church, spelling the tombstones, or whistling an Irish ditty; it was conceded that when the clergyman came to any part that required the response of a clerk he should ejaculate, ‘Hem !’—and at this signal the young man would run to the church door, thrust in his head, and having roared out—‘Amen !’—return to his private amusements, and so get through the service.”

After a laugh at this conceit, Graham expressed his surprise that a clergyman should be well paid for hav-

ing nothing to do; in fact, he could not even understand by whom, when he had no congregation. Howard answered, by the Roman Catholic landlords, farmers and peasantry of the country. An explanation which Graham thought odd, seeing how evident it was that those same persons could not afford, for the purposes of their own worship, a better edifice than the one now in view.

This conversation brought them to the entrance of the chapel, and Graham, from what he there saw, though the matter still more singular. The body of the building was stuffed with people; while, outside the door, hundreds continued to kneel in the open air many yards along the wet and miry approach to the chapel.

From the profound silence that reigned within and without, interrupted only by the monotonous voice of the priest, it was evident that prayers, or, technically speaking, mass had commenced. Whether habit or piety produced the effect, the visitors could not avoid noticing how deeply attentive even the outside congregation appeared to be. The old women and old men of the crowd held in their hands long black beads, or rosaries, to which as they slid down each bead, their lips moved in seemingly fervent prayer. A few young persons of both sexes had books; some girls again had rosaries, and even those who knelt unsupplied with any such clue to devotion, kept up the general appearance of an attentive feeling.

As Howard saw no means of entering the chapel through the crowd without disturbing their order, and as he knew of no other entrance but by this principal one, the strangers remained for some time disagreeably situated, particularly when they began to attract the notice of the people, and fear, if not consternation, seemed the result of the discovery. After standing still for about five minutes, with their heads uncovered, through a wish to conciliate the favorable opinion of those around, Graham pressed his friend’s arm, and pointed to a side-face in the rustic assembly. There was no mistaking it, although several months had elapsed since the gentlemen had before beheld it. Its proprietor was the bowing knight, Mr. Patrick Flinn.

“I caught him watching us,” whispered Graham; “but, when my eye met his, he turned round with an affectation of unconsciousness, and assumed the deep abstraction of visage, and that rapid movement of the lips, you now perceive.”

Immediately after, Flinn again looked towards his old friends. As if acting on a second thought, he bounced up at once, and with his old scrape and bow, and peculiar swagger, approached, and in an anxious whisper addressed them.

“Musha, long life an’ honor to ye, gentlemen, and praise be to God for the day I see ye again. Won’t ye come round to the sacristy where Father O’Clery, an’ the minister, good look to him, an’ Mr. Grace, *your* old friend, Captain Howard, is waitin’ fur you.”

After due recognition, Paddy’s offer was accepted, and Howard and Graham accompanied him round to the back of the chapel, where, by a small private door,

he introduced them to what he had called the sacristy. Then, with repeated farewells and fervent prayers for their worldly and immortal happiness, he disappeared, leaving Howard not a little surprised at the intimate knowledge of his arrangements and acquaintances that the man's speech seemed to imply.

According to the usage of his superiors, Flinn was correct in the name he had given to the small apartment into which the visitors now entered; as, even on the dwindled and sometimes wretched scale upon which the Roman Catholic religion is practised in Ireland its professors fondly continue some shadow of its various primitive accompaniments, of which the name, whether as applying to buildings or parts of buildings, to persons, ceremonies, or the materials for ceremonies, had a different import in the olden time.

The sacristy, then, was at the back of the altar: it was the place where the priest put on his vestments previous to his appearing before the multitude to celebrate mass. Here, too, was a confessional chair: the sacristy was also occasionally appropriated to the better order of parishioners, who might choose to hear mass free from the pressure of the crowd. The floor was earthen, the walls whitewashed, and perspiring with chill rather than heat. Altogether, the place presented an aspect of little comfort.

At the moment in which our friends entered, Mr. O'Clery, attended by the parish minister, issued from the sacristy by another door, that led into a round, railed space before the altar, called the sanctuary. Mr. Grace, the gentleman at whose house O'Clery had breakfasted, and the common friend of Howard, was about to follow, when, recognizing Howard, he turned back, and, in profound silence, led him and Graham after the clergyman. Graham remarked that as his friend passed out, he bowed with every fascinating smile to a young lady who stood veiled at the door, and who, in spite of much abstraction and piety of manner, as graciously returned the salute.

From the sanctuary, where seats were provided for them, the visitors saw with amaze the immense surface of heads in the body of the chapel, undulating like a sea, and thick and wedged as paving-stones in the streets of a city. Some incidental pause had occurred in the service, which afforded proper time for the delivery of an exhortation. Of this the human mass seemed aware; for there now arose a universal press forward, attended with the scraping and clattering noise of hundreds of hob-nailed brogues against the clay-floor of the chapel; and simultaneously, the uproarious coughing, and blowing of noses, and hemming, and sneezing, by which, as a matter of course, an Irish congregation prepares for a decorous attention to the harangue of its preacher.

Mr. O'Clery was not of the parish to which on this day he devoted his eloquence, having only been invited thither, as Howard informed Graham, in consequence of his established character. Mass had been celebrated by the parish priest, who now stood with O'Clery on the altar, while the Protestant clergyman remained on the side steps. Before the honory preacher could be-

gin, the *bona fide* occupant thought it necessary to address his parishioners.

And he did so, good man, in a strain, and on a subject, and with a manner, little eloquent. Advising them that Mr. O'Clery was to follow in reference to their wicked associations, he contented himself with reproaching their general incorrectness in the payment of his Christmas "dues." He protested that he had not received a pound of their money since Easter: and how did they think he was to live, and keep the poorhorse, that morning, noon, and night, was on the road in their service? There again, his horse: Mickie Delany had promised to send him in a grain of oats; and Tom Heffernan, a bundle of hay; and Jack Hoolachun, a whisp of straw; but oats, hay, or straw, he had never seen since. The very chapel above their heads, and above his head, they would not cover. He had kept his bed for a week with the rheumatism, imbibed from the droppings of the roof, as he said mass on the last rainy Sunday. What did they intend at all? Was it their wish to remain in their ignorance, and their sins, and their wickedness, like a drove of beasts, without priest to give them the Word of God, or to christen for them, or to marry for them, or to confess them of their abominations? And then to go, head foremost, out of the darkness of their life in this world, into the eternal shadow of the next?

This and much more the afflicted and really worthy man addressed to the gaping throng, who, whenever he gained a climax of denunciations, sent up such a wail of singular pathos, as to the uninitiated ear might promise a speedy arrangement of the last Christmas "dues." Though we have never heard that, eventually, it was of much benefit either to their own souls, or to the bodies of the complainant and his horse.

At last Mr. O'Clery began his exhortation, in a style and manner very different indeed. In setting out, he addressed himself at once to the hearts of his hearers, ingeniously and successfully endeavoring to insinuate himself into their affections and confidence. He called them his dear, though unhappy children, grafting, as he went along, his disapprobation of their crimes upon his sympathy with their misfortunes, and winning them to become in a sort, the judges and denouncers of their own excesses. When he had sufficiently prepared his opportunity, the reverend gentleman did not withhold the broadest statement of the atrocities that had been committed. Still he kept his kind tone and manner, dwelling rather in sorrow than in anger upon the national disgrace, and, to him, the personal anguish of such a statement. Presently he argued with his audience upon the utter uselessness of their projects and acts; when disciplined forces were brought against them; when they were not countenanced by a single individual of their own religion, who from station and education might afford them counsel; when the wisest heads in the country were leagued against them; and when they had the experience of the utter failure of all their previous attempts. After thus disheartening them, the preacher next rapidly recurred to the moral delinquency of their



deeds. Now, for the first time, he got in a view of their illegality; strengthening himself by giving the religion they professed as the rule of civil obedience; fully defining the duties that, according to it, they owed to their king and country, and the deadly sin that followed a breach of those duties. Here, at last throwing aside the olive branch and arraying himself in all the sternness and power of ecclesiastical power and authority, he called on the thunders of the Church to assist the voice of the law, and uttered the deep threats at which the Irish peasant has been in the habit of trembling, though recent events prove to us a growing indifference towards them. An evident awe resulted from this, and the speaker hastened to complete his impression by once more touching the human feelings. As Irishmen, as Christians, as fathers, brothers, sons, and husbands, he invoked them to adopt the course that would save their country from opprobrium; that would save their little children, their aged parents, their fond wives, from the ruin, and shame, and sorrow, that must follow a perseverance of crime; that would save themselves from shameful death here, and judgment hereafter. In conclusion, the preacher, in his own name and in the name of all the priests, invoked them with tears upon his cheeks. Then falling on his knees, he prayed a merciful God to give strength to his supplications.

The final effect was decisive. For some time an intense silence had waited on Mr. O'Clery's peroration. But, as he rose to a climax, the weeping wail of women bore testimony to its influence. Some even shrieked in anticipated agony, while in the pause they left, sobs, "not loud but deep," intimated the laborious working of grief and repentance in harder hearts. Many a rough cheek, which since childhood had been dry, now ran tears respondent to those shed by the reverend preacher. And, when he suddenly knelt, one mighty burst attended his unexpected movement; every knee simultaneously sought the ground; and, for a minute after, clasped hands and upturned eyes proclaimed the continuous sentiment and conviction.\*

Indeed, to those who have never been present at such a scene as we describe, and who are unacquainted with the Irish character, this attempt to convey a true picture will, perhaps, appear exaggerated. Howard and Graham, taken by surprise, acknowledged, however, its immediate influence; for they found themselves kneeling at the close along with every other individual of the congregation. The Protestant clergyman did not withhold, even under a dissenting roof, the natural testimony that was only an admission of the sway of those broad Christian principles, which, in common with the preacher, he devoutly advocated.

It was now his turn to say a few sentences to the people. He was led up to the altar by the two Roman Catholic priests, and began, his eyes still moist, and his voice affected, to a state, that it was under their permission he had ventured out of his place to speak a friendly word to his, as well as their common flock. After the powerful appeal that had been delivered, he

would not, he said, hazard a single general observation. All he had to propose was peace and good-will, and, so far as in him lay, the measures to attain both. He then alluded to the difficult question of tithes; volunteering concessions, and suggesting arrangements, by which he hoped, in his own person at least, to alleviate the hardship he was aware existed; and promising for himself, to the utmost extent of his influence, not only pardon, but protection to such as would speedily give up their wicked courses and conform to the advice and precepts they had just heard.

His address seemed to produce, if not so powerful an effect as last, certainly one more pleasing. The Mass was resumed under every appearance and hope of good results.

When it had concluded, and while the people were pouring out of the chapel, Howard and Graham gained the sacristy, where the first presented his friend to Mr. O'Clery, and to Mr. and Miss Grace, which lady, Graham recognized to be the same to whom, Howard had bowed with such *empressement* on his way to the sanctuary. O'Clery, even so soon after an occasion and exertion that had intensely affected himself, let fly at Graham a few significant glances of his deep, black eye, while his lip curved in a provoking smile. He shook him heartily by the hand, however, and courteously expressed his pleasure in making the acquaintance.

An invitation to dinner by Mr. Grace was declined by Howard, on the plea of attending to his present duties. So, while O'Clery and the Protestant clergyman, accepting it, accompanied Mr. and Miss Grace to their house, the military gentlemen sought their Irish cabin and casual camp-mess, loud in approbation of the eloquence they had heard.

## CHAPTER VI.

"WELL, your prophecy holds," said Graham to his friend after dinner, as he sipped a glass of genuine pottheen punch; "I begin to like your smoky beverage better than I thought it possible to have done."

"Tis the only thing I can offer you in my wild quarters; and though, being both smoky and illicit, it goes against your palate and my conscience, yet, necessity you know, Graham—"

"Has little to do with squeamish tastes or the parish gnager. Pottheen you call it?"

"Pottheen; derivative, pot. Which utensil, with a crooked tin tube, forms, I can learn, the whole distilling apparatus. The natives, who ever mix up with abberations of this kind a quaint and singular humor, further term it 'Mountain Dew,' in allusion, I believe, to the situation, and to the witching time of night, in which it is generally manufactured."

"Well, Howard, I have now, for the first time, opportunity to inquire after your romantic campaign here. You are sure Doe is completely hemmed in?"

"I am positive from the intelligence of my spies,

\* The sketch of a usual scene.

that, at this moment, the formidable Doe, with part of his gang, surprised in their retreat homeward, as usual, after a nightly depredation lies, at some concealed point, within a circle of three or four miles I have formed round them. We repeatedly started and chased him during the course of yesterday; towards evening, however, he eluded us. Ever since the men stand to arms, where, at a distance, you have seen them. They and I are certain that he is within their lines, and that, if he does not appear, he must starve within them."

"Why not close in, and take him at once?"

"You are unacquainted with the nature of the ground. He has retreated among the recesses of a bog, the area of which is some miles, and where regular soldiers, ignorant of the novel impediments and ambuscades of the place, cannot follow him. It would be madness, indeed almost sure destruction, if they did. You have only the aspect of the situation, softened by distance. In reality it abounds in alternate pools of deep water and marshy spots of soil; while here and there huge clumps, as they are called, of turf, create hiding-places, and are, of course, dangerous impediments. No; the advantage is mine, and I must not hastily forfeit it. He shall, as I have said, creep out to us, or rot where he is. The men are content to watch him, as on the edges of the bog, all around, they have, in turn, their occasional bivouacs, and, like myself, are in no want of rations."

"Are you aware of the number of the enemy?"

"I believe they are rather numerous; and, what is more, brave and desperate."

"Then all is not yet certain. Instead of crawling out to be hanged, they may break forth and escape, if they do not absolutely annoy you."

"It is possible. Though from our, at least, equal numbers, and commanding discipline, not probable."

"Have you often seen this bravo?"

"Never. That pleasure is in reserve for me. But I have often heard from him."

"Indeed! in what way?"

"In the shape of sundry written threats, directing me to draw off my men, and go quietly about my business, if I valued life or health."

"How did these notices reach you? By what hand?"

"I do not know. Sometimes, in the morning, I found them on my pillow; sometimes nailed to the very door of my bivouac; nay, I got one of them dangling at my sword-guard."

"In good earnest, now, what is the treason of these silly, as well as desperate men?"

"If by treason you mean disloyalty to the person of our gracious king, I believe they are not guilty of that specific crime."

"No?"

"No. I have assured myself that their views do not involve the most distant aim at the throne. On the contrary, I believe they indulge a kind of wayward love and reverence for their present good sovereign. As to the Church, they take, in the way of resistance

to tithes, or rates, or dues, almost as much liberty with their own as with ours."

"You surprise me. What is their object, then?"

"They state it to be the lowering of rack-rents and tithes. This Captain Doe professes not to allow any person to set or take land, or pay tithes, but on his own terms. Upon any that transgress his orders, he wreaks when he can, summary and often horrible vengeance."

"Is the grievance real or imaginary?"

"That is a question, Graham, that, if you had my duty to perform, you would scarcely wish to discuss. At all events, I believe we could not, as Englishmen, understand its naked merits. The great relative differences between landlord and tenant, and pastor and flock, in each country, must incapacitate our judgments till we are better informed."

"Be it so then. Of what rank and education may this Doe be?"

"His excellency either does not know how to write, or else takes a new secretary at every turn. No two of the state papers he has done me the honor to address to me were written alike."

"Have you any of these precious documents to show?"

Howard searched his pockets, and while thus employed—"By the way," his friend continued, "that was a pretty little Papist you smirked at to-day in the chapel. You thought so, evidently."

"I think I have some of these papers," said Howard, most properly replying to the first question, first—"Yes, here is one, predicting my annihilation in two short days if I do not forthwith return to headquarters." As he spoke, he looked towards the fire, his face emulating the color of his jacket.

"And not a word about the little devotee? Well; monopolize as you like. But let us see this other matter. Hello!" continued Graham, laughing as he read, "what the deuce is all this?" and he read aloud:

"Captain John Doe presents his compliments to Lieutenant Howard,—oh, thou particular fellow! (an interpolation by Graham) 'to Lient. Howard, sending this private note to warn him, at the same time that he would do well to draw off his men; that Lient. Howard might also find it for the best to give up—'"

"Stop, Graham," interrupted Howard, in evident confusion, "I've made a mistake."

"To give up," continued Graham, still reading out, "all pretensions—"

"I say 'tis a mistake—that's the wrong note—give it me;" and Howard rose and advanced, but the other anticipating him, also started up, and holding Howard off with one hand, kept the note in the other, and went on.

"To give up all pretensions to the rich attorney's daughter,—ha! ha!—Finaud!—Love and War?—eh?"

"This is unlucky—ill-timed, I meant," mumbled Howard, his cheeks red as those of a blushing girl.

"For, by the moon and stars he reigns under;" pursued Graham, still from the paper, "'Captain John swears he can never permit purty Mary Grace,—what!—the little idolater?—' purty Mary Grace to be carried



off from a gossip of his own, by an English red-coat. Signed, Doe,' and countersigned too!—"Lieutenant Starlight, Serjeant Moonshine." Why, Howard, how close and prudent you would be!—pretty Mary—no—*purty* Mary Grace, the rich attorney's daughter—ha! ha! ha!"

"Nay, Graham," said Howard, resuming his seat, and the least in the world sulky, "since you have at your pleasure possessed yourself of my secret—though I own I was just debating how I should best escape your cursed laugh in breaking it to you. But, since you have it, there is no need of that laugh, Graham. I'm not so ashamed of the matter."

"What! Matrimony in good earnest?" and Graham also sat down, returning the note.

"Really," answered Howard; "a pretty girl, as Doe himself has defined her—"

"*Purty, purty*; no perversion of text."

"A handsome girl, an amiable and sensible one, and a *dot* of five thousand, Graham. Though, for that matter, I would marry her without a penny. Laugh if you like; but you know the proverb."

"Aye, they laugh that win. By Jove, hero of ours, let me congratulate you, rather. A fascinating little puss she must be. When did all this happen? How could it? You have made quick work—why, you are not yet a month on the service!"

"What need of a century? I had a pleasant billet at her father's house for a fortnight."

"Ah! necessity for remaining stationary; yet could not appoint to meet his friend, as he might be obliged to change quarters at a moment's notice, and so forth," said Graham, good-humoredly, alluding to the notes he had received from Howard, and of which we have before spoken. "But what will you do with the holy father?—purchase his dispensation? That will cost a world of money."

"Give him one, rather: that is, dispense with *him*: for I cannot see how he comes into the matter. You know, Graham, I have ever said I should not trouble myself about my wife's religion. Enough for me, if she has the spirit of any; and such I truly believe to be the case in the present instance."

"And of the disapprobation of his high mightiness, Captain John!"

"Oh, let to-morrow or next day settle that."

"Well—a bumper to your success in the rival fields of Mesdames Venus and Bellona. And now, Howard, 'tis time I were on the road."

"What! abandon us so soon?"

"Why, yes. After all our disappointments in meeting, when, each time I was prepared for a long visit, I could not, on the present occasion, get leave of absence longer than to-night. I must present myself in Clonmel to-morrow; but the next time shall be an age."

"Then you will have to travel all night?"

"Yes; but with old Tom Evans I shall not mind it."

"Take him. Though, indeed, I intended him for my own body-guard on a march I propose to steal across the country this evening."

"Humph—*purty* Mary Grace?"

"Perhaps you guess it. But no matter about Evans. The certainty I have that Doe is out of the way enables me to go alone, except, it may be, with a peasant for my guide, as my path is a cross one, almost unknown to me."

"How far?" asked Graham.

"Not more than three miles—Irish ones, though."

"Oh, doubtless you may venture it. Come."

"With you? But—Graham—"

"Well? Well?—"

"No need of remembering my little affair at headquarters, you know."

"Purty Mary and the rich attorney."

"Indeed, Graham, I must insist—"

"Ha! ha!—fear nothing;—I'm prudent." And the friends, after mutual farewells, separated on their different routes; Howard and his guide towards Mr. Grace's house; and Graham—with Evans, grumbling in every aching joint of his body, at being again, and so soon, called upon to shake for thirteen miles, say sixteen English, in an uneasy saddle—towards Clonmel.

We are here obliged to close a very short chapter, in order to afford proper scope for the events now to be detailed.

## CHAPTER VII.

AFTER conducting his old acquaintances to the sacristy, at the chapel, Flinn returned to his place among the kneeling crowd. Watching his time, till the service allowed, according to established form, general liberty to stand, he pushed on into the body of the chapel, and heard attentively the separate exhortations of his parish priest and of the Rev. Mr. O'Clery, together with the few words spoken by the Protestant clergyman.

When all was over, Flinn left the chapel with the rest of the people, but dallied near the place till he thought he might proceed, without their observation, to keep an appointment with a particular friend. With his hands plunged into his breeches' pockets, his hat hanging, as usual, on one side of his head, and while he whistled a lively air, Flinn turned down a by-path, which led from the chapel over a considerable declivity, towards a wretched little thatched hut called the "Forge." It was, in fact, the smithy of the district, erected distinct and far from any neighboring dwelling-house, and exclusively devoted by the proprietor, whose residence was a cabin at some distance, to the purposes of his trade. So that on a Sunday he made no use of, and claimed no right of possession over it. Furthermore, apprehending that little seduction to theft was held forth by the massive anvil or gigantic shattered bellows, the only available property left during the Sabbath on the premises, he had never gone to the expense of a door for the hovel, and it consequently gave an open, and, so far as in it lay, a hearty welcome, one day in each week, to all chance comers. And, the year round, the forge had—

we are compelled to admit—almost systematically upon that day, its particular visitors. Some of the very lowest order of Irish peasants are passionately attached to card-playing, rather, it would seem, for the sake of amusement than in a gambling view. And of all convenient places in a neighborhood, the snug corner of a field, or the depths of a sand-pit not excepted, though both haunts are often resorted to for the same purposes, none surpass in attraction the deserted and isolated forge.

To the adjacent forge, then, our friend Paddy Flinn directed his steps. As he advanced, he met in succession two or three little boys, whom the party engaged in forbidden pastime had sent out and stationed as scouts, to give them timely notice of the probable visitation of their really good and zealous parish priest, from whom they had vainly heard repeated prohibitions against such breaches of the Sabbath, and who, failing in words, had often surprised them with his more convincing cudgel or horsewhip, while they were engaged in the fascinations of their game. The little urchins rapidly inquired of Flinn, as soon as he appeared, the destination of their dreaded pastor; and having ascertained that, as he had gone to dine with Mr. Grace, no visit might this day be apprehended from him, they immediately abandoned their disagreeable posts, and separated to seek some more genial occupation.

As Flinn, pursuing his path, entered the forge, he found Jack Mullins, the friend he had appointed to meet, deeply absorbed with three others in the climax of a long-contested game. The anvil constituted a card-table for this rustic party, who sat round it on large stones piled one over another. They used cards which might baffle the discriminating faculties of more accomplished gamblers, as long fingering, and the hue and shape thereby left on each, confounded, to the uninitiated eye, all distinctions of number, color, and suit. Habit is everything, however. The present proprietors of these mysterious symbols appeared to recognize their fifty-two subtle subdivisions with as much ease as, in a more fashionable hell, gamblers of a higher order distinguish the difference of an unsoiled pack. Rumor adds, that here the means for arriving at such conclusions were not derived from much positive evidence of the marks originally stamped on the paste-board, but rather from subsidiary hieroglyphics that had gradually succeeded to the original signs, and as gradually become acknowledged, from month to month, nay, from year to year, by the preserving and watchful observers.

No notice was taken of Flinn's entrance, if we except a slight raising of the eyes, and an accompanying noise, like a grunt, directed to him by Mullins, and meant, we presume, for avowed recognition. The men pursued the critical turn of their game with all the abstraction of their caste, and with all the attendant symptoms of deep study; that is to say, bent brows, protrusions and compressions of the lips, and occasional long pauses and unmeaning stares at the wall, or out of doors. Flinn, too, after his first unnoticed salutation, kept silence for some time, standing behind Mullins, and

watching his play and hand. At last the interregnum of a deal allowed him a few words.

"Well," he said, "I was at mass, boys."

"You're all the better o' that, arn't you?" said Mullins.

"To be sure I am, you gallows-bird, you," answered Flinn.

"An' wouldn't anything, not to talk o' that, be better nor the prayers you get out o' the devil's horn-buke you hould in your hand there?"

"Well, a-vich," said Mullins, tranquilly dealing the cards.

"What do you call well?" cried Flinn. "I don't know what's well or ill myself; but I know the day that's in it is the day o' days. For, sayin' nothin' o' the strange priest's sarmen, little did any of us think we'd live to see a Sassenach minister prachin' to us off o' the same altar wid our own soggarth, an' two red-coats kneelin' down by his side to pray the blessin' o' God on us, poor divils that we are, along wid Father O'Clery, good loock to every inch of him."

"They'd do anything to sell us, betwixt 'em," said Mullins. "An' what rhaumaush, did you hear from Father O'Clery?"

"It was no rhaumush,\* you hell-hound," answered Flinn, "but plenty o' good sense an' love for us, an' the right thing after all, an' I'll stand by it."

"You'll stand by the gallows," said Mullins, in a jeering tone and manner.

"To see you swinging on it," retorted Flinn; "when you'll be after walkin' in search of it, an' your own coffin followin' you, two or three miles, of a market-day. I often tould you not to fear the wather, Jack. Bud the short an' the long is this. Father O'Clery said nothin' but God's truth this blessed day. There wasn't a dry eye in the place. An' if you can do any good, Jack, by spakin' to any friend o' yours, or the likes o' that, it's nothing but what'd become you well. And so I'll tell the farmer's son, himself, when I see him next."

"Let us play our play, a-hagar," said Mullins, "an' don't be botherin' plain people wid what they know little about. Come. Now all the loock is his that has the five fingers."†

"Aye, you'll play your own play, Jack. An' may be you'll have the loock o' the five fingers too. The skibbeeah's,‡ I mane, while he's takin' your measure for the hemp cravat," observed Flinn, as the gamblers now resumed their pursuit—"Bud stop, for I think you'd better," he continued, in an undertone, "an' just turn round till you see who's lookin' at you."

With these words Flinn escaped from the forge, hastily pointing to an orifice, meant for the double uses of window and chimney, which was situated in the wall of the hovel behind Mullin's back.

The men with whom Mullins was playing first took advantage of Flinn's hint, and, fixing their terrified eyes on this opening, saw it almost entirely filled by the round, red face, and fat shoulders of their parish priest, who, notwithstanding other engagements, could

\* Noncesue.

† Five of trumps.

‡ Hangman's.



not conscientiously overlook, on this particular Sunday, the chances of the notorious forge, and had accordingly paid it a speculative visit.

"Ho-ho! ye Sabbath-breakers!" roared the worthy man, precipitating himself into the forge, and, whip in hand, falling with might and main on the backs of his profane parishioners—"Have I found you again!—have I found you again! At the old work!—at the old work!" Each iterated sentence was accompaniment to a repeated lash, and Mullins's three gaming friends quickly, and with ostentatiously loud screams, escaped through the open door-way, while the priest turned round upon a whole nest of old and young, who, we forgot to say, sat on the hobs of the forge fire, or on the ground, anxious spectators of the ambitious game. Among these the zealous pastor also made impartial use of his horsewhip. It was ludicrous to hear the cries and shouts of tall, rawboned fellows, of from six to seven feet high, as they quailed or jumped beneath the hand of a little round man, whose entire physical strength was not equal to that contained in one of their fingers, or who, at least, by the merest show of resistance, might have escaped his flagellation. But as the beasts of the forest all tremble at the lion's roar, so do the greater portion of Irish peasants shrink at the voice of the priests. We have seen a mob of some hundreds, in the excitement of mutual passion and conflict, fly, forgetful of everything but the mortal terror of his presence, as the waters divide and splash when a heavy stone is dropped into them. On the present occasion, the flock of idlers in the forge bore testimony to a similar influence. In fact, the place was, in a few minutes, cleared of all except the clergyman and Mullins. For Mullins would not run as the others did, but now stood doggedly, and, as well as he could, indifferently, his side turned to the parish priest, and his eyes fixed on the landscape abroad.

"And do you face me, you unfortunate sinner?" said the priest, screaming at Mullins when he discovered him. "But I'll convert you—you as well as the rest—if there's virtue in whalebone and whipcord, I'll convert you one after the other;" and he wound a good lash at Mullins.

"Nonsense, soggarth, nonsense!" ejaculated the suffering party, when he had felt the smart of the whip. "Don't be doin' that agin, I advise you."

"I see you now, an' I know you now," said the reverend operator, somewhat daunted by the bad expression of the man's face. "You are one of those that have brought sin and trouble into my poor parish—you and your crony the jig-dancer"—Mr. Flinn, we presume, was meant. "But I disown ye—I renounce ye. Ye are two diseased sheep among my innocent flock, and two strangers that 'tis hard to speak about."

"Then don't speak about us at all, please your reverence," said Mullins. "An' if we're strangers, let us alone."

"Go, man, go," resumed the clergyman—"I know you not, and all I have to say is this. Come in next Saturday, to your Easter duty, and show your bad face at mass next Sunday, and behave yourself like a Christian

creature in my parish. Or, if you don't, leave my parish. I won't give you my curse upon it—that's an awful thing to do—but I'll mark you, you Sabbath-breaker—I'll mark you!" And the virtuous, though, as we have seen in the chapel, scarcely accomplished paster, hastily left the hovel, Mullins uttering an "Avoch!" as they parted.

He stood a few minutes after the clergyman's exit, apparently in deep thought; then suddenly turned to leave the hovel, when he was met at the threshold by Flinn.

"Come wid me up by the side of this brook," said Flinn, rapidly walking in the direction he had pointed out. "Let us get among the hills before we spake anything more about it."

They accordingly continued their way until they had reached the solitude of a wild little valley, and here Flinn again paused and addressed his companion. "What are you goin' to do wid Purcell?" he suddenly asked, staring Mullins full in the face.

"Bad end to him, how do I know?" said Mullins, "only he asked me yesterday evenin' afther my work was done, to meet him here, an' I said yes, because it was as good as to say no."

"You wouldn't, you curse-o'-God limb," resumed the other, "you wouldn't be afther sellin' the pass\* on whatever poor fellows you know any thing about—would you?"

"Ho! ho! who are you spakin' to?" replied Mullins.

"I don't well know, maybe," said Flinn. "Bud I know, an' I think you know too, there would be neither honor nor glory, gain nor savin' in tellin' your thoughts to such a hound as Purcell, for all his magistrates' warrants an' the like. Though I say agin, Jack, the strange priest told us enough to-day to make us do our best in the fair cause."

"Hould your tongue," said Mullins, "I know nothing at all of it. Don't be botherin' me for ever. What can you do bud spake, spake, spake? If you could do anything else the evenin' o' the PATTERN, I wouldn't had the trouble o' meetin' this black Protestan' this blessed and holy night; an' others 'ud be saved trouble too."

"'Twas none o' my fault, Jack. I done my best, if ever I done it; while you had only to look on wid your sailor's noose in your pocket; that, I say over an' over, you'll be outmated at last. Bud how does Purcell trate you?"

"Well enough, considerin' the likes of him; an' the likes o' me, too, that only works when the fit is on me. He's always soft wid me—maybe too soft, for all we know. Bud make off wid yourself—I see him just turnin' into the glin—bad look to him! an' how 'tielar he is, an' the evenin' only fallin'. Here, you scapegrace, get behind this big stone, an' lie quiet if you can, an' say your prayers if you remember any o' them. I'll soon send him off."

\* "Selling the pass," a generally diffused proverb through Ireland, is perhaps derived from the traditional circumstance of an officer of James's army, at the siege of Limerick, in 1690, having disclosed to Ginkle, William a general, a favorable part of the Shannon, by means of which, it is said, Ginkle put an end by treaty to the long-contested siege of the city.

Flinn obeyed the instructions of his companion, completely hiding himself behind a tall rock that sloped from the path against some adjoining masses of stone that skirted the valley, and which was also partially surrounded by brushwood, as if to add to its present usefulness. When he had squatted in his ambush, Mullins walked away from the spot, and then up and down at a little distance, while he awaited the approach of Mr. Purcell, the gentleman in whose employment, as a garden laborer, he now was, and the same who had given rise to the fray at the pattern some seven months before.

"I am glad you are punctual, Mullins," said Mr. Purcell, as he came up. "But are we alone?"

"Din't you see we are?" answered Mullins.

"I thought I saw another by your side, when I first entered the valley."

"You thought wrong, then, Mr. Purcell, unless it was *who you know*, keepin' me company, for your sake, till you came yourself."

"Whom do you mean?" said Purcell, half guessing from the nature of the man, as well as from a recollection of the confidence he had given him, the probable allusion.

"Hauld your ear an' I'll tell you. The *old bouchal*, Mr. Purcell," answered Mullins, very calmly; "an' I'd make little wonder if you thought right, after all."

"Tut, tut, Mullins," said Mr. Purcell, laughing, yet, perhaps, somewhat disagreeably affected. "No more of that folly. Indeed, 'tis worse than folly in such a place."

A pause ensued, during which it would seem that Purcell wished Mullins to say something; but whether or not such was his intention, he was himself compelled to continue.

"I have trusted you very freely on this matter, Mullins, because I think I may have faith in you. Besides, the more you know of it, the better you can serve me."

"Maybe so, Mr. Purcell."

"Mullins, I have loved Mary Grace for years; I have tried to win her for years."

"I know that. You told me the like afore."

"At first, as I said, she slighted me, on account of that unfortunate young lad, Kavanagh. But when he was put out of the way, that is when his own doings put him out of the way, then I found favor with her."

"Are you sure, Mr. Purcell?"

"No doubt of it; I had no fear of success till this English interloper came between us. Do you think I would propose to force a woman who had not given me the first encouragement? Not I, Mullins; you know I would not. But you see, as I said over and over, all is owing to this English subaltern."

"Aye; the red-coat Sassenagh. Well, a-roon?"

"Don't you think it a shame and a pity, now Mullins, that the girl and the money should leave the country with a red rag like him, when I offer to keep her as she ought to be kept, and make her an Irish lady on my own estate?"

"Thonomon-duoul, yes! The grounds you took over

poor Kavanagh's head are as good as an estate to you."

"Come, come, Mullins, nothing of that."

"An' the blood-money you got for huntin' him to the black north made a gintilman o' you."

"What has this to do with the business, Mullins?"

"An' sure, you're a justice o' the peace, too."

"Do you mean to insult me?"

"Avoch, no; only you see how it is."

"Well, then, to business. You will assist me?" continued Purcell, thrusting a bank-note of some value into Mullins's hand.

"Try me, a-vich," answered Mullins, crumpling the note hard, after he had looked close at it, and then buttoning it up in his pocket.

"I believe you're a steady fellow, Jack; and the rest of the lads are ready."

"Are they? Who's to head 'em?"

"Why, myself, Mullins!"

"Yourself!—ho! ho!"

"Why do you laugh? Yes, disguised as Doe, and under his name, I will this night carry her off."

"Will you? Carp-on-duoul! That's a bright thought."

"But Mullins, one uncomfortable thing has happened. You know, we thought Howard was to stay away from the house for some time, and that all would, therefore, be snug."

"Well; an' isn't he to stay away?"

"No; I have just discovered that he is to set out for Mr. Grace's in an hour."

"Well?"

"If he comes we are bedevilled and ruined."

"Well?"

"Isn't there any way to prevent him?"

"I don't know, faith, Mr. Purcell."

"Suppose——" and Purcell paused a moment, then resumed quickly, "Couldn't *you* prevent him?"

"How is that?" demurred Mullins.

"He is a worm in my path, Mullins; you know he is. He has crossed me at the very moment of hope."

"Aye; so he has. Well?"

"I ask you, now—leaving yourself to guess it—how many journeys more ought he to take? I think; but one," and Purcell slid another note in Mullins's hand.

"An' that one—is!" said Mullins, slowly, as he put up the second bribe.

"From this world to the next!" interrupted Purcell, in a whisper, yet of so sharp and audible a kind, that the banks and rocks around indistinctly repeated it.

"Whist, man!" replied Mullins, seizing Purcell by the arm, while his tongue, though deep and hollow, was less revealing than Purcell's whisper—"How do you know what ear the stones may be tellin' it to."

Even in the imperfect light Purcell stood visibly pale and trembling, and this hint increased his nervousness almost to a paroxysm.

"Have you deceived me, you scoundrel?" he asked, drawing a pistol, and stepping back.

"Me?—for what or for why?—put up your barker, Mr. Purcell, or give it to myself for Howard. Sure I meant nothin' at all. I was just as frightened as yourself, about it; only I don't look so white, an' shake,



after a moment. Yourself knows walls have ears, an' walls are made o' stones like the stones near us." During this harangue, Mullins had contrived, without giving any suspicious appearance, to stand directly between Purcell and the rock under which Flinn lay concealed.

"I must continue to trust you now, however," resumed Purcell, after a pause, and as he returned the pistol to his pocket.

"Well?" said Mullins, coming back from his digression, and assuming an earnest air.

"I have bribed another friend to *guide* him to Grace's house," continued Purcell. "Howard thinks the man is loyal to himself, because Mr. Grace pointed him out as a proper person for such services. But he's mistaken, maybe."

"Then, what use o' the likes o' me?" asked Mullins.

"Much, Mullins, much. My other friend might miss the thing; may be overpowered; for Howard is bold and active. You can follow them."

"So I can; an' I see it now, Mr. Purcell."

"Mullins—there is a pass a little way on, between the wood and the river; they will get into that. 'Tis crossed by the mountain stream, that stream is deep and headlong, and, at last, it meets the river." A pause succeeded.

"Aye," Mullins at length resumed—"when once in we needn't fear he'll rise agin."

"Right; or you know well how to prevent it, if you like, Jack. Weren't you taught how to make a basket to put a stone in, when you were a man-o'-war's man?"

"I could thry, I think; never fear, Mr. Purcell."

"You know how little *we* can be suspected. It is just the time and place for an English officer to be looked for by such a man as Doe, or some of his people. Then, I'm a loyal person, and a magistrate, and you're in my employment, Mullins."

"Aye, faith; sure I understand it entirely, Mr. Purcell."

"Come, now. But stay—we must not walk together towards my house."

"No; an' you'd better go home to the colleen that's expectin' you, Mr. Purcell. What 'ill you do wid poor Cauth, I wonder?"

"Oh, d——n her, Jack, let her go her ways," answered Purcell, his brow and eye darkened by this sudden question: "I'm long tired of her."

"An' so let her, sure enough," said Mullins; "'tis good enough for any of her sort. An' yet, Mr. Purcell, she was a clane, likely girl when you saw her first; an' now her best days are over. Faith she has few 'ud give her a welcome, I'm thinking. Still, if we get Mary Grace for you, Cauthleen must take the dour, anyhow."

"Good-by, Mullins," said Purcell, evading further explanation on this last point. He walked a few steps away, then returned, and again spoke.

"When it is done, and well done, come to my house by the back way. You'll find me in the parlor; and then we can prepare for the other business."

"I will," responded Mullins. Purcell stood a moment silent, and again turned off, with a "good-by."

"Good-by, then," echoed his companion.

"Stay an instant here, 'till I'm out of sight," Purcell continued. "You remember everything, and mark me?"

"I do," said Mullins, and Purcell rapidly walked away.

"Or," muttered the other, when he was out of hearing, "if I didn't, the Devil has marked you, an' that's enough for us both. Flinn!"—and Mr. Flinn accordingly appeared.

"The false thief!" pursued Mullins—"the bloody informer—wid his acres around him that he schamed an' swore out o' the hands of honest people! An' he thinks he can buy me up? An' he thinks to do what he likes without our lave? Where's the farmer's son, Paddy?"

"At hand, I'm thinkin'," said Flinn. "Bud *what bolg is on you*\* now, black Jack? I didn't see you in a right kind of a passion afore, since the day the minister offered to lave the oats on your field if you went to church next Sunday. What was Purcell sayin' to you at all, at all?"

"Go tell the farmer's son," Mullins condescended to explain, "that Purcell, the Rapparee, is goin' to take off purty Mary Grace."

"Musha, Jack, was that all the Omadhaun wanted wid you?—an' did hé cross your fist?"

"Did he gi' me a bribe is it? Avoch, bad loock to the lafina he offered me; an' if he did, d'you think I'd touch it, Paddy, from the likes of him?"

"Maybe not, Jack, a-roon; but I'll tell you what I was considerin' while you both left me to get could under the stone, there. Faith, I was thinkin' that there was no raison in the wide world why we couldn't manage Purcell where he stood, an' so get over, quietly and han'somely, the little obligation we are owin' him this long time, for another man's sake."

"Maybe I was thinkin' o' the like myself," said Mullins; "it was so new a thing to see him from home without his red-coats about him. But all for the best, Paddy. It's a long lane has no turnin'. Let us go tell the farmer's son what he wants to do in the regard o' Mary Grace."

"The farmer's son knows it already. But for the night that s in it, he can't help it, poor fellow."

"Carp-on-duoul! an' why so, man?"

"I thought you could tell the raison, of your own accord, Jack. All his tenants on the spot are doin' something, an' the rest too far off to be here in time."

"That's throe enough—bud no matter—he's at home?"

"Where else 'ud he be?"

"We must spake to him, thin, about another small matter that Purcell has on hands. D'you know, Paddy, a-vich, he wants to have the Red-Coat to himself?"

"Musha, how, Jack?" asked Flinn.

"He wants just to stretch him in the glin, below there. An' I'm to help him you know."

"Och, sure I know," said Flinn, laughing.

"Ho! ho!" echoed Mullins; "for the matter o' that,

\* What is the matter.

I'd have little objections to make a hole in a red jacket, any day; but we must hear what the farmer's son says about it. Come, there's no time to be lost. Howard is on the road by this time." And the two friends went on their errand.

Meantime, Purcell approached, by another path, his own house, deeply and sternly revolving a purpose that for some months had occupied his mind, and that now, bent as he was on making Miss Grace his wife, and so near the time of his attempt, too, engaged every bad energy of his soul. The poor creature to whom Mullins had just directed his attention, and whom he described as expecting Purcell at his home, was the object of Purcell's thoughts. She sat, indeed, expecting him; him—her sole earthly protector: the self-elected substitute for every other; her heart's early and only love, for whom she had sinfully abandoned the world and the world's smile, to keep, in friendless and otherwise cheerless solitude, a constant place at his side. Alas! she did not think what a requital he contemplated for her.

Purcell had not found the destruction of this now helpless creature an easy exploit. She had withstood his smiles, his oaths, and his ardors—his gold she at once spurned—until, in the fervency of passion, the constitutionally calm villain had given her, in writing, a solemn promise of marriage. Then she fell, and with her all her influence, attraction and hopes. Years passed over without any disposition on Purcell's part to perform his contract. The victim could at first only weep, and kneel to him for mercy and justice; and then, when she gradually saw the nature of the man to whom she had abandoned herself, and felt in words and acts the effect of that nature in reply to her supplications, the wretched girl could only mourn in silence. If she did speak, it was in the tone of a poor slave abjectly begging a favor, rather than in the voice of conscious right demanding the fulfilment of an obligation. She could compel Purcell to nothing, even if her weak and self-accusing heart dared to meditate a severity towards the master that, even with knowledge of what he was, it still worshipped. The forlorn girl had no friends to advocate her cause: her crime, along with other things, had scattered them over the earth, or sunk them in its bosom. Since her ruin, too, Purcell had, by all available means, thriven in the world; and fortune thus added another link to the mean as well as guilty chain that bound her to him. Increasing wealth lent him increase of sway: and while her love remained unabated, her awe increased, and abject subjection followed.

Yet, though she did not continue to plead her own cause, she still had Purcell in her power, and he knew it. Cauthleen held his written promise of marriage, nor could lures or entreaties prevail on her to trust it for a moment into his hands. Purcell had lately expressed some slight curiosity to see it, but Cauthleen had never attended to his wish. The man's designs on Miss Grace prompted him in this instance. As he himself truly stated to Mullins, his long and strenuous endeavors had been directed to a union with that young lady; and among many other firm objections urged as

well by her father as by the high-spirited girl herself the written engagement to Cauthleen which was generally talked of, met him at every step. Purcell, therefore, determined to remove that obstacle, even though the unhappy Cauthleen should become still more a victim.

In truth he had now for some time brought himself to contemplate with indifference the expulsion of Cauthleen, from his house, and her subsequent wandering alone, and in shame, through the world. It cannot even be said that his passion for Miss Grace had caused a disgust of his unfortunate mistress. Purcell bent his ambition, not on the person of the lady, but on the alliance with her father's wealth; to which, as she was an only child, he would, in the event of becoming her husband, also become heir; and his new-sprung name and pretensions must thus gain strength and countenance in the country. No; he had not even the poor pretext of alienated and ungovernable passion to urge for his neglect of the wretched girl, whom, having made so, he should never have abandoned. He knew but one plea for his disgust—for his hatred: he had tired of her. And perhaps, with lengthened investigation, we could not advance a better reason, duly considering the character of the man.

With a breast and brow made up to the prompt execution of his purposes, Purcell now gained his own door. Poor Cauthleen herself answered his knock. It was her constant practice to anticipate the servants in doing so, when, by the fond fidelity of ear that can distinguish the step, nay the breathing, even at a distance, of one beloved, she had learned to interpret this signal of Purcell's approach.

She smiled faintly as Purcell entered. He only returned her mute welcome with a ruffianly gathering of the brow; then, slapping the door, and hastily passing her, he flew into a brawling passion against the servants for neglect of their duty, in not attending to his knock. A foul purpose will seek to nerve itself in preparatory and cowardly excitement, as men, not over sure of their own mettle, have recourse to dram-drinking before they enter the ring.

With drooping head, Cauthleen slowly and silently followed Purcell to the parlor, vainly endeavoring to stem the tears that had flowed plentifully in his absence, and, only dried up at his approach, that again sought vent under this fresh sorrow. Her seducer flung himself rudely into a chair; as she timidly took an opposite seat, her tears became evident, and he instantly seized on this as a new theme for dastardly reproach and outrage, exclaiming in the idiom of a vulgar ruffian:

"Damnation! am I, forever and forever, to be met in this manner? Nothing but cry, cry, cry, from morning to night. What do you wish me to do?—have I left you in any way unprovided for? Is there a lady—a married lady in the land—who has more of the comforts of life—who is more her own mistress? Why don't you speak to me?—what is the matter with you?"

Cauthleen only wept on.

"You won't answer me, then?—I advise you, speak. By the great Lord, if you do not speak, I'll make you



repent it, Cauthleen !” He had now wrought himself up to a climax of actual rage, and he uttered the last words with a violent knock on the table, while his teeth set and his eyes flashed savagely upon her.

“My dear Stephen,” Cauthleen said at last, trembling with terror, “indeed it is not obstinacy; only I couldn’t answer you in a moment. And—I—I cried first because you were away from me—and now, I believe, because you are come home to me—and indeed I did not mean to vex you, and I will cry no more—there. If ’tis my poor smile you want instead, there it is for you, Stephen, from my heart, too—from the bottom of my heart. Don’t, don’t be angry with your Cauthleen, Stephen—don’t frighten her in such a way.”

Nature, even in the bosom of a scoundrel, asserted her sympathy to this appeal, and Purcell, turning his face to the fire, remained silent a moment.

“Cauthleen,” he then continued, “you can be a good girl when you like. Have you since found that little paper? You’ll let me look at it to-night, won’t you?”

“Indeed, Stephen, some other time. But to-night I’m too—too—”

“Too what?” interrupted Purcell, resuming his boisterous tone—“are you sick? or too stupid? or too insolent? Or why can you not oblige me?”

“I can never be too anything not to oblige you, Stephen. But that unfortunate paper—”

“Where is it? Cauthleen, I must see that cursed scribble, for your own sake. I have a particular reason. Go for it. ’Tis in your room, isn’t it?—Why don’t you go?—Then I’ll go myself—and—drawer, box, or press, shall not keep it from me. I’ll break them into splinters sooner than let it escape me”—and he rose and took a candle.

“Stay, Stephen,” said Cauthleen, also rising—“It would be useless—quite useless—indeed it would. That paper is not in any room in the house—I declare solemnly it is not.”

A startling apprehension crossed Purcell’s mind at those words, and, resuming his seat, he said:

“Then you have sent it to the attorney?—What! is that the way you would treat me?”

The reproach, the insult, the voice and manner completely overpowered Cauthleen, and she sank into her chair convulsed with tears.

“Answer!—have you sent it away? have you put it out of your hands?—answer, I say!” and he shook her violently by the shoulder.

“Spare me, spare me, Stephen,” cried Cauthleen, falling on her knees—“I have not sent it out of the house to any one—I could never send it where you say—indeed I could not.”

“Where is it then, woman?” he asked, stamping, and holding out his clenched hands. At this moment Cauthleen drew a handkerchief from her pocket, and a crumpled slip of paper fell on the carpet. One glance of Purcell’s eye recognized the long-sought document, and he was stooping to pick it up, but Cauthleen hastily anticipated him, snatched it, and placed it in her bosom.

“I’ll have it, by heaven!” exclaimed Purcell, stoop-

ing towards her; but Cauthleen, starting up, rushed into a corner, and there again, kneeling, addressed him:

“Do not, do not, Purcell!” she said: “I’ll give it to you when you hear me—to-morrow, when you hear me calmly, I’ll give it to you. Do not,” raising her voice, and wringing her hands as he approached—“For the love of that heaven, whose love we have both missed!”

“So,” resumed Purcell, now standing over her, “you had it about you, at the very time I asked for it, and you would not let me see it?”

“You should not be angry with me for that, Stephen. I’ll tell you about it. When you are away from me, and that I am quite alone in the world, I draw out that paper, and read it over and over, and kiss it, and cry over it, and lay it on my heart. ’Tis my only hope—and, if there be any, my only shadow of excuse to myself and before God!”

“Nonsense!—trash!—folly! Give it into my hand this moment!”—and he caught her by the wrists.

“And sometimes, Stephen,” she sobbed, out of breath, blinded in her tears, still feebly struggling with him—

“Sometimes I steal up to the cradle, where our last and only boy is sleeping. The rest were taken from us, one by one, for a judgment—we deserved that curse. And there I kneel down by the poor baby’s side, and ask him, in a voice that would not waken a bird, to look at it, and understand it, and see that he is not entirely the child of shame, and that his mother is not entirely the guilty creature they will tell him she is. Oh, Stephen, have mercy on me!”

“Come, Cauthleen,” interrupted Purcell, bending on one knee, and using more force—“give it me, if you have any fears for yourself.” But, in the paroxysms of passion that Cauthleen felt, he encountered more resistance than he had expected; and, exasperated to the utmost by her continued struggling, the mean and cowardly ruffian raised his clenched hand—it fell—the girl fell under it—and Purcell got possession of the paper, and instantly approached the fire. Cauthleen, though stunned and stupefied, wildly understood his movement, and screamed and tottered after him. But she was too late; Purcell cast it into the flame, and with—“There—since we have so often quarrelled about it, that’s the only way to end disputes,” he sank into his seat.

Cauthleen, with clasped hands, her tears now dried up by intensity of anguish, looked with agony at the shrivelled film in the fire, and then, in the hollow tones of despair said, as she turned away:

“And now you can wive with Mary Grace, to-morrow!”

Purcell, at first startled, turned quickly round. But his features only wore a bitter mockery, while he asked:

“Who told you that fine story, Cauthleen?”

“Never ask me, Purcell, but answer me!” she exclaimed, in a manner the very opposite to her late meekness and timidity—“Is it true?—am I not to be your wife indeed?—after all your oaths—the oaths that stole me from my mother’s side, and then broke my

CHAPTER VIII.

mother's heart. Will you take Mary Grace to yourself, and leave shame as well as sorrow on Cauthleen?"

"Fear nothing; I'll provide for you."

"It is true, then?—this, at last, is to be the lot of Cauthleen Kavanagh?—And at your hands—Whose?—The hands that brought ruin on all of her name!"

"Silence, Cauthleen—or—"

"Or what?—you'll make me?—how?—kill me? Do!—I wish it—ask for it—expect it. Yes, Purcell, I expect it—the robber, the perjurer, and the murderer, need not disappoint me!"

"Fool! take care what words you speak—and listen to me in patience. I courted and won you, because I loved you. Listen to me! I can love you no longer—and why should we live in hatred together?"

"Cursed be the hour I saw you, Purcell!"—the mad-dened creature cried—"accursed the false words that drew me, from virtue and happiness, under your betraying roof—your roof, that I now pray God may fall on us as we stand here damning each other! Oh! I am punished! I trusted the plunderer of my family and the murderer of my mother and brother, and I am punished!"

"I told you to have a care, Cauthleen," said Purcell, starting from his seat, pale, haggard, and trembling with rage—"I warned you to weigh your words, and you will not;" and his distended eye glanced on a fowling-piece that hung over the chimney.

"I know what you mean, Purcell!" the girl shrieked in a still wilder frenzy, "I saw where your eye struck—and, knowing and seeing this, I say again, robber and murderer, do it!"

"By the Holy Saints—then!" he exclaimed, snatching at the weapon of death.

"Aye, by the Saints and all! the murderer will not want an oath—pull your trigger, man! But, stop a moment!—first hear that!"

Purcell had the piece in his hand, and was raising it, when the faint cry of an infant reached them from an inside room. His face grew black: he flung the weapon on the ground, and turned away.

"Leave my house," he added, after a moment's pause—"you and your brat together—leave it this instant!"

"I will," muttered Cauthleen—"I would not stay here now." She rushed through a door, and returned with the infant on her arm.

"The night draws on, Purcell," the wretched girl said. "It was just in such a night you sent my mother from our own old home, that, in her agony and sickness, the cold blast might deal on her. I leave you, praying that it may so deal on me! My mother cursed you as she went: I pray to have that curse remembered. And I add mine! Take both, Purcell—the mother's first—the daughter's last—may they cling to you!"

Having spoken these words, Cauthleen caught closer in her arms the wretch they encircled, and, bareheaded and unmantled, rushed out of the house of crime. After an instant's lapse, Purcell heard her frenzied, and already distant scream, mingling with the wail of her baby, and the bitter gust of the winter night.

WHILE the last events were occurring, Howard was on his way to Mr. Grace's house. The guide, for whose honesty, as Purcell had stated, Mr. Grace gave a guarantee, was a man of unusually large stature; in height above six feet, broad, well-set, and muscular in proportion. So that he appeared a good subject to inspire Howard with confidence or apprehension, according to the degree of trust his presence induced.

Had Howard taken the main road to his friend's house, no guide would have been necessary. But he did not choose to expose himself to the too frequent observation of all passengers, and therefore adopted a by-way, which was shorter than the approach by the road. It first led, after crossing the road from Howard's bivouac, over two or three marshy fields in which a path was scarcely distinguishable, and then continued through a wood, which, with the exception of a few old nut-trees, was recently planted, and therefore, from the slowness of the stems, and the want of brushwood, together with the total absence of foliage, afforded no facilities for an ambuscade.

We should say that this wood clothed the side of a declivity: consequently, as Howard followed his guide along a winding path, he sank, step by step, from the level of the road they had crossed. After leaving the wood, without danger, or any symptom of it, they entered on a flat sward, through which, at about ten yards' distance, a mountain-stream hurried along. To gain Mr. Grace's residence, it was necessary to pass this impediment: and Howard was preparing to make the attempt, when his guide warned him of probable hazard at that point, and said, that a little way on, by keeping the course of the water, they should meet with an easy crossing. This was all well, and Howard followed in the man's steps.

He followed, without any positive misgiving, and yet with little confidence in his guide. The fellow had from the outset resisted Howard's efforts to draw him into conversation, and exhibited none of the native good-humor or heartiness that the young man had been accustomed to since his first acquaintance with the Irish peasantry. Absolutely rude, indeed, he was not; yet his short and apparently abstracted answers, and the deep tones in which they were given, fell, unpleasantly enough, on the ear of the intended victim.

Pursuing their way, they had left the wood behind them, but still were coursing the long ridge of hill, on part of which it grew, and which now presented a rough termination of broken bank and rock to the level ground, that Howard and his guide walked over. The moon rose on them, and began more distinctly to bring out such rugged features of the path as we have just noticed. In passing a particular spot, where an unusual group of rock formed a considerable recess on the side of the hill, the guide, who was some yards before Howard, suddenly started back, and at the same moment Howard thought he observed a figure glide into the recess. After a moment, however, the man continued his way, seemingly unembarrassed; and Howard asked:



"Whom have you spoken with?—what man was it that crossed you?" for he fancied that he had heard a hasty whisper as the fellow paused.

"Me! spake, sir? Who could I spake to?—No one crossed me; an' 'tis only some shadow has frightened you in this lonesome place."

"Very likely," Howard replied. But, with sword in hand, having gained the rocky recess, he thrust his head into it, and looked around; so far as he could distinguish no one appeared, and they continued their route.

The stream now made a sudden bend, widely deviating from the line of the hill to which it had hitherto run almost parallel; and exactly at the apex of the angle it formed, the guide paused, and, pointing to a tree that was flung over the water, told Howard that in this place they must cross.

"It is a slippery and dangerous passage over," said Howard, "and the water is much deeper and wider than it was above. I would rather have ventured to leap when we got out of the wood."

"Och, musha, it's very safe, sir," replied the man; "sure I know it well this many a day."

"Lead on, then. What—are you fearful? Why do you step back?"

"Troth an' I'm not afeard," said the fellow, "only I can do the best fur you, by followin' close."

"Take your hand out of your breast, you scoundrel, or I'll run you through the body!"—cried Howard. "Pass on—and quickly."

"Hoght mille duoul! Go on yourself, then!" replied the man—"go on!"—and with his left hand he shoved Howard, as if he had been only a child, within a few paces of the stream, while with the other he presented a pistol.

Howard, recovering from the push, darted on the assassin like a wildcat. Ere they closed, the pistol had been snapped, but it only burned priming; and, as Howard pressed on, he with a desperate pass ran the fellow through the thigh. In an instant he was in the ruffian's giant clutch; and, after a few unavailing struggles, was dashed on the ground, and then felt himself dragged towards the stream. In vain did he resist and cry out; the strength that tugged him along was almost superhuman. The verging prospect of his terrible fate had almost made him insensible to his continual progress towards it, when the startling whiz of a bullet by his ear, and the immediate report of a pistol, called back his powers of observation. Instantly he was free, for his colossal antagonist had fallen, scarcely with a groan. The bullet had gone through his brain.

"He's quiet now, I believe," said a voice by Howard's side, while he was at the same time assisted to rise by an unseen hand. When he had gained his legs, he beheld, close by him, a young man of rather slight figure, buttoned to the chin in a tight grey surtout, and wearing on his legs leather gaiters, also closely buttoned.

"Dead by heavens!"—said Howard, in reply to the stranger's remark. "Sir, for this timely aid I must ever be your debtor—if indeed"—he added, in an undecided tone—"the bullet has hit its true mark."

"I don't know well what you mean, sir," said the young man, proudly drawing himself up; "I fired at this fellow to save your life."

"I really believe it, sir," rejoined Howard. "But we were so close, 'twas rather nice shooting."

"Bah!" said the other, "it was nothing at all to talk of. I could do it as well if you both stood cheek by jowl."

"Then, sir, I must cordially repeat my thanks and gratitude."

"Oh, no thanks. What is it but what one gentleman should do for another? I only wish you had been with me half an hour ago on the road; you might then have conferred the first obligation."

"I may ask to what you allude?" said Howard.

"Why, yes," replied the lad (for he was little more), with indifference, "I have just been stopped and plundered by Doe and three of his men."

"What do you tell me, sir?" asked Howard in consternation: "I thought I had left him pretty securely guarded?"

"He's out, Mr. Howard, I assure you."

"Perhaps, some other?"

"No, no, no—I saw the fellow, face to face."

"You know his person, then?—have you seen him often?"

"Often."

"They plundered you, you say?"

"They did—I said so."

"Of what, pray?"

"Of what! Of my money and arms, to be sure."

"Your arms?" repeated Howard, glancing at the pistol the stranger had just discharged, and which he still held in his hand. Immediately after, Howard fixing his eyes on his face, thought he could recollect to have seen it before.

"Oh—aye—this little pistol," the young man answered; "I found it on the hill after them, and you are just as welcome to it as to the slight service it has done you;" offering it as he spoke.

"Thanks—but you see I have a sword. Will you allow me to ask if ever we have met before, sir?"—continued Howard, again glancing at the pale, handsome features of his companion.

"Upon my soul, not that I know of," was the answer. "But you seem to know my person well," resumed Howard.

"You have been pointed out to me, to be sure," said the other, "and I have often been looking at you, when you little thought it—that's all."

"Pray, what sort of man is this Doe?"

"Something of your own height, I think," said the stranger, surveying Howard from head to foot—"or mine; as I believe you and I stand about the same height in our shoes. But he is much stouter than either of us, and, perhaps, twice as old."

"About forty-five, then?"

"Let me see—yes. About forty and five."

"Well-favored?"

"No. Black complexion, black hair, strong, rough features, a lowering brow, a haughty, cruel mouth. Altogether a face of much ferocity."

"Thus I have heard him described by all. But I, too, shall see him, perhaps."

"Perhaps," echoed the stranger, dryly; or as if, joining the opinion of the outlaw's cleverness, he slighted Howard's pretensions to out-manceuvre him. The tone fell disagreeably on Howard's ear; nor, indebted to him as he was, could he well relish the easy kind of swagger that ran through every word, look, and action, of his new acquaintance. So that he now turned rather sharply round with a peculiar—"Sir?"

"Let me exhort you, Mr. Howard," said the young man, without at all seeming to notice this change of manner, "to return with speed to your corps, who must now, I think, require your presence. Pardon my freedom."

"You have purchased a right to use it, sir. May I beg to know to whom I am so much indebted?"

"My name is Sullivan; I live at my father's house some miles up the country. I went to a fair near Clonmel to sell cattle, and was this evening returning with the money when Doe stopped me. Curse the fellow, these are new tricks, that he might better let alone."

"You are farmers, then?—you and your father?"

"Farmers in a small way, sir: we had been better off, but rents and tithe-proctors now leave us little by the trade. If you think of returning to your men," Sullivan continued, in a manner that had all the appearance of interest, though it still wore a feature of something like dictation—"I shall be very happy to lend you my company; 'tis a bit out of my road—but no matter."

Howard, rather conciliated by this proof of attention, and overlooking the dash with which it was conveyed, and which he now began to attribute to the manner of the country, rather than to the individual, answered:

"I thank you. I had intended to proceed further, to Mr. Grace's house; but your information, and, indeed, this accident, have determined me to return, and a brave friend like you may be useful."

"Very possible," Sullivan replied.

"Before we proceed further," Howard continued, "I shall trouble you to accompany me to the nearest place, to despatch a messenger with a note of apology to Mr. Grace."

"First of all," said Sullivan, turning on his heel to where the dead body lay, "let us quietly dispose of this fellow's prodigious carcass. Bon Dieu!—what a Goliath!—and what a pretty little David am I that gave him his lullaby,—just by the edge of the brook, too. Upon my conscience, I thought I should have split with laughing, when I saw the damned queer figure you cut, dangling after him, like a calf tied to an ox's tail."

"It was very ridiculous, no doubt, sir," replied Howard, rather offended, "and, perhaps, more than ridiculous to one of the actors, though not to the spectator. But pray," he continued in a changed tone, "what are your views towards this wretched carrion?"

"Why, to begin," answered Sullivan, kneeling, "I claim the well-known right which every honest man who can shoot a robber possesses over him. I beg to see what kind of lining he has got in his pockets. If I

don't mistake, the inquiry will be worth our while;" and he engaged at once in his investigation.

"Worth *your* while, I presume you mean, sir," observed Howard.

"Thank you," said Sullivan, half jeeringly, "that's blunt and kind, and what I expected from you. Another poor subaltern in your place would be crying halves, or quarters, at least. But you remember my loss on the road, just now, and so leave me all the luck. And see, here it is, by holy Saint Patrick, crozier and mitre to boot—here it is—one—two—three—four—four one-pound notes, and almost another pound in silver. He drank a drop since he got the big five-pound slip whole and entire. Well; I believe I know who I may thank for my good fortune to-night."

While Sullivan was speaking, he extracted from the most secret pocket on the person of the dead man a small piece of old rag, carefully tied up, and from this, again, the bank-notes and silver he had enumerated. Throwing away the envelope, he now very coolly deposited the money in his own pocket, and jumping up, continued:

"And the next thing I intend to do, Mr. Howard, is to drop him in the very spot he had an eye on for yourself. Come, my lad, it's all one to you now, you know." He stooped to move the body, but was interrupted by Howard, who, during the entire last scene, had felt disgusted at the levity and hardness of the young man's manner and proceedings.

"I protest, I cannot see," said Howard, "why this should be done. Even for our own sakes we ought to leave the wretch where he has had the misfortune to fall."

"Nonsense, man," replied Sullivan, in an impatient voice. "I know what I am about: just leave me to myself. I commit no crime, I believe? And let me assure you, Mr. Howard, 'tis the best thing for *yourself*, too; indeed, what concern of mine is it at all? There may be visitors here in an hour or two, perhaps in half an hour, perhaps in a moment, who will expect anything but to find him in your place: and you might not be the safer of the discovery for the whole night after. Just let me have my own way, I say."

"You will do as you please, then, sir," said Howard, turning off, and walking from the spot. As he proceeded, he could distinctly hear the noise caused by the trailing of the body over the crisp soil, and, a moment after, the heavy plunge in the water. In another moment, Sullivan was by his side.

"And now, about your note of apology to Mr. Grace," he said, as he came up, still speaking in an unembarrassed tone.

"I shall have to ask admission into some house to write it," said Howard. "Whose house is that yonder?"

"A black villain's!" answered Sullivan, his voice suddenly altered to a subdued, hissing cadence.

"What is the name of the proprietor?"

"Purcell."

"Let us try to get in there," said Howard.

"Never!" cried Sullivan, almost in a scream, and while he stamped his heel into the sward.



"And why so, sir?" asked Howard, coolly; for he began to tire of the whimsical impatience of the young man's manner.

Sullivan, changing rapidly into a deeper tone, and almost speaking through his clenched teeth, went on, with passionate vehemence: "Never, I say, but in defiance, shall my foot rest on his threshold. Never shall I darken his door, but when I come as the shadow of death and destruction might come, to darken it forever. To your quarters—or, stay; here are pen and ink"—and he produced a small tin case containing both—"and here is a scrap of paper, and yonder I see a light in a cabin. Write the line there, and I will faithfully carry it—'tis on my way."

Howard assented, and they rapidly bent their steps towards the cabin. Meantime, his curiosity awakened by the sudden and uncontrollable passion of his previously *nonchalante* companion, he said:

"This Purcell must indeed be a villain, or your prejudice against him is strong."

"Ma Foi! but you have just said the truth twice over," replied Sullivan; "he *is* a hell-born villain, and I hate him worse than I hate hell—or fear it, either."

"He has deeply injured you, then?" inwardly speculating how it might be that now and again these French expletives slipped from his farmer-friend.

"Injured me!—ha! ha!"—and he laughed a bitter laugh; but whether the emanation of a sense of wrong or in mockery of Howard's question, could not easily be distinguished. After a moment, however, he checked himself, and then added, in a calmer voice: "*Me*, sir? No, not *me*, but his doings to others mark him for the detestation of every honest man."

This was not well carried; but Howard contented himself with, "Who or what is he?"

"What he is now, and for years has been, everybody knows. What he exactly sprang from, no one can tell. At least I cannot. But he first appeared here the follower of a nobleman we never saw; some kind of collector, I believe. Soon after he became a tithe-proctor; then a fire-brand; and, at last, a bloody traitor and informer. Then, of course, a land-jobber, gentleman at large, and county magistrate."

"Pray, explain," said Howard, much interested, and completely astonished.

"The particulars would be a long story. Privately he stirred up the wretched and ignorant people around him to resist rack-rents, that he throve by as privately exacting. When he got them involved by his agents, he informed against them, running their blood into money. Those who held lands on reasonable terms, he thus contrived to turn adrift on this world, or launch into the next, bidding for the vacant land himself, and then letting it, at tenfold its value, to starving creatures, who, though they sweated like the beasts of the field—which they do—could not meet their rent-day. There was one family in particular—but come, let us push on to the light; I delay you."

"By no means; you have deeply interested me. There was, you say, a particular family?"

"There was: A mother and a son, a daughter and

old grandfather—the father was long dead. Purcell, by his underhand practices, ensnared the son, a lad of eighteen or nineteen, in nightly combinations. Then he arraigned him before the landlord; and then—for their lease was expired—son and all were turned out of their home—the old man and all. All, except the daughter."

"And what became of her?"

"Villain—eternally damned villain!" exclaimed the boy, in another burst, and while his youthful face and figure took a stern and formidable appearance—"what became of *her*? He had trodden her down beforehand—seduced her—and she went with him into his house. She left her sick mother, and her old grandfather, on the field before their own door, and turned to the menial hearth of him who—pardon me!—the night wears—we walk too slowly."

"Pray, continue. What of the rest of this poor family?"

The narrator, touched, perhaps, as well by Howard's evident sympathy, as by the subject he was about to enter on, answered, in a broken voice:

"The mother, as I said, was ill; she could get no further than the ridge that gave her a last look at her old cottage. She sat there till night came on—'twas a bad night—and—she died in it," he added, with a voice scarcely audible.

"My God! And the son?"

"The wretched son was not then at home. He returned with an oath to revenge his poor mother. Purcell gained information of his purpose, and at the head of a body of soldiers hunted him through the country. In the north the boy escaped, and there, it is believed, took shipping for America."

"It is, indeed, a shocking story," Howard said, much moved; "and I will not press you to enter the house of such a man. But, since you are so kind as to offer it, I can write my note in the cabin, which, when we have got over this ledge, I presume we shall have gained."

The impediment to be surmounted was a fence of earth and stones running straight across their path, with, here and there, a bunch of furze or of dwarf-thorn shooting out on the top and at the sides. As they prepared to clamber over it, their attention was caught by the sound of low and continuous moaning which arose from the opposite side. Howard, first gaining the top of the hedge, saw on looking across, a young and beautiful woman, who was seated on a large stone, her hair hanging loose about her, her face pale as marble, and an infant resting on her lap. The moon flared fully in her front, and as she was not above two or three yards distant, developed into a sort of statuesque clearness her face, figure, and drapery. Her head was turned and inclined over her shoulder with an expression of utter woe and helplessness; thick sighs every moment interrupted her lament, and distended her white bosom. Her infant seemed to have just dropped asleep, and now lay back, along the beautiful arm that tenderly enclasped him, his little knees slightly drawn up, his half-open hands approaching his mouth, in that infantine attitude of repose which Westmacott has so well and so touchingly reproduced.

Howard saw, in deep surprise and interest, the mother and her infant, and was silently continuing his gaze, when Sullivan, who soon stood by him, suddenly seized his arm, and uttered a deep curse, the tone of which indicated the utmost consternation and astonishment. His exclamation reached the woman's ear; for she turned her head, ceased her perhaps unconscious wail, and fixing her eyes for a moment on Sullivan's face, screamed and rushed into the cabin, which was only some yards distant.

"Don't follow me!" exclaimed Sullivan. "This is my affair—I shall be with you in a moment;" and he leaped from the top of the hedge, and rapidly pursued the girl into the cabin.

When he entered, she was crouching down, with her face hidden on the knees of an old man, who sat by the hearth. One arm hung at her side, the other still pressed her now complaining child, and in reply to the old man's repeated "whisht! whisht! a-vourneen," she panted, "His ghost!—his ghost! come over the waters and the mountains to punish me! Hide me, grandfather! hide me!"

"Ghost or no ghost, Cauthleen, speak no word to me yet," said Sullivan, who now stood at her back. "There is an account to settle for you, before we can ever—if we ever do—look straight into each other's faces." But it was useless for Sullivan to have given this warning; at the very first sound of his voice, the girl had fainted at the old man's knees; her infant still held, however, to her bosom.

"And is this the way so soon?" continued Sullivan, speaking to the old man—"could he not wait for me a little, but add this last, this very last wrong to all the rest? When did he turn her out, dha-dhu?"

"This is the first I heard of it, a-vich," said the old man; "I did not think of seein' her to-night, till after you called upon her yourself."

"Hush!"—said Sullivan, pointing out to the door—"Did you tell her I was in the country?" in a lower voice.

"How could I, when you bid me not?" returned the old man. "Though last night as I spoke to her out of her window, and scalded her heart with the story of Purcell's courtin' of Mary Grace, I was nigh comfortin' her, poor soul, on the head of it."

"Bring her to the barn, dha-dhin, as fast as you can," rejoined Sullivan—"and stay—we want you in other matters. You must instantly mount and away to the elm-trees—you know for what?" The old man bent his eyes blankly on the ground—"You remember, don't you?"—continued Sullivan, as, from a suspicion of the old man's occasional weakness of intellect, he began to doubt his energy and correctness in the business he wished him to undertake.

"Do I remember, is it?" asked the other, as, recovering from his abstraction, he raised Cauthleen in his arms, and stood upright, with the vigor that in one of his great age was surprising; while a strong color spread over his cheek, and his grey eyes sparkled insauely—"Do I remember your biddin'? And why it

is to be done? With this load in my arms, and you standin' before me, you ask do I remember it?—Do I remember anything?—Do I remember the day that once was, and the day that is, the day that is to come? And if old age, and the heart-break strove to make me forget, *could* I? Where, then, would be my dreams on the hill-side, and in the rushes and the long grass by the water's brink, when, night after night, I dreamt it? When the moanin' came on the hill-breeze, and the cracklin' and the roarin' of the blaze was in the reeds that covered my old head?—When the mountains fell back, and the sky grew clear, and the wide waters were no hindrance to me, and I saw you through them all, afar off, with the sword in your hand, and *him*, twinin' like a red worm at your feet?"—

"Hush! hush! dha-dhu," again interrupted Sullivan, "there is one abroad must not hear or know; you had better call on God to strengthen you, and make you clear, and watchful, and prudent. And now, go your ways to the barn, first, and then to the elm-trees—this lost creature is in a long fit, and we have nothing here to serve her. Go, she seems coming to, a little. Go, now, without a word. Rest with her, abroad in the air, and then she'll walk with you. And now—yet one other word—is Flinn gone to get Father O'Clery out of the way, and to talk to him about the work?"

"'Tis an hour since he went," answered the old man, "and he'll scheme him to the barn, as you told us."

"Then, don't lose another moment," said Sullivan; "or, just wait where you are, while I step out with this rush-light." He took the niggard taper, and approached Howard, who still remained on the hedge, his curiosity excited to the utmost, his fears stirring on account of Sullivan's statement as to the escape of Doe, and feeling, as a neglect of duty, every moment that kept him from his men.

"We can't do it in the cabin," said Sullivan, as he stood under Howard, at the bottom of the hedge; "but come down, and I'll hold the light while you scribble on this stone. The wind is low, and won't hinder you."

Howard accordingly descended, and, using the materials with which Sullivan supplied him, wrote his note to Mr. Grace, and handed it, unsealed, to Sullivan.

"I'll deliver it punctually," said Sullivan, "within as much time as it will take me to walk and run to the house. And now, Mr. Howard, good-night, and make haste to your soldiers. Don't mind walking among these hills, with people you are a stranger to, for all the pretty faces about Slievnamon—but we shall talk more of that, maybe, when I have the pleasure to see you next. "Good-night, sir;" and he turned again into the cabin.

Great as was Howard's anxiety to get to his quarters, he could not withstand the temptation of concealing himself a moment behind the hedge, in order to watch some continuance of the interesting scene, to the opening of which he had been a witness. So he recrossed the mound, and stooped his head under it, at the side turned from the cabin.

In a few moments he heard Sullivan's voice, wishing some one good luck and speed. Almost immediately

\* Grandfather.



after, he saw him leap the stream, of which the course continued so far as the cabin, and Howard watched him running across the low ground at the other side, in the direction of Mr. Grace's house. His curiosity was next bent to catch a glimpse of the woman and child, and, looking cautiously over the hedge, he saw her, leaning on the old man, walk from the cabin towards the place where he stood concealed. They did not, however, directly pass him, but, continuing their way by the other side of the hedge, issued through it at a gap about twenty yards distant, and then, turning to the left, began to ascend a broken and uncultivated declivity.

Howard argued that this declivity must be a continuation of the ridge over which he had descended with his traitorous guide, when he first left the road that commanded his quarters; and he concluded, that if he also mounted the hill, in the footsteps of the old man and his charge, it must lead him again to the road, some little distance from the point he wished to regain. So, mistrustful of traveling any longer in by-paths that had proved sufficiently dangerous, and also prompted perhaps by anxiety to track the young woman, Howard followed at a distance.

After gaining the brow of the ridge, the old man and his companion disappeared from Howard's view. He also hastened, therefore, to win it. When he had done so, he looked out, and discovered them still walking in a direct line across a wide waste of marshy ground, bounded at some distance by a low wall, on which the moon shone clear and white, distinguishing even the stones of which it was composed. He felt surprised that, having passed the hill, so considerable a space should still remain between him and the road. But, assured that the wall he now saw was its boundary, he continued to follow the two figures.

They again disappeared over the wall, and Howard, mending his pace, crossed the low barrier, which he perceived to be formed of loose stones, and, in increased surprise, saw another stretch of open ground before him, over which the figures still moved. The lines of the road and hill, he thought, must have suddenly departed from their parallel; but it was, meantime, impossible that he should miscalculate his route, and so he persevered in it.

The second wild tract of moor proved nearly twice as extensive as the first; yet it was at length terminated by another loose wall, which was successively passed by the old man, the girl, and Howard. The amazement of our military friend changed into a disagreeable misgiving when he now found himself at the base of a growing ascent, round which, as he gained the other side of the second barrier, his unconscious guides were just winding. In a moment they had entirely eluded him; and, vexed and impatient, he hurried after them to inquire his way to the road, even yet positive he could not be far astray.

As he rapidly turned the bend of the hill, and looked forward for those he supposed before him, they were not to be seen; but the wailing of a female voice, and the shrill cadence of the old man, as if speaking in

comfort, guided him in his course. He followed till he found himself at the mouth of a pass, where the hill divided it, and afforded entrance to its own recesses. Up this way, Howard turned to the right, and soon saw the female and old man, the one sitting, the other, with the infant in his arms, standing over her, both continuing to converse in their mixed tones of anguish and feebleness. He hastened on to join them. All were now wrapped in the shadow of the hill, and, as Howard precipitately advanced, he stumbled over some fragments of rock and fell. The woman and her aged protector, with cries of terror, ran in a contrary direction. Howard rose, not materially hurt, and called loudly after them; but this appearing only to increase their fright and speed, he exerted his own legs in pursuit. They fled, for some distance, along the pass he had last entered, and then turned into another which struck off almost at right angles. He once more missed his guides, till he arrived at the point they had doubled. But he then marked them in the stretch of moonlight which the sudden turn afforded, flitting over the side of the divided hill, and apparently bent on gaining its top. Still he held chase.

Pausing on the verge of the ascent, he saw them hastening over a widespread of sloping country, at the extremity of which a huge peak of mountain took its rise. In fact, he had not understood that all this while, ever since he left the cabin, he had, across moors and all, been rapidly, though imperceptibly, ascending towards the bleak and craggy summit of Slievenamon. He gazed about, confounded and almost terrified, and shouted louder than before after his mysterious seducers into the maze of danger. They less than ever heeded his appeal; and when, resuming once more his efforts to overtake them, he endeavored to keep them in his eye, the two figures suddenly sank from view, and left him completely at fault.

He ran on in the direction they had taken, until, gaining the verge of the moor, he found himself altogether impeded in his progress by a deep gully, that, like a trench before a stronghold, seemed to guard the base of the mountain. As the weather had lately been very dry, scarcely any water sought its way through this natural canal; and, advancing cautiously to reconnoitre, Howard could perceive that the gully was deep and abrupt, and lined, at either side, and at the bottom, with sharp, projecting fragments of rock. His next investigation was to discover in what part of the pass the old man and his companion lay concealed, for he could not suppose they had been able to cross it; nor could he otherwise account for their sudden disappearance, than by concluding that they had descended into it. No trace of them appeared, however. He had paused in much embarrassment, unable to form any plan of proceeding, when they abruptly reappeared at the opposite side of the watercourse, moving towards a broad, flat stone, that, supported at one end by two props, also of stone, was raised in that direction from the ground, while the other end, that nearest to Howard, seemed buried in the soil. He looked, without knowing its traditional nature, at the ruins of an old

Druidical altar. But had he been a thorough antiquarian, and ever so well acquainted with all that has been said and written on the subject of this rude relic, little interest would it have had for him at the moment. His notice was solely directed to the two figures, who hurried towards it; and he halloed lustily and long in hopes of fixing their attention.

All in vain, however. The figures continued, in speed and silence, to near the stone; and when they had gained it, and Howard had exalted his voice into the shrillest possible key, they became once again, and finally, invisible. But, as if not to allow him to waste his lungs for nothing, scarcely had he emitted the last bellow, when it was caught up in a contrary direction, and prolonged and repeated rather beyond his wishes. He paused a moment, supposing he might have heard an echo; but, when too much time had elapsed to permit, according to natural laws, of possible iteration, the shouting was again renewed, by more than one person, now sounding nearer, and awaking the deep voices of the outspread moors and desolate hills. Our adventurer, though no poltroon, felt a disagreeable qualm at heart, as these wild signals of approaching strangers, and to him, foes, closed right and left upon him. He stood one moment in something not unlike consternation, and then the strongest instinct of nature lent him lightning thought, and, as will be seen, scarcely less than thunderbolt execution. Behind the flat stone the figures had found a hiding-place; behind it he, too, would seek safety. He measured the gully with his eye—it was at least four yards over—perhaps more—no matter. Howard drew back for a good run—sprang across the chasm like a chamois-hunter—and lighted on his feet in the shelving sward at the opposite side. But this was only the first consequence of his leap; for, after striking his heels into the soft ground, he next sank through it, and fell, with a chaos about his ears, and a hellish uproar ringing in them, down—down—he knew not where, into the bowels and mysteries of the mountain.

## CHAPTER IX.

Now, could we, at our pleasure, and not in violation of the known and admitted privilege of story-tellers, change the scene of our narrative some miles away from Lieutenant Howard, and leave the reader in a consequent agony of suspense as to the issue of his adventure. But we scorn such petty tyranny over the minds of those millions whom it is our wish, in perfect disinterestedness, to treat in the best manner: therefore, we proceed straight forward in our tale.

The first perception of Howard's restored senses brought him the intelligence of his being in the midst of an almost insufferable atmosphere, oppressive, as it was strange and unusual. He breathed with difficulty, and coughed and sneezed himself very nearly back again into the state of unconsciousness out of which, it would seem, coughing and sneezing had just roused

him; for he gained his senses while performing such operations as are understood by these words. When a reasonable pause occurred, and that reflection had time to come into play, Howard wondered whether he was alive or dead, and whether or no he felt pain. Due consideration having ensued, he was able to assure himself that, so far as he could judge, he lived, and without much pain of any kind into the bargain. Next, he tried to stir himself; but here he was unsuccessful. Some unseen power paralyzed his legs and arms, feet and hands. He lay, it was evident, upon his back, and the surface he pressed seemed soft and genial enough. While in this position he looked straight upward. The stars, and a patch of deep blue sky, twinkled and smiled upon him, through a hole in a low, squalid roof, overhead. This was a help. He remembered having fallen in through the slope of the hill, and, as an aperture must have been the consequence, or the cause, of his descent, he ventured to argue accordingly. He had intruded, it would rather seem, upon the private concerns of some person or persons, who, from motives unknown to him, chose to reside in a subterranean retreat among the very sublimities of Slievenamon. Here the strange scent again filled his nostrils with overpowering effect. There was some part of it he thought he could, or ought, to recollect having before experienced, and he sniffed once or twice, with the hope of becoming satisfied. But a fresh, and, he conceived, a different effluvia, thereupon rushed up into his head, and down his throat, and he had again to sneeze and cough his way into a better comprehension.

When Howard was, in his second effort, successful, he observed that he dwelt not in absolute darkness. A pandemonium kind of light dimly glared around him, clouded by a dense fog of he knew not what color or consistency. Was he alone? He listened attentively. The melancholy female voice that he had heard lamenting at the cabin, and among the hills, came on his ear, though it was now poured forth in a subdued cadence. Still he listened, and a hissing of whispers floated at every side, accompanied by the noise of a fire rapidly blazing, together with an intermittent explosion that very much resembled a human snore.

Again he strove to rise or turn, but could not. "I will just move my head round, at all events," thought he. He did so, very slowly, and his eyes fixed upon those of Jack Mullins, who, bent on one knee at his side, held his left arm tightly down with one hand, while with the other he presented a heavy horseman's pistol. Howard, little cheered by this comforter, turned his head as slowly in the other direction, and encountered the full stare of another ruffianly visage, while, with both hands of his attendant, he was at this side pinioned. Two other men secured his feet.

"Where am I? and why do you hold me? and how did all this happen?"—asked Howard, as he began to comprehend his situation.

"Hould your tongue, and be quiet," said Mullins.

"I know *you* well, Jack Mullins," resumed Howard.



"Tis some tize since we met at the pattern, but I know your voice and face perfectly well."

"Mullins," said Mullins. "Hould your pace, I tell you."

"You surely would not take away my life for nothing. And it can be no offence to ask you why you hold me down in this strange manner."

"Bother, man. Say your prayers, and don't vex me."

"Mullins, I have drunk with you out of the same cup, and clasped your hand in good fellowship; and I desire you for the sake of old acquaintance to let me sit up and look about me. I never did you any injury, nor intended one."

"I don't know how that is," observed Mullins.

"Never, by my soul!" repeated Howard with energy. "This unhappy intrusion, whatever place I may have got into, was an accident: I missed my way among the hills, and wandered here unconsciously. Let me up, Mullins, and you shall have a handsome recompense."

"The divil a laffina you have about you," said Mullins.—"Don't be talkin'."

"As you have found my purse, then," rejoined Howard, easily suspecting what had happened, "You are most welcome to it, so you release me for a moment."

"An' who, do you think, is to pay us for the roof of our good, snug house you have tattered down on our heads this blessed night?"—asked Mullins.

"I will to be sure," replied Howard—"who else should? Come, Mullins, bid these men let me go, and you'll never be sorry for it. Is this the way Irishmen treat an old friend?"

"For the sake o' that evening we had together at the pattern, you may get up—that is, sit up, an' bless yourself. Let him go, men, but watch the ladder."

The three other men instantly obeyed Mullins' orders, and Jack himself loosening his dead grip, Howard was at last free to sit up.

"Now, never mind what you see," he continued. "An' in troth, the less you look about you, at all, at all, so much the better, I'm thinkin'." And Mullins sat down opposite his prisoner, still holding the cocked pistol on his arm.

This caution seemed in the first instance altogether useless; for Howard could observe nothing through the dense vapor around him, except, now and then, the blank and wavering outline of a human figure, flitting in the remote parts of the recess. The whispers, however, had deepened into rather loud tones; but here he was as much at a loss as ever, for the persons of the drama spoke together in Irish. At length he gained a hint to the mystery. A young man, stripped, as if for some laborious work, approaching Mullins, said, somewhat precipitately: "Musha, Jack, the *run* 'ull go fur nothin' this time, unless you come down an' put your own hand to the still."

Here, then, from all he had previously heard, and could now see, smell, and conceive, Howard found himself in the presence of illicit distillation, at work, though it was Sunday, in all its vigor and glory. He snuffed again, and wondered at his own stupidity and indeed ingratitude, that he should not at once have re-

cognized the odor of the pottheen atmosphere—a mixture of the effluvia of the liquor and the thick volumes of pent-up smoke, in which for some time he had, under Providence, lived and breathed.

When the young man addressed to Mullins the words we have just recorded, that person's ill boding face assumed a cast of more dangerous malignity, and, after a ferocious scowl at the speaker, he said with much vehemence: "Upon my conscience, Tim, a-gra, you're just afther spakin' the most foolish words that your mother's son ever spoke: an' I don't know what bad blood you have to the sassenaon officer, here, that you couldn't lave him a chance for his life, when it was likely he had id. Musha, evil end to you, Tim, seed, breed, an' generation!—mahurp-on-duoul! What matter was it if the whole *shot* went to ould Nick this blessed evenin', providin' we didn't let strangers into our secrets? Couldn't you let him sit here a while in pace?—Bud since the murther's out take this, you bal-lour\* o' the divil,"—giving the pistol—"while I go down to the pot. An', Tim—lave well enough alone, now, an' if you can't mend what's done, try not to do any more. Don't be talkin' at all, I say; you needn't pull the trigger on him for spakin' a little, if it isn't too much entirely. Bud take care o' your own self, Tim, an' hould your gab 'till I come to you agin."

After this speech, the longest that Mullins was ever known to deliver, he strode away from Howard's side towards the most remote end of the place, where the fire was blazing. Howard comprehending that Jack's indignation was aroused, because of the revealing summons of the young man, and that his own life might probably be sacrificed to his innocent advancement in knowledge, very prudently resolved to avail himself of the hints contained in the harangue he had heard, by observing, in Mullins's absence, the most religious silence, and withal the most natural unconsciousness. The latter part of his resolve was, however, soon rendered superfluous and unavailing. The wind rose high, abroad, and entering at the recent aperture, attributable to Howard, took an angry circuit round the cavern, agitated the mass of smoke that filled it, and compelled the greater portion to evaporate through another vent at the opposite side. In about five minutes, therefore, the whole details of the apartment became visible to any observer, nor could Howard refuse to his curiosity the easy investigation thus afforded. And what he saw is now to be written.

The place was evidently an excavation scooped in the side of the hill, and then, as Howard could remember from his observations abroad, added to his present survey, roofed over with trunks and branches of trees, and covered with sods level with the contiguous soil. Into this den one entrance was now visible; for, looking across, Howard saw the rude ladder, of which Mullins had spoken, guarded by the three fellows he had ordered to that point. Against the sides of the cavern, almost all the way round, turf, furze, or well-filled sacks were piled. One end appeared to be dedicated to the purposes of a barn, for it was stuffed

with sheaves of corn at one side and straw at the other while on the ground lay two flails, half hidden amid a litter of a compound description.

At the other end—heaven bless the mark!—the genius of pottheen had established his laboratory. On a tremendous fire of turf and furze sat a goodly pot, of comprehension sufficient, perhaps, for thirty gallons of pot-ale. This cauldron was well covered with a wooden lid, which, at its junction to the sides of the vessel, as well as over all its casual crevices, received an earthy impasto of some kind, to make it airtight. Out of the top of the lid issued the worm; so called in courtesy, only; for it bore little resemblance to its licensed prototype in loyal distilleries, and was in shape no logical symbol of the word. Truly, it did not coil; but rather ran in and out, crinkum-crankum, in sharp angles, right, acute, or obtuse, at every turn. Its material was common tin, daubed most uncouthly with solder—the clumsy production of some hill-tinker, who was but too well paid for his work by a few draughts of the first oozing it brought forth. The greater part of this curious apparatus passed through a large tub of cold water, called familiarly the cooling-tub, and representing the condenser of more formal establishments. At length the end protruded, free of all impediment, over another wooden vessel, and therein deposited, drop by drop, its precious and fully-matured product; in fact, the *bona-fide* pottheen, regularly distilled.

About the fire, and at the end of the worm, and from vessel to vessel of different compass, in which the yielding corn underwent its different processes of fermentation, previous to a final enclosure in the pot, Jack Mullins now appeared busy, the presiding and directing spirit of the scene. He moved heavily and silently, with bent brow and closed lips, only condescending to the various questions levelled at him, a “Bother—don’t be talkin’.” Two or three men were also busy at the vats. An old woman, with lank, streaming locks, and her neck almost entirely bare, and a dirty girl, of about fourteen years of age, stood near the worm, pouring, from time to time, upon it, and into the vessel through which it passed, their contributions of cold water. Around the blaze, on straw, lay perhaps a dozen men, old and young, keen observers and anxious expectants. The fire glared on all, throwing into sympathetic shadow many a wild or sinister eye, and touching with red light the top edges of their shaggy eyebrows, their prominent cheek-bones, hooked or snub noses, and ample chins.

Howard, continuing his observations, surveyed the height from which he had fallen. It might be about seven feet; but he sat elevated above the floor of the cavern; and this remark, causing him to examine the material under him, enabled him to account for having escaped so well. In truth he had descended, where he now remained, upon a heap of litter, composed of the residuum of the pot, and some bundles of straw strewn lightly over, so that the whole substance was soft and unresisting as any man in his circumstances could have wished.

He was, however, little pleased on the whole with

the scene thus become revealed by the partial expulsion of the smoke. Mullins’s late hints still rang in his ears; and, while contemplating the faces of those round the fire, the unintentional visitant thought he looked on men who would have little hesitation, all circumstances of prejudice and relative place duly weighed, to assist the master-ruffian in any designs upon an Englishman and a red-coat. Then he recollected his untimely absence from his men; the intelligence Sullivan had given him; the disastrous consequences that to them might ensue; and his cheek and brow flamed with impatience. While, the next moment, a recurrence to his own immediate peril corrected, if it did not change, their courageous glow.

The young man who had relieved guard over Howard well obeyed the parting orders of Mullins; for he did not open his lips to the prisoner, contenting himself with watching his every motion, and keeping fast hold of the pistol. Utter silence, therefore, reigned between both, as Howard also strictly observed his own resolution.

After he had fully investigated everything and person around him, and when thought and apprehension found no relief from curiosity, this blank pause disagreeably affected him. It was uncertainty and suspense; fear for others and for himself; or, even if he escaped his present danger, the unhappy accident might influence his future character and prospects. Under the pressure of these feelings, Howard most ardently desired the return of Mullins, in order that his fate might be at once decided.

And in his own due time Mullins at length came. Everything about the pot seemed prosperous; for, with a joyous clatter of uncouth sounds, the men now gathered near the worm, and, one by one, held under it the large shell of a turkey-egg, which was subsequently conveyed to their mouths. Mullins, himself, took a serious, loving draught, and, refilling his shell, strode towards Howard, bumper in hand.

“First,” he said, as he came up, “since you know more that you ought to about us, taste that.”

“Excuse me, Mullins,” said Howard, “I should not be able to drink it.”

“Nonsense,” resumed Jack; “dhrink the Queen’s health, good loock to her, in the right stuff, that is made out o’ love to her, an’ no one else. Dhrink, till you see how you’d like it.”

“I cannot, indeed,” said Howard, wavering.

“Musha, you’d better,” growled Mullins. Howard drank some.

“So you won’t finish it? Well, what brought you here?”

“Ill luck,” answered Howard. “I know of no such place—had heard of no such place; but, as I told you, lost my way, and—in truth, I tumbled into it.”

“An’ well you looked, didn’t you, flyin’ down through an ould hill’s-side, among pacable people? An’ this is all thrue?—no one tould you?”

“Upon my honor, all true, and no one told me.”

“By the vartch o’ your oath, now? Will you swear it?”



"I am ready, for your satisfaction, to do so."

"Well. Where's our own soggarth, Tim?" continued Mullins, turning to the young guardsman.

"In the corner, beyant, readin' his breviary," replied Tim.

A loud snore from the corner seemed, however, to belie the latter part of the assertion.

"Och, I hear him," said Mullins. "Run, Peg," he continued, speaking off to the girl, "run to the corner, an' tell Father Tack'em we want him."

The girl obeyed; and, with some difficulty, called into imperfect existence a little bundle of man, who there lay rolled up among bundles of straw.

"What's the matter, now?" cried he; as, badly balancing himself, with the girl's assistance, he endeavored to resume his legs, and then waddle towards Mullins, at a short, dubious pace.

"What the matter at all, that a poor priest can't read his breviary once a day, without being disturbed by you, you pack of—"

"Don't be talkin'," interrupted Mullins, "but look afore you, an' give him the buke."

"The book!" echoed Father Tack'em—"the book for him! Why, then, happy death to me, what brings the like of him among us?"

"You'd betther not be talkin', I say, but give him the buke at once," said Mullins, authoritatively; and he was obeyed. Howard received from Tack'em a clasped volume, "much the worse of the wear," as its proprietor described it; and, at the dictation of Mullins, swore upon it to the truth of the statement he had already made.

"So far, so good," resumed Mullins; "an' hould your tongue still, plase your reverence, it's betther fur you. Now, Captain Howard—"

"I only want to ask, is the *shot* come off?" interrupted Tack'em—"for, happy death to me, I'm thirsty. And," he mumbled to himself, with a momentary expression that showed the wretched man to be not unconscious of the sin and shame of his degradation. "It is the only thing to make me forget—" the rest of his words were muttered too low to be audible even to Howard, beside whom he stood.

"Here, Tim," said Mullins, giving the shell to the young man, and taking the pistol, "go down to the worm, an' get a dhrop for the soggarth."

The shell returned, top-full; and Tack'em, seizing it eagerly, was about to swallow its contents, when, glancing at Howard, he stopped short and offered him "a taste." The politeness was declined, and Tack'em observed, with fresh assumption of utter flippancy:

"Ah, you havn't the grace to like it yet. But wait awhile. I thought like yourself, at first, remembering my poor old Horace's aversion to garlic—which, between ourselves, a-vich, is a wholesome herb after all:" and he repeated the beginning of the ode—

"Parentis olim si quis impia manu,  
Senile guttur fregerit —"

"Bother," interrupted Mullins, "ould Hurish, whoever he is, an' barrin' he's no friend o' your reverence,

could never be an honest man, to talk o' '*gutter*' and the pottheen, in one breath."

"Och! God help you, you poor ignoramus," replied Tack'em, draining his shell; "what a blessed ignorant crew I have around me! Do *you* know humanity, a-vich?" he continued, addressing himself to Howard.

"Nonsense," interposed Mullins, "we all know that in our turns, and when we can't help it. Don't be talkin', bud let me do my duty. I was a sayin', a-room," he went on, turning to Howard, "that all was well enough, so far. Bud, somehow or other, I am thinkin' you will have to do a thing or two more. 'Tisn't clear to myself, a-gra, but you must kiss the primer agin, in the regard of never sayin' a word to a Christian sowl of your happening to stray down through that hole over your head, or about any one of us, or anything else you saw while you were stayin' wid us."

Howard, remembering that part of his duty was to render assistance at all times to the civil power of the country in putting down illicit distillation, hesitated at this proposition; doubtful but he should be guilty of an indirect compromise of principle in concealing his knowledge of the existence and situation of such a place. He therefore made no immediate answer, and Mullins went on.

"There's another little matther, too. Some poor gossips of ours that have to do with this-Captain John—God help 'em—are all this time in the bog, we hear, in regard 'o the small misunderstandin' betwixt you and them. Well, a-vich. You could just let 'm out, couldn't you?"

"I can engage to do neither of the things you have last mentioned," said Howard, who, assured that concession to the first would not avail him unless he also agreed to the second, thus saved his conscience, by boldly resisting both.

"Don't be talkin'," rejoined Mullins, "troth you'll be just after promisin' us to do what we ax you, an' on the buke, too;" and his eye glanced to the pistol.

"It is impossible," said Howard, "my honor, my character, and my duty forbid it. If those unfortunate persons yet remain within my lines, they must stay there, or else surrender themselves, unconditionally, as our prisoners."

"I don't think you're serious," resumed Mullins. "Suppose a body said, you *must* do this?"

"I should give the same answer."

"Thonomon dnoul! don't vex me too well. Do you see what I have in my hand?"

"I see you can murder me, if you like; but you have heard my answer."

"Stop, you bloodhound, stop!" screamed Tack'em. "Happy death to me, what would you be about? Don't you know there's wiser heads than yours settling that matter? Isn't it in the hands of Father O'Clery by this time? An' who gave you leave to take the law into your own hands?"

"Bother," said Mullins, "who'll suffer most by lettin' him go?—who, bud myself, that gets the little bite I ate, an' the dhrop I taste, by showin' you all how to

manage the still through the country? An' wouldn't it be better to do two things at once, an' get him to kiss the buke, for all I ax him?"

"You don't understand it," rejoined Tack'em—"you were never born to understand it—you can do nothin' but pull your trigger, or keep the stone in your sleeve. Let better people's business alone, I say, and wait awhile."

Mullins, looking as if, despite previous arrangements, he considered himself called on, in consequence of a lucky accident, to settle matters his own way, slowly resumed.

"Then I'll tell you how it'll be. Let the Sassenach kneel down in his straw, an' do you kneel at his side, plase you reverence, an' give him a better preparation nor his mother, poor lady, ever thought he'd get. Just say six Patterin' Aavees, an' let no one be talking. Sure we'll give him a little time to think of it."

"Murderous dog!" exclaimed Howard, with the tremulous energy of a despairing man; "recollect what you are about to do. If I fall in this manner, there's not a pit or nook of your barren hills shall serve to screen you from the consequences. Nor is there a man who now hears me, yet refuses to interfere, but shall become an accessory, equally guilty and punishable with yourself, if, indeed, you dare proceed to an extremity!"

"Don't be talkin'," said Mullins, determinedly, "bud kneel down."

"I'll give you my curse, on my two bended knees, if you touch a hair of his head!" Tack'em cried, with as much energy as his muddled brain would allow; "an' then see how you'll look, going about on a short leg, and your elbow scratching your ear, and your shins making war on each other, while all the world is at peace."

"An' don't *you* be talkin', either," resumed Mullins, who seemed pertinacious in his objection to the prolonged sound of the human voice. "Bud kneel by his side, and hear what he has to tell you, first. An' then say your Pa terin'-Aavees."

Evidently in fear for himself, Tack'em at last obeyed. The other men, with the old hag and the girl, gathered round, and Howard, also, mechanically knelt. He was barely conscious, and no more, of the plunging gallop in which he hastened into eternity. He grew, despite of all his resolutions to die bravely, pale as a sheet; cold perspiration rushed down his face; his jaw dropped, and his eyes fixed. Strange notions of strange sounds filled his ears and brain. The roaring of the turf fire, predominantly heard in the dead silence, he confusedly construed into the break of angry waters about his head; and the muttering voice of Tack'em, as he rehearsed his prayers, echoed like the growl of advancing thunder. The last prayer was said—Mullins was extending his arm—when a stone descended from the aperture under which he stood, and, at the same time, Flinn's well-known voice exclaimed, from the roof: "Take that, an' bloody end to you, for a meddling, murtherin' rap!" Mullins fell, senseless.

"Bounce up, a-vich—You're safe!" said Tack'em,

while kneeling himself, he clasped his hands, and continued, as if finishing a private prayer that had previously engaged him—"in secula seculorum—Amen! Jump, I say—Jump! *O festus dies hominis! vix sum apud me!*—jump!" but Howard did not rise till after he had returned ardent thanks for his deliverance; and he was still on his knees when Flinn rushed down the ladder, crying out: "Thundher-un-ouns—it's the greatest shame ever came on the country!—a burnin' shame! Och! Captain, a-vourneen, are you safe an' sound every inch o' you? And they were goin' to trate you in that manner? Are you in a whole skin, a-vich?" he continued, raising Howard, and clasping his hands.

"Quite safe, thank you, only a little frightened," said Howard, with a reassured, though faint smile.

"Oh, the murtherin' thief!—where is he?" resumed Flinn—"where is he, till I be the death of him? Get up, you unloocky bird"—giving Mullins a kick—"get up, if the brains are in your head. Musha, I pray God the stone mayn't have left 'm—get up, an' go on your errand. Purcell is waiting for you, an' the farmer's son is there. Get up, an' that you never may!"

"Musha, I meant all the best—don't be talkin'," muttered Mullins, as, recovering from the stunning blow, he scrambled on his feet. "Is Purcell ready?"

"Yes, you black dog, he is," answered Flinn; "go your ways to him, an' tell him you're afther doing all he axed you—be sure o' that."

"Father Tack'em must come wid me," said Mullins; "Purcell wants him to make all sure—an' I promised."

"I'll not budge a peg in your company," said Tack'em. "There's neither luck nor grace at your side."

"For that matter, there's a priest in the house already," observed Flinn, carelessly.

"Is there, honey?" asked Tack'em, much interested; "then, where'd my breviary?"

"An' you'd better go, for another raison," rejoined Flinn. "There's one abroad that came wid myself to the barn—(only I left him a little way off, when I saw the hole in the roof, to make his own way)—that your reverence wouldn't be over-pleased to see—by the powers, here he comes down the ladder!" Howard looked, in some alarm, but was greatly relieved to see the portly person of Father O'Clery in the situation Flinn had described. The friends, in mutual surprise and pleasure, advanced to each other.

"Move aside, plase your reverence," continued Flinn to Tack'em, as the gentlemen conversed apart—"an stale out wid Jack as soon as you can—it's the best way for you both."

Poor Tack'em seemed to agree with the speaker. Folding round his body, and over the relic of a coat that once had been black, a loose dark-blue dreadnought, and hiding his bald head in a slouched hat, while at the same time he tucked his breviary under his arm, the fallen priest tottered after Mullins towards a dark corner of the cavern.

But Father O'Clery's quick eye rested on the uncouth figure while it was in motion, and rapidly advancing, and asking—"Who's that?" he confronted in terrible severity his lost brother.



"Wretched man!"—he then continued, his brilliant black eyes half hid by the angular depression of eyelid that accompanied his stern frown—"do I again find you in such a scene, and indeed, in such a state, as you had solemnly promised never to relapse into? Is it thus you are to be trusted? And has this one absorbing vice sunk you so very low, that you have no terror, either on your own account, or on that of the anointed brethren whose cloth you disgrace, of the shameful death such connections as these must inevitably end in?"

"I rejoice, reverend sir," answered Tack'em, while spite of his efforts to be flippant, his head and eyes dropped, and his tongue faltered—"I say I rejoice, that you mercifully allot me but that one unfortunate failing—I like it, sir, I like it—Gold help me! And I believe—that is, I am afraid—that while Heaven spares me a mouth to open, I must be tasting it. Every one has his fate—I don't mean it heteere—e—doxically, sir—for, through all, I'm firm in the faith—I'm a sinner, but I believe—but I nevertheless fear, somehow, that we are all born to some misfortune we can never get over. And, as to the cloth, all I can wish is, that having once called me into it—many are called, but few are chosen—and *nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*, as we say in syntax—having once called me into it, I wish you could call me out of it again. I am humble enough to admit, I can never wear it well—and little sorrow would I have to strip it off on any other account. For, happy death to me, if I get as much by marrying stray couples, up and down, at the sides of ditches and hedges, and such places, as would keep a second-hand black coat on my back half the year round."

"Go, you miserable creature!" rejoined O'Clery—"hide your head for shame, and, when you get sober, think and repent, if you can. I can only advise and pray for you. Of punishment you have already had your share. A poor exile from the pale of God's Church; a bad branch of the tree lopped off, and cast aside, I fear, for the burning! Yet are you obstinate in your sin and scandal; yet, alas! the name of priest is abused in your person—"

"Aye, troth, sir," interrupted Tack'em, hastily; "a priest once, a priest forever—that's the bite on us both; and the worst is, we can't help it. Good night, brother, and benedictite;" and he moved towards the ladder.

"And where now?" asked O'Clery.

"I must go home and read my breviary," answered Tack'em, hobbling up the rugged steps.

"Stop!" cried O'Clery—"Who's that before you?"

It was Mullins, who, taking advantage of the conference between the two clergymen, contrived to steal up unnoticed until this moment, when his retreating person became visible to O'Clery. As soon as he heard the question directed after him, Jack redoubled his efforts, and removed out of sight every part of his unwieldy person. Tack'em followed as he might, and in silence too, like his leader.

"Here has been infamous work," resumed O'Clery, addressing Flinn and the other men. "Where is the fellow who, as Mr. Howard informs me, meditated a deadly outrage on his person?"

"Your reverence saw the hinder part of him just now, I believe," answered Flinn.

"I thought so," rejoined O'Clery. "Well, then, my good men, let us settle the business you have invited me here to assist you in: first, Mr. Howard, a word with you." He drew Howard aside, and continued in a low voice: "You are of course as surprised to see me here as I am to see you. I have your story, and now listen to mine. Sitting at Mr. Grace's table, about an hour ago, I learned that some person wished to speak with me, and when I went down, this young man,"—pointing to Flinn—"was in waiting. From a long conversation that ensued between us, I learned that upwards of one hundred stand of arms were ready to be delivered into my possession for you; and, indeed, other concessions volunteered, which promise to put an end to this petty warfare—on one condition, however, which it is in your power to grant or refuse. But let us continue before the people." Both advanced, and O'Clery went on, aloud:

"I have informed Mr. Howard that you propose, my good people, to give such information as shall lead to the finding of more than a hundred stand of arms, with other things, provided he thinks it safe and prudent to take under his protection the few misguided men—you have told me they are few—now within his lines. And you engage that these men shall approach his soldiers without arms in their hands, leaving them behind, and remaining as hostages until they are, according to true instructions, found on the spot where they have grounded them."

"We just tell you, Father O'Clery, what we were bid to tell you, by some of our gossips that knows more about it. But we'll stand by every word you spake, howsomdever," said Flinn.

"How say you, Mr. Howard?" asked O'Clery.

"On the terms proposed, I shall venture to protect these men," answered Howard, "but with one exception. Their captain, Doe, must surrender himself unconditionally."

"I fear that will be fatal to the treaty," said O'Clery.

"Not in the laste, your reverence," said Flinn. Poor people that are badgered into corners in such a manner must look after themselves. An' so, if the captain just promises to lend a hand to the rest, he's welcome, I hear, to Doe, after all."

"I promise, then," said Howard, "but good faith must in the very first instance be shown, by giving up the arms."

"We have little to do wid 'em, plase your honor," resumed Flinn; "only as friends to both sides, an' pace-makers. But I'm tould we needn't go far for the guns an' pistols, anyhow. Arrah, Shawmus," he continued, addressing an old man near him, "wasn't it somewhere here the woman bid us look for 'em?" And, taking down some bundles of straw, Flinn exhibited a considerable depot of old muskets, fowling-pieces, pistols, great and small, carbines, and blunderbusses.

"All this is very well," said Howard, restraining his pleasure as well as amazement—"and now I have to say that, if these things remain as they are, until morning,

when, with some of my men, I can get possession of them; and if the other concessions and submissions, spoken of by Mr. O'Clery, are made with a good grace, I shall then see about performing my own part of the treaty. But," he continued, after a short pause, and now pressed by a goading recollection—"but, my dear Mr. O'Clery, I fear I have even yet made a childish arrangement. Doe, I can learn, is not in my power."

"Indeed, Mr. Howard! Do you speak on good authority?"

"I'm afraid I do. But come, 'tis a point easily ascertained if I were once at my quarters—how shall I safely get there?"

"I will, with pleasure, accompany you, and this young man will guide us," said O'Clery, pointing to Flinn.

"Wid a heart an' a half, your reverence," said Finn; "an'ty not let the captain be so much down in the mouth about Doe. Whether he's in the bog, or out of it, we'll show him to his honor, Captain Howard, some time or other. An' sooner than he thinks, maybe."

"Come on, then; there's no time to be lost," rejoined Howard; and he, O'Clery, and Flinn prepared to leave the cavern by the ladder.

In passing by a recess, which was studiously surrounded with piles of straw, furze, and fern, Howard observed, in deep shadow, the young female and child who had been the first, though unconscious, cause of his stumble on such a nest of every kind of disloyalty. She still sat holding the infant to her bosom; but her voice was hushed, and she only kept that peculiar to and fro motion of the body by which the women of her country gesticulate a heavy sorrow.

"Who is she?" asked Howard of Flinn as they passed.

"Troth, plase your honor, I dunna," was the reply.

Howard looked round for the figure of the old man, who had accompanied her over the hills; but, of all those in the place, none resembled his. Father O'Clery, in leading the way, had not noticed the young woman, and Howard now hurried after him up the ladder.

"Let your reverence an' the captain take care o' your heads," said Flinn, as he followed them. "The stones cover the hole all over, an' you'll have to stoop fur it a little."

Father O'Clery, from his exploring and unassisted descent, was prepared for this intimation, and cautiously observed it. But Howard, whose entrance had been in an independent way, found much difficulty in lowering his person, neck and knees, as he almost crawled, once again, up to the face of the earth.

The moon had gained her zenith as the party emerged into her reviving beams; and Howard and Mr. O'Clery both paused an instant to examine, in the broad light, if any appearance of suspicion was attached to the secret entrance they had just cleared. As Flinn truly premised, the large flat stone completely covered the mouth of the excavation; and, at either side, as also at its elevated end, fern and furze-bush formed such a screen as must beguile the eye of any uninforming wanderer. After remarking that the concealment was

perfect, the gentlemen, attended by Flinn, pursued their mountain path to Howard's quarters.

"I must say, Mr. O'Clery," observed Howard, after they had made some progress downward, "that though other things agitated me more, nothing, through the course of this eventful evening, so utterly astonished me as to find a person of your profession—and such a member of it!—in the place we have just quitted. I mean Father Tack'em."

"Poor creature!" said O'Clery, in accents of genuine sorrow; "he is, indeed, a source of shame and grief to us. But it will also be acknowledged how very rarely such unhappy instances are to be found in our body!"

"I know it, sir," Howard returned; "my only wonder is, why, when you have ascertained the obstinate unworthiness of a minister, you do not at once discard him from your brotherhood. Tack'em, if such be his name, is evidently in priest's orders still."

"We cannot, canonically, do what you suggest," answered O'Clery; "the rule, in such a case, differs in our separate churches. You have heard the poor fellow himself say, a priest once, a priest for ever; such is our discipline. We deem that, although we assist in sanctioning the vow by which an anointed priest dedicates himself to the service of his Master, we have no power to declare the solemn contract annulled, under any circumstances whatever. All we can do, in case of irremediable error, is to forbid to the unworthy priest the exercise of his priestly functions, and to deprive him, so far as in us lies, of all lawful opportunity of assuming them."

"Meantime," asked Howard, "he can assume them, if he pleases?"

"Certainly, and, we say, with as much spiritual efficacy as ever. For we argue that the grace, having once adopted its human conduit, cannot, by any accident that may befall that conduit, be defiled in its transmission to other human souls. In other words," continued O'Clery, striking on one of his serious tones, "Tack'em—which you have sagaciously surmised not to be his real name; in fact, 'tis only expletive of his present contraband trade—may—and he does)—join in holy wedlock scores of runaway couples, who dare not solicit the good offices of their parish priest, or any of his curates."

## CHAPTER X.

HOWARD had sent word that he should be at Mr. Grace's house at seven o'clock, and he had left his quarters at six, in order to keep his appointment. Seven o'clock came, and Howard did not appear. But it was about this hour that Father O'Clery, while sitting with Mr. Grace and the Protestant clergyman, Mr. Somers (the parish priest had been sometime gone), received an invitation to speak with a strange man in the hall. Returning to the company, and generally hinting the result of his conference with Flinn, he was strongly dissuaded by his friends from setting out



alone on such an invitation. Mr. Grace urged, that even Father O'Clery's spiritual calling was no certain shield against the displeasure of the deluded people, whom the exhortation of the day might have provoked into hostility towards the preacher. Nor did he suppose an unprecedented case. It had, before now, happened, that a Roman Catholic pastor was visited with the vengeance which a sense of his efficacious interference had aroused.

"And on my conscience, Father O'Clery," continued Mr. Grace, "I know not what to make of Captain John: he will legislate for us all in our turns. I thought my poor old Papist name, Mr. Somers, might have been respected; but, no later than last night, he sends me a notice to lower my rents, and plead, gratis, for all defendants in the tithe-proctor's court."

"Aye," said Mr. O'Clery, smiling, "and this morning I tore off the chapel-door, before daylight, a paper signed by him, advising the clergyman at whose house I slept to give over all sermons against his government, as he was pleased to call it; to take two shillings per annum for his Christmas and Easter dues; to marry, at five shillings a pair, and to christen at ten pence a head. Then, Father Doyle, in the next parish, has had a visit from him and his men. These are strange times, and Doe a strange fellow. Yet will I hazard the visit this young man invites me to: there is nothing to fear."

He left the house accordingly, and his friends remained anxiously speculating on his return. Mr. Grace, consulting his watch, began to feel additional uneasiness on Howard's account. It was now half-past seven, and no sign of Howard: it was eight, and yet he came not. Mr. Grace and Mr. Somers grew seriously alarmed.

To another person, under the same roof, his absence caused even livelier pain. Mary Grace had, before seven o'clock, retired to her apartment to make some little preparation for receiving her lover, as also to discharge some religious observances of the day. She proceeded half-way in her toilet: the long, fair hair was let down and freshly arranged—a simple flower its only extraneous ornament. Then Mary consulted her glass, with, it must be admitted, much innocent satisfaction at her appearance. But, recalling at the moment her neglected duty of Sunday devotion, a reproving blush deepened the healthy bloom of her young cheek, and, hastily drawing a chair to the fire, she opened her prayer-book, and strove, with all virtuous seriousness, to detach her mind from personal vanities, from her lover, and from everything distracting and earthly. She scolded herself sharply for having set about her toilet before discharging her spiritual duties, and vowed that, to make amends, she would not proceed in her dressing, would not even glance towards the glass, until she had reverently performed her devotions.

Just then, the clock struck seven. This was an untoward intrusion: Mary found it the more difficult to banish forthwith from her mind such speculations as she had penitently sentenced to temporary exile. How-

ard was always so punctual to his appointments—at seven he was to arrive, and it was seven now, and he would be in the house in a few minutes at furthest. So that he would have to wait awhile for Mary,—while Mary, being good-natured and considerate, was loth to keep him waiting. Her eyes and thoughts wandered as she listened for his knock. She caught herself inattentive; scolded herself anew, and again resumed her devotions.

There were further distractions, and further chidings; but at last Mary had finished. As she rose from her knees her feelings changed first to impatience, then into anxiety, at the prolonged absence of her lover. He could not have knocked without her hearing it—even were that possible, Nora, her maid, would have come to inform her of his arrival. Her heart sank, as a fear of danger or treachery to Howard crossed her mind, and she sat down, trembling, her toilet forgotten, her thoughts all in alarm. We shall here, availing ourselves of the privilege of authorship, venture to give our readers a glimpse of the maiden and her bower.

Having doffed her dress, while proceeding with her toilet, she sat in her stays and petticoat, leaning back in her chair, her ankles crossed, one arm hanging by her side, the hand still clasping her prayer-book. Mary had, however, laid her rosary upon the table, taking up in its stead a miniature of her lover, which she now held in her right hand. Her face was, however, unconsciously turned away from the likeness, as, with tears in her soft eyes, she sighed forth her loving and most devout intercessions for his safety. Her slender, but rounded figure, was prettily developed by the undress; the short petticoat permitted a more than usual exhibition of her plump, but not heavy ankle; while her polished shoulders and snowy neck must have excited the admiration of such aerial sprites as alone enjoy the freedom we have presumed, for the nonce, to emulate—that of entrance to a young lady's chamber.

Upon the table, immediately beside the dainty red case out of which she had taken the miniature, stood a carved ivory crucifix. At the other side was a tall glass, filled with glowing flowers. Emulative flowers, the creatures of Mary's pencil, adorned the walls of the room, and in the place of honor thereon was her girlish *chef d'œuvre*, a Madonna and child, in crayons. A small but well-filled book-shelf hung to the right, while before the toilet-mirror lay (as a matter of course, even in Ireland), an album most elaborately ornamented as to binding.

Immediately behind Mary was her bed, fitly draped in virgin white. The fire blazed strongly upon her as she sat, heightening the color of her cheek, sending soft flashes into her eyes, and toying with the golden cloud of curls around her face and neck. Through her figure, her attitude, her expression, as well as through all her surroundings, there ran a blended character of softness and purity—of innocence and of grace. Her thoughts of her lover were such as angels would not deem unfitting to mingle with the prayers she had just knelt before her God to offer at His feet.

It was some time before Mary remembered her neglected dress. The sound of the clock, striking eight, at last roused her, and she rang for Nora.

Nora entered. A fast-fading maiden of forty was this country Abigail, with strong, staring features, her head surmounted by a stiff-starched, high-cauled cap, pinned under her chin; and further, wearing a brown stuff gown, tucked up behind, and leaving her arms bare from the elbows. A blue check apron, a flaming silk kerchief drawn down between her shoulders, blue stockings, and sharp-pointed shoes, with large square buckles in them, completed her attire.

"Not come yet, Nora?" asked her young mistress, whom the very matter-of-fact presence of the tirewoman seemed to have roused from her misgivings.

"Not yet, Miss Mary, an' myself thought you would never ring for me. 'Tis lonely down stairs, for bein' Sunday evenin' every soul is out, barrin' me. All the servants, I mane, be coorse. What's wrong wid me, darlin'?" For Mary with a face of mischievous horror, had recoiled from the proffered caress of her attendant.

"Why, your dreadful woman!" Mary cried, holding up her hands, "you have been again indulging in the habit I so often scolded you for, and which you so often promised me to give over."

Nora, with every appearance of virtuous indignation, protested that "never a shaugh o' the pipe had herself taken since the blessed mornin', not six months agone, when Miss Mary forbid her doin' it." This was, however, a rather loose assertion; for, in good truth, Nora, after many laudable efforts, had failed in prevailing on herself to surrender a much-indulged and long-loved delight. "It rises my poor heart," she would soliloquize, "better nor anything else in the world. An' sure, there's neither sin nor shame in givin' into it a little, now an' then, when I have no work to do, an' nobody the wiser, an' the dours shut to keep the smoke from upstairs." Nora accordingly sought her own opportunities for such enjoyment. Nay, the tingle of her mistress's bell had just summoned her out of the centre of a good cloud that for the previous hour she had been industriously accumulating.

"I cannot quite believe that, Nora," the young lady said, in reply to Nora's voluble defence. "Still, I hope you are too good a Christian to tell me a story—this holy evening too. But Mr. Howard has not come yet?"

"Musha, no: God presaarve him!" sighed the handmaid.

"Oh, Nora!" cried the girl, involuntary echoing the sigh, "heaven send that no evil has overtaken him on the road!"

"O, yea. Amin from my heart, girleen," groaned Nora, who, spite of her addiction to the sin of smoking, was a loving and a privileged attendant of the mistress she had cared from infancy. "I'm thinkin' that you love the handsome captain dearly, Miss Mary, se in' how uneasy you are for him."

Miss Mary blushed, but spoke out bravely, like a loving, innocent girl as she was.

"Indeed, Nora, I do love him dearly, dearly!—bet-

ter," she added, in a lower tone, and with an air of something like self-reprohesion, "better than I thought I could ever like anybody again."

"Agin? Musha, good loock to you girleen. An' how long since we liked anybody before! An' we only seventeen now!"

"Oh, Nora! you knew it well," Mary said, softly.

"Avooch! Poor young Kavanagh you're thinkin' of, darlin'?"

"Ah, yes! Poor boy!—Nora do you know there are times when it seems base to me that I could so soon have forgotten—"

"Ullaloo! child. What was that but childer's folly?"

"It *was* childish, I suppose. Yet, perhaps, sweeter for that. It was silly too;—vain and romantic, I know. Still, Nora—laugh if you will—the recollection of my childish love is very dear to me."

"Lord presaarve me! Love, indeed! Why, sure it's now four years agone. You were then only thirteen, an' he a slip of sixteen or so."

"No more, I believe, was either of us. But—"

"Well, if ever I heard the like! An' to be thinkin' of it still! Musha, Miss Mary, 'twas an early notion. Troth, there's many a colleen in the country, as ould as you are this blessed day, that never yet thought of it. An' no wonder! Here's myself that might be your mother—God bless the mark!—an, I'm sure I was a start past eighteen before an idea of it ever crossed me. 'Twas many a long year aafter I had my first sweetheart. Thin, there was such a differ betwixt ye in the world, sure I never guessed ye could ever dhrame anything about lovers or the like. Lord save us!"

"But, Nora, I was so young—"

"That you were—over young, alanna."

"I was so proud of—of the bey's fresh and unbounded love. Unbounded it seemed to me: fresh and innocent, it surely was. There was between him and me some distance: that I know. But, after all, my father was not then so rich as he is now, and Harry and his mother were respectable, well to do in the world, and thriving fast to something better. Oh, Nora! I often thought that—that only for that wretch, Purcell—Heaven knows what might have come of what you mock at as childish."

"Well, quarer things have come about, surely. And then our handsome captain—what of him, Miss Mary?" Nora asked, with a sly smile. Mary colored and drooped her head. But involuntarily her clasp tightened round the miniature she still held. The tenderness of the grasp said more for the strength of the girl's love than for that of the romance of childhood. But—it is hard to know a girl's nature.

"Were you ever tould what became of poor Harry, girleen?"

"Yes. He escaped from the North to America."

"An' the mother died. An' they say—Lord presaarve us!—that the ould grandfather roves about the country for mad, just like a ghost, frightenin' the people out of their lives. Though, musha, I don't grudge it to some



of them. He came across Purcell once or twice, and, they say, turned him white wid his curses."

"Then he must have cursed deep, indeed," Mary said, with a curl of her pretty lip.

"An' that villain of the world, Miss Mary, that Purcell, to have the impudence to look at you, aftther all his black doings, an' wid his upstart consequence that come in such a way!"

"Yes!" the girl cried, with a sudden flush of warm color, and speaking with a generous indignation that was more womanly than the false delicacy that to another would have suggested avoidance of such a theme; "and that while he kept in the shadow of shame and sorrow the poor creature he had degraded—the poor, unhappy creature he had led astray, I am assured, by giving her his written promise of marriage. Surely, that was enough to make me scorn him, even if there were no other reasons—even if it were possible I could ever love such a man. Thank God!—thank God! that I am now free from the humiliating pursuit of such a being. Thank God! I am now—or shall soon be—protected from it forever, by the brave and honorable man I have chosen for my husband."

"Musha, yes. An' we hope you'll do your duty by him, Miss Mary."

"That I will—be a good little wife to him, you mean?" she added, laughing.

"Avoch, no. Only make a Christen o' the Sassenach, Miss Mary. Throth it's your duty, afore God an' us."

"Hold your foolish tongue, Nora—and—Hush!" with a quick start and blush—"there is his knock at last. It is louder than usual—oh! I hope he is indeed safe with us. There, there, I am very well. Run to the door. Or, stay, I am sure my father will prefer going himself." And Mary, in the prettiest flutter, ran down to the dining-room, where her father and Mr. Somers still sat.

"Mr. Howard, at last, dear father," she said, gaily entering.

Both gentlemen smiled as they looked up at her, so rosy, so eager, so glad, so frank.

"Most likely, Mary," Mr. Grace replied. "Yet we must be sure, before we admit our late visitor. Are the doors and lower windows all barred?"

"Oh, yes! As usual. Do you fear anything?"

"No; but better leave them so, till we question our friend without." Mr. Grace threw up a window, and called out: "Who's there?"

"A friend to Lieutenant Howard," replied—to Mary's disappointment, and somewhat to her apprehension—a sharp voice from below. "I have a letter from him."

"Is he well, sir?" cried Mary, whose anxiety had brought her to the window, and now impelled her to give utterance to the demand that sprang to her lips.

"He is quite well. Let me in, madam, I pray, or take this letter. The night is cold, and grows too inclement for tarrying here."

"Throw in the letter, and, if it be from Lieutenant Howard, you will be heartily welcome," said Mr. Grace. "I know, meantime, that you will excuse a precaution that the times render very necessary."

"Here, then. I could quite excuse you caution, if the night was finer." And, with that, the letter dropped into the room.

It was addressed to Mary, who caught it up, and, glancing over the contents, cried, eagerly: "Oh, father, we must instantly pray the gentleman to come in. Mr. Howard writes: 'Be kind to the bearer, for my sake, as he has just rendered me a signal service.' Hasten, dear father, or he will be gone!"

Mr. Grace smilingly complied. He at once went down to admit the stranger. In his absence, Mr. Somers inquired of Mary if anything disagreeable had happened to keep Howard away. She answered: "No; he only mentioned a necessity for not quitting his present post."

She was yet speaking, when her father returned, saying to Sullivan, who followed: "Indeed you are welcome, sir,—cordially welcome. If you have to travel further, better not speak of it till morning."

"I thank you, Mr. Grace," the young man said, "and accept your hospitality freely as 'tis offered." Here he bowed courteously to the young hostess, to whom Mr. Grace hastened to present him.

"You are welcome, sir," Mary echoed, graciously saluting the visitor.

"Madam, I thank you also," the young man said, with an earnest glance at her.

"Mr. Howard speaks of a particular service you have just rendered him. Has he, then, been in danger?" she inquired, in her anxiety drawing close to him.

Sullivan did not immediately reply. As she raised her eyes to his face, she met his fixed upon her with an intensity of expression that for a moment startled, while it half offended her. But, recollecting himself, he added, carelessly: "Bah! no, Miss Grace. I pointed out to him the best road to his wild quarters, as I met him straying in quest of them. *Voilà tout.*"

"Will you not be seated, sir," the girl said, in a tone and manner of growing embarrassment. Her eyes were, in their turn, riveted upon the stranger with a doubtful yet eager scrutiny. Her color came and went; she essayed to speak something more, but her deepening agitation, from whatever cause it sprang, made the words die upon her lips.

"Aye, sir, be seated," Mr. Grace said, "and let us have the pleasure of drinking your health."

"In genuine mountain-dew, I hope," the stranger said, and Mary sighed a breath of relief to find his deep gaze diverted from herself. He spoke in a tone of almost condescending pleasantry, and turning easily away, seated himself at a table with a careless grace of manner that went far to still the girl's half-aroused suspicions. She was silently leaving the room, when her father called to her, and, feeling as though under the influence of some wild dream, she returned, and took a chair by him.

"Do not leave us, Mary," Mr. Grace said; "sit by me, child, and we will presently adjourn to the drawing-room, where you shall give us a song. Yes, sir," to Sullivan, "the right sort, I can assure you. Mr.

Somers there, though, makes it a case of conscience, and has some 'Parliament' to himself."

"I reverence the gentleman's scruples," the young man said, with a covert mockery of voice and glance. Mary sat a little behind her father, her eyes, as though by some irresistible attraction, watching every movement, every look, every trick of face or manner in the newcomer.

"Anything new of Doe, sir?" asked Mr. Grace, presently.

"Why, yes," Sullivan answered; "I heard just now—that is, your friend Howard told me—he had escaped. Is there no mention of it in the letter, Miss Grace?"

Mary started, on being thus appealed to. Her voice, too, was troubled, as she replied that there was in it no word of anything of the kind.

"Ha!" Mr. Somers remarked: "the omission, and your account, seem to hint cause for alarm."

"Bah!" Sullivan said, without raising his eyes from the glass in which he was now compounding his pot-teen punch: "Howard is too many for him."

"I hope so," cried Mr. Grace. "Welcome, once more, sir. May we add a name?"

"Now!" Mary's lips all but uttered the word aloud. In her eagerness she bent forward, and when Sullivan, looking towards her, met the full gleam of her eyes upon him, he in his turn colored, and was perceptibly—to her, at least, perceptibly—stirred from his *nonchalance*, real or assumed.

"Surely, Mr. Howard has named me to you?" he asked.

"He has *not*, sir!" and Mary's voice had an unwonted ring in it.

"That is odd," the young man said, with a smile. "You may call me Sullivan, Mr. Grace. 'Tis an old name."

"That it is. Mr. Sullivan, your health;" and the old-fashioned greeting went round. At her father's hearty suggestion, the young hostess took a wine-glass in her hand to join in the toast. As she did so, Sullivan rapidly glanced at her. Again she met his eyes, her hand trembled, her color deepened even to crimson, she hesitated, and, in addressing him pronounced the name of "Sullivan" in a voice so broken as to be scarcely audible. Her father and the clergyman looked at her with astonishment, then with pain; they attributed her agitation to alarm on Howard's account, but feared that to the stranger it might perhaps appear offensive, a dread in which they were confirmed by seeing that his emotion, however subdued, was scarce less than that of the young girl. His eyes were cast down, his lips compressed, his breast rose and fell, painfully. A rather awkward pause ensued, which Mr. Grace broke by suggesting that they should proceed to the drawing-room. A suggestion which seemed a welcome relief to all.

Here, while Mary busied herself with drawing down blinds, closing curtains, and the like, Sullivan threw himself into a chair, and, taking up a book of engravings, ostensibly amused himself with its contents. In reality, his dark, flashing eyes followed Mary in her movements to and fro. And though she carefully avoided glancing toward him, she felt that he was thus

watching her. The two elder gentlemen, left to themselves, resumed, in a low key, a conversation which Sullivan's arrival had interrupted.

"I had no idea," Mr. Somers said, "that Purcell had acted so very basely towards the unfortunate young person we spok of."

At the mention of Purcell's name, Sullivan slightly though quickly started; but the movement was so slight as to pass unnoticed by the speakers. He himself continued, to all appearance, absorbed in his book of engravings.

"I tell you fact, Mr. Somers," Grace returned; "she holds his written promise of marriage."

"I am astonished," the clergyman resumed; "for in the discharge of what I conceive to be my duty, Purcell being a Protestant, I spoke to him on the subject, and he assured me, with solemn oaths, that he had never entered into any such engagement. In fact," he added, sinking his voice still more, "he swore to me that the connection was not of his own seeking."

"He lied and was perjured then, like the liar and perjurer he is," the stranger said, deliberately breaking into the discussion.

Mary looked sharply round; but no extraordinary interest, sufficient to give positive confirmation to her suspicions, was visible in the face or manner of the speaker. Having so spoken, he returned to his examination of the engravings. Mr. Grace eyed him curiously, but said nothing.

"His assertions with respect to her unfortunate young brother appear to have been equally unfounded," Mr. Somers continued, making the remark more general than before.

"Why, what did the fellow say, different from what I have told you?" asked Grace.

"Everything different. In particular, he stated that the boy had, joined to his disloyal combinations, provoked the laws of his country, by robberies on the highway."

A more evident agitation was here perceptible to Mary, in the person she read so anxiously. He writhed round in his chair, pressed his hand across his brow, and, as she glided past, she could hear him draw in his breath, and grind his teeth together.

"Then, you may just term that another slander, false and malignant as the first, Mr. Somers," Grace decided warmly.

Touched and fired, apparently, by the kindly indication, Sullivan, whose identity with the boy, Kavanagh, the reader, as well as Mary Grace, will have already suspected, here flung down his book, and burst out:

"*Sacre sang de Dieu!* A mean villain! A mean thief, did he say? a common thief!" and the young man pushed away his chair, and paced angrily about the room.

Mary grew deathly pale; Grace and the clergyman exchanged glances. In a minute, however, Sullivan was calm, and turned to the rest with a smile on his proud young face.

"A thousand pardons," he apologized, "for speaking



so warmly on what little concerns me. Though concern me it does, as such a story must move and concern any one of right feeling, who, like me, might chance to have heard it in all its hideous truth. But this is no theme for the present. You sing, Miss Grace? I think I heard your father promise us a song from you."

"Well, sir," the host said, "if you are no very fastidious critic, I am sure Mary will be glad to sing to you." The kind old man was puzzled by the mingled vehemence and indolent grace of the stranger's manner, and was glad to get rid of a subject that had called for the recent explosion.

Sullivan bowed, and, leading the hostess to the piano, busied himself with opening it, placing her seat, and looking for her music. Mary was trembling visibly; her heart had sunk low within her. Yet she seated herself, and mechanically turned over some sheets of music by her side, until Sullivan, stooping over her shoulder, took up a manuscript song she had just put down, and mutely placed it on the stand. The girl's suspicions were now all but certainty. The song was one the words of which had been sent her by her boy-lover, and which he had adapted to her favorite air of "Aileen Aroon." Bowing her head, and without coherent thought, she commenced, with a tremulous hand, the opening symphony.

"Aye, Mary," her father said, when she had played a few notes, "that is a pretty song, and a favorite of mine. Give it us now, my girl."

"Pray do," Sullivan's voice entreated, while he continued to stand at her back. "Pray sing that for us."

Mary, with a strong effort to compose her hand and voice, complied. The song was as follows:—

## I.

'Tis not for love of gold I go,  
'Tis not for love of fame;  
Tho' Fortune should her smile bestow,  
And I may win a name,  
Aileen;  
And I may win a name.  
And yet it is for gold I go,  
And yet it is for fame;  
That they may deck another brow,  
And bless another name,  
Aileen;  
And bless another name.

## II.

For this, but this, I go. For this  
I lose thy love awhile;  
And all the soft and quiet bliss  
Of thy young, faithful smile,  
Aileen;  
Of thy young, faithful smile.  
And I go to brave a world I hate,  
And woo it o'er and o'er,  
And tempt a wave, and try a fate,  
Upon a stranger shore,  
Aileen;  
Upon a stranger shore.

## III.

Oh! when the bays are all my own,  
I know a heart will care!  
Oh! when the gold is wooed and won,  
I know a brow shall wear,  
Aileen;  
I know a brow shall wear!  
And, when with both returned again,  
My native land to see,  
I know a smile will meet me then,  
And a hand will welcome me,  
Aileen;  
And a hand will welcome me!

How Mary contrived to get through this song, it would be difficult to explain. It had always been a favorite air of her boy-lover; she had often, in the old days, sung it at his request; and as, previous to their sad separation, he had cherished the romantic notion of seeking his fortunes in a foreign country, he had written for it words applicable to their situation—the words she had now sung for this stranger. A confused crowd of associations, doubts, and fears, filled her mind, yet she sang it, brokenly indeed, but with peculiar expression; the very hurry and agitation of her soul lent it strange energy and pathos. She had just ceased to sing, when a hot tear fell upon her neck, and then came another, and another, and another, fast as the big drops from the swollen and sultry cloud. The girl started, shrank, burned, cringed under them. Now, they felt like tricklings of molten lead, parching her skin, and sending a wild glow through her frame;—now, like the drippings of a thawed icicle, making her blood run chill, and her very bones to shiver. Yielding at last to her feelings, Mary sank back in her chair. But, raising her eyes, she saw reflected in a glass over the piano, the man she had before hesitated to recognize; his face now relaxed to all its boyish tenderness,—the haughty mouth now quivering in anguished recollection,—the flashing eyes clouded, and sadly bent upon the mirrored image of his early love. Their looks met in the glass. Tried beyond control, the girl could no longer restrain herself. She screamed wildly, and, rising precipitately, rushed, with clasped hands, to her father.

Mr. Grace and Mr. Somers had risen in alarm, and were striving to ascertain the cause of such emotion, when a new sound from without arrested their attention, and diverted it from her. Mary's scream had scarce subsided, when a loud shout arose outside the house, accompanied by the discharge of a gun or pistol.

"Not Captain Doe, I hope!" cried Sullivan, instantly recovering his *nonchalante* manner. Mary, her father, and Mr. Somers stood in mute dismay. Another shout, with exclamations of "John Doe!—John Doe!" broke forth, as though in answer to Sullivan's conjecture.

"By heaven, it is, though!" Sullivan cried, rushing to a window. Ejaculations of apprehension and dismay broke from the others, and Mary, ghastly white, stood with her arms hanging by her sides, leaning mute and terrified against the wall.

At the same moment Nora bounced in. The noise without had surprised her while enjoying her secret indulgence, and forgetful in her fear, she now dashed into the drawing-room with a short, black pipe spasmodically secured between her jaws, while speaking through her teeth she cried out:

"Mistress! Master! We're all undone! Ruined for ever!—ruined for ever!" Here running to Mr. Grace, she got behind him, gripped him fast round the waist, and continued: "Mr. Grace, Mr. Grace, your house is destroyed! It's all over wid us!" And totally unconscious of the promulgation of her forbidden pastime, Nora mechanically emitted a short puff between every

sentence, and, at the end, fell into a hysterical fit of laughing, crying and screaming.

The uproar abroad increased every moment. To the shouts and exclamations now joined a loud knocking at the front door, mixed with fiercely imperious cries of "Open! open!"

"Merciful God! What will become of us?" Mary faltered, shivering from head to foot. Sullivan had left the window, and now, taking advantage of the general confusion, he sprang to the side of the terrified girl, and, taking in his one of her nerveless hands, whispered in a tone altogether different from that in which he had hitherto spoken:

"Mary! don't you know me?"

"I do! I do!" she answered, trembling even more violently than before, and drooping her looks before his earnest gaze. "I knew you almost from the first, Harry Kavanagh!"

"Hush, dear Mary! But fear not. I am here to protect you." Then approaching the bewildered host: "You have arms, Mr. Grace?"

"Yes, yes!" the old man returned. "But you know they are the first things we shall have to give up."

"Give up? No, by heaven, sir! Let us arm ourselves at once—you, and I, and the parson there—and we may yet beat them off. Your arms, sir—quick!" he added, in a tone of something so like command, that Mr. Grace, who was a weak man, instantly obeyed by leaving the room in search of them.

"My weapons are my words, young gentleman," Mr. Somers said, in a tone of gentle reproof. "I am a soldier of peace."

"Mine are more to the purpose, sir, on such an emergency as the present," Sullivan—or, as we may now call him, Kavanagh—cried with a half sneer. "Soldier, or no soldier, they can get a shot or two from me, the rascals! Ha! Mr. Grace, that is something like," as that gentleman returned with firearms. "Mary, trust in me, whatever happens," he added, in a whisper, while passing her.

"Stand near us, Mary, and be of good cheer," Mr. Grace said, as he stooped over the chair into which the girl had now sunk, and tenderly laid his hand upon her head.

"Och! yes, master, we will!" Nora cried, again drawing near him.

"Speak to them first from the window," said Kavanagh.

Mr. Grace flung up the sash, and asked boldly: "What do you want here?"

"Open your door, and you shall know," two or three rough voices exclaimed together.

"Do you seek arms?" demanded Kavanagh.

"No! Who are you that asks that question?"

"We have no money in the house at present," parleyed Grace.

"Not a rap, good Christhens!" Nora screamed, at his back. "It's all in the bank—all in the bank!"

"We don't want your money," was the contemptuous return.

Here Kavanagh, who, for the last minute, had been

anxiously peering out, as if to distinguish a particular object, now, to the surprise of the rest, suddenly dropt on one knee, and leaning his carbine on the edge of the framework, cried in a suppressed yet sharp whisper, to some one beneath:

"Mullins! Mullins!—move an inch aside!" Then to himself: "Ha! he moves though he does not hear me. Now! No! Confound that imbecile! He covers the scoundrel again! And, regardless of the astonishment of his companions, he continued kneeling, still on the watch.

Shouts and knocking waxed louder and louder, and Mr. Somers in his turn advanced to the window.

"Misguided men," he said, "what brings you here? Retire in the name of religion and honesty!"

"Sure we don't want either the money or the lives o' you," answered a voice.

"Though, since the parson is there," added another, less coarse than the last, and evidently feigned, "we shall borrow him for an hour or so. He may be useful."

"Rascal! villain!" Kavanagh hissed between his teeth, still kneeling and watching.

"My God, father, what can this mean?" Mary whispered, her fears taking a more poignant turn as she listened to this last announcement.

"Och! we're lost!—lost! Our virtue isn't worth a pin!" Nora sobbed, concluding with a gasp, and dancing with her heels in an acme of tribulation, as she gripped her master afresh for protection.

"Open! open! 'tis bettter for you, Mr. Grace. Open, or we'll break in!" threatened those below, amid still increasing clamor, and while they battered still more violently at the door. At this moment Nora, to the surprise of all present, abruptly ceased her lamentations, rapidly quitted the room, and ran down stairs.

"Do you rely on the strength of the hall-door, Mr. Grace?" Kavanagh asked, still kneeling.

"It ought to be able to withstand all the force they can bring against it," answered Grace. "But the back-door is, unfortunately, worse framed for long resistance."

At this point Nora was heard slowly ascending the stairs, with heavy groans, toilsome steps, and strange mutterings. She entered at length, carrying in her arms a tremendous stone, while the short pipe remained wedged in between her teeth. All looked at her in amazement as she continued her laborious way to a window immediately over the hall-door. This she opened, and with much caution deposited her burden on the window-sill outside. Then, squatting down, she watched, with a mixture of the cat and hare in her position and manner, proper time and opportunity for a valiant deed. She had not long to wait. The crowd of assailants all gathered to the hall-door, and commenced a serious attack upon it. Nora pushed her stone. With its deafening fall a loud groan was heard, and then the hurried noise of feet running in confusion from the door. Nora, uttering a hideous giggle, sprang up, and resumed her old post behind her master.

As the crowd decreased, Kavanagh looked out with increased earnestness, and, an instant after, again lev-



elled his piece, and with a sharp "Now!" discharged it. His head and neck were almost at the same time thrust out to mark the effect of his shot. But as quickly he started up with a vehement bitterness of action, and flung the carbine on the floor, with: "No!—curse that angle!—I've missed him! Fire, Mr. Grace. Or, give me the pistol. Yet, no. It is now useless. They flock to the back-yard."

"And over that," cried Mr. Grace, "we have no command from any window in the house."

To the rear of the house, indeed, the besiegers now directed all their efforts, and, enraged apparently by the joint outrages of Nora and Kavanagh, attacked it in good earnest. Amid a continued clatter of kicking, shoving, and knocking, as if with sticks or the butts of guns, one mighty blow was heard, probably the effect of a ponderous stone hurled at the door by the united strength of two or three men. Profound and painful silence reigned above at this intimation of what was coming. A second blow—and the crash of the yielding door followed, mingled with a triumphant yell from the assailants.

"Heaven save us! They are in!" exclaimed Mr. Grace. Mary fell on her knees, and Nora flat upon her face.

"Let me try—let me reason with them first," Mr. Somers cried, as the victorious party were heard rushing up stairs.

"All is vain for the present," Kavanagh said, quietly. Then advancing to the terrified Mary, he whispered, tenderly, but with impressive earnestness: "Again, and in spite of all, be not alarmed. Remain quiet, whatever may happen; trust to me, and fear nothing."

He had scarce done speaking, when at least a dozen men, wearing red waistcoats and having their faces blackened, broke into the room, headed by another, who also wore a red waistcoat, but whose features, instead of being smeared over like the rest of his party, were disguised by a black mask. Around his waist was tied a red sash, in token of authority. All were strongly armed and completely disguised, except the last man who entered, and who, having taken no precaution with his face and person, exhibited to whom it might concern the identity and totality of Jack Mullins.

"John Doe! John Doe!" shouted the leader, as he appeared, and the shout was well echoed. "Speak for me, Mullins," he continued, aside, as this person followed.

"Lawless men!" Mr. Somers exclaimed, approaching them; "what seek you in this unoffending house, and in so ruffianly and savage a manner?"

"First, your arms!" Mullins said, clicking the lock of his blunderbuss, while the others made similar display of their weapons. At a whisper from Kavanagh, the household arms were given up.

"Mullins," resumed the leader, still aside "get the parson with us. Tack'em will not be sufficient, as the girl and I differ in religion. 'Twould not be a legal marriage, though the priest might satisfy *her* scruples."

"Well, unfortunate people," good Mr. Somers persisted; "your demand is answered; why not depart in

peace? You have said you did not want money. What else seek ye?"

"Why, then, next, by your reverence's lave, no less than yourself," replied Mullins, laying his hand familiarly on the clergyman's shoulder. "Here, men, take the best o' care o' the minister." And, spite of his expostulations, the good gentleman was immediately guarded by two men.

"Next, my handsome mistress," Mullins went on, approaching the shrinking Mary. "Our captain has a word to whisper wid you."

Nora started up indignant. "Wid me!" she cried; "wid me, you ugly Christhen! Never lay a finger on me!" This to Purcell, who had crossed over to where she and her young mistress were.

"Stand out of the way, an' he won't," Mullins said, with a grin.

"I guessed it!" Mary moaned, as Purcell caught her arm to raise her. "All through I guessed it. Father, father, save me!" And with a desperate spring she reached and clung to her father's arm.

"My child, my Mary, my only and good child!" the old man said, tremulously. "Men!—if ye are men—spare my innocent child, and you shall have all I am worth!" he added, imploringly, while tears ran down his cheeks.

"Dare not to touch the young girl, if you fear God or man!" added Mr. Somers.

"No harm is intended to her," said Mullins, unmoved by these appeals. "Only a pleasant ride in the moonshine, wid all her friends about her. Come, miss. We are waitin' for you." He seized her arm, and Mary shrieked and struggled in desperation.

Again Kavanagh was beside her; his low, earnest whisper at her ear. "Dearest Mary," he said, "do not exhaust yourself with useless resistance. Submit for the present. Have you no faith in me? I tell you, I swear to you on my life, on my soul, you shall not be harmed."

The leader noticed the whisper, though Mary's ear alone could distinguish its import. "Mullins, seize that man," he cried, pointing to Kavanagh.

"Musha, I believe it is the best, for a sartainty," the man assented with matter-of-fact coolness, as he laid hold of Kavanagh. The leader now succeeded in separating from her father the young girl, whom the last-whispered assurance addressed to her seemed to have calmed; but Mr. Grace broke into passionate cries of:

"My God! my child! my daughter! Is it thus we are parted?"

"Not at all, Mr. Grace," Mullins said; "sure you're coming wid us yourself, sir."

"Let us be off, then," the leader cried, impatiently, as he grasped Mary roughly by the waist. "Are the horses ready?" to Mullins.

"Yes, all below. Lead on, Captain."

"Come, then!" the captain commanded, as he left the room with his prisoner, who, more dead than alive, had little trouble in obeying Kavanagh's injunction to submit, or seem to submit, passively.

"The minister next!" Mullins said. Mr. Somers was led out.

"Now the ould attorney!" Mr. Grace followed, also guarded.

"Go on!" The rest of the men obeyed his command, and with Kavanagh as his prisoner, Mullins at last left the apartment.

## CHAPTER XI.

ASSUMING our prescriptive privilege of scene-shifters at pleasure, we now return to Lieutenant Howard, and his friend, Father O'Clery.

They were faithfully guided by Flinn to Howard's quarters, where that gentleman found his soldiers in some alarm at the long absence of their officer. A sergeant was in waiting, of whom Howard anxiously inquired concerning the probable escape of Doe. Nothing had been heard of the matter.

"Tis very strange," said Howard; "my information was particular, and such as I have no reason to doubt."

"To satisfy you, sir," answered the sergeant, "I can inform you, that, to the centre of the bog, I have myself seen a fire that must have been kindled by no others but Doe and his men. Precaution had been taken to screen it from us by lighting it between some clumps of turf; but I gained a particular point from which it was visible."

"Then hasten, sergeant—return again to the men, with orders to keep a more watchful eye than ever. For this night let them do good service:—you may mention, that it is likely to-morrow morning early will give them relief." The sergeant touched his cap, and left the cabin.

"I am resolved," continued Howard, turning to O'Clery, "to draw a complete line round the bog at the very first light, and one by one get those poor wretches out, so that their leader may not escape me. And now, Mr. O'Clery, let us do something to rest and refresh you. Our fire is pretty good—be seated—and here is the pottheen. You," he added, addressing Flinn, who all this time had deferentially stood aloft, seemingly unconscious of what was going forward—"you, too, shall warm yourself, and take some refreshment. Come over."

The party were thus disposing themselves to be comfortable, when a woman, rushing by the sentinel at the door, pushed into the cabin, and, with loud screams, cast herself on her knees, then sat back on her heels, and, clapping her hands, cried:

"Your honor an' your worship! we're all undone! All ruined! Oh! Captain Howard, we're all ruined, murdered, and kilt dead as herrings! Ochone! Ochone!"

It was Nora; the pipe still between her teeth; her starched and, heretofore, unwrinkled and spotless cap, now soiled and torn; her lank hair escaped from underneath it; she shone off, and her face a universal convulsion. Howard and Father O'Clery started up, and even Flinn seemed excited and interested.

"What do you mean, Nora? Is any one ill? or—dead? How is Miss Grace?" asked both gentlemen in a breath.

"Och!—little do I know! Bud it's all over wid us! over wid us!"

"Foolish woman! Speak can't you? What's the matter?"

"Captain John, a hinnies ma-chree! Captain John!"

"What of him? Where is he?"

"He came to take me off wid him! Oh!—o—oh! to take me off wid him!"

"You rave, woman!—She's mad!" said Mr. O'Clery.

"Did you see him?" Howard cried.

"Saw him an' hard him! He came to ruin me!—to ruin me!"

"But you have escaped—you are safe!" said Howard, impatiently.

"He has *not* taken you off—He has *not* ruined you?"

—echoed Mr. O'Clery, with an odd twinkle of his eye.

"That's nothin' at all!—nothin' at all!" howled Nora.

"What then?—what has he done?"

"Run off wid the minister!—the minister!"

"Is that all?" Howard asked, much relieved.

"An'my poor ould master!"

"Why, your brainless creature!" began Father O'Clery.

"And your lady, then?" cried Howard white with apprehension.

"An' my poor young mistress! my poor young mistress!"

"Death, idiot!—why not say that at once!" cried Howard. "When?—How?—Whither? Sentinel!" he shouted, rushing to the door. The man entered.

"How long since, Nora?"

"Avoch, I dunna!—I dunna!"

"Wretched, stupid fool!" cried Howard, stamping his foot—"sentinel, I say!—has White gone with my last orders? After him quickly—fire your piece as a signal—see him—let him countermand my orders—which road, Nora?—and draw off all the men instantly—Doe is out—has been to Mr. Grace's—let them meet me there—quickly. Begone!—Stay! Which road, Nora?"

"Which road, you wretched woman?"—questioned O'Clery, losing all patience.

"Avoch, I dunna!—I dunna!"

"Be off then, sentinel! Mr. O'Clery, let us go to Grace's house first—I know you will with me—come!"

"They're aafter lavin' me!" Nora wailed, still in her first position, and with uninterrupted clapping of hands. A shot startled her anew. "Och!" she screamed, "I'm kilt dead!—I'll be ruined again! worse an' worse!—worse an' worse! Captain! Soggarth! Captain!"—and the dazed creature ran howling out of the cabin.

"Troth," said Flinn, thus left alone at the fire, "maybe this turn 'ud sarve our poor gossip in the bog, without waiting for the mornin'. It's a bad wind, a-vourneen, that blows nobody good. If a body could get to spake to them, faith it's likely enough bud they'd help Mary Grace bettlier nor the red-coats themselves. We'll try



it anyhow." And after coolly helping himself to a bumper of pottheen, Flinn also left the cabin.

Meantime, the motley cavalcade continued on its route from Mr. Grace's house.

When Mary, led by the captain, gained the end of the winding approach to her father's residence, she saw, standing under the shade of some old alder-trees, a horse, bridled and saddled, with a pillion behind the saddle, such as is used by humble class of Irish females. A moment after he was in the saddle before her. Her father was obliged to mount one of his own horses; Mr. Somers another; Mullins and his prisoner got on the bare back of a fourth; and the rest of the party also rode double, and without saddles. When all were in travelling order, the leader ordered four men, thus mounted, to the front. After these, Mr. Grace and Mr. Somers were compelled to fall in. Four other men followed. Then Mary and her companion. Then the remainder of the party. And when Mullins, with his prisoner, Kavanagh, took the lead of all, on an understanding that he was to act as guide, the journey was commenced at a brisk trot.

Avoiding the wild bridle-road which, if pursued, would lead in the direction of Howard's quarters, Mullins guided the party up another narrow and rugged lane, that, at some distance, ran by the front of Mr. Grace's house, and continued beyond it, towards the bare solitudes of the country. Much inconvenience occurred from the deep ruts that, from time out of mind, had indented this way, it being a constant passage for the turf-cars that received their loads among the recesses of the hills around. Large stones also profusely strewn it, with, here and there, pools of water, or patches of miry slough. Neck or nothing, however, the party pushed on; horses tripping, and stumbling, and falling, and riders cursing, laughing, or crying out, as, with different tempers, they bore their mishaps. The rapid and uncomfortable motion first called Mary out of the torpor into which she had sunk; and one or two serious stumbles of the horse had the effect of causing her to use some precaution for holding her seat on the pillion. Spite of her loathing for the person whose prisoner she was, the poor girl, having narrowly escaped being flung to the ground, was forced, in self-preservation, to cling to him for support during the remainder of the rough journey on which she had been so rudely forced.

After about half a mile's progress, the way continued over an uninclosed space, by the verge of a descent to the left-hand side, which was less rough than the commencement of the journey.

Taking advantage of this favorable change, the party went on at a gallop. The wind, about the same time, rose high; and in the rush through it, Mary almost lost her breath and senses, and was again in danger of falling. She rallied herself, however, and tried to collect her thoughts, and even to make observations on what was passing.

Looking before and behind her, she saw herself surrounded by the rude men who had forced her from her home. With much difficulty she was also able to keep

her head sufficiently long in an averted position to discover the figures of her father and Mr. Somers. She endeavored to catch their voices, but the rushing of the wind nearly overmastered even the noise of the horse's feet; and no other distinct sound reached her. Now and then, indeed, a hoarse laugh, or the burst of many voices, came in some pause or turn of the breeze; or the distant watch-dog's bark or howl; or the sudden dash or shriek, heard and lost in the same moment, of some concealed stream, that gave to hill and fell its wild and sleepless plaint. She strove to examine the scenery through which she passed, for the purpose of noting, by old and well-known landmarks, her probable destination. But this effort was also vain. Mary could only apprehend that hill gathered unto hill, and valley running into valley, lay tossed around and beneath her. The black masses varied in shape each time she looked. Even while she looked, line chased away line; the moonlight faded into shadow, and the shadow became light; heavy clouds, that for some time had been mustering in the lower part of the sky, mixed and blended with the curving of the mountains; and all comprehension of form and locality was lost. The very stars, breaking through thin vapor, seemed to run disarranged through their deep blue field of space, and, she thought, glanced in bright terror on her reckless speed.

Another half mile might have been past, when the party emerged on a by-road, that, for the whole distance they had come, ran parallel to that which led to Howard's quarters. The reins were now tightened, and along this road they went with somewhat slackened speed. Some distance on, there was a halt before a wooden barred gate, opening into the back part of the demesne of the principal proprietor of the district. Mullins dismounted to open the gate, and holding it till all had passed, resumed his uncomfortable seat on the bare-backed horse, and followed at a hard trot through a neglected plantation of old trees, and over a narrow path, that was barely visible to any but an habituated eye. Here the mishaps and distresses of the party were renewed to excess. All over the path, and around in every direction, the roots of the trees, protruded through the spare soil, spread and coiled like serpents; and rendered slippery by the state of the weather, offered obstacles, at every step, to the safe progress of the party. Many horses, straying from the path, tripped, fell, and rolled about with their riders. The animal on which Mary sat, though evidently of gentle blood, twice came to his knees. In other respects, also, the way proved difficult and hazardous, from the constant occurrence of branches of trees that shot directly across at the level of the men's breasts or faces. More than once these unseen impediments, giving sudden resistance to a rider, tumbled him to the ground; and Mary's guide suffered severely from the same cause. The cries and imprecations of the scrambling party added to the wild character of this unusual scene, which was further heightened by the uncertain quivering of the moonbeams through the leafless branches overhead, by the whistling of the

night-wind through them, and by their own clatter and groaning, as the grove tossed her arms to the breeze.

At last, this unsafe path was cleared, and through another gate, like the first, badly secured, a second by-road was gained. This kept straight only for a little way, and then suddenly turned to the left, round the hill. Mullins stopped at the beginning of the turn, and, waiting till the leader came up, informed him, that, to their destination, the way by the road was a great round, while, if he chose to walk straight over the hill, he could gain it in about five minutes. The horses, Mullins added, might be sent round under the care of two men. The person to whom Mullins addressed himself yielded, after some consideration, to this arrangement. The whole party dismounted, and, through a gap in the fence of the road, began to ascend the hill, observing the same order in which they had ridden,—Mary still by the side of the captain, and with the exception of those sent with the horses, the men still divided as at first.

Owing to her feebleness and terror, Mary made but slow progress: her companion remained, however, close at her side. Mullins, taking advantage of this circumstance, used vigorous efforts to outstrip, with his prisoner, the rest of the party. They walked in a very rapid pace against the hill, gained its brow before any of the others, and then ran down its descent, and jumped on a narrow and rough road at the bottom.

"Do you think them two gorgoon will ever find us by the road they took, wid the horses?" asked Mullins, jocosely, as they gained a covered side of the way.

"Hardly," Kavanagh answered. "This is the place, is it not?"

"Thry," replied Mullins. "Just give the least bit of a whistle in the world."

Kavanagh did so, and was immediately answered from a little distance.

"All right!" he cried, in a tone of triumph, "all's as it should be. But see! who is this coming up to us on horseback? Stand close."

The horseman was passing them at lightning career, when Kavanagh exclaimed: "Flinn, or the devil, by Saint Dennis! Stop—your rider of the wind," he continued, waving his arm. "Come under the shelve of the hill, here, and in six words tell us what you are about."

"Howard is after you, wid his men, Jack," said Flinn to Mullins, in a rapid whisper, and while he quickly obeyed the directions of Kavanagh. "Bud the cat gone, the mice may play; an' so I axed them he left behind to help you. An' they will, please God. Keep him in sight, and if he finds you out—"

"Away!" interrupted Kavanagh, "I hear the others coming down after us—enough—go—meet them—steal quietly by this hedge for awhile, and then spur! Move, I say!" Flinn disappeared in a moment.

"His poor reverence, Father Tuck'em, that thinks we are in earnest to-night, ought to be somewhere here too," resumed Mullins, when he and his prisoner

were again alone. "Faith," he continued, having peered about him, "I think I see something like himself an' his auld gray mare, standing in the shelter o' the corner, beyond."

Mary and her leader had now won the rugged road on which Mullins and Kavanagh stood, and here she distinctly recognized her situation, though she concluded that they had led her to it by an unusual way, or that her speed and agitation had prevented her continuous notice of the route. At the hill-side of the bridle-road there ran a fence; but, at the other, the ground was open, stretching, in the moonlight, flat and cheerless, to some distance. Hither she had often walked with Howard; and, in the sequestered space to the right hand, Mary distinguished five or six gigantic trunks of trees, that had repeatedly attracted the notice of herself and her lover. Perhaps they were the last relic of a plantation attached, a century, if not centuries ago, to some ancient edifice near the spot, but of which all traces were at present lost. To whatever accident they owed their existence in this place, the trunks were very aged; they should, indeed, be more properly called shells, for they stood completely hollow, though, from the top of each, a few branches still shot, in summer sprinkled with scanty foliage. Mary and Howard had sometimes sauntered into them, by low openings that bore some resemblance to Gothic doorways, of rude and fantastic shape. Struck by the unexpected spaciousness of their interior, they had on one of these occasions amused themselves by calculating that a body of at least twelve men could find shelter in each, while to half the number these primitive receptacles might afford ample accommodation for sitting, standing, or other movements.

Mary was interrupted in her remarks on the place by the voice of the guide calling "Mullins!"—when they had descended to the road.

"I am here," said Mullins, advancing. "You were very long comin'."

"This way—a word," continued the other, beckoning:

"How much further is the retreat you have chosen?" he added, aside.

"About half a mile."

"So far, still? Then, fellow, you have misinformed me."

"Thonomon duoul! No!—to the best o' my knowledge. Sure we'll see it very soon."

"Why not keep our horses and push on with all speed?"

"Curp-on-duoul!—don't be thick-skulled. Why, I told you that the short cut over this hill was a good mile off o' the road."

"You are sure you have got accommodation for the night in the old building?"

"Yes—fire an' candle, an' good fern beds, an' the atin' an' drinkin' an' plenty of everything."

"Where is Tack'em to meet us?"

"Can't you see him yet? He's snug under the fence, further up."

"Shall we meet our horses soon?"



"Aye—in a minute."

"Proceed, then." Once more he drew Mary's arm through his, and was slowly following Mullins, when the old man whom Kavanagh had spoken to in the cabin issued from one of the hollow trees, and, confronting the captain, drew himself up to the full of his unusual height, and, with a shivering and shrill voice, exclaimed: "Let go the colleen's hand!" All paused.

"Death! Mullins," whispered the captain, "It is that old madman, Kavanagh, and his cursed brawling may spoil all."

"Aye, faith!" observed Mullins, drily enough.

"Stand away, idiot!" resumed the leader, passing, or endeavoring to pass.

"Stand you, where you are, and let her go, I say!" resumed the old man, in a yet shriller tone, to which, through the pausings of the wind, the hills rang—"Let go the hand of Mary Grace! Free her of a touch she should never feel!—perjurer and informer, let her go!—tyrant of the poor, spoiler of the weak and old, and of the humble fireside—Purcell!—Stephen Purcell!—let go her hand!"

Mary uttered a thrilling scream at these words. Her father and Mr. Somers, with exclamations of surprise, also drew near with their guards, who made no effort to keep them from doing so.

"He is stark mad, and raves wildly," said the captain. "Stand back, old man: Mullins, remove him."

"He would not lay a hand on me, to harm me," resumed the old man, "though it was to save *you*, body and soul, from what is prepared for you! Purcell! Purcell! Let the colleen go to her father!"

"Fool!—you call me by a name I know nothing of," answered the leader, still trying to move on.

"Och! Another lie, black as the thousands you have lived and thriven on!—as the thousands that brought shame, and wreck, and madness on us all!—that lifted the roof from the poor man's cabin, and made his hearth cold as a gravestone; that took my daughter from me—and my daughter's daughter,—and left my white head houseless, to-night, to meet you by this wild hill, and bid you prepare for a reckoning! Purcell! 'tis nigh at hand! 'tis nigh at hand!" he continued, in a pitch of enthusiasm, as, by a sudden and unexpected movement, he plucked the mask from Purcell's face, and added, "Do you know him yet? Do you know him for the liar he is, yet?"

Mary, now fully convinced, struggled hard to escape from Purcell's hold: while Mr. Somers, taking her disengaged hand, cried out, "Ruffian! dare you attempt such an outrage? Yield me the young lady's hand this moment—yield it!"

There was an increased struggle, but Purcell at last loosed his hold. Mary just felt herself clasped in her father's arms, when she fainted.

"I yield up her hand, Mr. Somers," said Purcell, after a short pause, "that you may bestow it as I command you. Ye know me, now; 'tis but a little sooner than I purposed, and I care not. Hear me, Mr. Somers—Mr. Grace, hear me—I love Mary, and she shall be mine!"

"Never!" exclaimed Grace.

"Never is a big word," resumed Purcell, with insolence and boldness. "Remember that Mary Grace is in my power, and might, according to any form,—or without any,—be mine."

"Never according to any form, though here you shed our blood. We will resist while we have a drop to spill!" answered Grace.

"And I swear by my sacred character," added Mr. Somers, advancing to Mary, and taking her passive hand, "the arm that tears this pure young hand from mine shall first be raised against my life!"

"Hear me, I say, fools! No blood shall be spilt—no force but what is necessary, used—no advantage taken but what is lawful and honorable. The young lady shall be my wife! Mr. Somers, do your office! Mr. Grace, stand by your child! Resistance is vain—I have taken my measures too well. You are here in solitude where no help can reach you. Look around upon my men—they are armed, and numerous. Do not cross, and, perhaps, provoke me!"

"These men will not assist you in a sacrilege—they dare not!" exclaimed Mr. Somers.

"They will see me through my present purpose, sir. They are my own tenants. I have sworn to them not to touch life or limb, and they have sworn to do anything else I command—have ye not?" continued Purcell, turning to them.

"We have! we have!" shouted his followers.

"But do you not recollect that all this must be useless to you?" rejoined Mr. Somers. "Even supposing that by threatening our lives you can force us into your measure—that you can force me to go through a nominal ceremony—it would still be only nominal."

"Pardon me, Mr. Somers," said Purcell. "I think I am aware of what I do. Your marriage of a Protestant and Roman Catholic is as legal and binding as it could be between two of your own persuasion."

"It is, sir, with a certain proviso," said Mr. Somers; "that is, sir, after publication of banns, or under license, my ministry is legal in both cases; but, without one preparative or the other, the contrary in both."

"By heaven, and I forgot that!" exclaimed Purcell, almost immediately adding, however:

"But come, all is safe yet—Father Tack'em!"

"Happy death to me, here I am honey," said the degraded man, emerging on his blind grey mare, as the unusually loud summons of Purcell reached him, above all the late conversation.

"And a long ride, and a cold station I have had of it," he continued. "Why, I'm a cripple, sitting there so long."

"Are you ready, good Father," sneered Purcell, "to join in holy wedlock myself and this young lady?"

"God forgive me, that's all my vocation now. Yes, I am ready to tack ye together."

"You surely cannot think, sir," said Mr. Somers, addressing Tack'em, whose person and character he knew, "of proceeding in such a ceremony, without due permission and allowance?"

"Why, happy death to me, I came here for that especial purpose. As I said before, it is the only sacerdotal function remaining to me—*mea culpa, mea culpa*. I wouldn't, bad as I am, attempt to officiate in any other way than as a miserable couple-beggar. No, I would not. Happy death to me, I would not—no—no! And, indeed, happy death to me, it is glad I am that the name I bore at my ordination is known to few, if to any. I'm Father Tack'em, nothing else, and this name, now my only name, denotes my ministry."

"But, sir," interrupted Mr. Grace, "from all I have heard, you do not attempt to officiate except with the consent of the parties you join in wedlock?"

"Why, honey, it is seldom the consent of parents is sought, where I discharge my mission. Happy death to me, I'm never called on except where there is a runaway affair like this. There is seldom a wedding-supper, and no such condiment as a wedding-cake, when the tipsy Father Tack'em, as I'm called, celebrates the marriage ceremony by the light of the stars."

"Proceed, Father Tack'em!" Purcell exclaimed, assisting the dignitary to dismount.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Purcell, honey."

He waddled close to Mr. Grace.

"I hope you understand me, Mr. Grace. I never seek the consent of father or mother, sister and brother, and for the best of reasons: because it is ever and always in utter defiance of all such sanction that I give the marriage benediction. It suffices for me, as in the present case, that the two people I bind together know each other's mind——"

"But if one of them refuses consent?" Mary eagerly interrupted, who, recovering her senses, had heard the latter part of the debate. "Will you, sir, proceed not only against the will, but to the abhorrence and certain misery, here and hereafter, of the poor creature before you, and who now joins her supplications to those of her father, praying you, if you believe in God or have a human heart, not to make us both irrecoverably miserable!"

"Eh, honey," whined Tack'em, the tears running down his own cheeks.

"I'll quadruple your fee," whispered Purcell.

"No!—nor if you squared it, or if you cubed it, twice over!" squeaked Tack'em, suddenly turning on Purcell with all the fierceness his poor face, voice, and manner were able to express. "Happy death to me, I'll wash my hands of it."

"First, then, give me up the bank-note I feed you with," cried Purcell, angrily.

"What bank-note, a-vich?" demurred Tack'em, taking his place in the opposition ranks: that is, between Grace, Mr. Somers, and the old man, who had stood a stern spectator of this scene. "Wait a bit, till I bring you to reason. You see, Mr. Purcell, I was to be paid for each distinct part of my agency in this matter, for the extraordinary trouble as well as for the marriage itself; well, the last understanding between us, for the whole, was four times the amount of that shabby bit of paper you talk of. Now, let us say that three parts of the gross sum were to come down

for the wedding-money. Sure the fourth part, at least, would be little enough for the long ride, and the sitting there beyond, on my old gray mare, for a long hour, like a pelican in the wilderness, or a solitary sparrow on the house-top. What more am I asking from you? Happy death to me, 'tis a case of conscience, and as clear as day. I'll leave it to your own honest minister, Mr. Somers, here, and let him decide between us."

"Give him back the note, Father Tack'em, and I will make it up to you," said Mr. Grace.

"Will you?" asked Purcell, assuming, after another short pause, all the ruffian of his character. And so you and he, and all you, think I am baffled, or to be baffled, amongst you? You shall see. I cautioned you not to cross and provoke me too far, and I promise forbearance only under the belief that you would not—that you dared not. Now, let us see what else I can do. Men!" he continued, addressing his followers, "You are witnesses of the trifling and imposition practised on me, particularly by this outcast priest, who is a shame to your religion, and, in this instance, would doubly disgrace it. If you are faithful to me, or sensible of my past kindness and services, and alive to those that are to come, you will see me righted—you will!—I am assured of it. Bind the excommunicated wretch to his saddle, and lead him after us to a still more silent and distant place." The men advanced to obey.

"Desperate and unprincipled madmen!" exclaimed Mr. Somers, stepping before poor Tack'em, who set up a most pathetic lament, "What are you about to do?—on your own priest! I am not one of your persuasion, but I vow to God it makes my blood run cold! What!—lay your hands on him!—on the head that other hands have visited, in another spirit, and for another purpose? He is a degraded minister, your leader says—what have you, or I—and, least of all, what has *he*, to do with that? How can—how dare any of you judge it? His Church still allows him the name of Priest, and will you commit a ruffianly outrage on that name? Could you ever stand by to see it done?"

The men hesitated; Purcell stamped and raved; and poor Tack'em, now crying like a child, took off his broadbrim, and extending his hand to Mr. Somers, said, piping all the time: "I give your reverence thanks. I am, as you say, a degraded priest, and a scandal to my cloth; but I give thanks, little worth, for your defence, of an erring brother; and as your best reward, I promise, happy death to me, from this moment to watch and pray, and strive and wrestle, that at last I may grow more worthy of the fellowship I have abandoned."

He was interrupted by Purcell, who, after holding out, in whispers, abundant reward to his party, and having succeeded in rallying their bad determination, came on, with loud threats to Tack'em, and cries of encouragement to them.

"Seize and bind him, I say! Mary Grace, we once more proceed together."

"Touch her not!" exclaimed the old man, again unexpectedly raising his shrill voice. "And you—blind slaves of an accursed master! touch not the white hairs of the father, nor the holy head of God's priest! Too



long I have stood here, waitin' to see and to hear some-  
thin' that her tears, and their words, and tears too,  
might work on him, but did not. Now, there is only  
time to ask, will ye, afther all has been said, assist  
Stephen Purcell in his bad scheme?"

"They will assist me!" shouted Purcell, and was  
echoed by his party.

"More, then. Are you ready to stand the struggle,  
and do your best, if he is prevented?"

"Prevented! mad and doting wretch! can *you* pre-  
vent it?" cried Purcell.

"I say, are ye ready?" resumed the old man.

"We are ready for anything that comes!" they an-  
swered.

"Then, Stephen Purcell," continued the aged speak-  
er, "I do not say *I* can prevent you. But—(try to get  
aside, Mary Grace, with your father, an' the priest, an'  
the mininster, too—run for the elm-trees, an' stay be-  
hind them)—but, Purcell," the old man went on, turn-  
ing to him after he had spoken the last words, in a  
hasty whisper, to those by his side, "maybe there's one  
near you that can and will. Stand out, grandson!  
Harry Kavanagh, stand out!"

"Kavanagh! Kavanagh!" shouted the person who  
was addressed, springing forward with Mullins from  
the midst of Purcell's people. "Kavanagh! Kavan-  
agh!" echoed Mullins. Kavanagh blew a horn that  
hung under his frock, and, at the sound, an overpower-  
ing force, wearing loose blue greatcoats, and strongly  
armed, rushed from the hollow trees. At the first inti-  
mation from the old man, Mr. Somers and Mr. Grace,  
apprehending the result, had contrived, with Mary and  
Tack'em, to edge away from the immediate ground of  
contest. So that when Kavanagh sounded his signal,  
they were within a short run of the trees, and gained  
them, just as, to their utter surprise, the ambushed al-  
lies issued forth from them.

## CHAPTER XII.

"On, and flash away!—Kavanagh!" continued the  
summoner, as the men advanced; he taking, with Mul-  
lins, a place at their head. All repeated his word and  
cry, and set with wild shouts upon Purcell's party.

Purcell, at the first signal of attack, had also headed  
his men, and now made desperate resistance. He  
rapidly formed them into a close body, with their backs  
to the hedge that fenced the hill, and thus awaited the  
assailants.

On they came, armed with pistols, fowling-pieces,  
muskets, and bayonets screwed on the ends of poles.  
Before the two parties closed, a volley was exchanged  
between them, from the effects of which two of Kavan-  
agh's people fell, one dead, the other wounded; while  
only one man went down on Purcell's side. Amid the  
smoke and confusion that reigned for a moment after,  
Purcell judiciously got his men across the fence, over  
which they knelt, and, reloading their arms, prepared,  
in this strong position, to continue battle.

"Steal round, with six of the boys, by the slope of  
the hill, and attack them behind, Mullins," said Kavanagh,  
when he had observed this movement—"and, of  
all things, keep your eye on Purcell—meantime we will  
have another blaze at them, here." Mullins readily  
obeyed; and, after a short pause, the other volley was  
given and returned, Kavanagh still the sufferer, by  
the loss of two men more, and Purcell, this time, un-  
touched.

"Do that again, my boys!" shouted Purcell, "and  
the next shot we are safe, and the outlaw our own into  
the bargain!"

"Are you sure of it?" bellowed Mullins, now within  
a few yards of Purcell's back, as he and his detachment  
hurled themselves down the hill on the rear of the  
whole party.

"Now, every man up the fence!" cheered Kavanagh,  
pushing, with the rest of his battalion, into Purcell's  
front.

An appalling struggle followed. Three of Purcell's  
faction lay in the trench at the back of the fence; the  
rest fled over the hill, hotly pursued. Kavanagh singled  
out Purcell. Both were too close to use their pistols,  
and could only twist and strain for a fall. At last  
Kavanagh slipped, and his antagonist, discharging at  
him a random shot, jumped over the hedge upon the  
road. Kavanagh, unharmed, was on his legs in an  
instant; and, in the next, and when Purcell had scarcely  
touched the ground outside, he made a separate spring  
after and over him, and landed on the road some yards  
before his foe, so that Purcell stood between him and  
the fence, and could not, therefore, readily escape.

Both glared at each other a moment, panting, foam-  
ing, and equally excited by effort and aversion. At  
last Kavanagh exclaimed:

"Do you doubt the word you heard, that you look on  
me so hard? Villain—accursed villain!—it *is* Kavanagh!"  
He covered him with his pistol.

"I see you, and know you well, now," answered  
Purcell; "but it is so long since we met, no wonder I  
like to look at you, Kavanagh;" and he moved a little,  
in order to recover an upright position, which, since  
his leap, he had not yet resumed, having been surprised  
by his pursuer in an effort to rise, so that, with his body  
and neck half stooped and wrung round, Purcell, to  
this moment, returned the gaze and challenge of  
Kavanagh.

"Stand up to me and yield!" exclaimed Kavanagh,  
when he saw him move. "Love, alone, could pay you  
with a poor shot and a moment's pain—I owe you more  
than that—yield, abhorred wretch! yield!"—advancing  
as he spoke.

"Thus, then!" cried Purcell, suddenly discharging  
into Kavanagh's face a small pistol he had hitherto  
kept concealed. Kavanagh reeled and fell; mechan-  
ically, but impotently, pressing his own trigger as he  
went down. Purcell was gone.

At this moment the old man, returning with Mullins  
from the pursuit, saw his grandson stretched, alone, on  
the ground. With a wild cry he ran, knelt, and raised  
him in his arms. Blood profusely flowed down Kavan-

nagh's face from a wound in the temple. The old man commenced a heart-rending lament, of which the shrill tones soon had the effect of restoring his grandson to perception.

"Who is that?—where is Purcell?" he said, disengaging himself and standing up. The ball had only grazed his temple, and Kavanagh was no more than stunned, though, from injury done to a branch of the artery, the flow of blood was considerable.

"Curse on the false weapon or false hand that never before failed me!" he continued—"Come, Mullins—come, grandfather—Mullins, a pistol—let us take different directions—spread out the men. Come!" and the whole party left the scene of contest.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Miss Grace, Mr. Somers, and Tack'em, had, previous to the discharge of a shot, gained the backs of the hollow trees. Of all the group, Tack'em displayed, from the first moment of danger, the greatest degree of cowardice. He fell on his knees, and alternately, in good Latin and bad English, prayed for deliverance. He groaned, he chattered, and sent forth very agonized ejaculations, as the firing and shouting increased. At last a better thought occurred. He looked around, embracing, however, a circuit of observation sufficiently prudential, and his companions could hear him mutter—"Naubocklish!—Naubocklish! where is the unlucky baste?—where she can be?—Naubocklish!"—and they understood that he repeated the name of his gray mare; which name, translated for the *Britannic* reader, signifies, "Never mind it." An appellation, by the way, frequently bestowed by Irish sportsmen on their favorite animals of the same species. We recollect a racing-mare of much worth, so called, on the "Curragh of Kildare;" the Newmarket of the sister island.

But for some time, Naubocklish did not appear. It seemed, however, that Tack'em became aware of her proximity, for after a pause he was heard to add—"That's she—that's she—come, a-chorra, come, a-vourneen," accompanying these coaxing words with his best coaxing tone. Presently his party also became aware of the approach of a horse, indicated by a succession of hysteric snorting, that if the language of quadrupeds may ever be rendered, loudly proclaimed the excessive astonishment and mortal fear of the said Naubocklish. At length she made her appearance at the side of the hollow trees, occasionally cocking or lowering her ears, standing quiet, or rearing on her hind legs and prancing upward and forward, and to this side and that, her feelings still expressed as has been intimated, and her white, sightless orbs rolling fearfully in their sockets.

"I'll promise her oats," continued Tack'em, still muttering to himself. He took off his ample hat, and, stretching his neck as far as he dared towards the animal, shuffled his hand in the crown of the beaver, his supplicating and beguiling tones and words rapidly continued. The finesse succeeded. Wheedled out of her fears, the gaunt animal approached, with outstretched nose and neck, in the direction where Tack'em stood; when she was within arm's length, her master dexterously succeeded

in catching her by the forelock; after two or three unhappy failures he next deposited himself on her back, and then, spurring with all his might, Tack'em and Naubocklish soon disappeared over a path diverting from the bloody plain. As they receded, her snorts and his groans were audible through the whole roar of battle; and, ere they had become entirely lost in distance, Tack'em could be seen lying down on her neck, his arms clasped around it, while, Gilpin-like, his bald head remained uncovered; a distinct object even at a great distance, as the moon brilliantly illuminated its polished surface.

After he had departed, Mr. Grace and his daughter, with their worthy friend, Mr. Somers, continued in anxious, and by no means unapprehensive, silence to await the result of the struggle on the plain. The shots and yells became less and less, as Mullins pursued the defeated party over the hill: and there was an aching pause left after Purcell and Kavanagh had terminated their personal encounter. When the cries of the old man arose, Mr. Somers ventured to look out towards the ground of action, and so became a witness of the ensuing scene. And, when, in obedience to Kavanagh's commands, all separated in pursuit of Purcell, he communicated the state of affairs to Mr. Grace and Mary.

"Our foes have been routed, and are fled," said Mr. Somers. "Thanks for this great, though terrible, preservation!"

"Oh! Mr. Somers!" said Grace, "I fear we have only escaped one bad fate for another—my poor Mary, my child!" and in an agony of apprehension he strained his daughter to his breast.

Mr. Somers demanded what he meant.

"You recollect the unfortunate young man, Kavanagh, about whom we this very evening conversed? Well, our preserver is the same person—and—" Grace hesitated, while Mary added, though barely above a whisper:

"My father fears, Mr. Somers, because—because—this unfortunate young man, Harry Kavanagh, was once attached to me. And," she added, after a pause, "and I should, in truth, add—and I to him."

Mr. Somers received this avowal with evident surprise. He hesitated what to say, and Mary, half ashamed of having said so much, added falteringly:

"But, Mr. Somers, we were only children. The attachment was—was a childish one—"

"How can we know in what light he looks upon it?" Mr. Grace asked, in a tone of vexation.

"You fear, then, that if his affection for Mary be not forgotten, he will take advantage of the obligation you owe him to renew his attentions!"

"What else can we expect from a desperate man like him? an outlaw, and, evidently, with force at his command?"

"Do not speak so harshly, dear father," pleaded Mary; "I am sure we need not fear anything base or ungenerous from Harry Kavanagh. He had once a gentle if not a tender heart:"—she checked herself, and an accusing blush spread over her pale cheeks.



"Why cannot we take advantage of his absence, and now, while the way is clear, fly from him?" suggested Mr. Somers.

"If you think we may venture it, come, then—come, Mary, and Heaven guide us!"

"Stay a moment, dear father, and let us rather consider," Mary said, earnestly, and spite of the painful nature of her position, rallying her clear, natural judgment. "Whatever may be Kavanagh's views towards us—whether he means to protect us to our home—or—in fact, to make *me* the subject of a fresh claim in his own person—still, we may be assured, he will expect to find us here, and will return to seek us. If we appear to avoid him, after receiving an obligation at his hands, how can we venture to arouse his displeasure? He has many active and desperate men at his side: were he to pursue us, we could not possibly evade him. This very moment, even, I fear it would be impossible to proceed far without meeting him or some of his party. Therefore, it appears to me, that however Kavanagh may be inclined to act, there would be no use, and might be danger, in doing as you say. And—oh, father!—would it not be at once ungrateful and ungenerous to attribute thus to our deliverer views ignoble and—yes, I dare add—unlike him?"

The poor girl had spoken warmly, but as she finished, her face fell in her hands, and thick sobs broke from her.

Mr. Somers drew his friend aside. "Permit me to ask you—and excuse the abruptness of the question—how far did Miss Grace, at the time she has spoken of, return the affection of this young man?"

"You probe me on a subject," answered Grace, "that this instant occupied, while it distracted, my mind. I must candidly tell you, Mr. Somers—but Mary was then a child—a mere child—and he was quite a boy also. Yet I must admit, that from my anxious observations of Mary, I thought she was foolishly partial to the lad."

"Then excuse another question—Do you think that in her present advocacy of Kavanagh, there is any recollection of the past, and—any wish to renew it?"

"God have pity on me, if there be!" said Grace, vehemently.

"But what do you think, my good friend?"

"I cannot believe it, yet I fear it," he replied, with increased distress and apprehension.

"Then let us, at any risk, try to escape homeward," urged Mr. Somers.—"Your father and I, Miss Grace," again turning to where the weeping girl stood, "have considered the matter we were speaking about, and it seems best, after all, to remove immediately out of the presence of a desperate man—a man"—he added with some severity—"of blasted character and ruined prospects." But all further movement was impeded by the appearance, the instant they were about to turn towards the hill, of Kavanagh at one side, and Mullins at the other. During his absence, Kavanagh had contrived to wash the blood from his face, and his cool, easy manner was again adopted.

"Stay, Mr. Grace!" he cried, as soon as he saw the

party—"Stop, till I am ready to attend you." Then turning to Mullins—"Have you seen him?"

"No—nor nobody else—this time he's safe," answered Mullins—"the only thing we found was the horses strayin' by the wrong road, an' the two grooms looked so quare when we axed 'em!—ho! ho!"

"He's safe but for a day," resumed Kavanagh—"For that matter, I might at once order you and these fellows on a pursuit he could hardly even now escape. But here we have work yet to do."

"You have saved us, sir, from outrage and shame," said Grace, addressing Kavanagh as he rejoined the party. "We owe to you the preservation of our honor—of our lives—and we deeply thank you."

"Do you remember me, Mr. Grace?" demanded Kavanagh, abruptly turning his full front to the speaker.

"After the services you have just conferred on me, sir, I should be forgetful, indeed, if I did not easily recognize you," replied Grace, unwilling to admit any acquaintance of more ancient date.

Kavanagh's lips curled with a bitter smile.

"Let me inform you, Mr. Grace," he said, proudly, "that our old friendship might be renewed without odium to your name, station, or fortune. I, too, have grown wealthy since we last met. Not by such means as you suppose, either. I believe," he continued with composure, and as if following a mental calculation while he spoke—"I believe I could, this moment, purchase you, out and out, and then throw all you are worth into the bottom of the sea, and still be a man of weight."

"It is very probable, sir," said Grace, timidly.

"As to the slander I have suffered from foul tongues," Kavanagh ran on, with vivacity, "a tithe of my possessions—possessions honorably won, too, in other lands—were enough to insure eternal silence on that head. You know in your heart, sir, I have never been really guilty of a moral crime or a dishonorable action even here in my country. What say you, Mr. Grace, shall we be old friends on the old understanding?"

"It would afford me sincere pleasure, Mr. Kavanagh, to meet you on terms of perfect equality."

"You evade me, sir," the young man cried, with passion, his eye kindling, and his voice rising—"I can fully conceive your meaning. First, you doubt my declarations of ability to establish the character; and then, even supposing all the power on my side, you would prudently step back and watch me setting to work in the endeavor to do so, refusing your countenance, till you had ascertained my success or failure. Oh! brave—I thank you, sir, for your condescension. And so it is, the world round. So are the unfortunate, the wronged, and the oppressed, always sure to be treated. Show me the man of what you call most benevolence and charity amongst you, and I will show you the over-cautious hypocrite, who can wink, or shrug, or whisper, or cast up his eyes over the lying story that deprives an innocent fellow-creature of rank and estimation; who will never be the first to meet him half way in his solitary struggle towards reinstatement in the world's opinion—if so contemptible a thing were

worth the struggle. But, mark you, who will ever be the first—oh! yes, the very first—to hail him with the holiday smile, when he has fought, and won his own battle, and sprung, without his hand, or voice, or wish to assist him, back again to the firm ground he would never have lost, if villany and perjury were not too strong for single, unbefriended innocence!”

Kavanagh strode about in chafing silence; Grace remaining prudently without speaking. Then, coming to a sudden stand, he continued:

“And, so help me God, here I am the most belied and trampled of innocent men. I have not a friend in my native land under the blessed canopy of heaven, wide and beautiful as it spreads above and around us, who would this night lend me a moment’s counsel, kindness, or confidence, to save me from the worst fate here and hereafter. Not one!—to save me from *my own* counsel—and in my state of lonely recollections and temptations—the dark things it urges me to, every hour I trust it! Not one to give me the composing shelter of a Christian roof, or to fling me a Christian pillow, that my aching brows might take Christian rest, and waken out of it, with Christian temper, passions, and consolations! Not one!” The young man resumed his quick walking, every step almost a stamp, while his clenched hand was often raised to his forehead. Again, while he continued in motion:

“This, then, is no country to me!” he broke out; “I owe it nothing—nothing but my birth, and for that I curse it, and pray that, in utter woe, it may be confounded! It gave me nothing—nothing but a name—which, in cruelty and wrong, it wrenched from me again—why should I love it? What are its blue hills and its pleasant fields to me—though, in distant banishment, I have thought of them, till, as the foolish tear filled my eye, their shadowy forms wavered through the sultry horizon, and the fresh noise of their streams and all their old sounds came on my ear, and were heard in my soul, and at last I wept and sobbed to see them again! Yet, why should I love it? Least of all, why should I fear it? And since it will not cherish or assist me, why should I hesitate to do, in the teeth of its arbitrary prohibition, whatever may, for a moment, assert, satisfy, and revenge me?”

Mary Grace, who had listened with intense interest to all he said, now could not refrain from breathing one word of appeal, remonstrance, and comfort; one word; but its tone and spirit contained a volume of persuasion.

“Oh, Harry!” she softly cried. He stopped, turned, looked trembling upon her; walked slowly to some distance; again stopped; and, after some thought, muttered something to himself in a tone so low as to be inaudible to the others.

“Young man,” at this moment said Mr. Somers, “all the gratitude, all the services, we can command, are yours; and we doubt not but your final disposal of us will still be honorable and just.”

Kavanagh returned no answer. To himself he went on, unconscious of having been addressed:

“I know that once she loved me too;—Mullins!”

“Here,” answered the summoned party, walking to his side.

“Did you not say—answer me below your breath—did you not say that to-morrow night Roving Jack is expected at the harbor?”

“Yes; wid his tight ship. As fast a sailor as ever ran in an honest hogshead.”

“How soon to weigh again?”

“How soon? Why the same hour, if he can: just as soon as the ship’s lightened.”

“Well—leave me. ’Tis a happy dream,” he continued, after Mullins had strode away: “though country be given up, I should still have with me the only creature that now makes country dear. And, perhaps—though my character is altered, and though men have here stamped a brand on my name, perhaps, even yet, Mary might remember the past, and love the outlaw.”

“He does not answer,” whispered Mr. Grace to Mr. Somers, “but there stands, as if planning some desperate scheme. Heaven befriend us.”

“In truth,” answered Mr. Somers, “I do not like his hesitation, and least of all his secret communication with that bravo. Young man,” he continued aloud to Kavanagh, “we have spoken to you, to offer our thanks and gratitude, and notwithstanding all you have said, our services, if need be.”

Still Kavanagh made no answer; did not seem, in fact, to hear. “Yes,” resumed Grace, “and to express our full reliance on your manliness and honor.”

“Can we trust you?” asked Mr. Somers, after another silent pause.

“We can!” Mary interposed warmly.

Kavanagh caught his breath, and with face half turned towards her, seemed to await her further speech.

“We can!” she repeated fearlessly. “Yes, alone with him, and in his power in a desert, I fear not the honor of our deliverer. Whatever he does—whatever his feelings may lead him to attempt, he will act with delicacy, and at the proper time and season. In any views he may have, Harry Kavanagh is not the man to imitate a villain. Harry Kavanagh is not the man to blacken a noble action with a bad one!”

The person addressed heard this appeal evidently with deep feeling. He pulled his hat over his brows, and changed frequently from one foot to another: as his clenched hands hung by his sides, they crushed hard within them the folds of his frock. When Mary had ceased, in the deep silence that followed, the breath was distinctly heard to labor in his throat, rapidly coming and going, as if with alarmed precipitancy it struggled to make way for a burst of combatted resolutions. He beckoned Mullins, with two or three impatient motions of his hand. The man came; when he turned quickly upon him, and, with flashing eyes fixed on his, gasped and gaped in an effort to pronounce a word: the difficulty seemed, by irritating him, to increase his paroxysm of passion. He waved his hand and arm over and over again; and at last, stamping violently, was able to utter in a choked tone, half scream and half whisper—“Lead on!”



"Whither—whither?" asked Grace and Mr. Somers, both advancing.

"Oh, Harry!—whither?" echoed Mary, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, confronting him.

"To your father's house!" he exclaimed, in a burst of voice; "there we can find your proper time and season! Mullins, get those horses sent round to meet us at the other side of the hill—and do you direct our course—I cannot—I will remain behind—lead on."

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE narrative left Howard and Mr. O'Clery setting out, after Nora's intelligence, in great speed to Mr. Grace's house.

They soon gained, by the short path well known to O'Clery, their destination. As the gentlemen hurried along, it occurred to both that much reliance was not to be placed on Nora's dazed information, and, all the way, they had hopes she might have misconceived or exaggerated the real circumstances.

The first thing that raised Nora's credit was the appearance of the little avenue gate, wide open. The friends looked at each other, and pushed hurriedly on to the house. As they approached the door, Howard stumbled over something; a moment's examination showed them the dead carcass of a fine mastiff watch-dog, which it had been the intruders' first care to dispatch. This was a worse symptom:—a still worse, the hall-door remained unclosed. They entered the house. The hall and staircase were in darkness, and with some difficulty they ascended to the drawing-room. Here was a scene of dreary, and, to the spectators, afflicting, desolation. Of four lights, two had burned out; one lay crushed and extinguished on the carpet, and one only lent imperfect illumination to the apartment. The fire was black; the hospitable hearth chill and cheerless. On a table near it lay, broken and disordered, the little nick-nacks usually adorning it. The chairs were disarranged or overturned, and the carpet soiled and crumpled, in token of the recent intrusion of a vulgar crowd. The window which Grace had thrown up, in order to parley with the assailants, still remained open, and at it, in the faint rays of the moon, sat a little, long-eared, silky lap-dog, Mary's own favorite, piteously howling forth his sense of abandonment and loneliness.

With rapid words of alarm and consternation, the friends ran to the door through which they had entered the room, and called, loudly and anxiously, the names of those they scarce expected to hear them. "Mr. Grace! my dear friend, Mr. Grace!" cried O'Clery: "Mary! my darling girl, Mary!" shouted Howard. The empty apartments and staircases feebly answered, like the inarticulate efforts of a child, a shadowy echo of the words spoken; and deep silence again fell around. The friends snatching the lighted candle, rushed through the other rooms, one by one. At last they gained what they knew to be Mary's chamber. There was her little toilet, surrounded by the books and the draw-

ings:—upon it still lay the crucifix, the glass vase with its delicate flowers, the rosary, the prayer-book, turned down, and Howard's own miniature. As he glanced upon it, a gush of bitter grief blinded his eyes for a moment. He looked towards Mary's bed. It stood, white, pure, and unpressed, as it had been arranged for the night's repose: "O God!" he exclaimed, "and where, instead, is she to lie down to-night!" The thought was madness, and Howard, dropping into a chair, buried his face in his hands—man's bitter, hard wrung tears dropping slowly through his fingers.

Mr. O'Clery, himself deeply afflicted and agitated, strove to administer comfort to the young man, but, for some time, in vain.

"If we had even a trace of the road," said Howard, "if that accursed woman could inform us which way they went, there might be some hope. As it is, nothing is certain but the ruin of the young lady—and—" he continued wildly—"my ruin also—I will outlive no shame that this outrage must fix on Mary Grace!"

"Hush!" O'Clery said—"here are your soldiers." The rapid and heavy tramp of the men was, indeed, now audible, as they quickly advanced up the approach to the house: "All is not yet lost with help so near us," added O'Clery. "Come, Mr. Howard, man yourself—distribute them over the country by every path and road the ravishers may possibly have taken—and, hark! that bewildered creature comes with them—I hear her shrill cries ringing through the house—come down—let us again speak to her—perhaps she is at last calm enough to collect her senses, and yield us some useful information."

They descended, and, in passing the door of the drawing-room they had first entered, Nora rushed by them, into it, and squatting herself as in the cabin, on the middle of the carpet, set up her old wail, eked out by the incessant clapping of her hands. The little dog, whom the appearance of Howard and O'Clery had for a moment diverted from his howling, now sympathetically chimed in with Nora, and a duet arose from the efforts of both sufficient to startle the dull ear of the dead.

"Tis hard to say which is the sillier creature," said O'Clery, as, with Howard, he advanced at Nora's back. "Silence, you obstreperous fool," he continued, addressing her. "Get up and inform us which road these ruffians have taken with your master and your young lady."

But Nora accorded no answer; neither did she suspend her part of the performance.

"Answer us, woman!" cried Howard; "tell us, if you know, which road they first pursued. Answer instantly, or I shall do something unmanly, desperate. Which road, I say?"

"Och! little div I know. There's no one here! no one here! They're all gone! The hearth is cold—could! ochoun! ochoun!" and she suddenly started on her feet, and raced up stairs, before Howard or O'Clery could stop her.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Howard, in distraction; "the moments lapse in which a well-directed effort

might be made. But I'll after her, and try one other experiment," and, separating the sheath of his sword from his belt, Howard bounded after Nora to the top of the house.

"Aha! that may do—but lay it on lightly, good fellow," said O'Clery, following him.

Nora's continued outcry soon led them to her presence. She had made her way, in utter darkness, to Mary's chamber; and, when the friends entered with the candle, they saw her in her usual position and gestulation, half way between the bed and the toilet, while, with tears plentifully rolling down her cheeks, she went on:

"You're not in your room! There's no one to read your prayer-book—an' ock! a-lanna-machree! you won't put your darlin' white skin under your own white sheets to-night, an' sink down among the feathers, like a lily as you are, goin' asleep on its bed o' daisies! You won't! no, you won't! mille murthers!"

Somewhat affected by the tears and poetical lament of Nora, Howard hesitated in the first instance to treat her too roughly. It was not till, after repeated conjurations, she still obstinately or heedlessly withheld all rational answer, that she felt the scabbard gently introducing itself to her broad shoulders. At the touch she uttered a louder cry than ever, and again succeeded in escaping from her pursuers, first through the chamber-door, and then down the stairs.

They still followed her. She issued through the hall-door, and looking around for the huge stone she had lately precipitated from the window overhead, was moving towards it, when her interminable moan changed into a shrill squeak, and she hastily ran back to the door. The gentlemen, advancing, discovered the cause of her terror. Beside the stone lay the man on whom it had fallen, his thigh crushed to pieces. Deprived of all power to move, and weakened by pain and fear, the wretch lay stretched on his back; his features—made more hideous by the black smearing they had undergone, and which was now half rubbed off—set in agony of dread, and his eyes staring straight upward, with the most ghastly expression. Howard and O'Clery shuddered at this spectacle, and could not blame Nora for her cowardice.

The man was sufficiently sensible, however, to comprehend what was going forward. He had heard the repeated inquiries made of Nora, and now muttered, as the friends stood over him:

"Don't kill me—for the love o' God an' the blessed Virgin Mary, don't kill me entirely, an' I'll tell you where to find 'em."

"Speak, then, and truly," said Howard, "if you hope to live another moment."

The man gave a description of the route he had heard proposed by Mullins, and which was really the course taken. Howard listened eagerly; ordered two soldiers to garrison the house till his return, and also to remove and tend the wounded man. Then, heading his party, and accompanied by O'Clery, he set off with all speed: Nora still bringing up the rear.

Along the very way they pursued, Purcell, at about

the same moment, was hastening, after his escape at the elm-trees, with purpose to call on Howard and his men for assistance; concluding, from Mullins's treachery, that such was still available. We need not try to picture his feelings at this juncture; we need not say that all the fiends of hate, disappointment, rage, and bloody impulse possessed him even unto madness. He ran, he panted, he smote his forehead, and called on the earth to swallow, and the hills to slip and crush, his detested and successful enemy. For, at cautious distance, Purcell had stopped to ascertain the effect of his last shot, had seen Kavanagh arise, and heard him order the pursuit. By an unusual, and yet, for pedestrians, a short path, Purcell then fled, bounding forward alone, with the shouts and curses of the pursuers ringing in his ear, the effort for life and vengeance bracing his sinews, and giving all but wings to his terrible speed. He broke through fences, dashed over streams, and trampled down, indifferently, the barren heath and the pregnant furrow; resembling, with blackest hell in his heart and on his brow, some spirit of the lowest depths, sent forth upon man's slumbering world, to blight, crush, and destroy.

Dripping with wet, his clothes torn and soiled, without a hat, and his face intensely pale and haggard, Purcell, after avoiding the wood, and the road which led to it, found himself free from pursuit, on the open ground which commenced an approach to the first bridle-road that had conducted him from Mr. Grace's house. Over this way he was holding his fierce career, when a man appeared running towards him, in a cross direction. His nerves strung up to the utmost pitch of sensitiveness, Purcell screamed out a challenge to this person, stooping, at the same time, for a large stone that lay before him, as he was now otherwise unarmed. It proved, however, to be one of his own men, flying like himself from the late scene of confusion and blood. Reassured, and, from the presence of one associate, comforted, Purcell dropped the stone from his weakened grasp, and poured forth a torrent of inquiries, imprecations, and vows of revenge. Kavanagh, Mullins, and all, should feel, he said, his arm, in time and turn.

"Come!" he continued, "Howard and the soldiers! He is saved for me, though they don't think it! Let us cheer them on! Let us swear that Kavanagh himself is the man who forced her away—that we interferred to prevent him—that we were—were—curses! that they have, by overpowering force, reduced us to this breathless condition! Come. Baffled in every way—at every turn—and by that boy; he that has ever been a stone—a rock on my path. But we will have it yet! Come! The soldiers!"

"The soldiers!" echoed the sharp voice of old Kavanagh, who at that moment started, like a spectre, before him. "Dog of an informer still! I have traced you as the hound traces his prey—stiff and worn as I am, I have traced you. Now, how do I find you here? how, but on the ould track? The soldiers! What do you want with them? Will they assist you to bring shame on another white head? Or, crossed in your own en-



deavor, do you only go to loose them on the game you have before hunted down?"

"Stand out of my way, or—I will make you stand out of it!" said Purcell, balefully glaring on the old man.

"Never! till you unsay that word I heard, and promise at last to spare him! Haven't you done enough? Haven't you spent yourself on us all? Where is my child's child? Where is my child herself? Never scowl and gnash your teeth at me, Purcell—where is the comfort you tore, like a villain, from me? Where the pride and peace of my mind? Can you make me as I was again? Can you make me not mad again? Oath-breaker and robber! Stay where you are, and answer."

"Out of my way, wretch! or——" Purcell gripped the old man's throat with both his hands. He, however, amid choking breath and utterance, went on:

"Aye, aye! do it! do it! Keep them round my neck till I fall stark and stiff under your hands. Kill the old grandfather, that so you may deal on the three generations!"

Purcell persevered in his purpose till the sound of approaching feet were heard, and the man who stood by his side crying out—"We're taken!" plunged down the slope at the left side, and disappeared. Not till then did he release the old man, and, looking forward, saw, to his great surprise and pleasure, Howard and O'Clery rapidly advancing.

"Hold! hold!" Howard exclaimed as he came up, having heard the cries of old Kavanagh. "What shameful outrage is this?"

"Seize him, Sassenack, seize him! He is the man that this night took off your Mary Grace!"—the old man gasped out, as he rapidly withdrew from the scene.

"Och! 'saize him! hould him fast! Hang him! Shoot him! Tear him limb from limb!" exhorted Nora, coming in front.

"Soldiers! take him prisoner!" said Howard.

"Stop, sir. You will not surely heed, Captain Howard, the ravings of a madman: all can tell you he is mad. What, Nora, do you not know me? Am I the person this old fool speaks of?" For, we had omitted to mention, Purcell, so soon as he escaped from Kavanagh's men, took care to divest himself of his red waistcoat and sash.

"Och! no! no!" responded Nora.

"You did not, then, see this man at Mr. Grace's?"

"Avoch, no!—Captain John! a-guilla-machree!—Captain John! This is a very decent gentilmin—if he does his best for us now, I mane," added Nora, in a qualifying tone.

"I will. It is therefore I am here on my way to Captain Howard, with intelligence where to find them."

"On your way from them, then?" asked O'Clery.

"Yes, sir,—directly—this moment from them."

"And may I ask how you got among them, Mr. Purcell?"

"Mr. O'Clery—Captain Howard, look at me! You may guess by my appearance and manner what I have suffered and escaped at their hands. I tell you, gentlemen, that—passing the road by chance—by mere

chance—I met the whole party—Mr. and Miss Grace—and Mr. Somers—and all—and giving way to my feeling—you know how keenly I ought to feel to see Miss Grace in such a situation, Father O'Clery—not considering what I did, I plunged into the midst of them, unarmed; and, after a desperate struggle, am here, scarcely alive to tell you my adventure."

"Were you alone as well as unarmed, sir?" still questioned O'Clery.

"Was I alone, sir? To be sure I was. Who could have been with me? I should be glad to know what you exactly mean, Mr. O'Clery."

"Why I thought that, in the present state of the country, you did not usually venture out at night, unattended and unarmed, sir. But I beg your pardon a moment—Mr. Howard, a word. By my priesthood," continued O'Clery, aside, "all this is very mysterious, my young friend. I assume sufficient knowledge of the human heart to be convinced, from Mr. Purcell's character—which, moreover, I have good reason to know—that he is not the man to do any such exploit as he states himself the hero of. Nor in my conscience do I believe he encountered, alone and unarmed, the persons we are in pursuit of."

"This, then, involves the truth of his information as to their route?"

"I fear so. And more—do not let him see you startled when I speak it—Purcell may be the author of this outrage himself! Stop, for heaven's sake—and let me go on—and his present appearance before us may be for the purpose of misleading you, while, in the meantime, his agents shall have secured—"

"I'll run him through the heart!"—Howard broke out.

"Tut!—that would be a bad way of coming at the truth, under the present circumstances. I wish that old man were here, who first gave us to understand that Purcell was the true aggressor. Why should he have his hands on the poor creature, as he came up? But, no matter. Suppose, Mr. Howard, you now seem to place implicit reliance on Purcell—keeping an eye on him, meantime. If he does not immediately lead us on the track—or if, at all events, it be finally proved he leads us wide of it—then, you know, he will be in your power still. And, in truth, if we now reject his guidance, the country becomes, a little further on, so full of cross-roads and difficult ways, that I see not what you can do."

"And all this time is time wasted!" said Howard, impatiently: then, turning round—"Mr. Purcell, we place the utmost faith on your story and your guidance. Pray, have the goodness to fall in with me, between these men. And, now sir, is your point far off?"

"Not very far, Captain Howard. I will engage to lead you to it in a little more than half an hour."

"Haste, then—which way?"

"For the present straight on," replied Purcell.

"Come, Mr. O'Clery—soldiers, attention!—Double quick time, and march!"

"Och, no, red-coats!—double quick time, an' run! run! run!"—countermanded Nora, putting herself in

motion to join the main body. But an accident impeded her further career. To keep clear of the soldiers, and yet trot on at their side, Nora had deviated a little too much towards the edge of the declivity before described, and in an unlucky moment, slipped at its edge, and, losing her balance, tumbled to the bottom. There, landing on her feet, she stuck fast in a quagmire, from which, in her alarmed, debilitated state of body, it was impossible to extricate herself.

"An' och!"—Nora cried—"here I am in throuble, an' nobody comin' to me! Sunk apast my hams in could wather, an' mud, an' all alone! alone! It 'ull be the death o' me, an' not a soul near me!—An' my new quilted petticoat, an' my Sunday stockin's! petticoat an' stockin's! stockin's an' petticoat!"

And here we must take leave of Nora, sympathizing in her distress indeed, but too much concerned in the distresses of others to be able to lend her immediate assistance, though, no doubt, she escaped, in good time, to live over this eventful night during many a long and prosperous day.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MULLINS had led his party, and those they escorted or guarded, through the wood before mentioned as part of Purcell's first route, when Kavanagh rode briskly up to him on the road, and said, in a low tone:

"Mullins—Purcell is coming to meet us with Howard and the soldiers. My poor grandfather has just returned from them to inform me."

"Well?"—asked or answered the imperturbable Mullins.

"Our number is too small to check them, and it may happen we shall have to take care of ourselves."

"An' so we can, wid God's help, and others."

"You think, then, Flinn's new friends will be up?"

"Never fear:" and both relapsed into silence.

"He seems to keep his word, though his manner is so suspicious," said Mr. Somers to his friends, while this conversation was going forward in front—"it is certainly our road homeward."

"It is," said Grace, "and now I scarcely doubt but he will, at all events, guide us to our house."

"Do not doubt at all," said Mary.

"Hark!" resumed Somers, "I think I hear the approach of a number of persons over the high ground that leads from your residence to this road."

"If so," said Grace, "we are to be attacked again by Purcell, with a fresh body of men! He has escaped for no other purpose—the villain is too desperate to forego a settled scheme so easily!"—still the advancing footsteps were heard.

"O my God!—who are these!"—exclaimed Mary, once more beginning to tremble.

"No matter—stand close and fear nothing," said Kavanagh, passing her. Again he rode up to Mullins, and whispered, in some anxiety:

"These are our soldiers, Mullins!"

"Well?—Look far through the moonlight, into the hollow, under them, an' thry what else you can see."

"The red waistcoats, I think, by St. Denis!" Kavanagh said, exultingly, while he obeyed the suggestion of Mullins.

"These are not a crowd of common men," Mr. Somers continued to Grace; "the regular though rapid tramp of their advance leads me to believe that they are soldiers."

"They are soldiers," exclaimed Grace, joyfully; "I see the glancing of their caps and plumes over the edge of the height—thank God!"

Howard and his party had now, indeed, just gained a point from which the road became observable. Purcell was the first to point out the opposite phalanx in motion over it.

"There they are!" he exclaimed. "And now it is my time and opportunity to inform your reverend counsellor, Captain Howard, that I fully understood the nature of his doubts and cautions expressed to you, a little while ago, though I waited for this moment to say so."

"Praise to God!" said O'Clery to Howard, in a low voice, "these are the friends we seek; I can distinctly see my dear Mary Grace in the middle of the party."

"I see her too!" exclaimed Howard: "and now an instant's pause, Mr. O'Clery. Your suspicions of Purcell seem to be illfounded."

"Perhaps, Mr. Howard—but the whole event, and his future conduct, can alone assure me there were no reasons, of any kind, for my caution."

"I beg your pardon, Captain Howard," resumed Purcell, advancing a step towards them. "But I think I may have the benefit of whatever new hints his popish reverence thinks proper to direct to me."

"You are rash, if not intrusive, sir," Howard said, coldly.

"Very likely. This, then, I have to add, that, since I am intrusive, and since that is the only word for my zealous services, I shall instantly withdraw homeward. You are now in sight of your enemy, Captain Howard, and can no longer require the attendance of an unarmed man like myself, whose strength and spirits are already exhausted. Indeed, recollecting that, for my first opposition and present services, I must become a mark of especial hatred and hostility to those wretches, there seems an additional reason why I should take care of myself."

"Do not let him budge an inch," whispered O'Clery, while, at the same time, he elbowed Howard rather vehemently. "You perceive our friends are returning with a party, towards their own residence, not flying from it, and this looks additionally mysterious."

"Why—what do you really think, Mr. O'Clery?"

"Nothing, specifically. My former grounds of suspicion are certainly altered, but I can't avoid resting on others, though I am not able distinctly to define them. Yet, one question—if this be really the party that perpetrated the outrage—why—I repeat—why, after such a lapse of time, do we meet them moving on the very point they should, of all others, avoid?"



"Good-night, then, Captain Howard," resumed Purcell; "I shall, perhaps, find an opportunity to present my greetings to your prime minister also. But, before I go, I too claim the favor of a private word;" and he turned off with Howard; "I know the kind of enemy you have to deal with better than you can possibly know them, and this is my humble but earnest advice and request—prayer, rather—for your own sake, as well as for your friends—do not parley an instant with these ruffians. They are headed by a marked and branded outlaw—you will know him amidst all the others by his haughty air and superior dress. Run that man through the body, or blow his brains out with your own hand! Let it be your very first act! If you hesitate, beware of the consequences—he is sworn to do the same by you the moment he sees your face—I have the best private information of the fact; I can show it to you to-morrow morning. Therefore have a care, I say, and remember my caution."

"I shall certainly think about it, sir," said Howard; "but as to your now leaving us—"

"There are other reasons why you should act prudently," interrupted Purcell, rapidly; "and as this is no time for squeamishness, I shall just hint them to you. You are betrayed, Captain Howard! betrayed by the very friends you now purpose to assist! Listen to me—it would be too long a story, and therefore out of season, to tell you why this is the case, but I can satisfactorily prove it, along with other things, early in the morning. Now, it is sufficient to say, that Grace, aye, and his meek daughter too, have a feeling and interest for the very persons in whose power they are."

"What, sir!" cried Howard, threateningly.

"You may well be astonished, Captain Howard."

"Then, Mr. Purcell," as, calling to mind O'Clery's hints, and contrasting them with the present information, he became first confounded, and next irritated—"then, Mr. Purcell, I insist on your remaining with us till this affair is at an end, for—"

"Excuse me, Captain Howard."

"Excuse me, sir; it must be so—you have spoken things that require to be explained on the spot—no waiting till morning—no waiting an instant, sir, beyond the opportunity for explanation—I will know what you mean in a few moments—you shall confront my friends, Mr. Purcell, and to them repeat your words, aye, and support them too. Fall in again, sir—sergeant, take care of this gentleman; and now, forward!"

This, as O'Clery surmised, was more than Purcell had bargained for. In fact, his first burst of rage and revenge had not left him capable of framing a rational scheme. In calling upon Howard, he obeyed the undigested impulse of the moment. But while they came along he had some time to reflect on the danger he must front in facing Mr. and Miss Grace and Mr. Somers after his known agency in the original aggression. Now, cursing himself that he had at all guided Howard, Purcell's chief anxiety was to withdraw from immediate detection, while, at the same time, endeavoring, by means of incoherent misstatements, that a cooler moment would also have enabled him to reject, to pre-

pare Howard's mind for what was inevitably at hand. In the fever of agonizing passion, of hope, fear, doubt and dismay, it is not extraordinary that even a clever villain should thus find all his ingenuity prostrated, his cunning and consistency reduced to wild assertion.

But when Howard insisted on his remaining with the party, Purcell experienced the most desperate pang. His heart felt a spasm of despair; and, with violent energy of manner, he blustered, entreated, and raved by turns, against the order for his detention. This strange behavior but strengthened Howard in his resolve, while he was further assisted by the approving whispers of O'Clery. Finally, when Purcell saw no possibility of escape, he could only return to his former tack, and try, by every species of falsehood, to anticipate the accusations ready to be preferred against him.

"Well, then, Captain Howard," he said, "relying on your watchful protection against the enmity of these men, I have only to press upon you the advice and cautions you have already heard. I repeat, you will find your old friends with new faces; and, what I have not before stated, you may expect to hear them charge me in the most violent as well as improbable manner, all in defense of the individual I have before pointed out to your vengeance, and because I am, to him and them, an object of common dislike. You do not know," he added, interrupting himself, "you cannot conceive, Englishman and Protestant as you are, to what lengths the papists of this cursed country will go to stick by each other—you cannot imagine what a web of smooth deceit and treachery they can wind round you."

"Give over, sir, it is time," interrupted Howard, indignantly. "We shall soon see all this out. Come, soldiers. But I perceive these people have drawn up across the road, and wait for us."

"They have been so placed for some time," said O'Clery. "You may observe our friends still remain exposed in their centre."

"'Tis so," said Howard, "we must go to work cautiously, then. Soldiers! no firing in the first instance. Give them the steel, and let it be your chief object to support me in getting five or six file round the lady and her friends. When we have succeeded so far, press those fellows back, and then do your best. Take as many prisoners, however, as possible. So—forward!"

The whole party were in motion, and about two hundred yards of the sloping ground brought them to the road in front of Kavanagh's men. O'Clery and Purcell remained close in the rear, under the charge of a sergeant and two file.

O'Clery had truly described Kavanagh's position. Miss Grace, her father, and Mr. Somers were placed in the middle of his line, fully exposed in front, though well guarded behind. At their side and back, about six men, mounted on the horses that had previously served Purcell, kept close together. Kavanagh and Mullins also remained mounted. Across the narrow road, at the right hand and at the left, the remainder of the body formed, three deep, and in good order.

The whole were less than Howard's force, whose spir-

its increased, as, at the first glance, he ascertained his advantage. But Howard reckoned chances, in complete ignorance of his real situation; to explain which, we must retrograde for a moment.

After Kavanagh, in consequence of Mullins' hint, had perceived the distant approach of Flinn's reinforcement, he fell back some ten or twelve yards, and halted on the road, a good distance beyond the little valley through which, in silence and caution, his friends pushed their way. This manoeuvre was effected for the purpose of inducing Howard to advance upon him, after also passing the valley, and so afford ground to the appearance, in Howard's flank and rear, of the newcomers. Kavanagh's only anxiety now was, lest he should be charged on before the arrival of his reinforcement. He was relieved by the timely and fortunate pause of the military party on the height over the valley. Gaining, therefore, while his men stood still, a point of the road in which he was concealed from the soldiers, he hoisted his handkerchief on a pole, and waved on the body under Flinn's guidance. The saw and understood his signal, and in a few moments were up with him, ready to be disposed of as he should direct.

We should observe, that the hollow, through which they defiled, ran at right angles to the road, and continued to run beyond it, at the other side, while the road passed the inequality by means of a rude bridge, affording vent to a rapid mountain-stream. Along the road were fences of bank, of bush, and interstices of dry wall, formed by flat, slaty stones, laid close upon each other. The clumsy parapets, or boundaries, of the bridge, continued, on both hands, the same line of fence.

When the strange men came up, Kavanagh proceeded, briefly, but clearly, to give Flinn his orders.

"Station your men," he said, "inside the fences to that end of the bridge furthest from where mine stand. Keep them hid there until the soldiers pass you by, and until you hear a volley from us. That moment let them jump upon the road and close on Howard's rear, while we do the same at his front. Then, Flinn, we can disarm the soldiers without another shot. Remember—I will not have a trigger pulled at your side."

Flinn hastened to obey these orders; and Kavanagh, returning to his own body, continued: "Let every man draw his bullet, keeping a charge of powder only. We need not fear that Howard will blaze on his friends here; and there is no use in wasting lead, when we can have these soldiers just for stretching our hands out. Meantime, attend to what I say. Stand perfectly quiet till I speak to you. Then fire your blank cartridges in their faces, and close in with your prisoners. They dare not return your fire, but it will frighten them. Then, while Flinn surprises them at their rear, all you have to do is to assist in getting up the brand-new muskets and cross-belts. Mind yourselves."

For Howard now quickly advanced, after passing the valley and bridge, crying out: "Charge! charge! but draw no trigger without orders!"

"A word before a blow, Mr. Howard," said Kavanagh, advancing even while he spoke. "What, sir, is this

your return to a man that has served you, and would still do so?"

"Sullivan, by heaven! Halt soldiers, and recover arms!" exclaimed Howard. Then, turning to Kavanagh: "Sir, that you have served me my gratitude must ever be a witness—you saved my life. But I have, notwithstanding, to learn how you would now serve me, when I find that lady in your company."

"And is it then so wonderful that I should set a few of my poor tenants to rescue your betrothed lady and her father from Captain John?" asked Kavanagh, with composure.

"Have you, indeed, done me that service?"

"He has rescued us!—he has! he has!" cried Mary Grace and Mr. Somers.

Purcell's voice was here loudly exalted, calling on Howard from behind. Howard attended the summons, as in great perplexity, he had just resolved to question Purcell concerning Kavanagh's assertion, backed, as it was, by the words of his friends.

"These are not, then, the people into whose hands you first traced Mr. Grace and his daughter?" he said, approaching Purcell.

"They are!—they are!—the very same! Do not heed what the prisoners now say, for they *are* prisoners, and speak under fear, or perhaps a strong feeling. For, Captain Howard, what I have all along hesitated through delicacy to state must now be plainly told—before you met Mary Grace she and this bravo loved each other!"

"Scoundrel!" cried Howard, "dare you presume to assert such a thing?"

"Ask them both the question, separately. With this caution, that you do not permit them to answer except in a blunt, simple yes or no. By their own words I am ready to abide; and you, I hope, Captain Howard, in remembrance of the danger I told you to fear from the leader of this infamous outrage."

"Come with me, then, sir, and hear the result. Mr. O'Clery, I cannot consent to your kind and zealous wishes for getting into danger; I must use some well-meant force to keep you where you are. Sergeant, do your duty—Mr. Purcell, forward!"

They again confronted Kavanagh, and Howard precipitately asked: "What, fellow!—how do you answer to this charge?"

"Let me hear it first, fellow," retorted Kavanagh, indifferently.

"You presumed to pay attentions to Miss Grace?"

"I loved her with all my soul," was the reply.

"Speak, Miss Grace!—Mr. Grace, speak!" Howard cried in a frenzy.

"It is true," answered Mary, in a tremulous voice.

"'Tis true," echoed Mr. Grace, "but—"

"Silence!" bellowed Purcell. "Pardon me, Captain Howard, but have you not got your answer? Now will you heed whatever evasion they may advance? Listen not to them, I advise again; they are all leagued against you; they will, as I warned you, endeavor to baffle us; I wonder they have not begun to accuse and falsify *me*. Be assured, sir, there is but one way to act. Call



on these fellows to lay down their arms; if they do not instantly obey, shoot every man of them on the spot. A moment's delay may be fatal to you; give me a pistol, and I will make sure of the leader! and oh!" Purcell continued, mentally, "heaven and the devil grant he may follow my advice; for in the uproar of the fray is Stephen Purcell's chance, if he can ever have any, to close the mouths of every witness against him—father and all, but the girl's self!"

"I know not what to think, or how to act," said Howard, after a moment's painful and confused pause. "But"—turning on Kavanagh, pistol in hand—"you are my prisoner!"

"Not yet, ami!" Kavanagh cried, moving back.

Howard presented his pistol—

"That's the way—fire! fire!" roared Purcell.

"Oh no, no, no! hold, for God's sake! for the sake of justice!" cried Grace, Mary, and Mr. Somers, at once.

"Let me reflect for a moment," resumed Howard, lowering his pistol. "Some one—the servant, Nora—yes! She particularly informed me that the person who took away Miss Grace called himself Captain Doe."

"He did! and that person—" began Grace.

"Silence them, or they will talk us into madness!" interrupted Purcell.

"Silence! silence, I say!" said Howard, obeying, though in his bewilderment he knew not why he did so, the urgency of Purcell.

"I, at least, may speak," said Kavanagh. "He *did* call himself Doe—you hear he did; and can I, Mr. Howard, be that person? I met you, alone and unprepared for such an attempt, a short time before it was made. More—I was in Mr. Grace's house, and resisted the assailants."

"He was!" interrupted Grace.

"I fired the only shot that was fired—and—I am now glad of it—missed my mark."

"He did, he did!" cried Grace and Mr. Somers.

"And now, when you find your friends with me, and, observe, on the way to their own home—must I not have just rescued them from Captain John?"

"It would appear so, indeed," replied Howard, completely mystified.

"It is not so!" exclaimed Purcell, scarcely knowing what he said, but impelled by a paramount feeling, to contradict Kavanagh.

"True—it is not so!" repeated Kavanagh.

"Then, what am I to think of this monstrous tissue of contrary assertion?" asked Howard, more than ever perplexed and irritated.

"I rescued them—but from the fiend that stands by your side," resumed Kavanagh, not seeming to notice Howard's perturbation.

"A lie! a black lie! Now, Captain Howard, begins the falsehood I anticipated," said Purcell.

"No, no! the truth! the truth! Will you not listen to my assurance?" ejaculated Mary.

"What! this gentleman?" said Howard.

"Yes, that black villain—Purcell!" answered Kavanagh; "from him who calls himself Doe—he who dares

attempt in other people's names what he fears to do in his own."

"Here, corporal, with two men!" exclaimed Howard. "Oh, sir," turning to Purcell, who vainly continued to assert his innocence, "you will excuse any doubt of your honor this may imply. I would only be cautious in my duty. Remove him."

"And now do you know me for the friend I am?" Kavanagh asked, again moving his horse forward.

"I do," answered Howard; and I beg to stand excused for my mistake. It was, indeed, a mistake, every way. Even when I supposed that Doe was the leader of this violence, I should, if my proper senses had served me, have acquitted you altogether."

Kavanagh smiled, half mockingly.

"Certainly. All was misconception. In the first place, Doe could not have been the man, as he was at a distance, and surrounded by your soldiers, when the thing happened."

"But he escaped!" observed Howard.

"Indeed!" cried Kavanagh, drily.

"You cry, 'indeed!' sir. Now my memory serves, you were the first to tell me he had escaped, long before this unhappy circumstance."

"I might have mistaken. But further, as to your blunder about myself—Captain John, you know, is double my age and black, and stouter. More like a common ruffian—is he not?"

"Many, nay, yourself, told me so," answered Howard.

"I lied, then," said Kavanagh.

"Sir!"

"Though there is no reason," he resumed, speaking quickly, "why you should not now believe me, when, on the word and faith of a true man, I assure you, that Doe is as young as I am—rather like me, too. By St. Denis! like as a twin brother; Mr. Howard, as like me as—MYSELF!"

While speaking these words his hand had been busy unbuttoning the close frock that we have described as fitting tight to his figure. As he ended, laying the reins on his horse's neck, he flung it aside altogether and displayed an inside dress, consisting of a white vest, or jacket, over which was a red waistcoat, with bunches of green ribbon for shoulder-knots, and a broad green sash round his waist. He also wore a belt, or girdle, in which were seen two cases of pistols.

Howard started back at this startling change of costume, and Grace uttered cries of consternation and despair. Mary, though she too sent forth an exclamation, seemed less alarmed. Purcell, of all the unarmed party, congratulated himself on the circumstance, as, he rapidly argued, it gave him a better opportunity for revenge, by making his deadly foe an object of marked hostility.

As all looked on in silence, Kavanagh, an instant after he had thus avowed himself, turned round to his party, and exclaimed:

"Twelfth subdivision of the flying army of the hills, show yourselves!" and immediately the men all cast off their loose greatcoats, and exhibited, individually, un-

couth imitations of the fanciful, but picturesque, uniform of their young leader.

"See how they stare at us," he continued, laughing bitterly.

"Can I believe you?" asked Howard, in unabated surprise. "This armed gang, and their and your strange dress—"

"Sergeant Moonshine!" interrupted Kavanagh, exalting his voice into loud command.

"Here," answered Mullins, striding forward.

"Good. And you, Lieutenant Starlight!" he resumed, in the same tone.

"Here," said Flinn, after a short pause, which was occasioned by his running inside the fence, past Howard and his soldiers, ere he sprang over, and stood by Kavanagh's side.

"And now, my loyal officers and men, what is my own hill-name? Answer!" he still continued.

"John Doe!—John Doe!—John Doe for ever!" they all shouted, until the country rang; Lieutenant Starlight, throwing up his hat while he cheered, and catching it in mid-air, as he jumped buoyantly from the ground.

"If this indeed be true I am heartily sorry for it," said Howard, stepping back towards his soldiers.

"And why so?" asked Kavanagh, or Doe, as at pleasure we may call him.

"You have served me—served me at extremity—and eternally. You have saved my life and the honor of my affianced wife. And now, to do my duty by you, which, as the king's officer, I must, will afflict me at the bottom of my soul."

"Your duty, how, ami?" queried the outlaw.

"Unhappy young man!" replied Howard, with the energy of deep feeling; "I must here seize you, to deliver you up to the outraged and impatient justice of your country."

"Two words to that, gallant friend."

"What do you mean? You would not, surely, be so foolishly desperate as to resist my disciplined force with that inferior one?"

"Indeed, I would not," returned Doe.

"And what then?—Mercy, alas! does not rest with me."

"Mercy!—That is a word unknown to my enemies, as they say it is unknown to me. Pshaw!—let us trifle no longer!—Moonshine! men! do your work on every side! Spare present life and blood, but disarm them!"

He had scarcely done speaking, when the party which he headed rushed forward with tremendous cries; and, as they had been ordered, discharged a volley into the faces of Howard's soldiers, Mary, her father, and his reverend friend, still in the thick of the assaunders. Almost the same moment, the ambushed foes in Howard's rear jumped upon the road at either side, broke through his ranks, and, more than three to one, grappled with the royal muskets, simultaneously assisted by Kavanagh's men. The soldiers, taken at surprise, and their arms shouldered, made little or no resistance. In the midst of the smoke, and flash, and explosion of

the unexpected volley levelled at them, every man in the line found himself in the sudden grasp of at least three enemies, front and rear, so that every effort was paralyzed. Some few shots, indeed, escaped them; but this happened while they vainly struggled against an overwhelming force, and while their pieces, already seized by tugging hands, were pointed upward. A few others, who might have fired straight on, saw Howard's friends immediately before them, and remembered his orders. In fact, a minute had not elapsed, until Howard found himself at the head of an unarmed body, wearing red coats and military caps, indeed, but deprived of every other badge of warfare, as even their pouches and belts had been ravished in a twinkling.

Himself, too, did not longer than any of his soldiers retain the means of defence. While all was yelling and uproar around him, Lieutenant Starlight advanced with simply a short stick in his hand, and—"Captain, honey," he said, "I'm comin' first, to keep my promise wid you: I tould you in the barn that we'd show you Doe, some time or other. Well a-vich, sure, there he is. An' now, honor bright, just lend me a loan o' your soord, a moment, an' I'll take the best care in the world o' you."

Howard only answered by a pass at his antagonist, which Flinn skilfully parried; they then set to, nearer to each other, and the contest ended in Lieutenant Starlight striking the sword out of the hands of Lieutenant Howard, flourishing it aloft, and then dropping the point. At the same time Sergeant Moonshine came up, dismounted, with a sword also girded round his loins, the property, a few moments before, of his more loyal brother, who now accompanied him as his prisoner.

Kavanagh, seeing nothing of Purcell, rapidly questioned his officers concerning him: they could give no satisfactory answer, and he hastened, after some preliminary orders, to seek him.

"Twelfth and fifteenth divisions of the flying army!" he exclaimed, in his usual tone of mixed authority and humor—"form and close your lines! the soldiers to the rear, doubly guarded—Lieutenant Howard, in the front, with our friends—Starlight, look to your man!" And, through the confused crowd that now were in bustle to obey him, Kavanagh spurred on in search of Purcell, full of apprehension that he might have escaped.

He found him in good hands, however. In the first moment of attack, Purcell had fled through the crowd of combatants, and was running fast from the field, when he stumbled on O'Clery, who, released by Mullins' capture of the sergeant in whose care Howard had politely left him, was rushing on in a directly contrary way, to fling himself among the aggressors and exert his voice for peace. As Purcell and he met, O'Clery, all along influenced by the belief that this man had more to do with the night's disaster than he chose to acknowledge, unceremoniously seized him by the collar. Purcell remonstrated, implored, threatened, and imprecated, and at last exerted his strength to disengage himself by trying to bring his captor to the ground. To this arrangement O'Clery demurred, and, as both



were powerful men, a desperate wrestling-match ensued between them, in which they were seriously engaged at the instant Kavanagh came up, and which, a second after, terminated by the prostration of Purcell; O'Clery falling upon him, and continuing to hold him down by keeping his hands on his collar and a knee on his breast.

"Bravo, Father O'Clery!" shouted Doe, flinging himself from his horse; "I was your debtor before, but this makes me yours for ever. May I never die in sin, bon Pere," he continued, stooping down with a belt and buckle in his hand, "if there has been done, this night, a better deed in my honorable service. But come, take away your knuckles from the wretch's throttle. The belt is now tight enough. Rise, Purcell, you are *my* prisoner, and mine only."

"Unhappy young man!" said O'Clery, "it was not for your hands, or to your judgment, I wished to deliver this person."

"Chut! never spoil a pretty action by a bad compliment. Come, Purcell, on before me! You will follow us, I suppose Mr. O'Clery?"

They gained the main body, O'Clery attending in silence, when Doe called out the names of Starlight and Moonshine. The men stood by his side; he whispered them for a moment, and they precipitately left the road, on horseback, galloping over the high ground that led to Mr. Grace's house.

"Have mercy on me!" said Purcell, when they had gone.

"I will not kill you *now*," answered Kavanagh.

"Where have you sent these men?" Purcell resumed, his features displaying the wildest anxiety. Perhaps he had caught a part of Doe's whisper.

"You shall learn," answered Doe. "Have patience a while, Purcell. For, oh! I had patience with *you*! a patience of years and of distance—of hope and of despair! patience, while the brain blazed, and the sick heart was rending itself with agony—while shame, and hate, and the grief that weeps not, were together fastened upon it. Be patient, therefore, in your turn." As he spoke, his face was black as the hatred he expressed, and every fibre of his frame seemed knit.

"His words are terrible! Be merciful, Kavanagh!" said Grace. Doe took no notice. Mary also appealed to him, and he answered quickly, and with somewhat of reproach:

"I have not harmed *you*, yet, Mary Grace."

"In the name of the religion whose child you ought to be, and whose minister I am, answer *me*!" exclaimed O'Clery, standing out, erect and stern, before Kavanagh: "I fear not your daring and unlawful gang, nor your lonely power among these bare hills and solitudes, and in this dead hour of night. I fear you not, man, though the sword is in your hand, and your foes bound at your feet. Hear my voice; in the silence of your heart, answer me! What deed have you done? what victory gained? whom have you vanquished, and in whose name, and in what spirit? Have you stood forth in the land of your birth for its pride or its happiness? Have you overcome its foes who would give it to the

sword, or its chosen soldiers whose power is from the power that hath rule from above, to watch for peace while the husbandman turns the furrow, and while the hand of labor is busy with the culture of the earth? Crime is unwashed upon the hands of *your* unhappy followers: what crime? Who are the widows and orphans it has made? Were the voices that ascended for what it has done the voices of women that were as strangers to you? Were their wailings in tones and a language strange to your ears, and to the wild echoes that gave back its outcry? Wretched children of many sorrows and many sins! have the wives of your bosoms, and the offspring that sat on your knees, never wept or lisped in the same cadence? Men of blood and of outrage! what do ye here in unnatural warfare? While even the birds of prey have covered in their nests, why are you, alone, disturbers of the sleep of the world, wanderers in darkness, intruders on the deep slumber of the heath and the mountain? Why are ye away from your household hearths? those hearths that are indeed chill and comfortless. But are there none to be comforted around them? Hear you not the cries of many ye have left helpless, rising in vain to you for help? Where are *they*? and what eye and hand is over *them*? Not, perhaps, the eye and hand that, by all breaches of command, heavenly and human, yourselves have averted from them. Sin not, amid all your offences, the sin of wild presumption, to say it! lay not that too flattering unction to your souls! It is declared that the curse descended on the father, shall visit him in his third and fourth generation. And are ye, miserable men, blessed or cursed, while your church proclaims you beyond the pale of her obedient children, while in bitterness only she names your names, and while her voice hath gone forth among the desert places, calling you back, as an angry shepherd, to the flock and fold you have abandoned! Woe to the ear that hath not heard that voice! To the rebel that arms himself for the battle that voice hath not ordained! To the hard-hearted and the hardened! Perishing woe on earth, and the woe of gnashing of teeth in the fire that never quencheth! Hear it from my mouth! Take it from the word of my lips! I speak it to you in your hour of bad triumph, while you are strong in your sin, while your leaders are by your side, and while your captives are delivered for a temptation and for a curse into your hands! I speak it to you while you are as a host, and while I, as a captive also, stand before you! I speak it to you in the solitude where, alone, you have dared to gather together, and where the tongues of the hills and valleys will take it up and repeat it! Woe to the hard of heart, to the deaf and obdurate, to the dweller in his sin! Die, or repent! In hope and in soul, and in the life for ever, die, or cast down the sword!"

This address, excited by the impulse of the moment, and more enthusiastic, perhaps, than the general class of O'Clery's studied exhortations, made an evident impression, which even Doe seemed in no haste to interrupt. On the contrary, he allowed some minutes to elapse in solemn silence, and then said, with much deliberation:

"I have heard you, Father O'Clery, now twice to-day, with all respect due to your character and eloquence. As all my men had not the advantage of your first exhortation, you have, under my sanctioning silence, now enjoyed an opportunity to argue with them. And I am glad of it, because it will teach them the nature of the influence under which I, this evening, dispatched an emissary to you, to treat for a happy, or, at least, peaceful termination, of our sad warfare. Meantime, assure yourself you have done some good. Lieutenant Howard will, perhaps, take the same view of the question, when he recollects the last disclosure made to him, in the place he had the chance to thrust his head into a few hours ago—in your company, too, Mr. O'Clery. I will not damp your zeal by asserting that any former conviction, or change of policy or feeling, assisted your efforts; enough, that you have been partially successful, and are likely to be more so. For the present we rest here. On my part, however, I beg to volunteer an exhortation in my turn. When my government of these poor creatures is at an end, spare them. Pity and spare the starving creature who comes to you, Mr. Grace, or to you, Mr. Somers, for whatever assistance the law's mercy allows against the law's cruelty. Or to you, Mr. O'Clery, for those comforts or ceremonies that sanction the interchange of the poor man's affection. Let not justice, humanity, or religion, be held out at a price too high for the poor man's purchase. Let not Mammon sit at the right hand side of the counsellor or the judge, or kneel down within the pale of the sanctuary. But of what do I think? If you, sir, and your brethren, cannot of yourselves recollect that, amid all his trials, his wants, his oppressions, and his crimes, the wretch looks up to you for the comfort and forbearance you have been sent to give—if you cannot remember this, why should I bring it to your mind? And now, Mr. Howard—"

"For myself I ask not mercy. The chance is yours, bold outlaw; use it as you will," interrupted Howard.

"I will not deny, Howard," continued Doe, with a sudden change of manner, "that, for the last month, you pressed me harder than was courteous on your part. Worse, you checked me from a vengeance that I had travelled far to take; you thwarted me beyond patience; and I all but swore to have your life."

"If so, why did you save it?"

"I could not suffer you to fall at the hands of this mean villain," Doe answered, with a contemptuous gesture towards Purcell.

"He, then, was the prompting assassin?" Howard asked.

"He was. One of his instruments intended to murder you—and, you may remember, suffered for it. The other, my non-commissioned officer, Moonshine, whom Purcell slightly knew under another name and character, told me of the plan. I was on the spot to assist you. You passed me while I hid in that rocky recess you thought you had fully explored—I saved you! And, when I saved you, I was, perhaps, vain enough to show that I could spare also."

"When, and how did you break through my lines?"

"Bah! I never was in them. More than half my men, who came up at your back just now, were, however, and, for good reasons, I had it whispered that I headed them. Any other question?"

"Yes. Why did you send me this paper?" said Howard, presenting the notice he had before unintentionally exhibited to Graham.

Kavanagh looked at it closely and attentively in the waning light of the moon, and then answered:

"This is a forged note, signed Doe, commanding you to give up your pretensions to Miss Grace. I never wrote, dictated, sent, nor to this moment thought or knew of it. But do not be surprised; my name is often taken in vain. For that matter, it was popular among you before I assumed it; before I was in the country to do so; and it will, I am afraid, live after me."

"But, if you did not send this paper, who then?"

"Just ask yourself who it was that broke into her father's house to drag her from you, for ever."

"Purcell, again?"

"Just so," Doe answered, returning it. "And now," he continued, speaking to his party, "Forward!"

"Why forward?" said Howard. "Are this young lady and her father yet your prisoners?"

"They are yet under my protection, sir," he replied, distantly and haughtily.

"In what view?—Do you lead them directly home?"

"They shall pass with me directly by their own house," answered Kavanagh.

"By it!—not into it, then?"

"Yes, but not immediately. Your house lies a little further on, in the same direction," he added, fixing his eyes ominously on Purcell. Purcell winced and groaned.

"Doe," resumed Howard, "you should not be a mean, or heartless, or cruel foe."

"Well, Howard?—go on. What do you mean?—we lose too much time."

"Doe, or Sullivan, or Kavanagh—hero or devil!—Listen to me one moment—answer me one question, if you are a man."

"Out with it. I'll answer."

"Do you love her?"

"I do."

"What are your views towards Miss Grace?"

"Pshaw! move on!—I will guard my own prisoner on foot. Fall back, Lieutenant Howard, from your men, and take your place with mine—draw off the soldiers first—forward with them—proceed now, Howard. And now your other prisoners."

As, in quick obedience to his orders, the party of friends passed Kavanagh, O'Clery, Grace and Somers earnestly besought him to declare his intentions. But he only answered that he should do nothing but what a wronged, trampled man might, on his own individual account, dare, and stand accountable for. A few moments, he added, would yield satisfaction to all. Her friends unheeded, Mary again addressed him. But—

"Excuse me, Mary," he said gravely, almost with sorrow; "we cannot converse at present. In a little



time I shall, perhaps, claim that honor. Be of good heart, however. I am, to-night, an armed outlaw to avenge a woman's injuries, rather than—but, excuse me—proceed."

"I will not—cannot leave you behind and alone with your prisoner," said O'Clery, pausing, while the rest moved forward; "I wish to walk by your side."

"Begging your reverence's pardon, that would be inconvenient," replied Doe. "Your path is before you, Mr. O'Clery. Take it, or I shall have to call back two of my men."

"If you harm him," rejoined O'Clery, "be accursed and anathema!" and he joined his friends.

Kavanagh remained stationary with Purcell. He looked at him. He looked into his eyes as if they were but the windows of his soul, and that, through them, he could behold the despairing agony which his own heart wildly rejoiced in arousing and contemplating. All grew black and silent around them, as within them. The moon was setting, and the tramp of the receding party grew faint along the high ground that led from the road. Still neither spoke, only Kavanagh looked, and Purcell cringed like a hound. At last his captor burst into a mocking laugh—

"Now, Purcell, you think I will kill you," he said.

"I fear it, Kavanagh; but, oh, spare me!"

"You are wrong to fear it then. I only wish to feel how my heart would leap to my throat, and the blood boil to my fingers' ends, when, for the first time, we stood, man to man, and eye to eye, together. Now, Purcell, we follow."

"Be merciful, and I will enrich you!"

"Reptile!—no word!—no breath! Enrich me!—with the riches you plundered from me?—my mother?—my sister?—my young name? Silence, Purcell, and on." They followed the party without another word.

## CHAPTER XV.

OUR last scene necessarily changes to the grounds before Purcell's house, which lay about three hundred yards from Mr. Grace's residence, nearer to the road that led to and commanded Howard's quarters.

Here Purcell had, from time to time, undertaken considerable improvements, flattering himself that his house surpassed, in every respect, those of the old proprietors in the neighborhood. Such, indeed, was the case. It was a handsome edifice, of modern construction, and he had just planted shrubberies and groves at each side, and against the bosom of a hill that rose at its back, while in front was a spacious lawn, and a sheet of water, which he filled by turning the course of a small mountain stream that was sufficiently near him for the purpose. A high and well-built stone wall inclosed all these improvements.

Outside the wall, and immediately fronting the house, was a rising ground, that afforded a view of the whole, together with the swelling piles of mountain scenery, hurled in disorder around, and shooting up in the distance. In about half an hour after Doe had dis-

patched them as mentioned in the last chapter, Mullins and Flinn occupied this height. Mullins shouldered a musket, and Flinn flourished Howard's sword, as both paced up and down like sentinels on post, and in deep and unusual silence.

"Mullins," at last said Flinn, "how very still an' quiet the house an' the place look to-night."

"Aye," his companion replied, continuing to walk about. There was another pause, again broken by Flinn, in a strange whisper: "I never saw it so lone some an' quiet as it is this night."

"You said that over and' over," observed Mullins.

"I wonder what's keepin' him," resumed Flinn. "An' I wonder, too, why he bids us meet him here, instead o' goin' up to the house."

"Because he took his holy oath," said Mullins, "never to cross the bounds o' the place while they stood in his way to cross 'em."

Again they became silent, till Flinn again rejoined, following Mullins as he strode up and down: "Jack this seems to please you."

"It *does* please me," answered his comrade.

"An' I think we made sure work of it," continued Flinn.

"I think so, too," rejoined the other.

"I set fire to the house in three places."

"And I in twenty. It'll be a good blaze."

"I wonder what the captain intends for Purcell?"

"Toss him in, to be sure, or he's no captain o' mine."

"You're a bloody-minded dog, Moonshine. Tell me this: did you ever fall on a good deed in your life?"

"I did—on two."

"An' what war they?"

"I killed a gauger."

"Well?"

"An' I shot an attorney. Don't be talkin'. Here they are."

Kavanagh, with Purcell by his side, and the rest of the party in the same order they had set out, appeared, indeed, approaching the height occupied by Flinn and Mullins.

"Have ye observed my orders well?" he asked, when they had met. The men answered in the affirmative. He paused an instant; looked towards the house; then consigned Purcell to the care of Mullins, and approaching Miss Grace, assisted her to descend from her horse. She set her feet on the ground, weak, trembling, and much exhausted.

"Now, and here, Mary Grace, we speak. Give me your hand, and walk forward with me."

"Harry, have pity on me!" said Mary, weeping and clinging to her father, who had also dismounted.

"Spare my child!" Grace exclaimed, detaining her.

"Touch her not—harm her not!" said Mr. Somers and Mr. O'Clery, in a breath.

"Outlaw, touch her not! Or let it not be while I can look on—kill me, ere you injure her!" cried Howard.

"*Mere de Dieu!*" retorted Kavanagh, in rising passion, "what can you all mean? How have I yet harmed the lady? How am I disposed to harm her? Silence,

Howard, till there is reason for your interference. Mary, will you not advance and speak with me?" he added, in an altered and melancholy tone.

She hesitated, wept, wrung her hands, and at last walking some paces towards him, and then suddenly dropped on her knees. "Your heart was once generous and noble; it is yet brave, and ought to be generous!" she said.

"Rise, Mary—this must not be—must not be said—you should not kneel to me!" he cried hastily, though gently, compelling her to rise.

"Pity a weak and trembling girl!" rejoined Mary, now submitting to be led forward.

"Be calm, for God's sake, and hear me," said Kavanagh, when they had gained a rather distant place: "Mary, you loved me once."

"I did—but—"

"You did, you *did*!" vehemently interrupting her.

"Oh, Kavanagh, that is *not* generous! You—you speak of a time when we were children together. A very childish time—I could not *love* then."

"I could, and did. I loved you with my whole heart, soul and hope. A villain cast my hopes to the wind—I left you and my native country, in despair and nominal infamy, and I loved you still. I settled in a distant land, and, under a changed name, sought knowledge, and wealth, and station—aye, and won them—partly for my revenge, partly for my love of you. I have come back to my country, and now my revenge is within my grasp—but you, Mary—oh, Mary! Mary!—you do not love me still."

"Oh, no, no, no!" the girl cried, with bent head, yet in earnest tones. "My heart, my promise, almost my duty, are another's."

"And that other is Howard?"

"Howard—and no man else. Now and for ever."

"Swear to me by heaven that you love him."

Mary, urged by her feelings and the situation, wildly gave the oath demanded of her.

He paused; his eyes fell on the earth; he groaned aloud. Then starting into sudden vehemence, he cried: "Answer me one question, on the pledge of your immortal soul! If you were freed, without your own concurrence, of these merely prudent engagements, and if you saw and were sure of wealth, rank, and fair name, to be shared with the object of your earliest love—with Kavanagh—"

"Never!" she interrupted, wildly, yet with trembling energy; "call them not prudent engagements only—I repeat, in the divine presence—"

"Stop, Mary, and hear me out? The earth is wide, and upon her spreading bosom there are hills and pleasant valleys, fairer and richer than even the hills and valleys of this green land. The sun shines more kindly upon them; their airs are softer; their groves and flowers are brighter. Oh, Mary! their solitudes, beyond the blasting voice of man and man's hatred, breathe out a paradise! And with you, as the lady and the queen of their silent beauty, how happy I could live and die! How happy, after all I have suffered! and how changed from what I was, from what

I am! If you hate me now, from what I must ever be. Do not cast me off, Mary!" he continued, falling in his turn at her feet. "Save me from this world and the next."

"Rise, oh, rise, Harry—you are not to be lost—God never made you to be lost, nor to be an outcast from men! Think of your God, and pray to him for light and patience! I—I will pray for you on my bended knees, in the morning when I get up, and in the night before I lie down to sleep—I will pray for you in tears, in trembling, and in remembrance of the past. But, Kavanagh, expect no more from Mary Grace. In the divine presence, I repeat, *he* is proudly and fondly beloved by Mary, and no man, and no circumstance, can make him less so!"

"This you swear?" said he, suddenly rising.

"I swear it!"

His brow fell blackly. He took her hand, and, walking rapidly, led her back to her father. Then, after a moment's silence, turning to Purcell, he shrieked out: "Monster! my destroyer every way! Behold another cup of earthly happiness—the sweetest, the purest of all—your hand has dashed from my lips! You sent me—banished me—tore me from her? You took away the name and the means for native exertion, and all the opportunity, in and by which I might have continued present with her and worthy of her love. You branded and outlawed me, till she learned to fear, and then—abhor me! God, oh God! this is the hardest stroke!"

"Kavanagh, be just—I am not the man that injured you!" said Purcell.

"Not! Must I again repeat how often and how deadly? My poor mother! wretch! my gentle, kind, and good mother! My blooming, happy, and, till you damned her, my sweet and innocent Cauthleen! my only sister and my only shame! Wronged me! Injured me! Oh, deep and cool villain! See these scalding tears, and hear this shivering voice, made childish by a recollection of all your wrongs, and then, fiend as you are, say not that word again!"

He crossed and pressed his extended hands over his face, and the plentiful tears burst, indeed, through the interstices of his fingers.

"Divil a dhrop 'ud come, Starlight, only for this girl wid the white face," said Mullins to Flinn, as they observed the scene. "Myself wondhers what ails him, about her, when 'tis only to give us the word, an' he has her still."

"I wondher, too," answered Flinn.

"I'll jog him on the business, an' get him out o' this soft fit," continued Mullins. He strode to Kavanagh, and whispered: "Captain, musha, Captain—no more of it now. Only tell us which way to run wid the girl—down to the coast, eh?"

"Silence, and keep your place!" exclaimed Kavanagh, stamping at him. Mullins withdrew, uttering an "avoch;" and his captain went on, still addressing Purcell—"Look at these unhappy men, and learn, over and over, how you have cursed me! I found them, indeed, ripe for my purpose—and some of them stained



with crimes that, under me, they should never have committed: my revenge alone could have sought their fellowship. I leagued with them, professedly for their views, but really for my own. But I leagued with them—have led and encouraged them—and stand accountable, before heaven and man, for their late perseverance in outrage. Purcell, Purcell, have you not wronged me?"

Purcell, starting and clasping his hands, here uttered a loud cry. "Lights in my house! in every window!" he exclaimed. "What is this?"

"Lights in your house? And in hell, tyrant!—a shadow of the flame that shall soon, and for ever, swathe you! Look again! 'tis brighter and redder than the midnight blaze that shone over your costly feasts, and on the worms that crawled round to share them!—Look again."

The fierce light grew stronger at all the windows; then waned, and then flared out again, as it proceeded in its destroying course.

"My house on fire! my property wrecked! my papers! my wealth! my all!—And was it for this, plunderer and assassin,—was it for this you led me here?" he continued, turning in fury on Kavanagh.

"For this?—Fool, fool, prepare yourself!—if you have ever learned a prayer, repeat it."

"Mercy! I am now below your vengeance!" cried Purcell, suddenly changing his tone and manner. "I am a beggar, and at your feet! Look on me, I am at your feet!"

"There would I have you be! By the round world, I have prayed and wept for it! For such a scene and hour I have thirsted, and my tongue hath burned with thirst!—Thus, in my dreams I have seen it, and shrieked and laughed to see it!—Look at your house again!"

While he spoke, the crackling of slates and glass was heard, and, a second after, the flame shot out through the windows and door, clear and straight, like a broadside from some great warship. Immediately followed the smoke—the volumes of smoke, massy, thick, and curling, and showing, amid the red light and the murky relief of the hills around, white as a morning vapor that the sun calls from the bottom of the valley. The moon had set, and here and there in the sky black wreaths of clouds moved, swollen and slowly along; while through them, and between them, the "chaste stars" glimmered wildly on the phenomenon, reduced, by the contrast of lurid light, to the appearance of cold, silvery specks set in a frozen ground of intense blue. The side of every hill and every break, for miles adjacent, caught the sudden glow, removing it fainter and further, into almost desert solitude, till at last it was devoured by remotest darkness. But the rugged features of all the nearer heights became fitfully developed in the blaze, and, grim and haggard, broke out into the night; nay, at a very considerable distance, high peaks, white in snow, blushed faintly, and without form, like the shadowy indications of grand scenery caught and lost in a dream. The lawn immediately before the house seemed perishing in light,

and the sheet of water, flaming like molten ore, reflected and heightened the immediate horrors and magnificence of the scene.

"Now, and at last," continued Kavanagh, "amid this general wreck of your ill-got fortune, bane of my wordly hopes and happiness!—amid—"

"Hold! hold!" cried Mary, her father, and the two clergymen springing forward, as Kavanagh stood over Purcell, tugging at a pistol that was held in his belt—

"Henry Kavanagh! stain not your hands with his blood! Leave him to God and his country! You said I hated you—I do not—I never did—but now, force me not to abhor!" exclaimed Mary.

"Then, I will not, myself, deal with him," said Kavanagh. "I have never yet coolly shed blood; and the only drop I ever shed was this night, in protecting the life of him who is most dear to you, Mary. But, Starlight!—lead him down amongst you."

"Most unhappy man!" said O'Clery, "you dare not assume the disposal of his life! In my presence, whose voice is the voice of that religion you are bound to hear and obey—you dare not!" and he stepped between Doe and his victim. Mr. Somers also interfered to the same purpose. Kavanagh stood a moment silent, whispered Mullins, and then spoke out.

"I am willing, reverend gentlemen, to be guided, by what you say. Only answer me one question. Is it not set down—an eye for an eye, and a life for a life?"

"It is," they answered; "but the power to exact the penalty lies in the law and authority of the land."

"It is," he continued, not seeming to notice the latter part of the answer; "this man, then, for the life of her who was my mother, and which he has cut short, deserves to lose his own?"

"For his crimes of this night his life is forfeit, whatever may have been his previous course," they replied.

"But, again, we say to you, leave him to pay the forfeit to those who alone can justly claim it, and imbrue not your individual and unpermitted hands in murder."

"He deserves to die! you have said it. Are there no other voices here to give in a verdict?"

"He deserves it," answered all of Doe's party, in a deep mutter of many voices—"take his life."

"You have, yourselves, uttered the word, and now you hear its echo," resumed Doe, still speaking to the clergyman. "I have not skill nor time to argue the other question. Enough, if I feel that the permission was spoken to all mankind, as well as to a few; and to you or me, as well as to any others—to the injured, if to any; to the heart made desolate, and to the survivor left alone. Therefore, my officers, away with him!" he continued, in a sudden change of voice, as Mullins and Flinn, by an unobserved manœuvre, and in obedience to his former whisper, had fastened their talons in Purcell, and were dragging him along—"Take him to his own threshold—there—put him out of pain—shoot him—and then—"

He was interrupted by cries of intercession from the clergymen, who hastened after the men, from Mary, her father, and Howard; and by despairing appeals from Purcell, whose arms had escaped from the belt.

"Come wid us out of his way—he's always dangerous in a passion," croaked Mullins, tugging him off.

"Kavanagh, have mercy on me!—Captain Howard!—Mr. O'Clery!—Miss Grace!—speak for me!—a word!—a single word!" the wretch continued.

"Come, don't give us any more o' your nonsense; come, we'll be kind to you," Mullins continued. By this time, O'Clery had reached them, and, with his clenched hand, knocked down Flinn. Purcell, a little relieved, struggled some steps with Mullins towards the edge of the abrupt height on which they were situated. Here both fell, and ere O'Clery could further interfere, they rolled down the side of the steep, grappled in each other, and straining and foaming at every turn over. They were stopt by the high wall that arose immediately at the bottom. Half a dozen men rushed after them, intercepting O'Clery; but, ere any could reach the spot, the report of a pistol, followed by a groan, was heard.

In a moment the men re-emerged from the hollow, bearing Purcell by his arms, legs, and feet between them. His face was sprinkled with blood; his eyes projected, without winking, from their sockets; despair seemed to have fastened on all his features, and yet the remnant of a hideous smile was about his mouth.

"Why does he smile?—where is Moonshine?" asked Kavanagh. "Who fired the shot?" he continued, when the men did not instantly answer. It was Purcell, who, in the struggle at the bottom of the wall, had snatched a pistol from Mullins' girdle, and, with the muzzle at his breast, literally shot him through the heart.

"Poor Jack is gone from us," the men answered at last. "What are we to do with Purcell?"

"Flinn will tell you. Lead him off!—let me not again look on him. He makes the flesh of a man creep and run cold!" cried Kavanagh. They instantly bore away their prisoner, Flinn leading them: and Purcell, stupefied, and still wearing his fearful smile, now said not a word.

"Your hand, again, Mary Grace," resumed Kavanagh, when they had left the height, "and be quick—be quick! Why do you draw back and shiver? Mine is not yet blotched. Howard!—men, let him advance! here—take her—she is yours—you will be kind to her, for her own sake, for my sake, Howard—I saved your life—you are free. In the morning send your soldiers to the barn, and they shall there find their arms, along with those you saw, and others—now they are free also."

"Still generous, though utterly lost!" cried Mary—"Kavanagh, Kavanagh! call back that dreadful command!"

"Noble, though unfortunate man! leave him, as all of us exhort you, to the laws he has this night outraged—give up your desperate courses, and if my friendship—" Howard was going on when Doe broke in with—

"Peace! I give them up, because I had intended it. Miserable and misguided creatures! return even to the oppression you would vainly oppose, and to the hard lot that, embittered as it is by utter poverty and cruel neglect, you can never hope thus to improve. Traitors

I will not call ye; but men of many crimes ye are, even as a higher voice has said it. Forgive me the bad example I set—reform, repent, and be industrious. This gallant and honorable officer, and all the gentlemen that hear me, will, if you deserve it, be to you the friends they kindly wished to be to me."

"We will! But what is your own fate?" asked Howard.

"No matter what. Better, perhaps, than I merit. To-morrow night I sail from my native land, to resume, in a distant one, other acquaintances and another station. But hark to that!" he exclaimed, pointing to the house.

A sudden explosion of fire-arms reached them. Almost at the same moment, the roof of Purcell's house fell in, and one tremendous spire of flame darted to the heavens, illuminating for a few seconds more fiercely than ever all contiguous objects, and even the remotest distances. Then succeeded the vomiting and expanding smoke, and the red fragments of burnt timber that the exploding air impelled upward. Then almost utter darkness wrapped once more the hills, the fields, and the blotted sky. But, ere thickest shadow had veiled the countenances of all near him, Howard, for the first time, brought to mind, while looking on Kavanagh, the features of the young man who had so much interested him in the tent, on the evening of the pattern.

While all paused in consternation, Doe continued: "Tis over! Mother and Sister, you are revenged! Yet, now I hear that sound, and see that sight in more sorrow than my first yearnings promised—Who comes?" interrupting himself, as the faint but wild cry of a woman was heard; immediately after Cauthleen tottered forward and sank at his feet, exclaiming:

"Brother, spare me, 'tis poor Cauthleen!"

"Spare you, my poor girl, spare you!" he repeated. "Rise, come to your brother's heart. You have a brother still! I did not think to see you so soon, Cauthleen," he continued, pressing his flushed cheek to her pale one; "but—but—oh, Cauthleen! Sister!" The young man bowed and wept on her neck.

"I always loved you, Harry—and I—hoped—I—" she could not, amid sobbings and chokings, utter the words, till she sank, fainting, in his arms.

"The health has faded from your cheek, my girl," he resumed, "and you are worn and wasted—a shadow of my once beautiful Cauthleen! 'tis over!" Looking around: "Farewell all and everything, but this poor bruised flower, which, to raise up and nurse, and call back to bloom, must now be my life's only care and occupation! Farewell, country! my native hills—my hearth made desolate—my love lost! Mary, I ask not now to touch your hand with mine—farewell!"

He bore his insensible sister on his arm down the hill, and was followed by all his party: Mr. Grace, Mary, Howard, their reverend friends, and the disarmed soldiers remaining behind. Never again were the outcast brother and sister heard of in the land of their birth, their sorrows, and their crimes.



## NOTES TO PEEP O'DAY.

### NOTE—PAGE 1.

THIS tale—"John Doe"—has been recently republished, under the title of the "Peep O'Day," by John Banim. I am at a loss to understand why a tale, avowedly written by John Banim, should be issued to the public under a name not given by the author, nor authorized by any one on his part. I believe that the late successful adaptation of the story to the stage takes its title from this misnamed publication: the present publisher desires to partially retain the misnomer, to which I see no objection.

### NOTE—PAGE 16, CHAP. II.

"John Doe" is from my brother's pen, with the exception of the pattern scene, furnished by me, adapted by him to the purposes of his story.

The occurrences at the pattern are nearly altogether a veritable transcript of what I personally witnessed and participated in, as taken by my brother from my notes.

In company with four other young men, I set out of an evening, shortly previous to the appearance of the first edition of "John Doe," to visit an assemblage of Irish peasantry, at John's Well, within five miles of Kilkenny. I went solely for the purpose of close observation; but I will here candidly avow, that, instead of being a mere looker-on, I and my companions entered almost at once—aye, and thoroughly too—into the spirit and humor of our tent acquaintances. So heartily did we join in the festivities of the pattern, that although it was early in the afternoon when we reached John's Well, the sun had made considerable progress upward next morning before we thought of returning. It was midsummer, however, when the "Peep O'Day" quickly follows midnight, when the sun scarcely closes his eyes, and is no sluggard.

Only a few days since I was accosted by an elderly woman, whose face I failed to recognize. She shook me cordially by the hand, however, and claimed my acquaintanceship, as my principal partner, when dancing to Paddy Pender's music, at John's Well, forty years ago.

She is now, as she tells me, a grandmother (the Irish are proverbially prolific); but even so, and notwithstanding her gray hairs, she still cherishes the recollection of the merry night at the pattern of John's Well; and from that time to the present she regards me in the light of one of her early admirers, and considers me as a friend and intimate, and one she would go far to serve. It is not difficult to secure the good will of the Irish peasant; and that good will once obtained, it is not lukewarm or evanescent; it is cordial and durable.

When I resolved to join my brother as a story-teller, it was evident to me that if lifelike descriptions of character, and custom, and habit, were to be given, it was necessary to witness the reality—that the imagination had no privilege of exercise when fidelity of portraiture was to be the impress of value.

This being my conviction, I mixed, on all possible occasions, with our peasantry. I attended their merry meetings, their patterns, their dances, and their wedding feasts. I made "high fellow well met" with them, in fact.

If I have failed to convey a true likeness to the canvas, it was not for want of opportunity to study, but for lack of artistic power.

Being "i' the vein," I am induced to give here an adventure of mine at the pattern of Long's Gate, on one of what I then regarded as my professional reconnoitings.

Long's Gate is a village, on the smallest scale, about two miles north of Kilkenny; a few houses, built on either side of a much-frequented public road, form the hamlet.

Of a summer afternoon, a friend of mine, now dead, agreed to accompany me to the pattern of Long's Gate. There were no refreshment or dancing booths at this pattern, as there were at John's Well; but for the nonce, almost every house sold liquor, either ostensibly or covertly, and the notes of the bagpipe, or the tickling incentive of the fiddle-bow, invited visitors to enter almost every house.

There were pipers and fiddlers on the public road, too, to whose music dancers danced on the "Deserted Village" principle of

"Holding out to tire each other down;"

and these groups of dancers on the public road were each enveloped in a cloud of dust, a cloud of their own creating, too; but, no matter, away they "footed it," flitting through the fog without cough or wheeze.

Having looked on for a while as one of a circle circumscribing a pair of these out-of-door performers, I was selected to supply his place by a young fellow whose powers of endurance his unflinching partner had exhausted. Not a bit unwilling, I entered on the contest of "footing it," "holding out" until my partner, in her turn, dropping her "cursy" of defeat, intimated she had had enough of it. Her place being at once supplied by a fresh *vis-a-vis*, "eager for the fray," I continued, to the utmost of my ability, to keep afloat the dusty particles that made the piper so excessively thirsty; until, dead beat, I bobbed my head to my conqueror, in approved rustic style, and, in seaman phrase, "hauled down my colors." My place was at once supplied by a new reinforcement, and when, on retiring, I placed a small silver coin in the piper's hand, instead of the usual copper donation, and when, with a gratified smile and a long wink of his left eye he had exhibited the unaccustomed largess as an example to his other patrons, I found I had gained the consideration and affectionate regard that judicious liberality always insures—that kind of liberality so opposite to charity when the left hand publishes the gift of the right—the charity of the world, in fact.

But my dancing was not over for the evening. I danced in one of the houses of entertainment, too; and, after a while, myself and my companion were invited to take our places in a room where there was no musician, where the old and the young had assembled together, and where the liquor went round briskly. On my entrance here, I was beckoned by a very pretty coquettish girl, who had been one of my partners, to take a seat beside her. I was not slow in accepting the invitation. She and I were at once engaged in a hearty, brisk badinage, at which an Irish girl, be she lowly or otherwise, is always willing and able to play the trump card, the

"Wild sweetbriary fence"

screening her all the while. Suddenly, while replying off-hand to something I had said, she stopped in the middle of a sentence; she became pale, was visibly agitated, and (mind you, we were very close neighbors) I felt her tremble.

I followed the direction of her eye. Immediately inside the doorway stood a remarkably handsome young peasant. His brows were so closely knit that the lower portion of his forehead was drawn down over his eyes, and, from beneath this threatening penthouse, he was gazing at the lately merry but now silent girl beside me.

Five minutes had not elapsed when the disturber of my gallan-  
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try wheeled round, and rushed out of the room; and two minutes additional had not gone by, when in the immediately contiguous apartment, where up to this a piper had played incessantly, and where the rat-tat of skilful feet had kept drum-like time to every bar of the music—a stunning commotion became audible where I sat.

A loud angry voice filled the entire house with threatenings, vociferations, and clamor, and with every fierce denunciation, a thwack was heard—aye, thwack after thwack followed in rapid succession. Unmistakably, if there was theory, there was practical demonstration of the theory.

Mixed with the angry voice—the angry voice, however, overmastering all—there were female screams, as the girls fled from their pastime. There were rude expostulations and recriminations, and to this hour, the despairing, and I would call it supernatural, yell of the bagpipes rings in my ear, as it tumbled about piper and pipes together. The inflated bag was stamped on, and the accumulated charge of wind therein contained went with one mad rush through the chanter.

There was a general abandonment of the room where I sat—almost all, except myself and the shivering girl next me, hastening to witness the scene of commotion in the next apartment.

It was useless to ask an explanation from my lately merry friend. She made no reply to my questions. The uproar, however, shortly subsided; the general company returned back to their unfinished liquor; and I could learn that the young beetle-browed fellow I had noticed staring so ominously at the little rustic coquette I was engaged with at the moment had entered the dancing-room, where many fellow-townsmen of mine were engaged, prancing about with all their energy, and that, without ostensible cause of quarrel, without any visible pretext whatever, he challenged all present, individually and collectively, to deadly encounter, addressing his defiant language in a particular manner to the city folk. Simultaneous with the flinging of his gauntlet, and before any could comprehend why they were called on to exchange, instantaneously, the hilarious pleasure of the jig for the perils of war, the challenger set to and belabored with his cudgel whatever and whomever the cudgel could reach; in his unaccountable onslaught not regarding even the almost invariably sacred person of the piper. The cudgel had been tolerably impartial in its blood-letting; yet had it shown a decided preference for coming in contact with the heads of the Kilkenny visitors.

Shortly following the restoration of tranquility, I thought it prudent to set out for home. As the disturber of peace was known to be on the look-out for some one, it was surmised, in consequence of a hint to that effect given by my partially-restored little coquette, that the same one watched for might be my own very self; so I was accompanied into the town by a volunteer body-guard of hearty young fellows, the brother of the coquette among the number, one and all vowing that I should sleep in a sound skin that night.

A few days following my visit to the pattern of Long's Gate, I obtained information as to the cause why it was that the hero of the knitted brow and all-assaulting cudgel had waged indiscriminate warfare on a roomful of persons of both sexes, with whom he had no quarrel, and in the very height of their enjoyment.

The indiscriminate assailant had been only two days before married, by a degraded priest, to the girl he had discovered sitting in such close neighborhood with me, and apparently on such good terms with her companion.

His first impulse was to extinguish my gallantry on the instant; a glance round told him, however, that he should battle his way through a throng of my devoted friends before he could reach me. Fierce as he was it occurred to him that his secret might burst out suddenly and prematurely. Enraged that he should be balked of his vengeance, while witnessing the invasion of his rights, he hurried into the next room; there he recognized many

from the same town as the inciter of his jealousy—the real offender was not within reach, so he fell foul on opportune substitutes, the townsmen of the culprit. In his wrath, however, he made no distinction, and laid about him in all directions.

I had had but a narrow escape with my life, I was told; no doubt, I had had reason to bless my stars, and to thank my friendly escort.

One pleasant result followed my adventure: my little friend, Peggy Tynan, incautious in her excitement, betrayed the secret of the surreptitious marriage. The father and mother of the clandestine bride, who had vowed solemnly against a bridal in a legal way, thought it prudent, and so it was, to make the best of a bad bargain, and be reconciled to what they could not undo. My informant gave me to understand that consent was the more easily accorded, inasmuch as the bridegroom, harum-scarum fellow as he was, was easily dealt with as to dower. It was Peggy he wanted, not her money; and so the old folk had a good slice of Peggy's intended fortune towards a provision for their younger daughter. "Never you mind Joe Tynan and the wife," he remarked, "for making the best of a bad bargain."

Eventually, however, I am happy to say, the "bad bargain" turned out to be not a bad, but a very good, bargain.

As the sequel proved, Peggy, had she possessed the combined worldly wisdom of father and mother, could not have made a better selection.

When Joe Tynan had outlived his ability to attend to his farm, and when it came to pass that the "owid woman" preferred staying in close proximity to the fire all day, before going abroad, as used to be her wont, "the bad bargain" and Peggy enabled both of them to spend their whole time in the befitting occupation of "making their sowls."

#### NOTE—PAGE 16, CHAP. III.

The term "Boolam Skeigh" (an Irish scholar would adopt other orthography) was not originally used as it now is. Literally, it means "shield-striker," and owes its origin to a time long gone by.

When, in the days of trows and coolin, the Irish footmen rushed to close combat, they struck their "skeighs," or shields, with their bronze swords or javelins, shouting, at the same time, their battle-cry. The shields were of wicker work covered with untanned, and, in those days, almost impervious bull-hides. When so struck, and by an entire host at the same moment, the din must have been great; and the action was meant to express the "Boolam Skeigh's" resolve to face all odds, and never falter.

"Boolam Skeigh," in its original signification expressive of bold deeds and unflinching courage, is now figuratively used to designate a young fellow who drives headlong onward, wherever his impulse carries him, regardless alike as to the character of the action he is engaged in, of the danger he encounters, or the consequences to follow his heedless career.

#### NOTE—PAGE 26, CHAP. IV.

The tenacity of life with which the fabricator and ruler of illegal confederacies in Ireland is endowed is nothing short of the marvellous. Hang him up "by the neck" to-day "until he is dead"—his select and general mode of exit from this world—when, lo and behold! to-morrow or next day he is again on *terra firma*, even more strong and vigorous than he was before being a pendant for the gallows-tree. It would appear as if, by becoming defunct for a day or so, vampire-like, his powers and energies received additional stimulus. He makes it a point never to assume command, a second time, under the same name; yet is he, notwithstanding, the identical rustic chief and legislator, who, after a brief exit, has come to life again, with a new device on his russet banner. And so has he been hanged and revived almost time immemorial.



I will not here attempt to enumerate his numerous *aliases*, or make known the ingredients of the *elixir vita* that renews his existence after the agents of the law have pronounced him to be lifeless. It should be on a page of more pretension, and on a field of larger area than can be devoted to a note, that the why he was born at all, and how it has come to pass he has never been, up to this moment, more than scotched, not slain, should be discussed. Sufficient to remark: it is hard to conclude that this fierce, unruly, ephemeral dictator should, on each successive revival, find ready and willing followers, if the class from which he recruits his victims were of a mind to let "well enough alone"—if his recruits were already well to do, with a status and repute to risk, where the chances were all to nothing that a felon's death was to be the finale of the service.

When the story of John Doe was begun, up to the day of publication, and for some time after, Captain Rock was the *nom de guerre* of the lately defunct; but now, by aid of the *elixir vita*, resuscitated commander, Captain Shanavest, resuscitated and flourishing as Captain Rock, with increased assumption and audacity.

The captain wished it to be believed—typical, it may be supposed, of the extensive area of dominion he overlooked, as well as of the difficulty of gaining access to his ery—that he issued all his edicts from the granite rock beneath which he dwelt on the lofty brow of Slievenamon mountain; and hence the name he bore.

It is not known at the present time whether or not the redoubtable Captain Rock terminated his career by the agency of the "Skibbeagh." He never pleaded from the dock of assizes or special commission under that appellation. He may have made one amongst the number of his followers executed, from time to time, in due course of law. His rule ceased, however. He has come again, notwithstanding, and more than once, too; and he should be gifted with far-seeing vision who could be able to tell when his final dissolution is to be accomplished by any known agency or power.

The original title of John Doe was that of the famous Captain Rock. Considerable progress had been made with the story, when a book appeared from our great national poet, Moore, bearing the name of the rustic hero of the day. Although there was no similarity of purpose or design between the two publications, yet did it become necessary, in order to avoid the apparent presumption of even identity of designations, that the tale intended to be published as Captain Rock should change its title-page, and John Doe was substituted. Reference was frequently made to me by my brother, while engaged with John Doe, to obtain information for him on the spot.

In the text there is allusion to the scope and character of Captain Rock's legislative functions. A circumstance came to my

knowledge, while engaged on my inquiries, which bears on the subject; and the recital will serve to illustrate the nice, and perhaps unique, certainly original, distinction, drawn by the Lycurgus of Slievenamon, between the criminality of one misdeed and another, and exemplify his peculiar notions of right or wrong.

In the frequently-issued proclamations of the day, the captain was accused—aye, and veritably accused—as the perpetrator of heavy crimes, even to the extent of pre-arranged murder. Yet did he draw a line of demarkation with his rusty blunderbuss, and decide, according to his own code that the lesser offence was the greater, and the greater offence the lesser—as will be seen.

Captain Rock was in the zenith of his fame and power, when intelligence reached him that, under the sanction of his name—nay, the offenders had audaciously presumed, it was said, to aver, under his immediate command—a robbery had been committed. Not a robbery of fire-arms—such an appropriation he regarded as not only legal but praiseworthy, and meriting approval. Bailiffs, Captain Rock legislated, might and ought to be despoiled of their writs, and lattitata, and processes, and summonses, and so forth; and the agent of the Saxon law might, with the captain's full sanction, be compelled to munch and swallow a large pouch full of such unsavory food as these documents must prove to be.

But the robbery reported to him was a robbery of money—of bank-notes, of gold and of silver coin, and of silver plate and of jewelry. Ho! ho! This robbery, for the sake of pelf, Captain Rock regarded as degrading, as well as dishonest.

None should dare identify him with such a deed, when revenge for injury, or the necessity to deter by example, could not be pleaded in ample justification.

Captain Rock issued his edict on the instant. He ordered that the principal offender, he who had dared to assume an eminent name, while disgracing this high title, should be forthwith discovered and brought before him. The most expert professional detectives could not be more keen-eyed than the agents employed by Captain Rock to execute his mandate.

The principal offender was quickly arrayed at his judgment-seat. The plunderer was forced to disgorge his booty, and it was restored to the owner. But the lawgiver was not content with simple restitution. With the aid of one of his secretaries, the master of a seminary, established in a nook at the foot of the mountain, a committal was made out. There was some pleasantry during the preparation of the document; but with this in his hand, Captain Rock headed a party of his followers, conveyed the robber into Clonmel, knocked at the portal of the goal, and gave the offender into the safe custody of the governor, on the authority of his own warrant.

No one ought to be found thenceforward to say that Captain Rock was not a just legislator.

# CROHOORE OF THE BILLHOOK.

## CHAPTER I.

THE mortal remains of old Tony Dooling and his wife lay, the night before their interment, side by side, in the awful habiliments of the grave. The inhabitants of Clarah, a parish in the county of Kilkenny, were assembled at the "wake." The bodies, according to usual practice, appeared "laid out" in their highly-adorned shrouds, in an extensive barn, contiguous to the comfortable dwelling-house of which they had been the late owners. By the side of the couch of death sat the female relatives, the gossips,—that is, those connected with the family by having stood sponsors for any of its numerous cousins,—and a few near neighbors. While at the feet were the hired mourners, who, in sorrowful cadence, sang the Keenthechaun, or funeral wail, their gestures, faces, and manner, extravagantly affecting the sorrow they were paid to counterfeit. At times, however, and probably wrought upon by the nature of their subject, they seemed to abandon themselves to all the real frenzy of woe, or to melt into its true pathos. The song commenced in praise of the deceased; rehearsed their virtues, their riches; recounted the history of their family connection through an endless chain of kindred, and then burst into a wild lament for their untimely and frightful death. When one ceased, another took it up. The whole was delivered in the Irish tongue, and in irregular rhyme, composed on the instant; and verse followed verse with surprising volubility.

Through the spacious barn was ranged a concourse of people, listening to the rhapsody, or whispering their comments in that half-tone in which a tale of fear and mystery is always told. When the song ceased an old man arose from his seat near the bodies, and uncovering his gray head, and kneeling, his example was followed by all present, and the united prayers of the assemblage went up for the repose of the souls of their deceased neighbors.

An Irish wake was, at the period we would illustrate, seldom characterized by conduct so becoming the house of death.\* Generally, however inconsistent and unfeeling it may appear, a wake was the scene of feasting, frolic, and mirth. The old came there to fill their pipes and boxes from the plates of tobacco and snuff laid for that purpose on the dead bodies, and then they got together in knots, smoked, comforted their noses, and indulged their appetite for *shanachus*, a word peculiarly expressive of reverend gossip, when

entered into by a pleasant conversational party. The younger part of such an assemblage amused themselves in a manner more conformable to their time of life. Round games were set on foot, under the superintendence of some established droll fellow, there being generally one of the kind in every neighborhood, who made it his business never to absent himself from any wake, seven miles around, who ruled the diversion, and under whose guidance "the boys and girls" carried on their sport, with all that humor and wit for which the Irish peasantry are so deservedly praised, and which, we make bold to say, nowhere exists in such abundant perfection. Thus, noisy and careless mirth was the order of the night; and while, in the very chamber of death, nothing, it is admitted, could be more incongruous and unseemly, nothing, meantime, was more common and less thought of.

At the wake of Anthony Dooling and his wife, there was, however, no such exhibition. The general horror excited by the circumstances of their tragical death had power to restrain a custom so universally indulged. The mournful Keenthechaun, the frequent prayers, and the story of their fate, alone filled up the long and gloomy winter's night.

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## CHAPTER II.

It was Christmas eve, in the year 17—, that Anthony Dooling and his family were seated round the kitchen fire. He was a substantial farmer, renting a large and fertile tract of land. One of the good old times, who, except his broad-brimmed felt hat, his buckled shoes for Sundays and market-days, and his brogues for tramping round his farm, wore everything of his own manufacture. Little money went out, either, for what Tony ate or drank. He killed his cow at Christmas and Easter: he bred his own mutton, his bacon, his fowls: he baked his own bread, brewed his own ale, and altogether was vain of applying to himself the old song:

"I rear my own lamb,  
My chickens and ham,  
And I shear my own sheep, and I wear it."

Plenty was in his house; he had a ready hand to relieve the poor; and the stranger never turned from his hearth without amply experiencing its hospitality. Yet, with all these perfections, Anthony had his dark side. He was of a violent temper, and would fall into

\* Owing to the Roman Catholic clergy, the custom is now discontinued.



paroxysms of passion with his workmen, and sometimes ill-treat them,—for the purpose, it almost seemed, of making it up with them when he became cool, and all was over.

A turf fire blazed in the large open chimney; the red light glittered among the bright pewter plates and dishes, and the burnished copper vessels that decked the opposite dresser, and showed the vast store of bacon hanging within and without the chimney, at the same time that it lit up the figures and countenances of as merry a group as ever blessed the comforts of a warm fire, after a day's labor.

At one side of the fire, and within the wide canopy of the chimney, in his stationary arm-chair, one leg crossed above the other, his short pipe resting on his projecting under-lip, which he frequently withdrew in a hurry, to partake of the merry laugh that was passing him—there, and so, sat the master of the house, Anthony Dooling. Opposite to him was the *vanitheer*, an orderly, innocent, and even-tempered dame; her character in her face mild, peaceable, and happy: in a low tone she chanted the ancient ditty of *Colloch-a-thusa*,\* which the busy hum of her spinning-wheel confined within the circumference of her own immediate atmosphere. At one side stood a long deal table, off which master and workmen, mistress and maids, ate their meals, except when a guest of distinction was entertained in the boarded and well-furnished parlor at the back of the kitchen. In front, appertaining to the table, was a form, occupied, at their ease, by five or six workmen, who enjoyed the full lustre of the merry blaze, and the familiar and venerable jokes of their kind-hearted master.

Among them was Paudge Dermody, whose rustic wit and shrewd tongue, never at rest, but now particularly vigorous, kept the group in a continuous roar; none enjoyed his display more than Chevaun Darlduck, who, in the background, squat on her haunches, was giving the final polish to the pewter, brass, and copper utensils of the dresser, as one by one she took them down, burnished, and again replaced them. The other women of the house had gone to spend Christmas-day with their friends. Chevaun had few personal charms to boast of; in her the old adage, "God fits the back to the burden," was fully exemplified. She wore a bluff face, that neither sun nor storm could affect; arms as red as frostbitten haws; and altogether was blessed with a strong, robust form, well-calculated for the drudgery of her employment. She had been brought up by her present mistress, Cauth Dooling, and was highly valued, and not entirely unrewarded. Chevaun had saved a "littie penny," and looked forward to be the possessor one of these days of a cabin of her own, an entire acre of ground, a cow, a pig: in her mind's eye a husband was casually added to the list of comforts.

Chevaun, therefore, had been casting that eye about her for one on whom to bestow her gracious self and her accumulated wealth. But the soft cogitations of her pillow and the steady and sober thoughts that came by day, were at continued variance, and kept her bosom

and her choice undecided. At night, when the patriarchal family assembled after work, in the kitchen, the humor and brilliancy of Paudge Dermody, his handsome person and his frolicsome kiss, caused her to forget his idle habits and spendthrift disposition, and sent her to her couch to dream of him and happiness. But with the daylight, which routs all fanciful visions, came her observations of the industrious and also talented Andy Houlohan, foster-brother to the lover of her young mistress. Andy could build a house from top to bottom—a weighty consideration with one who had to build a house; he could mend a plough or a car, and boasted various other qualifications of a solid nature. So that, between the showy fascinations of Paudge, and the more valuable acquirements of Andy, her inclinations and her prudence held a sad conflict; the day constantly effacing the impressions of the night, and the returning night—that time when the softer impulses have their sway—exhibiting Paudge in his glory, and again giving him the full empire of her heart.

The handsome daughter of the old couple had not yet taken her accustomed seat by her mother's side; she was employed, or seemingly employed, in some trivial household concerns. But conscious expectation appeared in the glances of her eye towards the door, and she frequently paused and started a little, as she tripped across the floor, and bent her head, attentively listening. By-and-by the latch was lifted, and the cordial smile she gave the newcomer, who entered with the usual salutation of "God save all here," showed he was no unwelcome visitor; another smile of a different character, with which she answered his whisper as he passed, told that they pretty well understood each other. In truth, it was Pierce Shea who came in, the son of a neighboring farmer, and the young girl's betrothed lover.

Alley Dooling, now about eighteen, was tall and slight in person, but with a delicate roundness of form, the contrary of bony leanness. Her step was free and bounding, and her whole carriage, though it wanted the polished elegance of the drawing-room, possessed that unacquirable grace which perfect symmetry bestows. Her face was oval, her eye soft blue, her cheek blooming with health and happiness, and there played about her smiling mouth a disposition to humor, sweet, though not extravagant. Her shining gold hair, smoothly combed back, showed the full height of her beautiful forehead, and was confined (the more the pity!) in her ample muslin cap. Having been to market with her father, she was still dressed in her holiday clothes: a crimson poplin gown, open before, which thus allowed to be seen her fine quilted silk petticoat, partly shaded by a thin muslin apron, and short enough to show the undeniable symmetry of her ankle, fitted closely by light blue cotton stockings, of her own knitting. Her shoes were decorated with large silver buckles, reaching entirely across the instep.

In the eyes of her lover, Alley had never looked more beautiful than on this evening. He, too, was a fine young fellow, just such a one as we would willingly

\* "Old Hag in the Blanket."

give Alley for a husband. Above the middle size, he was well formed, and with a handsome and intelligent face, full of the smiles and the fire of youth; ingenuous, yet bold withal: there was in his bearing, moreover, a manly dash that became his years. He was just entering his twenty-first spring.

It might have been said, indeed, that Pierce Shea was, in other respects, a step above Alley. Although her education had not, according to the notions and opportunities of the time, been neglected, his was of a superior kind. At ten years of age he had left the humble schools in the neighborhood, for the best polish and acquirement that the adjacent city of Kilkenny, apart from its college, could afford. In birth, too, he had the advantage, being the only son of the only son of an officer, who, about forty years before, had retired to the country to augment his half-pay by farming pursuits and industry. Altogether, Pierce was, to the rustic community around, an incomparable person; and, while admiring tongues declared him a match for any lady in the land, evil ones said he looked too low in his serious attentions to Alley. But, to their spite, and our gratification, the youth himself seemed of a different opinion. He had spent in the house of Anthony Dooling as much of his life as he had spent at home. Alley and he had been playfellows from infancy; he had helped her to climb the hill after a truant pet-lamb, or placed stepping-stones over the stream for her convenience; in childish days they had been taught to dance together; and, later still, at the hurling match, when Pierce led on the victors of the ground—and few could equal him at any of the manly sports—he thought more of Alley's triumphant smile, and his pride was more elated by it, than by all the huzzaing of companions, when mounted on their shoulders, and going over, in exultation, the scene of his victory.

The old people, on both sides, were pleased at the prospect of an early union between their children, who therefore tripped on to happiness beneath a serene sky. No storm threatened, no cloud hung over their way. Nor did ambition point out a remote goal, and, to keep their mind on the stretch towards unpossessed good, trim it with fanciful excellence; nor vice, in the apparel, and bearing the name of pleasure, entice them along a flowery road, to plunge them into a wilderness of thorns, and there, with a laugh, abandon them. They wished no good beyond what they possessed—uninjured health, peace, plenty, affection returned, and confidence respected: they wished no other, because they did not think of any other.

When to his general salutation, "God save all here," Pierce had received the usual answer, "God save you, kindly," and that he had particularly saluted the vanithe, and "the man of the house," he stood leaning on the back of the old woman's chair, as it occurred to him that although Alley might be shy of coming to sit next him, if he took his place first, he would feel no such squeamishness when she should be seated.

"Well, a-vanithe, how goes on everything with you?" he said, addressing Cauth Dooling.

"Why, in troth, Pierce, a-roon—and praise be to God

for it! there's nothing wrong or astray. If it wasn't that thief of a fox that came last night, and out of ten as fine geese as ever you laid an eye on—"

But here the simple old woman stooped short, as she discovered that Pierce had left her in the middle of her tale of grievance, and taken his place by his pretty mistress, who, with a complicated knitting apparatus in hand, was now seated. The mother smiled knowingly, and shook her head.

"Oh, then, musha, it's little he cares about myself or my geese," she whispered, again taking up her old ditty, and plying her wheel with increased industry. And the young couple entertained each other without further interruption.

In a little time, a respectful though resolute hand raised the latch, and Andrew Muldowny, the district piper, made his appearance. The insinuating servility of this man's voice, and the broad sycophancy of his grin, as he gave his salutation, "*Go dthogah diugh uiaig shey-an agus sunus duiv*,"\* bespoke his partly mendicant profession, and plainly told, at the same time, his determination to make himself agreeable, in lieu of the shelter and good cheer of which he made no question. On he plodded to his rightful seat on the spacious hob, with that loitering gait so characteristic of his lounging, lazy life. And as, unbidden, he drew from the immense pouch of his tattered outside coat (especially constructed to hold them) his welcome-making pipes, screwed them together, and gave several squeaking "notes of preparation," he emptied, simultaneously, his budget of gossip and scandal; told of weddings and wakes, of christenings and funerals, broken-off matrimonial bargains, and the endless et ceteras of rustic tattle. All which, as, in one shape or another, it brought wind to his bag, Andrew was as keen in snuffing out as ever was the primest nosed hound in coming on his game.

By the time Andrew's anecdotes were exhausted, and his tongue tired, his instrument was happily ready to take his part, and he blew forth his most ravishing strains. The music inspired a general passion for dancing, and the young, light hearts did not demur, nor the old ones disapprove. So Pierce led out his Alley, and Paudge Dermody made his best bow to Chevaun Dardluck, by whom he was blushing accepted, and the dance went on. Old Anthony relished the sport, furnishing himself with a foaming can of his best home-brewed ale, with which he plied the piper, the dancers, and, including the vanithe and himself, the lookers on; and the night wore apace in mirth and joviality.

There was but one individual present, the quick and resolute glance of whose red eye, as it shot from one to another of the dancers, showed no sympathy with the happy scene. This was a young man, in the prime of life as to years, but with little else of the ingenuousness of youth about him. An exuberance of bristling, fiery-red hair stared around a head of unusual size; his knobby forehead projected much, and termi-

\* "God send luck and a plentiful Christmas to all in this place," generally given shorter, but the piper will, as they say, "make a croo-naren, or song, of it."



nated in strongly-marked wrinkles, formed over brows of bushy thickness, the color of his hair; his eyes fell far into their sockets, and his cheek-bones pushed out proportionably with his forehead, so that the eyes glared as from a recess. His cheeks were pale, hollow and retiring; his nose, of the old Milesian mold, long, broad-backed, and hooked; his jaws, coming unusually forward, caused his teeth to start out from his face; and his lips, that, without much effort, never closed over those disagreeable teeth, were large, fleshy and bloodless, the upper one wearing, in common with his chin, a red beard, just changed from the down of youth to the bristliness of manhood, and, as yet, unshaven. These features, all large to disproportion, conveyed, along with the unpleasantness deformity inspires, the expression of a bold and decided character, and something else besides, which was malignity or mystery, according to the observation or mood of a curious observer. Had they, together with the enormous head, been placed on the shoulders of a man of large size, they would not, perhaps, have created much extraordinary remark. But attached, in the present instance, to a trunk considerably under the height even of men of low stature, their unnatural disproportion heightened their unfavorable expression, and, joined to another cause we shall have occasion to notice, created, among his rustic compeers, a feeling of dislike and dread for their possessor, repelling all freedom, which, by the way, he did not seem anxious to encourage.

Having said this young man was very short in stature, it should be added, that he was not at all deformed. Across his shoulders and breast, indeed, was a breadth that told more for strength than proportion, and his arms were long, and of Herculean sinew. But the lower part of the figure, hips, thighs, and legs, bespoke vigor and elasticity, rather than clumsiness. Strange-looking as the creature might be, he could run, leap, or wrestle, with a swiftness and dexterity seldom matched among men of more perfect shape, and more promising appearance.

He took no share in the diversions of the evening. Seated far back on the hob, so far that the blaze of the fire shone between him and the others, and gave occasion to Paudge Dermody to remark, "that he looked like the ould bouchal\* himself in the middle of his own place," he seemed busily employed in whetting a rusty billhook. While from under the shade of an old broad-leaved hat—formerly belonging to Anthony Dooling, which, from constant wear, had become much wider than at first, and was therefore squeezed with a small hay-rope, causing it to flap in many irregular bends around his face—the fiery eyes glanced round, and were covertly and sternly fixed, now on one, now on another, with a dangerous or hidden meaning.

Anthony Dooling, by frequent applications to the copper-can, became, at the long run, as he would himself term it, "saguch;" in Scotch, *fou*; Anglice, approaching to intoxication; and his temper grew consequently irritable. In this mood, the grating of the

billhook against the whetstone, so much in discord with the harmony of Andrew Muldowny's pipes, offended his ears, and more than once he called out to the operator to stop. Finding himself unheard or unheeded:

"What are you grinding that for?" he asked in angry tone of Crohoore, the name of the person we have just described. A surly look was the only answer.

"Did you hear me spakin' to you, a *vehoon gravena*?"\*\* Anthony went on; and subdued resentment, at the disgraceful and stinging term applied to him, knotted Crohoore's brow as he slowly raised his head to answer.

"What am I grindin' it for? I know, now, it's myself you mane," the man replied; "I thought afore you were discorsin' the piper."

"You didn't!" retorted Anthony, springing up in wrath, at the tone of his insignificant cowboy. "No, you didn't think any such thing, a *vich-na-shreepeel*!"†

Another savage look was given in exchange for this opprobrious epithet.

"None o' your dog's looks!" continued Tony, replying to it. "Take yourself to bed out o' that, since your black heart won't let you share in the innocent diversion."

The vanithee here interfered in a mild, beseeching tone, and said to her husband: "Never mind him, Tony, a-roon. He's doin' no harm, poor crature."

"No harm, woman! Arrah, bad end to me, but his black looks'd turn the May-day into winter. Go to your bed, I say," roared Tony.

Crohoore rose from the hob to go. He slowly laid the bill-hook where he had been sitting; his brows were knit closer then ever, his teeth clenched, and his eyes rolling.

"And do you hear me, bull-head?" the angry master continued, "don't let it be wid you as it was this morning. Have the cows in the bawn at the first light, or I'll break every bone in your lazy skin."

The dwarf, as he may be called, was passing his master as these words ended. Fixing the full meaning of his look on Anthony, he said: "That same 'ud be nothing new, for tryin' at laste. It's an old trick you have."

"What's that you say, there, you *shingawn*,‡ you?" questioned Tony, his passion raised to the utmost at the thought of a saucy answer from a creature so contemptible.

"An' it's well you know I *am* a shingawn, or you wouldn't be so ready with your bone breaking," still retorted Crohoore. This was past enduring.

"Take that for a pattern!" cried Anthony, the moment the speech was uttered, raising his clenched and ponderous hand, and dealing the miserable offender a violent blow with the whole force of his arm. Crohoore spun round and fell; his head, as he went down, striking against a chair so smartly as to draw the blood in some profusion.

The piper stopped suddenly; the dance ceased, and Pierce Shea was the first to raise and support the senseless Crohoore, while Alley, trembling and weep-

\* Bouchal, boy; —ould bouchal, old boy—old Nick.

\* Ugly wretch.

† Son of a jade.

‡ Shingawn, a diminutive being.

ing, gave him a handkerchief to bind the wretch's temples, and staunch the welling blood. Canth Dooling, with eyes of pity, looked at her husband, fully comprehending his feelings, as he stood the picture of shame, sorrow, and repentance. Indeed, the blow had scarcely been given, when, from the bottom of his heart, he blamed and hated himself for it. In his present mood, he would have offered half his little wealth as an atonement.

Crohoore, suddenly recovering, sprang on his legs, and freed himself from his supporter with a force that made him reel, and a manner that seemed to spurn all obligation. His face was horribly pale, covered with blood, and every hideous feature rigid in checked passion. Without opening his lips, he dropped his head upon his breast, and trying to walk, but staggering, crossed the apartment to an opposite door that opened into a passage through which he should go to the loft where he slept. While the whole group looked on with wonder and alarm, Anthony called after him, and, in a crying voice, said: Crohoore, a-vich machree, come back an' make it up. Drink to me, an' be friends."

But there was no reply to this pacific and penitent overture. Crohoore only turned round his ghastly face on his master, as he held the door in his hand, gave him one parting look, and then banged the door after him. That look was afterwards well remembered, and often commented on.

Anthony sat himself down without speaking. He felt a return of dudgeon at the manner in which his advances had been received, and this, in some degree, served to reconcile his conscience to the cruelty he had been guilty of. But a general damp fell over the whole party, and its effects soon became visible. The workmen silently, or in whispers, withdrew to an out-house where they slept, and the now superfluous piper as silently plodded after them. Pierce Shea took his leave, but not without his parting kiss from Alley, and the renewal of an understanding with her and the old people to call for them next morning, at a very early hour, when all were to set off to the chapel for the six o'clock Mass. It being the practice throughout Ireland, whenever it can possibly be done, to assemble for devotion before daybreak on the Christmas morning.

### CHAPTER III.

AT half-past four o'clock the following Christmas morning, Pierce Shea rode into the farmyard of Anthony Dooling, and dismounted at the door where he had lingeringly bid adieu to Alley on the former night. His stout horse, caparisoned for the intended journey to a chapel about three miles distant, was provided with a pillow on which his mistress was to be seated. He found the door open, and thence concluded his friends were up and ready to receive him. Some surprise ensued, however, on entering the kitchen, the scene of the last night's festivity, to find no appearance of any person stirring. There were a few decaying embers on the hearth, but except the feeble light they gave to the

immediate spot on which they glimmered, all else was darkness, and a dead silence prevailed.

He became convinced from these appearances that none of his friends, or their servants, had yet arisen, and he was therefore astonished at having found the door open. He groped towards the fireplace, in the hope of finding what in reality was there, a rushlight, left on the hob over night for the purpose of being lit at the turf embers. On his way his foot struck against something on the floor: he stooped, felt about for it, and took it up. It was a billhook. He laid it on the hob, and lighted the candle.

"Heaven protect and save me! What is this?" Pierce now ejaculated, perceiving, by the light of the candle, his hands bloody. He paused a moment to reflect how it could have occurred, and then brought to mind that the billhook had felt moist in his grasp. He took it up again: it was besmeared with clotted gore.

A rapid conviction of the frightful manner in which it had been used darted across his mind. Murder had been committed! The open door, and the silence that prevailed when he expected to have found his friends ready to set out on their pious journey, were now fearfully accounted for. The inmates of the once happy house were no more, and the murderers had left the door open at their hurried departure.

A youthful, ardent, and devoted lover, such as Pierce Shea really was, may picture the state of his thoughts and feelings, as he now stood, paralyzed with the almost certainty that his adored mistress, his all but wife, had, during the few hours between their last loving kiss and the present moment, been hurried into eternity, and, by the arm of midnight murder, torn from him for ever. The contemplation of deliberate murder, to an innocent mind, and even where one is not personally concerned in the victim's fate, creates a sensation of numixed horror. But when the slayer's red hand is thrust into a bosom—hitherto the seat of happiness—to tug away at its heart-strings, dreadful and indescribable must be that anguish!

Pierce Shea felt himself sicken, and his head grow dizzy. He staggered, and would have fallen, but that the wall gave timely support. His mind became a chaos. The young color fled his cheeks, his teeth chattered, the flesh crept along his bones, and every joint failed, as, with eyes starting from their sockets, and his hair bristling on his head, he clutched the candle in one hand, and, by its dim light, stared at the bloody weapon he held in the other. A considerable time elapsed before he could commune with himself, but at last he was able to groan out:

"In the name of the Saviour, on His own blessed morning, I will see what is the matter!" And he tottered forward with a desperate resolution to know the worst.

We have before mentioned a little boarded parlor, entered from the kitchen, the state-room of the farmer's house. This he gained. A door at one side of it opened into Alley's bed-chamber, and another at the opposite side into that of the old couple. He rushed through the former, and, panting with terror, ap-



proached Alley's bed. The bed had been lain in, but was now empty. His eye rolled slowly round the room, daring certainty, yet almost sure of lighting on the corpse of her he loved. No such object appeared. The clothes she had worn on the preceding night next became a subject of his search. They were not to be seen. He returned to the bed: there was the mark of a large bloody hand on the sheets. He dashed to the opposite door, burst it in, and in his desperate hurry had nearly fallen over the dead body of Anthony Dooling, that lay on the floor. It was near the threshold, and the old man's blood, running in a stream, had flowed under the door, and trickled over the well-whitened boards of the neat little parlor. Pierce's gaze fixed involuntarily on the remains of his old friend. We could scarce describe the sight: the head and breast were savagely cut and mangled: it was murder in its worst aspect.

The terror and anxiety of the lover still predominant, he gave one affrighted glare towards the old people's bed. There Alley might have taken refuge, and there too—the thought could not be followed up! With a convulsed bound he sprang across the room, for, at his first motion, he found himself slipping on the gory boards. He held the candle over the bed: its light fell upon a female form, also lifeless, and presenting marks of the assassin's hand, again too horrible for description. We glance at the object for a moment, only to say that, with the life-stream overflowing the bed, and running down its side, it lay so mangled and deformed as, during a first view, to leave the wretched lover doubtful of its identity. And upon that doubt what feelings came! but looking closer, he knew the corpse of Alley's mother. She herself was nowhere visible.

A hope that she might have escaped came flashing across his darkened bosom; the bare idea had power, even amid the horrors of such a scene, to send a rush of joy about his heart, welcome as would be the sudden springing up of fresh water in the thirsty desert. He uttered a cry of joy: he clapped his hands; he shed tears; and nature relieving herself, and in some degree restoring the tone of his mind, and allaying the indescribable state of confusion in which his ideas had been lost, gave him liberty to think.

Buoyed up by this hope, he flew through every other apartment in the house. On his way along a passage leading from the kitchen to the sleeping-place of the female servants, he was obstructed by another victim. Poor Chevaun Darluduck! Alarmed by the shrieks of her old mistress, and rushing to her assistance, perhaps out of a dream the most favorable to Paudge Dermody that ever had occurred, her zeal had marked her for the murderer's caution, and she fell a sacrifice to the necessity that, to conceal the perpetrator of one deed of blood, urged him to shed more.

Arrested, and again chilled by this new object of horror, Pierce remained some time stationary and silent, until his feelings grew into increased apprehensions for his mistress, and then he rushed on, and in loud cries pronounced her name. Roused by his voice, the men who slept without ran, half-dressed, to inquire into the cause

of the outcry. To their impatient questions he could only answer that black murder had been committed; while they, more calm than he, proceeded to investigate the bloody business. Left alone, Pierce, conceiving that Alley might have sought safety at his father's house, it being the nearest, and one in which she would be sure of protection, hastened thither to inquire. Perhaps she had shunned the direct way he had come, and chosen a less open and dangerous one. As he passed out, circumstances that had previously escaped his notice, his mind being absorbed by other emotions, now presented themselves. The corner cupboard, that decorated the parlor, and which had been furnished with some substantial plate, was open and rifled of its contents, and the desk, in which it was known to Pierce the old man kept his money, lay wrenched asunder and empty, its papers strewn the ground. After a look at these matters, Pierce mounted his horse, and galloped to his father's.

Meantime the workmen, three in number—Paudge Dermody, Andy Houlohan, Pierce's foster-brother, and Shamus Whelan, went over the house, and saw, in their turn, the sights already described. For some time they scarce spoke to each other, so powerfully did the appearance of the mangled remains of their old master and mistress seize on their minds and feelings. In the heavier woe of that loss, poor Chevaun was almost forgotten. Even Paudge seemed entirely occupied, without a thought of his generous admirer, partly, it was supposed, on account of having never felt much flattered, notwithstanding Chevaun's riches, at her preference. After looking on the bodies of the old people, the three men hastened into the kitchen, glad to escape from the immediate presence of such objects, and there, securing the door, huddled together, still in silence, and laboring for breath:

"It is a dreadful murder," said Andy Houlohan, in a whisper, as, for the first time, his eyes met those of his companions.

"The most frightful ever poor sinner hard of," echoed Shamus Whelan.

"An' it was done wid this billhook," said Paudge Dermody, pointing to the weapon where Pierce had dropped it when he left the kitchen to enter the little parlor. "It is their ould blood is on id."

They stooped with the candle to look closer at the instrument of death. White hairs clung to it, and they shrank back again.

"An' that very same billhook Crohoore was whettin' last night," whispered Shamus.

"Yes, when our poor master (God rest his soul!) struck him, about it," Paudge rejoined.

"As sure as we live to see this holy mornin'," said Andy, "he was sharpenin' it, at that same time, to make it do his bloody work so well."

"The Lord presave us!" all exclaimed, and crossed themselves. Shamus resumed:

"Right enough, Andy; you guessed right at the first offer. Do you think of his look, wid his hand on the dour, when he went away bleedin', last night?"

Again they stared on each other in terrified silence,

their manner and looks expressing full conviction that they had fixed the deed on the proper person.

"An' where is Crohoore himself, then?" asked Pudge, the first to start from stupid inaction, and take the necessary steps—"Let us find the murderer!" All proceeded on the search.

They gained the loft where Crohoore usually slept. He was not there, nor had he been in bed. They went through the outhouse, sheds, and stables. There was the red mark of a hand on the stable door, near the hasp. The door was open, the best horse gone; and footprints appeared in a heap of litter contiguous to the stable, on which it was conjectured the *shingawn* had stood to enable himself to mount the tall horse. These prints exactly corresponded to a pair of old brogues found by his bedside.

Daylight had dawned while the men were vainly employed in tracing the murderer. Pierce Shea returned accompanied by his father, having got no intelligence of Alley, and still distracted with apprehensions for her fate. He came up just as the workmen were satisfied that Crohoore was the slayer of the three human beings that lay stiff within the house, and when to this conviction another had been added, and was intimidated by Shamus Whelan, the eldest of the three, whose silvered locks gave weight to the solemn tone in which the following ejaculation was uttered:

"Lord look down on you wid eyes of pity, poor Alley Dooling! The *miau* and the *miroch*\* has come over you in your young days; an' it would be better for you, *mille times*,† to be lyin' stretched an' dead with them that are within this mornin'!"

"Then you know about her?" cried Pierce. "Where is she? What has become of her?"

"Nothin', for certain, do we know, Master Pierce, a-roon. Only we make up our minds that the father's murderer is the child's undoer," Shamus answered. The young man groaned aloud.

"Aye, God help you, a-vich—God help you! It's a mournful Christmas to you," said all.

No doubt seemed to now exist of the identity of the assassin. The news had spread by this time; the neighbors crowded in to gratify, although to shock, their eyes with the evidences of the thrilling story. Amongst them came one whose words served to fix upon Crohoore the last crime attributed to him.

He told that, having been in search of a stray sheep, he was returning home about two hours after midnight, along the road that ran at the foot of the descent on which stood Anthony Dooling's house, and there heard the quick tramp of a horse's feet behind him. That, surprised at so unusual an occurrence, and frightened, too, on account of the fame of a desperate band of night-robbers, then in existence, he had retired under the shade of a ditch to observe the horseman. The frosty moon was bright, and, whilst the rider passed, he recognized the remarkable person and face of Crohoore. And, though the horse went rapidly by, he had opportunity enough to note that, before him, the *shingawn* held with one arm something like a human

figure enveloped in dark drapery. The man called after him, but Crohoore, without looking behind, put his horse to full speed, struck into the fields, made way up one of the opposite hills, and then descended from view at the other side.

With this clue Pierce Shea determined on immediate pursuit. He provided himself with arms, and equipped in like manner Pudge, Shamus, and his foster-brother Andy. Mounted on good horses, they set out without loss of time, resolved to persevere to the last till they should have secured the murderer and rescued Alley, if—and the thought was heart-breaking to poor Pierce—it was not already too late to save her from a fate worse than direst death.

"An' they spent all that day an' night," said the narrator of this tale, the same aged retainer of the family, who, at the wake, gave the circumstantial account of his master's death here set down, to a circle of attentive and affrighted hearers, and amongst whom we still suppose him speaking:

"They spent that day an' night, an' a good part of the next day, among the bogs and mountains. An' they came home as empty-handed as they went out, an' worse, by far. For they brought poor Pierce Shea half dead to his father an' mother, an' he's now lyin' in the hoith of a great faver, ravin' like mad; swearin' that he's up to his knees in poor Tony Doolin's blood, an' callin' to them to take the bruised head out of his sight, and thinkin' he sees his poor Alley strugglin' wid Crohoore, an' cryin' out to him to save her. So that they're forced to have Andy Houlohan, his own nurse's child, an' another o' the strongest they can find, to hould him down in the bed. An' little wonder it is, God help him! that his thoughts should be runnin' on the sight he saw."

The listeners glanced for a moment at the disfigured bodies, and turned their eyes away in great haste.

"I'm tould," continued the old man, "by one o' the boys that went wid Pierce, that they met the cursed *shingawn* on the hills, that Pierce was within arm's length of him, and that he slipt away like any *sheeg*.\* The boy himself was so tired an' kilt, I couldn't get the whole story from him; but to-morrow I'll know all about it. One thing is sartin, they cum home widout tale or tidings of Alley Doolin'. There's no knowin' where Crohoore has hid her; but it's not far away, I'm thinkin'."

"That Crohoore was always a bad sight to me," said an elderly dame, stooping across, looking cautiously around, and whispering as if she feared the walls would hear her. "I never cared to see him crossin' my road. There was somethin' not right about him; an' the look of his two eyes wasn't like any other Christhen's I ever seen. If you said 'God save you' to him, he was never the one to give you the civil answer; I couldn't for the life o' me think well of him, Mickie, a-roon."

"Myself always had the same mind o' the cullaun," rejoined Mickie, or Michael, "since the first hour I ever set eyes on him. I was in the field wid my poor old master that's gone—rest his sowl!" (bending his head

\* Sorrow and trouble.

† A thousand times.

\* Sheeg, fairy.



reverently towards the bier) "when he found the unlucky *sheeg* in the thrench. It's the six-acre field at the back o' the haggart. 'Mickle,' says the master to myself, 'see what God has sent us this mornin',' as he tuck up the brat at the same time. That mornin' is now twenty an' three years ago, come next shroff;\* an' the poor sowl little thought he was goin' to be the provider of his own murtherer, when he spoke the words I tell you. No, I could never bear him sence the first moment. When the master held him in his hands an' looked in his face, tho' I'm sartin sure he was then no more nor eight or nine months born, the thing grinned up at him like a little ould man; an' it came into my head he belonged to the good people, from that out, tho' I never tould my plain mind to anybody, just for fear of what you guess yoursefs.

"Well, a-roon, when Crohoore was only a weeny gorgoon, he was too sharp an' knowin' for the ouldst amongst us. He never did like the other brats o' boys of his age, but always went mopin' by himself. An', when every sowl was asleep around him, many is the night he passed out in the most lonesome places; sayin', whenever he was missed, an' axed about it, that he only staid up afther the hares an' the rabbits, you know. But it was no such thing. One time—I'll never forget it as long as I live—I was a little bit hearty,† an', as the donol would have id, he came across my path, an' I gave him a kick. To be sure I done it without no raison, but the rest of the boys had a fashion of making him stand out o' the way, an' the liquor, that puts the fool on the best of us, being in my head, I thought I might as well have a bit o' fun as another. So I made the kick at him. But—an' an' may I die in sin, if it isn't the blessed truth I'm tellin'—that very night the one cow I had was fairy-struck, an' died."

"As sure as the day, Mickle," said Anasthause Farrell—a little old skeleton of a woman, with a cracked, squeaking voice, one side of her face a dirty purple hue, and the other pale as death—"as sure as the day, what you're for sayin' is only the sartin thruth. It now comes into my mind, that just tin years apast, Crohoore (save us an' keep us!) once brought a cock, an' set him to fight again' my cock, as fine a bird, of a common cock, as ever you seen. Well, he set them at one another till the life was a-most gone from the both. I cotch him in it, an' gave him a good luggin'. An' it's now I think of the look he gave me: as I'm a sinner afore God, that very day myself got the fairy-blast along the side o' my face—the marks is here to this hour." And she held out the side of the face alluded to, that her neighbors might have ocular testimony of Crohoore's supernatural power.

The idea that he was connected with the "good people" had before been no more than gossiping presumption, which it was pleasant occasionally to glance at over the winter's fireside. But now, under Mickle's guidance, it seemed to seize with conviction the minds of all the auditors. They hustled nearer, took rapid pinches of snuff, or "shoughs" of the pipe, breathed shorter, lowered their voices, and went on.

\* Shrovetide.

† Tipey.

"The lord save us!" said one. "Isn't it a wonther he didn't get 'the good people' to strangle his ould master and mistress, an' nobody the wiser, because no marks 'ud be left, an' not go to the throuble of doin' it himself, afther such a manner?"

"It's not the laste wonther," rejoined Mickle, who gave the law in fairy lore. "The good people, they say, haven't the power to take away a life. The can only spile and wither a body, entirely, like Anasthause, there; a death-blow must be struck by some livin' Christhen sowl."

"Well, well, that may be as you say it, a-roon," rejoined the former speaker. "But don't you think it the most likely thing for him to have our poor Alley among them?"

"You just guessed my mind; I'd hould a good heifer, if it war God's will I had the like, that this blessed moment she's in some o' the green raths\* they live in. Sure well we know they're to be seen in plenty the very road he tuck her," answered Mickle.

"An' tell us this, Mickle; you have as good a right to know it as any other in the world, because you lived under the same roof wid the both ever sence they were weenuchs. I hard it many a year ago, that Crohoore was dyin' in love wid Alley?"

"You hard no more than the truth, Maugha. 'Twas plain to be seen as the daylight; an' I often was by when poor Tony—rest his soul!—gibed Alley herself about it; tellin' her, as he chucked up her darlin' chin, that if she was a good colleen he would give her Crohoore for a husband. Everybody laughed at it but myself. Though I never said a word before, I always thought it 'ud end bad in the long run. Alley, poor crature, was kind an' tinder-hearted, an', while the one and the t'other had their pluck at Crohoore, she never gave him a sour look or angry word. Maybe he bewitched her, by Gor, for it was the boith o' wonther to see her so swe t on sich an ill-come *shingaron* that everybody was afraid of. An' as for himself, he never cared to do anything right that any other body bid him, but one word from Alley 'ud send him forty miles in the dead o' the night-time."

"It's sartin sure, I'm thinkin', that the news of her goin' to be married to Pierce was one raison for Crohoore's doin' what he done. An' so he whipt her off, an' took his revenge at the same time. For, between oursefs, Tony Doolin' was often a hard master to him. To be sure, he well desarved it, for an idle, lazy rogue, as he was; but it's what I'm goin' to say is this: About a month or so agone, one night, instead of mindin' to tether the cows, he went off on his own business—you know what I mane—an' Tony found the cows strayin' about, an' some time afther he met Crohoore comin' over the stile into the haggart.\* So he says no more, but gives him a clipe of his stick that tumbles him into the litter; an' it's well I remember Crohoore sayin', when he passed me, afther gettin' up: '*ma-hurp-on-dwood!*† you'll pay for all this together! An' sure he brought his own black words to pass."

Thus did the gossipers run on with their *shavachus*

\* Little hills.

† Part of a farm-yard.

\* An imprecation.

till the long night wore away. The crowd of people left the wake, one by one, as the morning approached; and at length there remained but three or four women, who, with half-shut eyes, and heads drooping and nodding for want of rest, scarcely attended to the melancholy and still-uttered Keenthechaun. The wild song was chanted by a tall, worn woman, with matted locks and a haggard face. She changed abruptly from her praises of the deceased into the most dreadful maledictions against their murderer, and then the women were somewhat roused. And when, suddenly starting up, and pausing for a moment, she exclaimed: "See him! he comes to hear my curses, and to look on his work!" they, too, sprang to their feet, and beheld the witchlike poetess, with eyes starting from their sockets, and her skinny arms extended, pointing at a person who stood so close to the murdered bodies that his hand touched the old man's head. He was carefully muffled up, and his face turned away; but a second look at the diminutive figure told who he was. A momentary pause of terror ensued; and Crohoore—for it was no other than he—taking advantage of their inaction, flapped his broad-leaved old hat over his face, as if to hide some strong emotion that visibly shook him. Then turning and walking rapidly to the unobstructed door, he escaped.

The women at last shrieked wildly, and called for assistance. But, when assistance came, the intruder was beyond reach. No one could tell or conjecture how he had entered or approached the house: and when the women were angrily questioned as to why they had not given timely alarm, they solemnly and earnestly averred, one and all, that their senses had become paralyzed, fairy-stricken, in fact, by his presence. Anathouse was among them, the most eloquent and impressive of the group. For she declared that, the moment she saw Crohoore, the purple side of her face had grown scorching hot, and the ghastly side "cowl as the clay;" and once more she proffered, in support of her assertions, to sight and touch, the party-colored face, that looked like an ill-baked cake, burned on one side and left raw on the other.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

ON the night of the murder of her father and mother, Alley Dooling was startled from a sleep more than usually profound, the consequence of her exercise of the day and night, by becoming sensible of rough personal violence. When first awakened, she strove to look around her, but her eyes were blindfolded. Then she tried to rise, but a strong hand pressed heavily on her chest, and some person was in the act of squeezing violently round her mouth a tight-folded linen cloth. So that not only was she effectually prevented from screaming, but scarcely could she even breathe. Her arms and ankles, too, were firmly bound, and all struggles to free herself, to speak or give alarm, proved ineffectual.

When the bandage round her mouth had been well secured, the weight on her chest, so far as her bewildered senses could comprehend what was going forward, ceased to inconvenience her, and along with her day-clothes (in which, with an idea of being ready dressed for Pierce Shea's early call, she had lain down on the outside of the bed), poor Alley was wrapt in the coverlid, and then lifted up by a powerful arm.

During all this she had heard no voice. Short, thick breathings, as of one hastily and laboriously employed, alone came against her face; but, as she was raised up, an indistinct curse, grumbled in a low murmur, reached her ear, and she became convinced that she was treated in this ruffian sort by one not of her own sex. Suddenly disturbed in so frightful a manner from her sleep, excess of terror at the discovery completely overpowered her, and she fainted away.

The cold and pinching blast of the winter's night restored her to animation; but her thoughts continued vague, as if in a terrific dream, and she was just sensible of being borne rapidly along, in the clutch of some person of great strength. The bandage that had been tied across her mouth relaxed, and fell off for a moment, and she screamed aloud. Suddenly the person who bore her stopped, and it was again fastened on with such increased pressure and violence that Alley's breath and senses again failed her, and she relapsed into a swoon.

When recovered from this second fit, eyes and mouth were both free, all muffling having been removed. Her self-possession gradually returned, and she could ascertain her situation. She was on horseback, and a man's arm, from behind, passed round her waist. The frosty air had benumbed her flesh, and tingled even through her bones; her teeth chattered, and every joint shook with weakness, fright, and cold. Fearfully and slowly did she now turn her head to look into the face of her conductor. The moon flared broadly upon that face as her eyes fixed on it, and discovered the hideous features of Crohoore, deadly pale, distorted with passion, and stained with blood. Only a few inches' space was between them at this dread recognition, and his small red eye shot fire into hers during the hasty glance in which it was made.

Shrieking, and sickened at the bottom of her soul, Alley turned away her head. All the hints she had previously received of his dark and savage nature, all the warnings she had received to keep him at a distance, and be on her guard against him, recurred to her affrighted memory, and she gave herself up as utterly lost. She shrank from the rude clasp of his arm; she writhed; she loathed his touch, his nearness to her, his very existence. She could not bring herself to speak to him, although the speech was for mercy, and although persuasion was her soul's only hope in her present terrible circumstances, and more terrible prospects. So that for some time not a word was uttered between them.

At last, however, the master-impulse humbled every other feeling. Suddenly turning round, Alley exclaimed:



"In the Most Holy Name, Crohoore, where are we going, and where are you dragging me?"

"You're going to your only home, Alley, where woe and sorrow wait to meet you," he answered.

"What do you mean by that?" she resumed. "Crohoore, as you hope to see the light of the world to come, carry me back to my own home—to my father."

He remained silent; from what motive, whether through sullenness or cruelty, or from abstraction of thought, it was impossible to discover. Alley could only repeat her passionate adjuration, to which the dwarf at length replied:

"Alley, Alley, you and myself, this night, are two unfortunate, miserable creatures!" and then he immediately increased the speed of his horse, holding Alley tighter on her seat; and, from the swiftness of their course, and her exhausted and agitated state, she could not continue the conversation.

She imagined, however, that she recognized the country on each side as they passed along, and that she was contiguous to her father's house; but even this the speed and her fluttered state of mind rendered doubtful. In a little time they proceeded at a less violent rate, and then Alley thought she heard a voice calling from behind, and she screamed for assistance. Crohoore, with much dexterity, holding her on her seat by pressing his elbow against her breast, put his hand on her mouth and resumed a full gallop.

Dashing from the road into the fields, they had to go over the flat country, and with scarcely slackened pace ascended one of the low chain of hills, which, Alley now perfectly recollected, were situated about a quarter of a mile from her father's house. Descending on the other side, they rapidly traversed a large extent of wild and dreary bog; again ascended and again descended other small hills, and continued for some time their journey among them. It was remarkable with what certainty Crohoore travelled a waste of marsh and mountain so pathless and difficult. His rein was, indeed, now and then tightened in consequence of the difficulty of the footing; but not for a moment was he at a loss to make out the proper and only way through the bogs, where a single false step at one side or the other would have sunk his horse to the shoulders.

Alley employed such occasional relaxations of speed in endeavoring to move the pity of her morose guardian. But he persevered in a deep and unaccountable silence. Once or twice they passed close by a cabin, of which a few were scattered at a distance from each other through those desolate places. These were scarcely distinguishable in the moonlight, on account of their similarity of color, and, indeed, material, from the turf-clamps, tufts of rushes, or barren knolls, by which they were surrounded. Still hoping to bring some person to her relief, Alley, in approaching these wretched hovels, cried out with all her might, Crohoore not now interfering to prevent her. But her cries were unheard; or, if heard, the inmates only crossed their foreheads, and prayed to be delivered from the unhallowed wanderers of the night.

They had surmounted one range of hills, and now pressed against another stretch, of what the inhabitants called mountains, but which were not of sufficient elevation to lay claim to that title. They were, however, abrupt, fatiguing to ascend, barren and dreary, chequered with heath and furze, and here and there a stunted oak, the relics of the large woods that about fifty or sixty years before had overspread the district. Through these wilds, Crohoore for some time journeyed, and at last, after looking long and carefully around him, suddenly halted, dismounted, and helped Alley also to descend from her irksome situation. He placed her on her feet, forgetting that, from cold and fatigue, and misery of mind, as well as from the bonds which tied her ankles, it was impossible she could stand. Alley no sooner touched the ground, and was deprived of his support, than she fell prostrate. Instantly he stooped to raise her, and his savage nature seemed touched with pity. Low moanings escaped him, when he saw her tender ankles cut and bleeding from the pressure and friction of the rude cord that bound them. Still on his knees, he hastily undid that cord: then gave liberty to her arms also, and led her a step forward.

Alley, unmindful of everything but her misfortune, had not observed that they were at the door of a miserable cabin, at which Crohoore stopped, and, with the butt-end of a pistol which he drew from his breast, knocked loudly. There was a long pause, and no answer. He knocked again, still louder; and to his second summons a squeaking, querulous voice sounded from within, asking who was there.

"It is I—Crohoore," he answered. The harsh voice screamed some observation in a dissatisfied cadence; footsteps were heard inside, and lights shot through the chinks of a badly-made and half-rotten door, which, after many shakings and creakings, at last half-opened.

From the vision that appeared, Alley drew back in natural terror. She had heard tales, such as all country girls hear, of witches scudding on the blast and hiding themselves in holes and corners to do deeds of wickedness; she thought just such a being now stood before her. It was a crone much under the middle size of women, and made still lower by an unusual bend in the back, which sent her shoulders and head forward and down, almost to a level with her hips. Her face might seem a parchment mask, loosely adapted to the staring bones, and therefore shrivelled up into innumerable wrinkles, which ran lengthways and crossways, and here and there without union, beginning or end. Out of this face the chin came like a pointed horn; the mouth, when closed, was but one of the many wrinkles around it, and when open, showed bloodless gums without teeth. Matted gray hairs hung down the cheeks, escaping from an old red handkerchief that entirely covered her head, and was knotted under the stringy throat. The rest of the figure, with its costume, does not invite description; it was withered skin and bone, foul and disagreeable, with but a few shreds of covering. The only trait about the animate mummy which interested, and to which one would turn again, though not, indeed, for gratification, was her eyes; they, in-

deed, possessed a strange vivacity, if not energy, unfitted and unnatural to such a crone.

She held up a rushlight as Crohoore entered bearing, or rather forcing in, his instinctively resisting companion. The beldam viewed them closely a moment with half-shut eyes. Then the wrinkled lids suddenly expanded, and while her looks, flashing on Crohoore, expressed all the impotent frenzy of age, she squeaked out in the shrillest key:

"Villain o' the world! An' you dare disobey my commands? Didn't I warn you, on peril of the hereafter, not to lay hands on Alley Dooling? Ugly *Shingawn*! be your misdeeds on your own head!"

"Whist, whist, now, *asthore*," said Crohoore hastily though not angrily. Then he whispered something, a few words only, yet they seemed to convulse his frame through every fibre. The hag whispered in her turn, and his paroxysm gained its height. He started back, trembled still more violently, grew more deadly pale, and cast a mournful, or, at least strange, glance on the poor, terrified Alley. She, eagerly catching at the change that took place in the features of her extraordinary conductor, again tried every appeal to divert him from the infamous intentions she believed he held toward her. Flinging herself on her knees, and using the Irish language, the sound and idiom of which she conceived might have most effect on him:

"In the name of the God of heaven, Crohoore," Alley said, "be not to me, the only child of your old master and mistress, the villain you intend to be! Think, and repent in time. Restore me to my father this blessed Christmas morning, and you shall not only be forgiven, but, I swear by my father's soul, you shall be rewarded."

During this address, Crohoore groaned fearfully, staggered backward, leaned against the damp wall of the wretched hut, spread his hands over his face; and Alley saw, with astonishment and delight, tears of, she hoped, pity and repentance, forcing their way through his fingers, and running along the backs of his hands. "You *will*, Crohoore," she then continued, clinging to him; "you will take compassion on me, and bring me home again to my poor father?"

But now the wretched girl was, for the first time, to learn the extent of her misery. Crohoore uncovered his face, which horror, grief, despair, and every frightful passion seemed to agitate. Then he advanced a few steps, stood over her as she knelt, and with a voice choked and almost inaudible, said: "Woe, woe, be to you, child of the Doolings! and double woe to myself, miserable creature that I am! Alley, Alley, you have no father, you have no mother!—their blood is swimming about them—they are both murdered!" She gave one piercing shriek, and fell, in strong convulsions, on the wet, earthen floor.

When she recovered, she found herself in a different apartment from that in which she had fainted, and of which the aspect was entirely new to her; she had never before seen one like it. The walls around were built of solid masonry: overhead, instead of the bare

thatch of a cabin, there was a ceiling of some black timber, from the middle of which hung, by a cord, part of an old metal pot, filled with grease, and this fed the flame of a rag that sent its flickering and lurid beam around the unplastered sides of the ample chamber. In a remote corner stood a dirty deal table and a few chairs of the commonest kind. On one of the two squallidly-furnished beds, which the place also contained, Alley was lying. It appeared extraordinary that, in the midst of shreds and tatters, and vile furniture, the materials of her bed should be feathers, a luxury then almost unusual, even in the houses of the better sort of farmers. The unearthly-looking old creature, who had opened the cabin door, was supporting her on the bed as she recovered, and applying strong-smelling plants to her nostrils. Over her stood Crohoore also, his countenance bearing nearly the same expression as when he had spoken the horrible words that deprived Alley of her senses, and that still rung in her ears, and rent her soul. From the aspect and presence of both her companions, the poor young girl again shrank, now with a new cause for aversion and terror, infinitely more powerful than any she had before felt. And in this state we must leave the forlorn Alley, until, in the progress of the story, she again comes before us.

## CHAPTER V.

MEANTIME, it is our duty to examine into the truth of the account given by old Mickle, at the wake, of the unhappy termination of Pierce Shea's first effort for the recovery of his mistress.

In a frame of mind little short of distraction, he had set out, with his foster-brother, Andy Houlohan, Shamus Whelan (a stout man, rather advanced in years), and Pudge Dermody, the wit (but now grave as the dullest fellow), all well-mounted, well-armed and resolute. The day, still young, appeared lowering and cloudy as they started, and they had to penetrate a dense fog that rested on the summit of the hill, pointed out as that over which Crohoore had made his midnight way. They traversed, all that day, the bleak heights and spreading marshes, of which the entire neighboring country was composed, inquiring of every person, and exploring every spot likely to give information of or concealment to the fugitive. But, except in two instances, they found no clue. The owner of a cabin that stood on the edge of the most extensive bog they had crossed told how, during the previous night, he had been scared from sleep by loud and frightful screams. He little thought that anything mortal could have traversed the lonesome and treacherous marsh at that untimely hour: a load was removed from his heart when he understood what had been going forward, and he no longer feared to have heard the mournful wail of the *bocheentha*, come to predict the sudden death of himself, or of some dear member of his family. The pursuers also met, straying among the hills, the horse that had been taken from Anthony



Dooling's stable, half dead with fatigue, and soiled with sweat and mire, still undried upon him.

This scanty information just served to convince them that the object of their pursuit was concealed somewhere in the neighborhood; further, they were compelled to take chance as their guide. The party, when night closed in, had emerged from a scattered wood, that for some miles ran along a ridge of hills, and which they had spent a good part of the day in exploring. They paused on the barren descent, and looked around in every direction for some roof to shelter them. With the falling night, wind and rain began to drive in thick gusts over the desolate country, and all persuasions were lost on Pierce to face homeward, until he should have gained some tidings of his Alley. A black extent of bog lay beyond them, running on, till, in the waning light and growing mist, it seemed to mingle with the horizon. At the bottom of the ridge on which they stood ran a mountain stream, that had its source higher up in the country, among a continuation of the same chain of hills. When crossed by the party, during the early part of the day, this stream had appeared no more than a puny gurgling thread of water, spinning about the large rocks that strewed its channel; but here the channel was ten feet and upwards in depth, and, at the least, from twenty to thirty in breadth. There were times when it became an impetuous torrent. A little to the right of the party, and lower down on the descent of the hill, stood one of those uncouth square castles, so frequent in Kilkenny and some neighboring counties, built most probably by the English settlers of the Pale and their successors. These served the double purpose of residences and fortresses, affording them the sole shelter they could hope to find in the country, and securing them from the irregular attacks of the dispossessed natives, not yet supposed to be reconciled to the growing sway of their new masters. We may add, that those castles are built all over the country, in such close succession that the prospect from one to the other is never interrupted—doubtless for the purpose of spreading alarm by fires, or other signals, in case of any of them having been assaulted. After Pierce Shea and his companions had taken a survey of the district around, it appeared that the old castle we have been describing was the only place that offered the least shelter, now becoming every moment more necessary. The deepest shade of night had almost fallen. The heavy wreathes left the mountaintops, and floated as clouds before the blast; and the rain, which hitherto had been but a spray, blown upward from the damp valleys, now began to fall in heavy and continued drops. To the castle, then, the adventurers hastened, and there established their quarters for the night. A ground-floor of the old building afforded shelter to their horses; the hills gave them scanty and coarse provender. They brought timber from the wood, and in the middle story, to which they ascended by the narrow spiral stairs, a blazing fire was soon lighted. Andy Houlohan, the most provident of the party, displayed a well-furnished wallet of country

fare; Paudge Dermody, the thirstiest, a big black bottle of brandy; and all collected round the blaze to partake of refreshment and rest, which, considering the toils and anxieties of the day, were certainly their due.

They soon had to congratulate themselves on these precautions. The wind blew a storm, and dismally howled through the doorless building. Rushing through the narrow slits in the walls, formerly constructed with a view to safety, or to serve as loop-holes from which to harass an enemy, rather than as windows to admit the light, the blast whirled to and fro, making the blaze round which they sat eddy and flicker wildly. The rain descended in sheets. One of the men, who had ventured out for an instant, reported that it was so pitch dark he could not see a yard before him. The moon, which was on the wane, would not rise for many hours; so that, even had they met with no opposition from Pierce Shea, it would have proved impossible, in so gloomy a night, to make way homeward through the dreary paths they had to travel. After their repast, the men felt the influence of the fatigue they had undergone during the day. In a little time their discourse flagged: one by one they stretched themselves by the fire, and fell asleep—all but Pierce Shea, the state of whose mind kept him waking. His feelings were in accord with the night and the situation: with the desolated place of refuge, the tempest, the darkness, and the weeping heavens without. He lay down on the earthen floor, but could not close his eyes; he started up, and walked from side to side of the vast apartment; he leaned his back against the wall; he sat in the deep recess of the window. Every position was uneasy, because every one was inaction, and had no share in the purpose in which his soul was engaged. At last, with no defined motive, but merely in obedience to the fiery restlessness that swayed him, yet, perhaps, hoping something, he knew not what, Pierce muffled himself in his greatcoat, and cautiously descended the narrow stairs, lest he should disturb his companions, sallied out into the night, regardless of its blasts, and of its drenching rain.

A kind of bellow, as if from the castle, startled him; now hope came in a more certain form, and he rushed in. He looked into the lower apartment: but could see nothing through the thick darkness. He heard nothing there except the munching noise of the horses' jaws, as they strove to make way through their hard provender. He rapidly mounted to the place where he had left his companions. The fire was nearly burnt out, but light enough still remained to show that, with the exception of his foster-brother, Andy, the men continued to sleep soundly. Andy, if not asleep, seemed bewitched. On the spot where Pierce had seen him stretch himself, the man now knelt, the hind part of his large and gaunt person resting on his heels; his head and body thrown back, as if to avoid something he feared might touch him; his left arm extended at full length as if to prevent a too near approach. While, with his left fist desperately clenched, he smote his strong breast-bone and muttered, with distorted lips, and at race-horse speed, some prayers in the Irish lan-

guage. He remained unaware of Pierce's entrance, and persevered in his attitude and occupation till the young man approached, and seized his outstretched arm, calling on him to tell what was the matter.

Andy gave a sudden plunge when his feeler was touched, and in stunning accents roared out the prayers he had before only mumbled. Then, withdrawing his eyes from the vacuum on which they had been set, he recognized his foster-brother. But this caused no abatement of his orisons, if we except a change in the tone of delivery: Andy continuing to pray on, and without answering Pierce's question, till he had finished the whole catalogue. It being well known that he had never burdened his mind with more of one prayer than by mere force his mother had compelled him to learn in infancy, which scraps, at this time of day, were partly forgotten, poor Andy must have made rather an odd jumble when he went to his devotions. Pierce, over and over, repeated his inquiry.

"Arrah, then, Master Pierce, a-roon, is it yourself?" he at last moaned out, giving, as became his country, question for question, and rising slowly from his knees, while, with the tail of his coat, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"What is the matter, I say?" again asked Pierce.

"Didn't you see her, a-vich?"

"Her! who?"

"That cursed—och, asy, Andrew! Hould a guard over your tongue, and mind what you're for sayin'! I mane the blessed body that was here."

"Good God, Andy! perhaps you mean Alley?"

"Mostha, but if it war Alley, it wasn't like the Alley we used to see, afore now. But the could grave, it's enough, has spiled her, for good-and-all."

"What do you mean? Would you drive me mad, man? Whom *did* you see?"

"Come Andy," said Paudge, who was awake since the bellow Andy had emitted when Pierce bore down his arm, and who now drew towards him—"Come, Andy, none o' your auld ways, spake out, clever and clane, at once."

"Go on!" roared Pierce.

"Wait a bit, a-chorra, till I think o' myself. Arrah, there's no use in talkin'. The very heart in my body, within, is frightened out o' me."

Pierce stamped. "Confound you!" Then, altering his manner, he said, in a chiding tone: "So you will not satisfy me, Andy?" and these words were accompanied by a look of reproach and anxiety that made stronger impression on the tardy Andrew than could the most violent fury.

"Mostha, only gi' me time to scrape my senses together—*mahurp-on-duoul*!\*—oh, Chrosh-Christha!" And he drew his thumb over his forehead, as, conscience-smitten at his own untimely impiety, he looked around. "We must bar cursin' an' swearin' till we get out o' this, anyhow. But if ye war to see what myself seen, you wouldn't spake a word for this good twelvemonth to come. Well, Pierce, a-roon, I'll try to think of it, an' don't be lookin' so dismal. I'd better

begin at the first settin'-out. Well: I stretched myself down here afore the fire, an' fell a-sleepin'. Whenever it happens that I don't sleep in my own nat'ral bed, Pierce, agra, I always an' ever have some unlucky dhramas; an' so it turned out this time. I thought to myself I seen poor Alley lyin' on the flure, forment me, a corpse like, only there was no one to wake her or keen her; an' some baste, like a cat, bud as big as a year-ould calf, at his work pickin' out her eyes, an' makin' away wid 'em. An' I dhramed Alley got up, of a sudden, an' came over to me, without walkin'. Never an eye in her head, only the bare sockets. Then I gives my bawl, as I thought to myself, an' was broad awake in a minute. Bud, it's well I wish I never stopped sleepin' an' dhrahmin' ever sence, bad as it was to me at that present time.

"When I awoke sure I thought, at the first goin' off, I was still snorin', and hadn't wakened at all. I rubbed my eyes hard wid my knuckles to make sartin. Fur it was then I seen what was enough to kill dead any Christian creature—standin' close by you, Shamus"—Shamus started, his flesh began to quiver, and his strong gray hair to stir his old hat. "Standin' close by you there was a *thigha*,\* fresh cum out o' the ground—the windin'-sheet had the clay all over id. Her eyes, red as fire, stared into mine; not the laste like any of ours—blest be the hearers!—bud, for all the world, as if you rammed two red coals into a skull you'd get in a churchyard. An' there was nothin' on the fatures of her, or it, or whatever the Duoul (och! whist, Andy; don't let one of us say the Duoul's name again for the wide world)—nothin' bud the bare bones. Myself gave one screech, when she put out her hand, with the mate scraped as clane from it as any of us could scrape a bone the hungriest day he ever saw; an' then not a word I could let out. She stepped across the fire, an' was for comin' straight upon me, when God put it into my head to bless myself an' say my prayers. Faith, the first word was enough for her. Aha! she didn't like that sort o' talk I'm thinkin'—(but that's betwixt ourselves). It's little of it goes far wid 'em, where she came from; so out she druv through that weeny split in the wall as asy as myself 'ud go out in the dour beyant. An'—but, tunther-an'-ouns! (God forgive me!) Do ye mind that?"

On his knees Andy again dropped, and into his old position. Not forgetting his prayers, he extended his arms, and stared in a paroxysm of terror, as if on some object, towards the gloom that pervaded the entrance to the apartment. The others, at once conceiving the cause of this sudden change in his manner, slowly turned round, and saw an object, in whitish drapery, move along the passage leading down the stairs of the building. Pierce Shea was the only one who had sufficient hardihood instantly to follow. The rest stood without motion or word. Alone, therefore, he ran forward, and was quickly lost in the darkness without.

This roused the anxiety, if not the courage, of Andy, who loudly blubbered forth: "Oh, murther, murther, boys! an' will ye lave him to his death? Musha, then,

\* A curse.

\* Ghost.



won't *you* do nothin' to help the gorgoon, Shamus? Paudge, won't *you* run after him? Mille murder! is this the way *ye* sarve the poor fellow?"

Paudge seemed the most collected of the three. As for old Shamus, he looked quite confounded with terror, and could only ask:

"For what would we go? What good would the likes of us do against a *thigha*?"

"Murther!" still cried Andy—"he'll be bet to chaff! Och! an' nobody near him to put him in mind of his prayers! Paudge, won't *you* go?"

"An' what's the *raison* *you* don't go yourself, Andy?" asked Paudge, able to enjoy the frenzy of his more credulous companion, and to exert his own natural propensity for a joke.

"It's fitter for him than for us," said Shamus.

"Not a bit," rejoined Paudge. "Only he knows the *thigha* has more ill-blood to him than to any other, 'case why, she was listenin' to all he said of her." Andy groaned an assent.

"But come, boys," Paudge went on: "we'll go altogether, to end disputes."

"For certain that's the only way," said Andy. "Bud *you*, Shamus, agra, *you* have your prayers better than myself or Paudge, by far. Little blame to *you*; *you're* ould enough to be the father of us, an' had the time for it. An' so, Shamus, *you'll* go first."

"To be sure he will," said Paudge. "There isn't a man in the parish has 'em so pat, an', as the *soggarth*\* says, to your shame an' mine, Andy."

Shamus's mettle was touched in the only susceptible point. On a small scale he played the saint among his friends, with a zeal worthy of a more conspicuous sphere of action: his character was now at stake, and not even the most mortal terror could sway him from keeping it up.

"Never say it again," he answered, with a laughable effort at a bold tone and manner; and out of the chamber he issued, repeating the Lord's Prayer in Irish, and in a loud voice. Paudge followed and Andy brought up the rear, from pure apprehension of being left by himself.

They paused at the head of the twisted staircase. "Whisht!" said Shamus, in an emphatic whisper.

"Go on with the prayers, Shamus, honey," besought Andy, very imploringly.

"Come down! come down!" cried Pierce, from the apartment below.

"Oh, Veeha-vaughat!" exclaimed Andy, "she has a bould of him, an' he won't have a bone left!" And all at once abandoning his personal fears, in his strong love for his foster-brother, he ran forward, jostling the others aside, and continued with such impetuosity that he tumbled nearly from the top to the bottom of the stairs. But, though severely bruised, Andy was on his legs in a moment, loudly vociferating:

"Pierce Shea!—Pierce Shea, a-chorra!"

"Here I am, Andy," said Pierce, much nearer to Andy than he had imagined. He started back, and

shouted still louder, at the sudden and close sound of his voice.

"But are *you* dead or alive, a-vourneen?" he continued, recovering his senses.

"I'm no worse than I was, Andy."

"Are *you* sure *you're* not spiled entirely, a-cushlamachree?" groping about in the impenetrable darkness, then coming in contact with Pierce, and feeling him all over.

"An' didn't the *thigha* give *you* never a sthuch, or bate *you*, at-all-at-all?"

"I told *you* before, Andy, I have met no hurt nor harm."

"Musha, then, God speed her! Bud," lowering his voice and feeling for Pierce's ear, which he held while he whispered into it—"bud I hope she's gone, for-good-an'-all?"

"She's in this room, whatever she is." Pierce stood at the door of an inner apartment.

"Och, presarve us? Hadn't we better lave her her own way, a-vich?" The other men now bobbed up against him; he had not heard their approach, the wind howled so loudly.

"Murther!—who's that!" he bawled out.

"It's only myself, Andy," answered Paudge.

"*You* must go back, Andy," resumed Pierce, "and get me a lighted stick from the fire. I'll search this place."

"Oh, then, Pierce, agra, don't think of such a thing, if *you* have a regard for me."

"Or," continued Pierce, "*you* three guard the door where I now stand, and I'll be down to *you* in a minute." He reascended the stairs.

"He's for ruinin' himself!" exclaimed Andy, then in confidential whisper to the others:

"An', boys, wouldn't we be the three greatest *omad-havus*\* in the world to be stoppin' any honest *thigha* that maues us no harm?"

His companions silently assented, and all withdrew towards the stairs, leaving unobstructed the passage through the outward door. There was a rustle. They elbowed each other, Andy scarcely able to keep in his voice. A moment after they saw distinctly the much-dreaded *thigha* make her exit through the open door into the moonshine abroad, which had just begun to struggle to the earth through the thick clouds and drizzling rain, and of which they were the more sensible, as it formed so strong a contrast with the intense darkness in the apartment.

"Paudge! did *you* see anything?" whispered Andy.

"For sartin I did, Andy."

"Shamus, did *you*?"

"Oh, oh!" moaned Shamus.

"It's nigh-hand mornin'," Andy continued, "and she can't come back, plase God."

"I hope not, blessed be His Holy Name!" said Shamus.

"An' wasn't it a great good luck we warn't in her road, Shamus? She'd cripple us for ever. But, boys,

\* Priest.

† Virgin-mother.

\* Naturalis.

for your lives, don't tell poor Pierce a word of her goin' out. He'd be thrapsin' afther her thro' the rain and an' wind, an' get his killin'! Little do we know where she'd entice him, or if we'd ever see his face again. Don't let on we seen her at all."

"You spake raison," they replied.

Pierce's foot was now heard descending; and he found his valiant men at their post. In his hand he bore a brand from the fire, but it emitted no flame, and of course gave no light. He entered the dark inner room, followed by the others, with their newly-acquired courage, derived from the certainty of having nothing to fear. Blowing with his breath, he endeavored to create a glare. The brand flickered a little, but not sufficiently to enable him to distinguish any object, and he gave up the task.

"We have no more wood to light a new fire," said Pierce, "but here will we watch till morning dawns." And all expostulation was useless to turn him from his purpose.

The "tardy-gaited night" wore away, and the dull and cheerless beams of a damp winter's morning crept over the drooping scene without. But the light brought to Pierce's mind no elucidation of the mystery of the darkness. He searched and searched, and had his labor for his pains, the men closely keeping their own secret.

He ordered them to prepare for a renewed sally after Crohoore and Alley, resolving to spend this day even more assiduously than the former one; his spirit was lashed almost to madness at the thought of the fruitless lapse of time since his mistress had been torn from him. The men engaged themselves with the horses, and Pierce walked out to view the promise of the morning. He had been but a few minutes gone, when those within heard a loud shout, some distance from the castle. They hurried out to learn the cause.

Pierce was flying down the descent of the hill, like the eagle sweeping on his quarry. At some distance before, peculiarly distinguishable by his shuffling movement, yet at the top of man's utmost speed, darted forward Crohoore, the murderer. He had the skirt of his heavy outside coat slung across one arm, and in the other hand he held a short gun.

"There they are, at it, after all! There they are!" the men exclaimed, pausing almost at the first step that commanded a view of the fierce race. Indeed, the distance between them and the contenders rendered useless any immediate attempt at approach; the contest must end before they could come up to either. At least so they thought; or else consternation at the sudden occurrence overpowered their senses, and fixed them to the spot.

"Run, run, Crohoore-na-bilhoge!" exclaimed Andy, clapping his hands. "The swiftest foot in Clarah is after you!"

"An' run your best, too, Pierce Shen!" echoed Pudge. "Your mother's son never had such a match before him!"

"He *does* run his best," shouted old Shamus, "an' cannot gain an inch on the *sheeoy*!"

"*Dar-a-Christ!* No! but he loses many!" rejoined Pudge.

The hill-wather, sent down by the night's hard rain, is now afore 'em both, an' that must end it!" Andy went on, with increased energy. "The banks are brimful! See how it tears along, over stone and rock, a good seven yards across! Mortal man can't clear that! Aye, Pierce, agra, there you'll have him! Run, run, an' don't give him the turn to the bridge! My bouchal you war! Run! *Dar Dieu!* bud it's a wicked race between them!"

Here all the men at last set forward to the scene of struggle, Pudge crying out, as he bounded along:

"Hould him there, now, Master Pierce, an' we'll tie him well for you."

The fugitive had gained the verge of the boiling torrent. He paused a second, gave a glance behind, to measure his distance from his pursuer; pitched over his gun, flung off his outside coat, and drew back some yards for a run. This delay brought Pierce Shea within a few feet of his game. Panting, and already anticipating a seizure, his arm was extended—his fingers touched Crohoore's shoulder—he shouted out—when the pursued flew forward, again won the brink, bounded from it like a bird, and cleared the dangerous water. Pierce was at its edge as Crohoore's feet lightly landed on the other side. He did not hesitate. He also drew back, ran, made the spring, fell headlong in, and was swept away with resistless fury.

The men behind cried out in terror and anguish. Crohoore had wheeled round after his leap, as if conscious of his safety, and saw his pursuer whelmed in the roaring torrent. Instantly he ran with its course. The young man disappeared, rose again, flung his arms convulsively about, gave a piteous and despairing cry, and once more the muddy wave rolled, shrieking in triumph, over him. Crohoore gained, still running, a spot where, at his side, the wild stream struck and eddied against the bank. There he stopped, his eye firmly watching the waters, and his gun pointed.

Again the men called out, and Andy Houlohan, in a key above the rest, exclaimed:

"May my sowl never see glory, but he'll shoot him when he rises!" and, on the word, he covered Crohoore with a pistol, and pulled the trigger. The flint only struck fire. Crohoore, though he must have been aware of Andy's movement, did not notice it, but stood still fixedly on the watch. There was no time to aim another pistol at him, when the drowning man, whirled violently by the current, came thump against the bank, and a second time rose to the surface. Crohoore, on his knee, in an instant reached out the gun, stopped him, and wheeled him into the eddy, from the fury of the stream. Then seizing Pierce by the hair, he drew him up, to all appearance lifeless.

But, placing the helpless head on his knee, and letting it hang downwards, Crohoore shook him, till the water rushed out of his mouth and nose, and a heavy moan bespoke returning life. Then he rubbed the temples and the hands; placed him sitting with his back against a thick and high turf of rushes, and deliberate-



ly advanced to the verge of the water as if to speak with the men at the other side. They, utterly surprised and confounded, shrank, although the wide torrent was between, a few steps backward. They knew not what to think; they had expected to see him do another murder.

Crohoore addressed them.

"For what stop ye there?—Speed your ways round by the bridge, and never mind the leap. I can't stop here, and Pierce Shea wants a hand to help him." With that he turned to go away.

"Stand your ground, Crohoore!"—shouted Andy, who, now that no *thigha* was in question, might be called a brave fellow—"Stand your ground!—or, budge an inch, this way or that, an' I'll send the contents o' this through your body!"—and he presented a musket.

Crohoore paused a moment. His face turned to them, he smiled in savage scorn and indifference. When he moved again, Andy's gun, and two pistols held by Pauge and Shamus, were snapped at him—but only snapped, for, as in the former case, the powder did not even blaze in the pans. He, a second time, faced round, pushed the hat from his eyes, and approached as near as the water would let him.

"You're just a set of foolish *sprissaurins*,"\* he said contemptuously. "Do you think I'd stop where I am, if I had any fear your guns could do me harm?—The life of one of ye is now in my hands if I had a mind to take it." And to confirm his words, he fired his piece into the air, deliberately reloaded, and while 'so employed, added:

"Do as I bid you. Bring the gorgoon where he can have heat and comfort, or his death be on your heads, not mine."

Crohoore finally turned away, walked leisurely over the bog, and, crossing a near eminence to the left, was lost to their view, long before the men, though they ran almost as soon as he moved, had gained the rustic bridge, which, at a considerable distance up the stream, gave safe passage to the other side.

Pierce Shea was conveyed home, in a very exhausted state. The torture of his mind and the sufferings of his body brought on, as the old chronicler at the wake had truly related, a bad fever. When past danger, his recovery was slow, owing to his impatience to be well; and two months elapsed before he was able to renew the search for his mistress.

## CHAPTER VI.

BUT while Pierce himself was rendered incapable of pursuing the ravisher of his mistress, a substitute appeared in the person of one from whom no such zeal or friendship could have naturally been expected.

Jack Doran was the son of an opulent gentleman farmer, who lived two miles nearer the city of Kilkenny than did Ned Shea, Pierce's father, or Tony Dooling. His sire we may well call a profligate old fellow: he

had never married, and, of his many offspring, all were illegitimate. Reared up without a mother's care, and with the loose example of his father before his eyes, it is not to be wondered that Jack lacked morals. He was known as a dashing fellow—to use the local idiom, "a tatterin' tearin' fellow;" dressing well; doing what he liked; riding a great active horse; the *tout ensemble* of his appearance and figure a medium between the blood of the neighboring town and the rustic *boulamskeech*,\* whose glory was gathered by fighting at fairs and patterns, and drinking inordinate potations of bad beer, in hedge ale-houses. Not that Jack himself did not now and then condescend to eclipse other young fellows at a pattern; then, happy and envied was the girl who had him for a dance, though, it is added, he often left her cause to rue her vanity. Wherever he was, he would be king. And king he was acknowledged to be, even in title: Rhiah Doran, or King Doran, being generally his appellation. Then, although no vulgar fighter, Jack could command, at pleasure, all the fighting "boys," that is, the most wicked or troublesome fellows in the barony. Absolutely reign he had, just as he wished it: none dared say him nay; for treason to Rhiah Doran begat a broken head. In person he was robust and well-formed; but with features hard and harsh, and disagreeable to look at. From his father he had plenty to spend, without doing anything for it. So, indeed, on the same easy terms, had his numerous brothers and half-brothers; none of them ever attending, in any way, to the old gentleman's extensive and profitable farms, from one end of the year to the other. How that liberal giver, as well as beggetter, contrived to keep all his glory up, in his own person as well as theirs—for he lived as gayly and idly as any of his offspring—appeared to many, notwithstanding his considerable land profits, rather surprising. He and they evidently lived above his ostensible means, yet nor he nor they owed a shilling to any one. Head-rents were duly settled, tithe-proctors and tax-gatherers defied, and the old sinner and his brood paid their way, right and left, as they went along, in a dashing hand-gallop, to—the Devil. He had a hidden mine of wealth, it was said. He had found a veritable pot, chokeful of money. The story was differently told, thus by himself:

Passing by a monastic ruin, in a neighboring town, one moonlight night—or morning rather—the old gentleman heard voices within in earnest conversation. The singularity of such a circumstance made him stop. He stole softly to the building, peeped in, and saw three men busily employed digging in the rubbish. They wrought hard and not in silence: from their conversation he could discover that they were digging for nothing more or less than a huge pot of gold, which one of them had three times dreamt was buried in that very place. Suddenly they stopped.

"God save our sows!" said the smallest of the three, "here's something hollow under my spade." "Clear the earth away, quick," said another. And then they

\*Silly fellows.

\**Boulamskeech*.—Some perversion now prevails of the use of this word. Its ancient meaning was fine—*shield-striker*; its present we have glanced at above.

stooped into the hole they had made, and with much puffing and blowing lifted up something, and were just about to place it on the ground.

"When," quoth old Mr. Doran, "a loud screech came from the hole, and then a flash of lightning, and away the three ran, leaving spade, and pick-axe, and everything, behind 'em, the cowardly thifts, that hadn't the courage to stay a moment, and be rich men! For the blessed Name, mentioned by one of 'em, banished the spirit of the person that put all the money there, and, till that moment, had been watching it. He was flying off before their faces, when they cut and ran. I could do no less than step in after them, and take care of the pot. It was too heavy to carry home with me; so I only hid it out of the way, for that time. Many's the night after it cost me to remove it, little by little, to my own house."

From this source, then, it would appear, the old gentleman continued easily to feed his own and his sons' extravagance. Thus turning to a spendthrift account that which might have been better employed, if, as he himself candidly expressed it, the original finders had just had the heart to brave the spirit's scream for the loss of his treasure.

Now, Jack Doran, or Rhiab Doran, eldest son and hope, by the way, of this lucky old night-walker, once danced with Alley Dooling at a wedding, and became desperately enamored. Her then almost childish vanity was pleased at the flattering conquest, and, not weighing consequences, she foolishly coquetted with him. Jack, though a constant declaimer against the shackled state, vouchsafed, after some hard conflicts with himself, to ask her of her father. Notwithstanding the honor intended, his reception was none of the best. Old Tony fell into an unseemly passion; turned him from the door by the shoulders; reproached him with his birth; set the dogs at his heels, and commanded him "never to cross the threshold again, as long as his name was Jack Doran." But, worse than all this, Jack got a glimpse of his fair tormentor, while thus suffering for her sake, and she positively seemed to enjoy his disgrace. He saw her giggle and smile at him, and then, with mock gravity, make him a parting adieu.

No matter. Rhiab Doran was not so easily to be put off, in such a way. He summoned his liegemen, and had recourse to a method then in almost daily practice, and even at this day of frequent occurrence. He watched his opportunity; made a forced *enlèvement*; and, at the head of his bravos, took Alley by force from her father's house.

It was the harvest season, and Pierce Shea had been to Kilkenny to hire a number of reapers, who at that season always repair in swarms to the streets of large towns, awaiting bidders. He was returning home with them, when the screams of a woman drew his notice, and Jack Doran came forward, surrounded by his myrmidons, bearing Alley before him on horseback. Her well-known voice called on Pierce for aid. He sprang to her, seized the horse by the bridle, dragged Jack from the saddle, and

Alley fell into his gallant arms. Then rose the storm of battle. Pierce, seizing a sickle from one of his followers, and with Alley hanging on his arm, bravely defended himself with the other; his reapers manfully assisted him; every sickle was unslung; and they fought as "reapers descended to the harvest of death," rather than to the cutting of the peaceful crops that awaited their gathering.

But they were inferior in numbers, as also in desperation, to Doran's party, and, we may add, in arms, and the arts of using them: for murderous alpeens, wielded by the most experienced hands, and blithe and ready for just such a field, came down upon them on every side. Victory seemed to declare for Jack, who now, watching his time, aimed a crushing blow at Pierce, still encumbered by his senseless charge. The young man partly broke its force with his sickle, but it nevertheless wounded him severely in the temple: in return, he gave his assaulter a frightful gash, that laid the cheek open from eye to jaw; tauntingly remarking, at the same time, that he thus bestowed on him a mark that, one day or other, would help to hang him.

In this doubtful state of the battle, a timely reinforcement, headed by old Tony Dooling, and his neighbor, old Ned Shea, came up. Doran and his army were driven from the field, and Alley borne home in triumph by her lover, both covered with blood; he with his own and Rhiab Doran's, and she with the warm stream that flowed from his temples. This adventure extinguished altogether Alley's desire for extensive conquests: her undivided heart was gratefully given to her wounded champion and preserver. During his cure she was his attendant, and dressed his wounds with her own pretty hands. And her soft smile, her tearful eye, and perhaps the honey of her lips—but of this one cannot be positive, as young maidens scarcely ever wish for more than one witness on such occasions—tended more to his recovery than all the salves and cataplasms made up by all the old doctresses in the parish; though many there were of great celebrity in the neighborhood as rural physicians.

At the time of our history, such an outrage as that perpetrated by Jack Doran was looked upon more as a chivalrous exploit, deserving of praise for the danger to be run, and the courage and boldness necessary in the execution, than as a breach of the law, subjecting the doers to the law's most awful punishment. We question if, to this moment, the technical "abduction" has any meaning or translation among even the second or third generations of the same people. Anthony Dooling took, therefore, no legal notice of the transaction, thinking that the ill-success of the enterprise, and the ugly wound inflicted on the principal actor, were a sufficient visitation for the outrage.

This affair took place the harvest before the opening of the story, and is here related in order that the following dialogue may be understood. The speakers are old Ned Shea and Jack Doran; the scene in Shea's house; the accompaniment a huge jug of strong ale, home-brewed, of course, and then the only common drink of those who could not every day afford wine.



"Give me your hand, Jack. *Dhar law ma chórdius chreete!*\* but I'll have a hearty shake at it. A good right you have to be the bitter enemy of all belonging to Tony Dooling—rest his sowl!—and to me and mine: and where's the man but yourself would be the friend instead of the foe?—My notion of you always was that you were a scatter-brain-o'-the-devil, a raking, rollicking fool of a fellow, but with the heart in the right place; and that makes up for all. I had a drop o' the same blood in me myself, once upon a time, as everybody knows."

"For what should I keep up my ill-will, Ned? Poor Tony used me badly, to be sure; but he's now in his grave; and we hold no malice to the dead. As to Pierce, poor fellow, he did no more to me than I'd have done myself to him, had I met him on the same spot, running away with my *colleen*† from me. And, as for the reaping he gave me,"—holding up his finger to his seamed cheek, which had considerably drawn the muscles of the mouth at that side of the face, and now, when he assumed a careless grin, gave a twisted and rather hideous expression to the seat of risibility—"why, it was only to say, 'thank you, kindly, Jack,' for what I lent him, a minute before. I was doting foolish about Alley, Ned, at that time; and am no way backward to say I have a hankering regard for her to this day. But I didn't know that herself and Pierce were contracted, or I'd have run my hand into the fire rather than do what I did. I thought she had no great dislike to my ugly face—it wan't so ugly then as it is now, you know"—and he grinned again, in such sort that, though it must have been meant to make a good impression, old Ned felt uneasy and queerish, and shifted himself on his chair—"and I thought, Tony—rest his sowl!—the only bar between us. But all's past and gone, and forgot and forgiven. I'll show her and Pierce that I love them both still, as I told you before. For I'll turn the country upside-down to give her to the boy of her heart; bad end to me, but I will!"

"Och! never fear you, *ma bouchal!* An' it's your own self can do it!" exclaimed Ned Shea, again clasping the hand of his guest.

"Yes, Ned. I make bold to say there's not that other man in the country able to hunt her out as soon as myself. 'The boys' are ready to go thro' fire and water at the turn of my hand, and we have them far and near, at a pinch. It must go hard if that limb-o'-the-devil, Crohoore, can hold out against me, when once I set about ferreting him, which I *will* do, day and night, from this blessed moment."

"*Slawn-tha-guth,* Jack! I hope poor Pierce will live to give you the thanks you deserve. But the gorgoon is in a bad way now, Jack"—the old man let a tear drop into his cup—"I pray God to leave me my only child. But, living or dead, he'll never be the same to me if Alley is gone from us, or what's worse, a ruined creature. Come, Jack, here's long life and prosperity to you, and may you have the present wish of your heart!"

"Thank you, thank you, Ned. And now fill again."

\* "By the hand of my gossip!" a common asseveration among the old folk.

† *Colleen*, young lass.

He stood up and raised his glass, while he slowly said—"a speedy uprise to Pierce. And when he recovers, may he get Alley from my hand just as I'd like to give her!"

They both gulped down the toast, holding each other's hand. As he resumed his seat, Jack gave the old man's fist an additional squeeze of great vehemence, while he exclaimed:

"Ruin my soul, Ned Shea, but that *is* the present wish of my heart!"

Who and of what kind were "the boys," upon whose assistance Doran so confidently reckoned, now seems an inquiry of some weight and interest.

The time of our story is placed in that period when Whiteboyism first began to appear in Ireland. Laboring under the excessive penal code then in full operation, though since partly repealed, and excluded by one of its enactments from even an opportunity to become educated, and so gain an enlightened, or at least temperate view of their own situation, the Irish peasantry, neglected, galled, and hard-driven, in poverty, bitterness, and ignorance, without competent advisers, without leaders a step above themselves, and scarcely with an object, wildly endeavored to wreak vengeance upon, rather than obtain redress from, the local agents of some of the most immediate hardships that maddened them. First of all, there was, doubtless, a religious frenzy to urge them on. They saw their creed denounced, their form of worship, under heavy penalties, interdicted. They knew that some years before their priests had been hunted like foxes, and forced to hide in caves and other places of concealment, from the keen scent and vengeance of the most insignificant professors of the rival religion, who, with impunity, took arms in their hands to enforce the rigid letter of an almost exterminating law, still to their knowledge unrepealed. In the very district in which the scene of our tale is laid—and the anecdote is put forward as one laying claim to strict belief—a rustic congregation had once assembled, with their priest, in the open air, to perform their devotions, when three or four mean mechanics of the other persuasion appeared with guns in their hands, fired among the crowd, killed some, and wounded the clergyman, as, like the Scotch Covenanter of old, he preached to his flock in the wilderness.

Such occurrences operating upon the mind of the wretched and uneducated peasant, who had not intellect or patience to weigh logical distinctions, begot a hatred to the opposite creed as rancorous as it was whole and entire. He hated it because it was the privileged one; because his own was persecuted; because he attributed to its spirit the civil excommunication against him and his priests, and even the petty and gratuitous annoyances he suffered from its lowest professors. And in such a state of feeling he found himself, while already ground down by unnatural rack-rents, compelled to contribute to the support, in splendor and superiority, of that very rival church. In fact, to pay to its ministers the hard-earned pittance he could not afford to his own. This view of his situation first made the Irish peasant a Whiteboy

But perhaps the exquisite tyranny of the merciless being into whose hands the collection of tithes had fallen gave the immediate spur to his headlong and often savage course. With this supposition we shall summon Peery Clancy, tithe-proctor, at the era of our history, for the parish of Clarah, to stand at once before us.

Having failed in every speculation of early life, and become old without credit to himself; having been twice in jail—once for debt and once for sheep-stealing—Peery Clancy, at fifty years of age, blazed forth a tithe-proctor. He was a waddling, lively old fellow, with a curious struggle of expression in his hard features, and a queer jumble in his manners. The stern bully was on his pursed brow and in his clenched teeth; but, when you looked fixedly at him, there appeared, in his rambling eyes, a shuffling consciousness that he had not earned your good opinion. And there was in the general wincing and uneasiness of his person, particularly in the awkward rising, and falling, and see-sawing of his arms, as he spoke to you, something like the fidgets of the shamefaced child, that often dreaded and deserved a whipping. A certain air of purse-pride ran, meantime, through all this. Once in his presence, you would disagreeably feel he was a man who, however aware he might be of the contempt of the world, possessed, in spite of obloquy, or even of the threat and danger to which he stood exposed, resolution of character to act his part without flinching.

His clothes, of good texture, were made half after the country fashion, half after that of the town. He wore his hat hangingly, with the fur brushed the wrong way, to convince, at a look, that it was superior to the common felt vulgarly worn. His many-colored silk handkerchief, his coat of good broadcloth, composed of as much material as would make two of your modern cut, and his kerseymere small-clothes and leg-gings, really gave him a look of wealth and of superiority of some kind.

His speech was not made up of rude assertions and frightful oaths. When among those who should bow to his preeminence and tolerate his insolence, it was full of obscene jests and ribald humor, little becoming his gray hairs. Before his last change of profession, Peery had been as bare as Job in his worst day; now, however, his coffers were strong, and he could command a round thousand.

A round thousand, earned, principally, by squeezing from the very, very poorest, their last acid shilling; *they* were his best profit; his fat of the land, his milk and honey. Such as could at once afford to pay his exorbitant demands, did so, no matter how unwilling, and got rid of him. But the wretched being, who, from the rising of the sun till many hours after his setting, was bent beneath the first malediction of heaven, yet gained thereby but a scanty supply of the meanest food, rags for his covering, and despair for an inmate (among many others) of the hovel, that did not keep off the inclemency of the weather—this was the prey that Peery contrived to gripe, with a gripe never relaxed till he had crushed his victim.

He called for his tithe. Perhaps the time was not auspicious to dispose of the little crop, or perhaps it was not matured. From any cause, no matter what, Dermid could not pay him. Peery, as an indulgence, suggested a note of hand. If Dermid could write his name, the bill was executed in form; if not, after many bungling attempts to feel or hold the pen in his horny fingers, he set his mark to it. Time wore on; the bill became due; but the amount was still not in the way. Peery vouchsafed some of his rude jests to the daughter or wife, which, though they made them blush, were, perforce, swallowed as a mark of good will by Dermid, who, forcing himself to laugh, handed a *douceur*, and the note of hand was renewed. Meantime, the crop has been unprofitable, or the landlord has seized it for his rent. From the unexpected smallness of the receipts, or the law costs attending the seizure, to say nothing of various other casualties, there is no provision to meet the assiduous Peery, who again makes his appearance. Dermid sells some of his potatoes; by stinting himself and his family of even this miserable and only food he gives another *douceur*. When payment is the third time demanded, he is worse off than ever. Peery sees the state of affairs. He begins to scowl; thunders out fearful oaths that he must be paid. And abruptly departs to put his threat into execution.

The demand may not exceed—how much will the affluent or easy reader think?—one pound. Peery issues what is called a citation to the ecclesiastical courts. This increases the sum more than double. There is a decree; and this again is followed by a civil process. The law generally allows one shilling and one penny (Irish) for the trouble of filling the blanks in the process. Peery generally takes this trouble on himself, that is, fills them himself, and pockets, to use his own language, *the thirteen*. The same sum is allowed for the service upon the party. Peery employs a needy understrapper to serve, at twenty pence per day and two “throws” of whisky, one hundred unlucky parties; here he again “fobs” the difference. Thus, Dermid incurs still more debt, and Peery makes still more money. The understrapper, promising the whole weight of his vast friendship on the occasion, than which nothing is further from his power or will, contrives to pick up his shilling, too, at the very moment he serves the process.

The sessions come on; Dermid vainly prays for indulgence. By some desperate shift he contrives to scrape together the sum first demanded; but learns, in affright and consternation, that it is now trebled. He cries out that he is ruined; wrings his wretched hands; perhaps the broken-spirited and contemptible man weeps; and perhaps is, at that very moment, reminded by Peery, “that sure his well-lookin’ wife or daughter might aisyly get him the money.” Full to the chin with rage he cannot vent, Dermid returns home. His case comes on before the “county barrister;” and, as the mild and sapient lawgivers of the session court term it, he is decreed. His only horse or cow is carried off. Peery brings the animal to public street-auction, and, at one-fourth of the value, knocks it down to—



himself; and then sells it at a good profit. He charges his reverend employer with the expenses for the recovery of Dermid's tithe; against this charge sets the auction-price of the horse; and it sometimes happens that the clergyman is a loser by the transaction.

Need it be observed that, through the whole course of this affair, Peery, and Peery alone, had the advantage? He got the two douceurs from Dermid; he filled the process; he got it served at a profit of eight hundred per cent.; he gained two pounds, at least, on the cow or horse; and, at last, bamboozled and robbed his reverend employer, and sat down in the evening, over a bumper of whiskey punch, to drink (his poor mother calling him a Roman Catholic) long life to the minister's tithes, and may they never fail him!

This is no fancy-sketch. The man and the statements are carefully copied from the life and the facts. And if it be doubted that, exactly at the time of this narration, such a man as Peery did not figure, we can only engage to produce, at a fair warning, as many living fac-similes as may be specified. Observing, that an original for our picture, at the present hour, ought to entitle us to lay claim to an original for it half a century earlier. For society may have improved, the arts and sciences may have advanced, the Bastille may have been torn down in one country, and the Inquisition abolished in another; but the Irish tithe-proctor of this day, and the Irish tithe-proctor of fifty years ago, are individuals of one and the same species.

And what has become of Dermid? Why, he attended the sessions-court to hear himself decreed. He attended the sale of his "baste," to see it knocked down for a song. He turned towards his home, hastily concluding that, for the poor man and the Papist, there was no law or mercy in the land. He continued his long walk, chewing the ever-rising cud of this bitter, and desperate, and obstinate thought. He brought to mind, at the same time, all the life's labor and sweat he had uselessly expended. He crossed the threshold of his puddled hovel, and heard his children squalling for food; and then he turned his back upon them. He walked hastily abroad; gave a kick to the idle spade he met on his way, and sought out some dozen Dermids or Paddies similarly situated with himself. Between them they agreed to take the tithe-proctors and the laws of tithes into their own hands; proposed silly oaths to each other: and the result was "the boys" of whom Jack Doran made mention, called, without abbreviation, Whiteboys.

## CHAPTER VII.

RHIAH DORAN strictly adhered to the voluntary promise he had given old Ned Shea, and sought Crohoore in every place that could be supposed to afford him secrecy and shelter.

As before stated, it was the general opinion that Crohoore had not removed from the neighborhood, he being frequently seen, even at a late period; always

alone, and walking at a quick pace, his short gun in his hand; and from those who thus casually encountered him, or who averred so, not seeming to shun any observation. But his pursuers vainly looked to meet him; their path he never crossed. And while Rhiah Doran put all his wits to work, and in every way availed himself of the assistance of his subjects, over the extensive range of country under his obedience—thus, it might be said, having on the alert every eye for six miles round—all proved to no purpose. Crohoore-nabilhoge, or Crohoore of the billhook, the surname given to him since the murder, was still at large.

But notwithstanding the allegiance due to King Doran, a principle had gone abroad that powerfully operated in Crohoore's favor and served to counteract the general zeal that might otherwise, by determined combination, have speedily delivered him into the hands of his pursuers. This was nothing else than a now firm opinion, established in the minds of the population of the whole country, arising out of the broad hints given at the wake and fully credited (as we have already seen), that Crohoore lived in constant intercourse with "the good people," and was under their sovereign protection. Those who have had local opportunities to observe, at the period we deal with, the mental habits of the peasantry of Ireland and the devoted belief in the fairy superstition, will at once accede to the probability of such a statement. To those we appeal, and leave it for them to determine whether or not we outstep, in the present instance, the modesty of nature.

It happened about this time that, having received private and anonymous intelligence (the informant, divided between his fears and his conscience, thus subtly trying to cheat the devil in the dark), that Crohoore might be come on in a particular direction, Doran led a select party to the ground, and remained anxiously on the watch. It was night. For some hours they guarded together one point. Then the leader left a sentinel there, and withdrew his main body to search in another and nearer quarter. The man thus posted alone, having been wearied with much previous fatigue, unconsciously dropt asleep. How long he slept is unknown, when he was aroused by a smart slap on the shoulders, and desired to stir himself. "Yes, yes, avich, I'm comin'," said the man, scrambling up. Ye have the bloody dog at last, have ye?"

He was now on his legs, and, facing round, saw, instead of the comrade he had expected, "the bloody dog" himself, standing within a few yards of him, his short gun held to his hip, as if prepared for instant action. The valiant as well as watchful sentinel started back. Crohoore advanced a step on him, and spoke in a cautious tone.

"Stand where you are, man; I have no mind to harm you. Thady, where's the little sense I thought you had? Loosin' your night's-rest to no purpose? Mind your own, callin', Thady Muldowny, an' never mind me. I give the advice, let you follow it, or, as sartin as we both stand here, you'll live to sorely rue it. Jack Doran an' the other boys

are down at Tom Murphy's barn, lookin' afther me: that's all they'll have for it, as you yourself sees. Go to 'em; say I sent you; say you were spakin' a bit to me, and tell 'em the same words I tould you. Go to your ways, Thady, an' remember the friendly warnin' I give. Keep to your warm bed by nights, for the future." He waved his arm in the direction he wished Thady to travel, then turned on his heel the opposite way, and, to Thady's mortal joy, was quickly out of view. Thady, by the way, attributing to Crohoore's clemency only the remains of the breath by aid of which he continued to mutter all the while his bugbear was visible: "Lord save us; Lord protect an' save us. Praise be to God!"

Running with all his might, Thady gained the barn mentioned by Crohoore, and there, indeed, found his companions where he had been told to look for them. He did not fail to relate the adventure, with some little additions, calculated effectually to disguise the fact of his own drowsiness and subsequent inanity. From this night forward few were found willing to engage personally in the pursuit after Crohoore. The hint given to Thady Muldowen appeared to have reason in it. Mortal might, when put in competition with a person who was concealed and fondled by the mischief-doing "good people," seemed not only useless, but extremely dangerous in the main. And so, except Rhiiah Doran himself, and one or two others, who were either superior to the general superstition, or wished, in the teeth of their qualms, to establish a character for unparalleled courage, all refrained from an experiment which was likely, if persevered in, to entail bewitched cows, blighted faces, withered limbs. Aye, even the whole and entire abduction of themselves or their children, whichever happened to be the most comely, with nothing but a besom or the handle of a pitchfork left in their place, and changed by the hands of the good people into a general likeness of the corpse of the person thus ravished, while the victim passed a life of deception, jollity, and splendor in the fairy hall contrived within some neighboring "rath."

Doran, however, continued fixed and faithful to his purpose. He was invariably on Crohoore's track whenever he could indirectly hear a whisper of his probable motions. To those who wondered at his foolhardiness, and still more at his exemption from hurt or harm, he jocosely said he had got a charm from a fairy-doctor that preserved him in a whole skin. And this plea, although it might have been meant in jest, was argument sound and good with those who boasted no such talisman against the fantastic devilities of the spiteful little race, whom they thought mischievous, while they pronounced them "good," and who thus, like all dangerous despots, came in for that

—"Mouth-honor, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not."

Perhaps Doran gained, by his assiduity, one or two points of some value to him, apart from the self-gratification and reward of doing a generous and humane action. In the first place, his readiness to forget old grievances, incurred from Pierce Shea, and Alley and

her father, bought him "golden opinions from all sorts of people." His coming forward so actively to guard in adversity the interests of those who, having once been his friends, had changed into his bitterest foes, made a popular impression the fervency of which no words could express. Even by the soberest of his neighbors, Jack Doran's bad qualities were now forgotten. Another advantage resulted that, in all probability, he prized still more. "The boys" of the district applauded his intrepidity to the skies, and whispers arose, not lost on Doran's quick ear, that the whole barony did not contain another man so fit to lead them on nocturnal expeditions of a different kind, to concentrate their strength, and direct their half-conceived views. In fact to be their captain.

Things were in this state, when Pierce Shea, after his illness of two months, was at length able to resume, in his own person, the pursuit after Alley and the murderer of her parents. Doran's manly conduct had reached his ear from a hundred admiring tongues: his father brought them together, and Pierce could not avoid feeling gratitude and full forgiveness towards his old rival. When Doran once more renewed his offer to join him in all future operations, a bond of amity was immediately formed between them; hands were over and over shaken; Old Ned shouted forth his joy and approbation; the cup was more than once pledged to success; and the young men called each other the greatest friends in the world.

But, seemingly assisted, and cautiously followed, by Andy Houlohan,—who at length was the sole creature that from duty or love (other motives were out of question) would venture to track Crohoore through his own green raths, in some one of which they firmly believed him a resident—the united efforts of Shea and Doran proved useless as ever. Night after night, sometimes day and night, they were on foot, or on horseback, over the country. Confused rumors of Crohoore's appearances incessantly, though indirectly, reached them; some of these reports seemed sufficiently bewildering and startling. It was averred, though none dared come forward to authenticate the statements, that the *shingwen* had frequently been seen, at one moment, down by a certain stream, in a certain hollow; and—as a comparison of notes demonstrated—at the next moment, and by a different person, many miles away, sitting on as certain a stone, on the top of as certain a hill, his lank red hair fluttering in the wind, and his red eye turned wistfully off, as if watching the progress of some of his many accommodating messengers, through the extreme distance.

Andy Houlohan need not have given to his foster-brother a more unbounded proof of devoted affection than by at present treading in his footsteps. On proper ground, Andy could have braved and despised, as readily as any man, substantial danger from bludgeon, alpeen, or pistol. But let it not be supposed that an iota of courage now came to aid his love. Of all human beings, arrived at years of maturity (we will not say discretion), Andy Houlohan yielded to supernatural creatures of every denomination, whether *thigha*,



*banshee, fetch phooka or sheeg*, the fullest credence to a dominion, and professed the strongest aversion to a rencountre with any of them, of what class soever. But as the latter race were by far the most numerous, the most intermeddling and the most mischievous, his dread of them bore proportion to his idea of their nature and numerical importance, and, when once out in a lonesome place, never left him. There was one notion, however, which, distinct from his genuine affection for Pierce (and though it still had no feature of courage), helped Andy to persevere in his perilous wanderings. It got, somehow, into his head, that he might be "under God," the happy means of preserving his foster-brother from harm. Less likely things had come to pass. Pierce was hot "from a child up," and, coming in contact (which he must) with the good people, would, if left to himself, be ruined entirely. Andy calculated that the only chance of safety to his *dolth* depended on a prudent or conciliating policy (and as he resolved it should be), upon the obsequious conduct he prescribed for his own adoption in any such appalling predicament.

So, on he followed, picking his steps as cautiously as if the ground were strewn with new-laid eggs,—or, to use his own expression, "as a hen walking over a stubble-field," on through thick and thin, night and morning, after Shea and Doran; still no Crohoore was found. The prepossessions of the country people continued to obstruct all regular inquiry; finally, grown inveterate, they now refused to supply even their former reports of accidental meetings with him.

But if they conceived that Crohoore ought not to be meddled with in consequence of his close connection, identity indeed, with the good people, the magistrates of the county seemed of a different opinion. Daring robberies had lately become frequent. The houses of the rich were broken open at night, and plundered of everything valuable. The very poorest were despoiled of their little pittance. And all this was perpetrated by some unknown and undiscovered gang, every trace of whom had hitherto evaded the civil powers. Now, however, from the stories the magistrates had heard of Crohoore, it struck them that a person showing such a resolution, closeness and cleverness of character was very likely, whatever he might lack in personal prowess, to be the leader of exactly such a band of secret and adroit desperadoes. This strong surmise was confirmed by accounts of his having been often met in the direction where the outrage happened. A reward, immediately subsequent to the murder of the Doolings, had been offered for his apprehension; but the new suspicions mentioned made him an object of increased interest, and the *posse comitatus* were accordingly straining every nerve on the lookout.

Crohoore-na-bilhoge baffled, however, his new pursuers as well as his old. Sometimes our friends, Shea, Doran and Andy, fell in with the other party, and all united, following up some hint proposed on either side, in common chase and common cause. But all efforts went for nothing. The game left them still in fault, and—it was rather extraordinary—without seeming to

be in a whit more dread of apprehension. To the country people, if they were beliefworthy, who dared not molest him, and who chanced to stray out at night, his appearance was as frequent as ever, they meantime keeping all that snug among themselves.

It were but a dull repetition here to give in detail the trifling circumstances attendant upon the daily and nightly search of Pierce Shea, Andy and their new friends, as, up to a certain evening, their toilsome occupation differed only in the different route chosen. But, upon the evening alluded to, an occurrence took place worth recording.

The month of March had begun, when a man from a remote district, sufficiently out of reach of the supernatural tyrants of Clarah, their jurisdiction, or anything to be feared from it, came to Shea's house, where Doran now constantly lived, with information that, but a few hours before, he, the informant, saw Crohoore pass along the hills in the direction of Castlecomer, a village some miles distant. Shea, Doran, and Andy instantly set forward, pressing their spy to join them. But he declined the adventure; even he thinking he had run quite enough hazard by pointing out the way. And Andy agreed with him, and thought it reasonable.

Our friends engaged in this expedition more ardently and with more hopes of success than for a long time they had felt. Their depression was proportionably strong as, after another night of useless toil, they wended homeward, in the cold gray morning, through the little glen of Ballyfoile.

This place, four miles north-east of Kilkenny city, is a romantic dell, formed by hills of considerable height, and of abrupt and almost perpendicular descent, having rather an appearance of art, from the similarity of their form; at some points, approaching each other's bases so closely as not to leave more than eight or ten paces between, while at no part are they more than forty yards asunder. They are clothed to the summit and adown their sides with thick and nearly impenetrable furze-bush, tangled underwood, and dwarf-thorn. Their sides are indented with deep channels, formed by rushing water from above, when, after heavy rain, it falls, with cataract speed, to swell the little brook that, at other times, just trickles through the narrow green slip of valley below. There is nothing of sublimity or grandeur about the spot; yet, to a spectator placed midway up the glen, there is much to create interest. Pent up so closely, no continuous scenery at either hand, nothing but the firmament visible overhead, and, from much abrupt curving, shut out from all view at either end, he would (if a simple and contemplative character, easily acted on by the ever-changing and wondrous aspect of nature) feel that there hung around the place an unusual air of loneliness, making it the fit abode of the prowling fox and timid rabbit, its only inhabitants.

About ninety years ago, this glen was a dark and intricate wood of spreading oak, affording a favorable and favorite rendezvous to a desperate band of freebooters that ruled over the neighborhood, and who were formidable enough, as tradition goes, to de-

feat and pursue in Kilkenny a company of "troopers," sent against them from that city. Since then it has often given the same refuge to persons carrying on the same profession, though on a more contracted scale. Only a few years ago, the last adventurous fellows who levied tribute upon travellers' purses, in the district, lay concealed here for more than a week, while the whole civil force was in pursuit of them, and were at length only apprehended when they sought an asylum elsewhere.

Shea, Doran, and Andy, pursuing their way homeward through this little solitude (which, at the time of our narration, bore nearly the same aspect as it does at present), had gained that part where the hills approach each other nearest. Pierce Shea was a few paces before Doran, and Andy still further in advance, when Pierce thought he heard something like the snap of a lock behind him. He turned quickly round and saw a man, a little at Doran's back, but out of their line of march, in the act of raising a gun to his shoulder, visibly with intent to fire on one of the party. But before Pierce could use any precaution, or before the fellow could pull the trigger, a shot from the opposite hill, grazing Doran's breast, lodged in the arm of the assassin, and the deadly weapon fell from his hand. Shea sprang upon him and held him fast. Andy, who had heard the shot, but was further ignorant of the transaction, made all speed to his foster-brother, and Doran, looking as if confounded at the suddenness of the thing, or else at his own narrow escape, for the ball had cut through the breast of his coat, was the last to turn to the spot.

"Scoundrel!" cried Pierce, "tell me your reason for wishing to take away my life! Did I ever wrong or injure you? I cannot recollect having seen you before."

"Arrah, man, you never done anything to me," answered the surly-looking fellow.

"Why, then, did you aim at my life? I am now sure I was your mark."

"Sure enough!" said the man.

"For what cause, I ask you again?"

"Tunther-an-ouns! How do I know for what? Ax that question of them that sent me to do it. An' don't shake my arm afther that manner: it's smashed enough widout your help."

"And who are they that sent you?"

"Avoch, now!" was the answer.

"Well, God Himself had a hand in it, Master Pierce," here interrupted Andy, who conceived, after some effort, that he had pretty correctly guessed the occurrence. "He was goin' for to shoot you, Pierce, agra, an' see—it's himself he kilt."

Doran drew nearer.

"I'd swear upon the mass-book, Pierce," said he, "that Crohoore-na-billhoge is at the bottom of this cursed affair."

"Don't, then, a-bouchal. Maybe you'd swear in a lie," observed the wounded man. "I got my best arm broke by it, howsomever the Duoul that happened to cum about."

"You'll suffer for this insolence as well as for the rest of the job, you villain," rejoined Doran.

"Villain! Arrah, is that the word wid you? *Dhar-Dieu!* but it will be a sore sayin' to you, or my name isn't Shawn."

"Who was the person that set you on?"—once more asked Shea, shaking him violently.

"Why, there's that honest boy there, says he's ready to swear to him for you."

"Pierce, you'll find I'm right," said Doran. "The first shot from this fellow—"

"You'll never prove that agin me," the assassin interrupted; "I fired no shot—bad loock to the fient for stoppin' me!"

"I heard your piece snap, then," said Shea.

"Nothin' else you heard, agra."

"The first shot," Doran continued, "was meant for you, Pierce; the second for me. And again, I say, I'd lay my life that Crohoore knew of the one, and with his own hands fired the other."

"Answer, is he right?" roared Shea, "or I'll reddan the sod you stand on with your blood! Was it Crohoore fired the shot? Tell me truly, or—" Pierce cocked his pistol.

"Och, avick, you're asy answered," said the man, changing color for the first time; "he that sent me, stands—"

"Stop!" Doran shouted out in a voice of extraordinary triumph. "He stands on the brow of the hill this moment! Look, Pierce, look!"

Shea looked up, and on the brow of the hill saw Crohoore indeed standing, and calmly contemplating the scene below. Instantly he fired and missed him, and Crohoore was in another instant out of sight.

"Here, Doran!" he then said, "take this man to my father's house, and secure him well. Andy, come your ways with me," and he dashed against the abrupt steep, with too much precipitancy to make the mastering it an easy matter, and his progress up through furzes, underwood, and tangled roots, was of course much slower than if he had exerted his strength less, and his judgment more.

But he gained the summit, panting and out of breath; looked around the now wide country, and saw no one. He ran a few steps forward, and stood gazing down into another valley, which was a more open continuation of that he had just quitted, but which, turning quickly round the base of the hill, here met him. The descent he had now to make was much less precipitous than that which he had just clambered up; in fact, only a gentle slope. And opposite was another swell of the same kind, above which stood the old square castle of Ballyfoile, whence the ground imperceptibly sloped, in a high state of cultivation, towards Kilkenny.

There was a field of green corn in the valley, adjoining a pasture where some cows grazed, and where a half-naked boy had his station to prevent trespass, by the cows, or aught else, among the corn. With his hands squeezed tight under his arms to keep them warm, he jiggered to his own whistle, if not with grace or skill, at least with violence enough to prevent the



blood from growing stagnant in the dense cold of the early March morning. To him Shea made all speed.

"Did you see any one come down the hill yonder?" he asked.

"E—ah!" accompanied by a dull stare, was the only answer. Pierce repeated his question.

"Did myself see anybody comin' down from the hill, is it?"

"Yes, a-vich-ma-cree," replied Andy, now behind. "That's the very thing we want to know."

"Then, mostha, bud if that's all, often's the time I did," with a leer, and resuming his jig.

"Bud tell us, a-vourneen, if you seen any one at all at the present time?"

"Tiia-h! pooh-a! *gho-moch-a-sinn!*"\* piped the imp, as if he had not heard the last question, and shaking a stick he held in his hand at a matronly cow, who had just turned round her head, with a wistful look at the nice green corn.

"Will you give me a civil answer?" asked Shea, losing all patience at the loss of time.

"Asy, Pierce, agra, an' lave the Duoul's bird to me," said Andy, in a whisper; then with his most conciliating tone to the boy—

"Tell us, won't you, a-bonchal, did you observe no one in the world comin' down the hill-side this morning?"

"Arrah, then, will yourself tell me, i' you please, do you observe anything like as if I war blind about me?"

"That's as mooch as to say you did?"

"I seen a very ugly spalpeen as you'd meet in a summer's day, comin' down."

"Thank you, a-vich. It's the very fellow we're lookin' for."

"Hould him fast, then. For, barrin' my eyesight's bad, it was your own self I seen;" and the urchin glanced up and gave a low giggle.

"Musha, but you're a droll gorgoon," said Andy.

Pierce stamped in vexation, and, breaking away, began to ascend the opposite height. Andy remained, and, after bearing with much of the youngster's railery, and giving way to a little badinage on his own part—for Andy, in the absence of Paudge Dermody, thought he could pass a joke well enough—at last learned that the boy had really seen Crohoore descending the hill but a few moments before, and passing in the very direction Pierce now pursued. The lad's attention had been particularly directed to him by his size, from the unusual circumstance of his bearing a gun, and from his visible anxiety to escape observation.

Now, Andy Houlohan, for the reasons before mentioned, had every objection that Shea should happen to fall in with Crohoore, and sagely resolved to keep what he heard to himself. Besides, hoping but little from this weary pursuit, and tired as well as afraid of it, he had lately determined on a plan of acting of his own, by which he resolved that they should not at all come in contact with each other. But we will not anticipate.

While Andy and the lad were talking together Pierce

had ascended the hill. Some men and women were at work in a field at a little distance below him, and to them he rapidly advanced for information. After the usual salutation, "*Marrah-uth,*"\* he inquired if they had seen the object of his search. But, "The Lord keep him out of our path!" and the subsequent determined silence from the whole party, was all the satisfaction he could obtain. Until a young girl, out of breath, and pale with haste and fright, ran furiously through a gap into the field, and, setting herself on a large stone near where Shea stood, seemed ready to faint away.

"Musha, what *miau* is come over you, Cauth, a-lanna-ma-cree?" said her mother, abandoning her work, running over, squatting herself down, and looking with maternal anxiety into the girl's face.

"Och, mother, mother, I'll never be a day the better of it."

"Ochown! of what, a-lanna?" The great, strong woman put her great, strong arms around her. The girl cried a little on her mother's bosom, then, somewhat relieved, drew a heavy sigh and went on.

"Och! I was comin' along the bosheen, an' just thinkin' of the terrible story yourself tould us about him last night, when, at the short turn, hard by Mulroony's barn, where the eldher-bushes make the place so dark, I shtruck myself plump up against Crohoore-na-bil——"

"Whisht!" cried the mother, raising her hand, and glancing with evident alarm at Shea. The girl, misapprehending her meaning, hid her eyes and screamed in terror. She was set right in a whisper, and then ended her story in so low a tone that Pierce could not catch another word. He had heard enough, however, to guide him a step further in the chase. Mulroony's barn and the spot in the narrow lane, mentioned by the girl, he knew well, and thither hastened in quickened speed and with renewed hope.

He gained the place, and looked sharply about. No creature was visible. In an opposite route from that by which the girl must have come Pierce continued to make way, and, following the course of the lane, found himself on the high-road. Here he paused for a moment, puzzled as to which side he should turn next, for he still saw or met no living thing. He ascended a contiguous eminence, and far, far off, through a foggy atmosphere, discerned the figure of a man winding close by a fence. It must be he! He marked the spot, and, with the elasticity of a stag, measured the intermediate space across the field. Still was Pierce at fault. From another rising ground he again strained his eyes, and again caught a glimpse of, as he conceived, the same figure. Onward he bounded, and gained his second landmark. Just as he came up, a head was popped over a high hedge at his right hand. Pierce's heart leapt; he drew his pistol; was instantly at the other side of the hedge, and there seized a man—who was not Crohoore. Discovering his mistake, Pierce let him go, and, with some embarrassment, asked pardon.

"*Dieu-a-uth,*"† said the astonished stranger.

"*Dieu-as-mayu-uth,*"‡ answered Pierce, scarcely able

\* Get out of that.

† Good morning, etc.

‡ God save you.

§ God and mother save you.

to articulate, overcome by exertion, and the nervousness that generally succeeds the sudden excitation of hope or fear when as suddenly disappointed.

"Savin' manners," continued the man, "will you let a body be askin' you the name that's on you? Maybe you'd be Master Pierce Shea?"

"The very man," said Pierce.

"Why, then, you're only the very man I tuck you for, an' the very one I was wishin' to see, into the bargain."

"Here you see me, then. And what after?"

"I hard of your story, an' could make a sort of a guess to what you're about, I'm thinkin'. Maybe you're not huntin' Crohoore-na-bilhoage?"

"Your guess is as true as is the daylight."

"Musha, then, as good loock would have it, I have a sort of a notion that maybe I'd be the very boy could tell you where to find him."

"Where, where?" exclaimed Pierce.

"An' I'll be bould to say, you'd be for offerin' somethin' that would be handsome, for the news."

"I'd give the wide world!"

"That's a good dale, if it was yours to give."

"Or all I have in the world!"

"An' that's a purty penny, too, by all accounts that I could hear. But, somehow, myself, ever an' always, had a likin' an' love for *araguthchise*.\* An' if there was sich a thing as a *guineah orrh*,† or a thing that a-way, and if we war to see the face of it, who knows."

Pierce ran his hand into his pocket, and drew out a brace of guineas. Bank notes were then a scarcity.

"Here, then," he said. "And now your information, quick. Oh, quick, quick, and Heaven bless you!"

"They're the right sort, to a sartainty," observed the man, stooping down, jingling the guineas separately on a flat stone near him; then folding them up in a dirty piece of paper, thrusting them into the very bottom of his breeches-pocket, and, with great sobriety of face, buttoning them up. At last he thought of going on.

"Why, then, I'll tell you every word about it. You must know, Master Pierce, myself is none o' your common country spalpeens (not for to say so by way of disparishment o' the country, where I was bred an' born); but I knows more nor a dozen o' them cratures, that does nothin' only dig an' plough from year's end to year's end. I have a sort of a call to the law, d'ye see me? an' I goes to the neighbors wid a bit o' paper, or may be a bit o' calfskin, just as the thing happens to be; winking cunningly.

We may venture to mention here, begging pardon for the digression, that in all probability it was a happy circumstance for the process-server that Andy Houltan heard not the intelligence. From his cradle he had mortally hated all "bums"‡ and might have felt little repugnance in knocking a chip from his skull, just out of general antipathy to the race.

"What have I to do with this?" asked Pierce.

"Why, I'm only lettin' you into it for to larn you that I'm not the gourloch to be frightened wid your *sheeg*

stories, or the likes, and for that raison, to the ould Duoul myself bobs 'em. Well, a-roon. I overhard them sayin' it, that had a good right to know all about it, as how there was a lob o' money for the man that would lay hould o' this Crohoore. An' so I went here, an' axin' there, and maybe I didn't make out the ups an' downs o' the thing, hopin' I'd cum across him in some o' my travels. An' sure enough I have him cotched this loocky an' blessed morning."

"But where is he, man?" impatiently interrupted Pierce. "What do you keep me here for?"

"Och, a-bouchal, there's two words to a bargain. If you war the *omadhaun* to give your money beforehand, that's no raison in life myself would be over soon wid my speech."

"Rascal! do you mean to trifle with me?" rejoined Pierce, clutching his pistol.

"Be peaceable, now, a-vich," said the limb of the law, drawing a brace of them from his bosom. "You see, if you're for that work, I'm not the fool to venture out where rib-breakin', done wid a sledge, is often our best treatment. An' so, here's two good shots for your one. But where's the use of that when we can settle the matter in a more lawful manner? Just listen to me. I was goin' to strike a bit of a bargain wid you: you must as good as take your buke oath—an' its puttin' unheerd of thrust in you, when I hav'n't the buke to hand—but I hear you come of as honest a stock as myself. Well, you must swear that every shilling o' the reward, for the cribbin' o' this bouchal, will come into my pocket, an' no other body as mooch as sneeze at it."

"I swear by my father's soul, you must get every farthing of it."

"See now. Sure that's more asy nor to waste our powder for nothin'. Tell me, do you see no sort of a place you'd be for hiding yourself in, supposin' a body was purshuin' you?"

"Do you mean the cave?"

Just across the field was the terrific-looking entrance to the cave of Dunmore.

"That's the very spot, a-vich. Keep your tongue to yourself; keep your toe in your brogue; tell no livin' soul what we are about. I'm just goin' a start o' the road, to shuv this to a neighbor," showing a latitat, "an' I'll be wid you again while you can shake yourself. Stop in the mouth o' the cave, and watch till I come. An' I'm the Devil's rogue, or we'll ketch a hould o' the bouchal, plaise God."

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE cave of Dunmore is regarded as the great natural wonder of this district; so much so, that travellers come out of their road to see and explore it. At the time of our narration, it was believed by the surrounding peasantry to be the residence of every description of supernatural beings. Nay, to this day, there are shrewd notions on the point. At a remoter one, the conviction reigned in its glory. Here, on great

\* Money down.

† Golden Guineas.

‡ Bailiffs.



occasions, did the good people hold their revels: it was also the chosen abode of the Leprechauns, or fairy mechanics, who from all quarters of the island assembled in it (the cavern being suspected to ramify underground to every point of the kingdom), for the purpose of manufacturing foot-gear for the little race to which they were appended. This could not be doubted, as many had heard the din of their hammers, and caught odd glimpses of their green sherkeens, or of their caps with red feathers in them, what time the stars grew white before the sun. It was the dwelling, too, of more fearful sprites, of whose nature there existed no clear notion, but who, in the very distant abodes of the cavern, roamed along the off-brink of a little subterranean rivulet, the boundary of their dark abode, and who took vast delight in exterminating any unfortunate being foolishly enough to cross the forbidden stream, and so encroach on their charmed demesne. This was also fully shown by the splintered human bones that (really) strewed the bed of the rill. Wild shrieks were often heard to pierce the darkness through the gaping mouth of the cavern. But oftener the merry fairy-laugh and the small fairy-music tinkled to the night-breeze.

The absolute physiognomy of the place was calculated to excite superstitious notions. In the midst of a level field a precipitate incline plane led down to a sudden pit, across which, like a vast blind arch, the entrance yawned, about eighty feet perpendicular, and from thirty to forty wide. It was overhung and festooned with ivy, lichen, bramble, and a variety of wild shrubs, and tenanted by the owl, the daw, and carrion crow, that made rustling and screaming exit into the daylight as soon as disturbed by an exploring foot. When, all at once, you stood on the verge of the descent, and looked from the cheery day into the pitch darkness of this gaping orifice, repelling and chilling the curiosity that it excited—giving a promise of something to be discovered, and a threat to the discoverer—suggesting a region to be traversed so different from our own familiar world, and yet a nameless danger to be incurred in the progress—your heart must have been either very callous or very bold, and imagination entirely a blank if, at this first glance, you felt no unusual stir within you.

After entering the mouth of the cavern the light of your torches showed you that vast masses of rock protruded overhead, ready at every step to crush, and held in their place as if by miracle alone. A short distance on two separate passages branched to the right and to the left. To explore the one a barrier of steep rocks, made dangerous by the damp slime that covered them, should be scaled. Then you proceeded along a way of considerable length, sometimes obliged from the lowness of the heading to stoop on hands and knees, still over slippery rocks and over deep holes, formed by the constant dripping of the roof; till at last you suddenly entered a spacious and lofty apartment, known by the name of the Market-Cross, from the circumstance that a petrified mass standing there bears some likeness to the ancient

and curious structure in old Kilkenny, so called. Indeed, throughout the whole chamber, the strange freaks of nature bear comparison with art. Ranges of fluted columns, that seem the production of the chisel, only much dilapidated by time, rise almost at correct distances to the arching roof: which columns, by the way, having necessarily been formed by petrification, drop upon drop, it is astounding to think of the incalculable number of years consumed in the process. This is the regal fairy hall. And the peasants say, that when the myriad crystallizations that hang about are, on a gala evening, illuminated, and when the forever-falling drops sparkle in the fairy light, the scene becomes too dazzling for mortal vision.

The other passage winds an equal distance, and leads to the subterranean rill that bubbles, as before mentioned, over scraps of human bones, and over bones, entire ones too; we ourselves having, when led to the cavern for scenic illustration of the facts of this history, adventurously plunged our hand into the clear water, and taken therefrom a tibia of unusual length. Indeed, the fact that such human relics are there to be seen, almost a quarter of a mile from the light of the earth, must, if we reject the peasant's fine superstition, show us the misery of some former time of civil conflict, that could compel any wretched fugitives to seek, in the recesses and horrors of such a place, just as much pause as might serve him to starve, die, and rot.

On the edge of the descent, exactly opposite the blank gape of the cavern, Pierce Shea seated himself, awaiting the return of his accidental acquaintance. It was only natural that he should entertain some misgivings as to the truth of the story just heard from that person, taking into account the kind of character his informant, even according to his own showing, must necessarily be, and viewing as much of his manner and behavior as had come under Pierce's immediate notice. But a more distressing prepossession seized on his mind, and now banished every other fancy. His poor mistress, his beloved and lost Alley, might have been hurried by her ravisher, when pressed by sudden pursuit and alarm, to this very place. Amid its dank and loathsome darkness she might, this moment, drag on a blighted and hated existence, or prepare to yield up life altogether. Nay, perhaps she was, long ago, a corpse, festering and unburied in its foul recesses. The recollection of the horrors he had experienced on the morning after the murder came upon him, followed by forebodings of worse horrors yet to come. He sat stupefied with the pressure of these feelings, when Andy's voice at his back startled him from his reverie.

Looking up, he saw the kind and considerate creature standing over him, "doubly armed." It was almost perforce that Andy had, on this expedition, been compelled to carry a gun. He was as much averse to such intricate weapons as honest David, in the Rivals. To his surmise the plain alpeen ranked higher; because, first from the simplicity of its construction it required no round-about work, such as priming and

loading, and cocking and snapping, and putting it to the shoulder and shutting one eye, before you could let it off; and, secondly, because he knew the practice of the one infinitely better than the practice of the other. He now appeared, however, with his gun in his left hand, and, not very appropriately, a wooden "noggin" of milk in his right, which, he said, "he could, wid a clear conscience, take his buke oath was bot from the cow, in regard he had milked the *hugdeen*\* himself." The fact is, at the house of a fourth cousin of his "father's mother's sister," where he had seen "the blue smoke makin' its way out o' the dour, a sure sign the phatoes were rowlin' out on the table," that is, breakfast in preparation, Andy had gone in. Upon footing of a relationship the good people were till then rath' unprepared to admit, he had first ventured a hint about a "litt'le bitan' sup for himself." And when he had made a hearty meal of potatoes, and of tolerably stale buttermilk, nothing better being in the way, he next craved and got a nogginful for Pierce, together with half a cake of "griddle-bread." But, as he was crossing over the fields with this, he espied, "as God would have it," a cow awaiting the milkmaid; and sliely overturning the buttermilk into "a gripe,"† Andy approached, and drew from the animal as much "good, sweet milk as he had spilt; an' he was handy enough at the work, in regard that often of a night he used to give a help to Breedge Chree, when the poor crature 'ud be hard pushed." Sitting down by Pierce, Andy gave this tale, with a manner so unintentionally and yet so truly droll, that his foster-brother, afflicted as he was, could scarce refuse a smile; especially when, with a self-flattering broad grin, he ended by saying: "I'd lay my ould brogues to a laffina‡ the colleen 'll sware the good people were aforehand wid her, this mornin'."

Andy then drew from the breast of his outside coat, that now for the first time in his life had been buttoned, the half-moon of oatmeal bread. "Now, Master Pierce, agra," he continued, "eat your 'nough as long as the vitt'ls 'll last. But, shure, this isn't the handsomest kind o' place we're sittin' in," staring down at the cave. "Come, let us make out some other spot that won't look so dismal."

Pierce's feelings all rushed back upon him. He sprang up, with—

"There is at present no other place for us, Andy. Crohoore-na-bilhoge is in that cave, and I'll drag him from it, or perish in the attempt."

The noggin dropped from Andy's hand, and down flowed the milk that had cost him some time, trouble, and conscience. He plunged at the noggin, but in the attempt lent it an unintentional kick, that sent it down to the descent with increased velocity, till it gave many a hollow thump, thump, among the rocks in the mouth of the cavern. His distended eyes followed it for some time. Then he reddened and frowned; and selecting the vessel as the immediate matter on which to vent a vexation derived from another cause, slowly and bitterly said:

"Musha, then, the old Duoul speed you on your road down there, below!"

Pierce, sensible of the kindness of his foster-brother, and pitying his loss, exhorted him not to mind the accident, as there was no help for it.

"None in the world," Andy replied, mournfully resuming his seat; "no help for spilt milk,\* all the world over. But tell me, Pierce, a-chora. Sure you're only for jokin' me. Sure you wouldn't be the mad crature to go into that cursed hole, after Crohoore?"

"Have I come here for nothing, Andy, when I know he is now in it?"

"An' you're sure he is?"

Pierce gave his authority, and all the circumstances of his meeting with the law officer.

"Well, a-vich; bud sure you have no chance of him there, of all places on the face o' the earth; where the good people—Christ save us!—are as thick as the crows about him!"

"Except it was Hell itself, nothing else should stop me, Andy—and nothing shall."

"Mostha, bud there's little in the differ."

Pierce's new ally, Paddy Loughnan, here interrupted the conference. Glancing enviously at Andy, he drew Shea aside and whispered:

"Arrah, tell a body who is this wid you?"

"My own foster-brother; and you may depend your life on him."

"Bud, Duoul take him, it might happen he'd be for cryin' halves wid myself?"

"In my mind, the poor fellow scarce knows the meaning of the matter. I'm quite sure he wouldn't be paid as an informer, with all the king's gold."

"Then he's just the sort of a soft *omadhaun* we want; he'll do better nor any other; an' sich a sthrong, big fellow, may be of service. I'd fittber be on the road, at once. We can't go in, barrin' we have the lights; an' they're no nearer nor 'Comer. Is there any *araguth bawn*‡ where the gould come from?"

Pierce handed him a shilling.

"Sweet was your fist. I've a sort of an ould horse to bring me back, an' I'll never stay leg till I'm here again. *Die-u-a-uth!*" and the law Mercury vanished.

From his observations of this man, and a guess at his calling, Andy comforted himself and tormented Shea with the expressed belief that his story of having seen Crohoore enter the cave was a falsehood, framed to get money, and that they should never again set eyes on him or it. "An' I'm sorry I have it to say of your father-an'-mother's son, bud you're even an' always over-foolish wid your money," continued Andy, who, on proper occasions, deemed it his bounden duty to assume the Mentor with his foster-brother. Though, if he examined his conscience, thriftiness was none of his own perfections.

Shea only drew a heavy sigh in answer to this observation. As the day wore on, Andy became more certain, and Pierce more tortured at his certainty, that Paddy Loughnan was "a bite," and that Crohoore was

\* Little honey.

† Anglice—a drain.

‡ Half-penny.

\* A proverb.

White money, or silver.



no more in the cave than he, Andy—"Lord keep him from any sich thing!"—was in it. But as it was near noon when Paddy set off for Castlecomer, and as the distance was five miles, three hours, at least, even including the service of the "sort of an ould horse," must necessarily pass before his return. That time had scarce yet elapsed, and Pierce, though almost hopeless from anxiety, did not therefore despair. In fact, to his great joy, and Andy's undisguised consternation, Paddy made his reappearance about three o'clock, mounted on, as (it was now obvious) he had truly termed it, his "sort of an ould horse," bearing candles, and providently supplied with touch-paper and matches, in case of unforeseen accidents within.

As the preparations were made for entering the cavern, Andy looked on with a stupid stare, except that now and then his eye scowled over Paddy Loughnan from top to toe, as if he hated the very marrow in his bones. When all was ready, Pierce turned and addressed him:

"Andy, you must take up your post here. If the murderer escapes us, you cannot possibly miss him. So shake hands, Andy," he continued, seeing the tears start into the poor fellow's eyes, "and see that your flint and priming are in good order."

"Mostha, Pierce, a-cuishla-ma-cree," replied Andy, making strange faces to conceal his emotion, and dwelling on the squeeze of the hand that had been afforded him—"Pierce, a-bouchal" (growing familiar), "just be said and led by me. Once go in there an' you'll come out a dead man. Or, what's worse, divil a sight o' your face we'll ever see, dead or alive."

"I'll make the trial, Andy."

"Considher wid yourself what sort they are. Divil a crooked sthraw they care about your gun."

"You talk to no purpose, Andy."

"An' then the poochas, that are in plenty, too."

"Nonsense, man; I'd face the Devil in his den. Let me go."

"What 'ill myself say to poor ould Ned Shea when I must go home widout you?"

"Come—free my hand, Andy."

"You won't get so much as Christhen berrin!"—struggling to keep the hand—"your bones 'ill be at the bottom o' the poochas' river!"

"Let me go, I say!"

"Mostha! Bud sence you won't do as a body, that's for your good, would have you, hell to the brogue's length you'll go!" cried Andy, his fears and affection blowing up into fury, as, more desperately than ever, he clutched Pierce's hand.

"Let the googoon come on his lawful business, you great *omadhaun* you," said Paddy Loughnan, from some distance.

"Let you hould your tongue, or I'll break every bone in your unlooky carcass," retorted Andy. "Lawful! Oh, if I was near you!"

"Do you mean to restrain me by force, Andy?" asked Pierce, smiling

*Ma-hurp-on-duoul!* but it's myself that will!" and,

casting the gun from his left hand, he suddenly clasped his foster-brother in his arms.

"Tut, tut—you're not the man to do it," said Pierce, giving a smart jerk that at once freed him, and sent Andy reeling among the rocks at a few yards' distance. Before he could recover himself, Shea had disappeared into the cavern, preceded by Paddy Loughnan.

The faithful follower plunged after them. A little way from the entrance he caught a glimpse of candle-light, and after many prostrations among unseen rocks came so near as to see it above him, over the barrier already described.

"Pierce, a-vourneen, wait a doochy-bit. Only let a body have it to say he was kilt alongside o' you," Andy cried out.

"Go along out o' that wid yourself, you *sprissau*," growled the voice of Paddy Loughnan. "You're big enough to look at, but you haven't the heart of a *slucheen!*"\*

"Haven't I?" replied Andy—"haven't I? Och!—only lend me one hold o' you, an' I'll tache you the differ!" and, giving a shout and jump of utter defiance, he cast down, according to irresistible custom, his old hat. But Paddy, progressing as he spoke, had left him to vent his ire, in chill and darkness. While the hat, weary perhaps of the long ill-usage it had undergone in his service, kept so close and snug that all Andy's groping and scramblings to recover it were ineffectual. At last, content merely to grope outward to the daylight, he left it, with a hearty curse, to the poochas.

"Well, God be wid you, Pierce Shea," he said in soliloquy, again sitting down close by the entrance to the cave. "There's little hopes you'll ever see Clarah agin; an' where's the body that ever set eyes on you but 'ud be sorry, not to talk o' myself? *Ma-hoon-chise!* if there was his likes the world over an' over; an' further if I'd say it. It was a thousand and a thousand pities he hadn't more o' the gumption, an' that he was given to go by his own will, afore a good adviser like myself. By the gun in my hand, I'll run for Connaught, or some sich foreign part, sooner nor face home widout my poor Pierce Shea;" and Andy wept plentifully.

"Arrah, what's the matter wid you, honest boy?" asked a commiserating old woman, who had descended in search of a stray cow, and was surprised to see a tall, robust fellow sitting there bareheaded, and blubbering at some rate. "Enough, an' worse nor enough," replied Andy. And he told her his whole sad story.

"Why, then," said the comforter, "it 'll be God's hand, an' God's hand alone, that 'ill ever bring him out alive agin." And, professing sorrow that she could not stop, she hobbled off after her cow. But, meeting this body and that body, the story was repeated and repeated; and one peeped down, and then another, and another; and, gaining courage as their numbers increased, they at last *came* down; and Andy saw himself surrounded by a crowd of old men and old women, young girls and boys, all violent in their condolence. In return for his again told tale, they gratified him with many a frightful anecdote of the cave and the in-

\*A little mouse.

habitants of the cave. And then they turned to Crohoore, surpassing every former horror by accounts of his well-known intimacy with the good people, and of his very latest appearances under the most appalling circumstances, and in the most bewitched places.

The night began to fall on them while thus engaged, and the night's impressive silence to spread around. The rocks at each side grew browner, and the yawn of the cave blacker and blacker. Their voices sank into murmurs, and they drew close to Andy, no one willing to venture home alone, and yet no movement made to proceed together. They dared not, in illustration of their stories, any longer point or look at the cavern. Indeed, there seemed a general effort to change the subject. But, while they ceased to speak of it, the cave suddenly spoke to them, emitting through its vast mouth an awful echo of sounds, that, from the subdued and imperfect way in which they reached the group, it was impossible to ascribe to a particular cause—to human lips and lungs, or to anything else. All shrank closer together.

"Oh, vaugh! vaugh!" cried Andy, clapping his hands—"there's an end of him!"

"An' murder! murder! See that!" exclaimed two or three of his companions, in a breath.

A dim, lurid light appeared some little distance in the cavern, flashing upward, half showing a well-known face, and lending kindred lustre to the two red eyes that fixed watchfully upon them. A general scream arose, and the light was instantly extinguished. But, ere another second had elapsed, there was a stir in the gloom, immediately at the entrance, and Crohoore-na-bithoge, the incarnate goblin of their terrors, rushed out among them.

Andy Houlohan had the gun in his hand, and in mixed horror and desperation, immediately, and without bringing the piece to his shoulder, pulled the trigger: it recoiled with violence, and he measured his length among the rocks. Crohoore checked not his speed a second, but passing through the very midst of the crowd, and scattering them in every direction, gave Andy one expressive look, and, bounding up the ascent, was quickly lost to view, as, added to the increasing night, the depth in which they stood obstructed their vision. After some minutes of silence, and then a general thanksgiving for their safety, the people departed in a body, leaving Andy to brave by himself all succeeding horrors.

He was yet in the act of ascertaining to what extent he had been disabled by his fall, or by the fairy-blow rather, when Paddy Loughnan, bareheaded, pale, and agitated, stood before him. The knowing, impudent aspect he so lately had worn was now gone, and his look cowering and terror-stricken.

"Who fired the shot?" he hastily asked.

"Myself; an' sorry I am to say it," answered Andy, feeling his bones.

"At Crohoore, was it?" continued Loughnan, in a close whisper.

"Aye, a-roon."

"Did you hit him?"

"Och, to be sure I did. But what hurt was that to the likes of him?"

"Where's Pierce Shea?"

"Where's Pierce Shea! Musha, you unlucky bird, do you come out o' your hole to ax me that question? It was all your doin's. Let yourself tell me where's the poor gorgoon, or—"

"Here, man, take the light from my hands—look for him in the left winding' o' the cave—hurry, hurry!" and Loughnan was quickly on the back of his "sort of an ould horse." But though the wretched animal could not plead the slightest incumbrance of flesh as an excuse for his tardiness; though Paddy was armed, or rather heeled, with one rusty spur: and even though they faced homewards, a circumstance, as all travellers know, of power to inspire horseflesh with its best mettle; still did not the "sort of an ould horse" evince much sympathy with his master's visible wish to be as far away from the cave in as short a time as possible.

Mady a pause Andy made as he crawled or groped through the dangerous intricacies of the cavern to look about him for his foster-brother and shout his name to the dense mass of rock. The echoes running through the twinings and hollows, which he translated into a thousand terrible voices and meanings, were his only answer. He dared proceed to the side of the "poochas' river," and to confirm his own early and worst prophecies. There lay Shea without sense or motion.

After a wild burst of sorrow, sincere as ever was sent up over a departed friend, Andy raised his beloved Pierce and placed his head on his shoulder, with intent, after a moment's rest, to convey him to the surface of the earth, as a first step to the only solace he could now know, that is, "dacent Christhen berrin," for the remains of his *dolth*. In this situation, however, Pierce drew a heavy sigh, and, after a little time, opened his eyes and scared wildly around him. Recognizing Andy, his first word was a request that they should immediately quit the cave: one to which, it may be inferred, Andy made little opposition. The cold night air much revived him. He asked how long it had been since he entered the cave, and if anything had happened outside. A thrill of seeming alarm shook him when he heard of Loughnan's hasty and affrighted departure. But he grew half frantic at Crohoore's escape, and bitterly accused Andy of negligence and want of courage. It was in vain Andy urged the inutility of any attempt to seize Crohoore, and cited the harmless effect of the shot he had fired with so deadly an aim. Pierce insisted on his lack of spirit; and averred that had he been present he would have secured the murderer though surrounded by a legion of imps.

Andy's time came for asking questions. But Pierce seemed very unwilling to give any account of his own adventure. While his foster-brother still continued to urge him, Jack Doran and old Ned Shea appeared: they had for some time been seeking him out, with a led horse for his accommodation homewards, of which, in a very exhausted and harassed state, he availed himself, and all returned to Clarah.

Doran, in compliance with Pierce's request of the



morning, had led to his father's house the assassin of Ballyfoile, who, he added, now fully confessed that Crohoore was his employer. But the man either pretended to be, or really was, totally ignorant of any of Crohoore's affairs, that person having merely sought him out, and with a weighty fee hired him for a specific purpose.

It was hoped, however, that, when brought to justice for his offence, he would give more ample and satisfactory information. Pierce visited him on his arrival at home; the fellow was dogged and saucy, and laughed with brutal levity at every threat. He was confined in a place lately constructed for a cellar; it had no window, and the door and bolts were strong. Pierce, disgusted with the ruffian, locked and bolted the door, and put the key in his pocket.

The next morning he reopened the door, for the purpose of conveying his prisoner to Kilkenny jail, but the apartment was empty; and the name, "Crohoore-na-bilhoge," scrawled in imperfect characters on the wall, and as if written with blood, seemed plainly to indicate by whose agency the prisoner had escaped.

## CHAPTER VI.

THE last-cited adventure made a deep impression on Pierce Shea. He grew gloomy and thoughtful, and confidently acknowledged to his foster-brother that he was in a degree become a convert to his often-urged opinions, and that they spent their time and energies in pursuit of one who, to all appearance, was protected by unearthly friends and agency. Andy heard this confession in profound silence, but with a catching of breath, and an expression of face that indicated a terrified triumph in the late belief it imported, yet as if he was mortally frightened at a result he had himself so industriously labored to produce. Then he left Pierce's presence, his lips compressed, and his eyes bent studiously on the ground, and disappeared, Pierce could not surmise whither.

"By my conscience, Pierce," said Rhiah Doran, when Shea spoke to him also on the matter, "the girl is either bewitched out of her natural senses and feelings, or something worse has happened."

"Something worse—what do you mean?"

"Ay, worse, a thousand times, Pierce."

"That is no answer, Doran. Speak plainer!"

"High hanging to me!"—resumed his friend, as if angry with himself,—*"see what I have done, now! I forgot who I was speaking to. Never mind me, Pierce, ma-bouchal, and just put it all out of your head."*

"Jack, you must go on."

"Not I, by my soul, Pierce. I don't want to make your mind worse than it is."

"Doran, 'tis neither fair nor friendly, though I think you a fair and friendly fellow, to keep anything concerning Alley from me. Therefore, I insist on your explanation. You shall not leave this till you satisfy me." They sat, as usual, in the house of Pierce's

father, and at a late hour of the night, over their glass.

"Well, my boy, sure I can just stay where I am, then," replied Doran, coolly sipping his liquor; "for I had rather sit here a twelvemonth than finish what, like a cursed fool, I so heedlessly began. Because, though there may be no truth in it, it would only increase your troubles, Pierce, and I like you too well to be the bearer of unwelcome tidings."

"Harkye, Rhiah Doran, I know you for a true friend—your actions are before me, and show it. But my situation and feelings cannot bear crossing or trifling with. Though we were to break squares for ever, you shall fully quell or fix the frightful dread your words have made. Here—this moment—on this spot—go on, Doran," he grew pale, and trembled with passion.

"Well, then, sooner than it should come to that, Pierce, and that I should find such a reward for—no matter; I'll satisfy you. But don't think you have threatened me into compliance, Pierce Shea. I suppose you know me well enough to believe that neither yourself nor any man alive can bully me."

"I know and believe it. That's enough for you, Doran. Go on now, and for the love of Heaven, do not keep me in this torture."

"Well, remember you forced me to speak out, in spite of my wish and inclination."

"I will, I will remember. I acquit you beforehand of all share in the pain or injury your words may inflict. Only be plain and aboveboard, and do a friend's duty by me."

"Why, then, since you must have it, my poor fellow, 'tis thought that, if Alley's not charmed or blindfolded by something not right, she lives with her father's murderer, of her own free consent."

"Aye," said Pierce, during the pause which Doran here made, as if to note the effect of his news on the hearer—"aye, I guessed what would come out!" He spoke in a stifled voice, his hands clenched on the table, and his eyes fixed on his friend.

"For," continued Doran, "unless the villain has her in some stronghold or prison, and that's no way likely, seeing that their retreat is in the neighborhood, and that none of us have ever heard of such a place, surely she could long ago have made her escape during one or other of the occasions when Crohoore was away? You know yourself he has often been absent, and night after night no watch on her. Surely the girl might easily have run home to you, if, as I said before, she isn't either—"

"Where did you hear all this?" interrupted Shea, still successful in a strong effort to keep down his feelings.

"From friends of your own, Pierce. Friends to the marrow of their bones, who are not afraid or ashamed to repeat their words to your face, and do more, maybe, if, along with their regard for you, they saw reason why. You know the boys I mean."

"I do," said Shea, his eyes now turned away, and fixed in stupefied abstraction on the floor.

"I have lately got them into good order and spirit," pursued Doran, "and never fear them for helping a

friend, along with doing their own little business, if—" he again paused, and laid his hand on Shea's arm—"if that friend could be trusted, Pierce, my lad."

"May the good God of Heaven defend me from the truth of what you say!" at last exclaimed poor Shea, giving vent to the bitterness of soul that his friend's touch had, perhaps, freed from its hitherto stern self-command—"that, that would be the heaviest stroke of all! Doran, I could bear to see her a stiff corpse, the delicate cheek pale and cold, and the soft eye closed, never more to open—I could lean over her grave, and look in as she was lowered into it, and listen to the clod striking on her coffin—but *that* I could not bear! It would drive me mad—it has driven me mad!" As he spoke, he grasped and desperately wrung Doran's hand, the tears choking his utterance and gushing down his face; and he now let fall his head on his friend's extended arm.

"A heavy curse light on my tongue!" cried Doran, his voice also broken from emotion. "But, Pierce, dear, sure it was only the people's thought—that they all say—and I, for one, don't believe a word of it."

"*Dhor, Dieu!* You dare not believe it!" replied Pierce, starting on his feet, his tears scorched up, and his tone and manner entirely altered. "You dare not, man, believe a word of it, nor anything like it. I will suffer no living creature to believe it of Alley. There never was a holy saint, standing before the throne of God in his glory, whiter from shame and sin than was my poor Alley! Deny it, you or any man, and I will send your soul to its Maker with the lie upon it!"

"I see you want somebody to quarrel with," said his companion, in an offended and reproachful tone, "but you shall not fix the quarrel on me. I feel for you and pity you too much, Pierce, to mind anything you say to me in your present fury. But is this my reward for all I have gone through, unasked, and of my own accord, for your sake and hers? When you were lying on your back, Pierce, not able to wag a finger in your own cause, and without another friend, or another fool, to stand up for you?"

The young man's brow relaxed, and the natural reflux of his better feelings again brought tears into his eyes, while he sat down, offered his hand, and said:

"I ask your pardon, my dear Doran. I should have recollected—if *I could* have recollected anything—it was a friend that spoke."

"It was, Pierce," replied Doran, warmly returning his pressure. "And now put the foolish words out of your head. By the soul in my body! I would not myself hear an ill-word said of poor Alley! Put the thing out of your mind: there is nothing in it."

"That will not be easy for me to do, Jack," said Pierce. And he was right. It was no easy task to pluck out the thorn that now festered in his heart's core; he was never before, great as were the griefs and horrors he had encountered, so truly miserable. "But," he resumed—"you said something, just now—what was it? I heard you very imperfectly—of your friends having it in their power to be of use to me. How, Doran? What do you mean?"

"It's now useless talking it over, Pierce; but all they have told me I'll tell you. More you cannot expect. They give me to understand, in the first place, that they have a clue to Crohoore's retreat—"

"Where?—where? how have they been able to discover it?" I thought they had long ago given up all interference in the matter!"

"You see, Pierce, that was when I had little or no command over the boys, and when I was only getting by degrees into their good opinion, and they were without much union or courage. But now that I am their lawful Captain for the parish of Clarah, and have led them on one or two little expeditions with every success, their spirit is up and their services at my beck under certain terms that you alone can take or leave. They are no fools, and don't care a blackberry for fairy or tithe-proctor, and would just face the Ould Lad with his horns on. As to where and how they made this discovery I do not know. They have not made me the wiser, nor can I insist on a point that has nothing to do with our lawful business. Only this much they say, that if you, Pierce Shea, will step in among them one of these fine evenings and behave like the lad of mettle they and I know you to be, it will go hard but in a night or two Alley will stand before you, and Crohoore-na-billhoge have his lodging in the stone jug in Kilkenny."

"What do they want me to do? Join them? Take an oath?" asked Pierce, after a pause.

"Whisht, man! walls have ears. Never mind particulars now. Can't you just hear what the poor gorgoons have to say to you, and then judge for yourself?"

"Where are they to be found?"

"I can find them for you: we may as well look for them together," said Doran, carelessly. "But follow your own bent, Pierce, a-vieh: I wish to advise you to nothing, one way or the other."

"How soon can we meet? To-morrow night?"

"To-morrow night, sure enough, they will be near at hand. About ten, I think."

"Very well," muttered Pierce, dropping his head on his breast, and again relapsing into silence. But his set teeth, his rigid features, and his unsteady eye, showed the agitated nature of his reflections. After an unbroken pause of more than two minutes, he rose quickly, snatched a candle, and repeated:

"Very well. Let us go together; you had better be out of the house at the time, Doran, waiting for me at the broad stone in the boreen, to escape my father's suspicions. Good-night."

"I will," said Doran, "but cannot wait long. Good-night." They joined hands.

"You shall not wait a moment; my mind is made up. I will engage in anything—any risk, any fellowship—I would rush on death for present satisfaction and ease of mind. Ten, you say?"

"Ten, precisely. Good-night, Pierce." They exchanged a hearty shake-hands, and retired to their separate chambers.

At ten o'clock the next night, and by the broad



stone in the breen, the friends accordingly met. Few words were exchanged between them. Doran rapidly led the way, often stopping to look about him, over lonesome and broken paths, with which Pierce was not well acquainted, until, after half an hour's forced march, they stood before a miserable hut, that was built in a deserted waste, covered with furze and rock, a hill rising at its back, and no other human habitation within view.

Light glanced through the chinky door, and through a hole, in the side of the hovel, that, as usual, served at once for window and chimney. From within issued a confused clatter of wild mirth, loud talking, the dull music of the bagpipes, and stentorian singing.

"There is the place," said Doran to his companion, as they paused some distance from the door. At the sound of his voice a tall figure started from behind a thick clump of furze and rock within a few paces of them, and asked—"Who's there? and what sort of a night is it?"

"It's a fine night," answered Doran, in a whisper, though the clouds were low and swollen, the wind muttering, heavy drops falling, and not a star to be seen.

"An' it is," said the challenger. "Go your ways, an' God be wid ye." And he instantly disappeared.

"Come on, then," Doran resumed; and they walked up to the door of the cabin.

"Stop a moment," cried Pierce, as his friend felt about the door for the knotted string that moved the wooden latch—"I did not quite expect this. I do not like to enter such a place."

"Nonsense!—thrash!—childishness!" retorted Doran, in a quick, sharp tone—"The heart to change now! Doubts and fears to come now! What can you fear in my company? Are you a man?"

He held him by the breast of the coat with one hand, with the other violently pulled up the heavy latch; the door swung wide open, and they walked in.

There was an immediate cessation of all sounds among the inmates of the cabin, and eight or ten men springing up, and thrusting their hands into their bosoms, showed, by their scowling brows and ferocious looks, nothing of hospitable welcome to the supposed intruders, until Doran's pass-word, "It's fine weather, boys," and their instant recognition of him, caused a universal relaxation of feature and "*cead mille phalthea*, Rhiah Doran!" was shouted in no gentle accents from every tongue. When the enthusiasm of his welcome had somewhat abated, Pierce observed glances of constraint, if not of suspicion, at himself. But as soon as Doran, sitting, or rather resting, with one leg on a rude table, round which the men were grouped, and assuming an air of careless good-fellowship, as he looked about him, had passed something in a quick whisper, room was made for Shea. The "*sha-dhurth, a-bouchal*," addressed to him, as in rapid succession they quaffed their liquor, proved that his friend, or his own name, had sufficient influence to change into cordiality and interest whatever disagreeable feeling his entrance might have caused. In fact, the men lost all constraint

before him, abandoning themselves, in a few moments, to their natural manners and noisy humor.

Being seated, he had leisure to examine the kind of place in which he was, and the description of persons amongst whom he found himself. The whole extent of the interior of the hovel was a single apartment, not exceeding fifteen feet in length and ten in breadth, and was scarcely of sufficient height to allow a tall man to stand erect in the middle of the floor. The mud walls were unplastered, and the straw that had been mixed with this primitive material, to keep it together, started and bristled out at every side. Overhead, the puny wattles of the roof, black, and shining with smoke and soot, badly connected the inartificial covering of heath. The floor, full of inequalities of bedded stone and un-eradicated furze, differed but little from the open moor without, from which it had only recently been reclaimed. Everything, in fact, showed a hasty and careless construction.

Close by one wall ran a rough deal plank, supported by piles of loose stones, forming the seats upon which, at a narrow table, about a dozen men were crowded: at its other side, large stones, without any plank or board, supplied seats to some half-dozen more. There was no chimney; but two mounds, built of slate and clay, enclosed an area within which a few sods of turf emitted a feeble blaze. Sitting very near, crippled up into a lump, her knees reaching higher than her head, her bleared eyes steadfastly fixed on the decaying embers, and her whole air and position showing an unconsciousness or carelessness of the dinning noise, was the hostess of this lowly *auberge*. In the corner to her left appeared an enclosure of rough stones, that fenced in the heath on which she lay. In the other stood a roughly-constructed and uncouthly-shaped barrel, from which, by the agency of spigot and faucet, she drew, in wooden noggin, as her guests claimed it, the stout, but now exploded, shebeen.

At one side of Pierce Shea, and immediately next him, sat a prim-looking little fellow, of middle age, with a large, bloated, goat's hair wig, that, cocking up behind like a drake's tail, left the roots of his skull visible: a red silk handkerchief, worn round his neck, was remarkable, when contrasted with the bare and scorched throats and breasts of the others. Altogether, he had a way about him different from, if not superior to, his companions: a look of self-defined and long-established importance and wisdom. And well he might wear it, he being by day the only schoolmaster of the district; by night, the only writer of notices, regulations, and resolutions, and, to crown all, orator in general to the reformers of Clarah, as Clotz was to the human race. Opposite to him, in appearance as well as situation, sat a tall, bony, squalid being, with meagre, sallow face, hung round with an abundance of coal-black hair, bent brows of the same sable hue, shading deep, wild eyes, and a beard four weeks unshaven. His habiliments, from head to foot, were only the tattered remains of a vesture that, in its best day, had been but indifferent. Pierce thought he could re-

collect to have seen this man before in the following situation:

Passing by a cabin, which it was known the tithe-proctor had recently despoiled, a heavy shower of rain had overtaken him, and he knocked at the door for admission, supposing it to be secured. A husky voice desired him to come in; he did so, and beheld such a scene of misery as his eyes had never before experienced. The large, waste den, with its sides rough as a quarry, and the black roof dripping rain and soot, did not contain a single article of the most common domestic furniture. On a small bundle of straw, at one side, lay a shivering girl of nine or ten years. Two other children, a boy and girl, not more than five and six, squatted on the damp, clay floor, strewn with straw and rushes, not in childish sport, but in that premature melancholy and abstraction that the children of want and misery so often exhibit to the eye of a susceptible beholder. For some time he saw no other human creature, and, addressing one of the children, asked suddenly: "Have you no father?"

The same hoarse voice that had spoken before he entered now made answer, in a kind of scoffing laugh, from the chimney-corner. "To be sure they have. Why shouldn't they?"

Pierce turned towards the place. There was no fire on the hearth; but upon the hob, and deeply shaded by the projection of the huge chimney, sat a man of about forty, without shoes, stockings, coat, or vest—a small-clothes and soot-stained shirt his only covering. His arms were folded hard, his chin sunk into his breast, his bare legs crossed, and he swung and jogged them to and fro, in action that betokened a sullen and desperate indifference to the ruin about him.

"Aye, there they is now," he continued, as Pierce stared at him in silence; "one, two, three o' them. I'm their father, and what am I to do with 'em?"

"Where's their mother?" asked Pierce.

"Aroch, an' what a question you put to me! I went down the boreen, yesterday, after the proctor left us, an' I told 'em she was gaspin', but the good Christens wouldn't believe me. She was stiff afore me when I cum back, an' I buried her widout a wake, or a sheet to wind her in. An' see here—here's what she left me."

He stooped, and took up a bundle of dark rags, which, from the weak cries that immediately reached Pierce's ear, he discovered to be at once the cradle and the swaddling-clothes of a new-born infant. The man laid the babe on his knee, and added:

"An' I'm to sit up all night an' watch this dawny bit of a crature, an' feed it, havin' nothin' more nor a few cold phatees. Aye, there's three o' them for you, an' I'm their father, if you want to know it. An' what am I to do wid 'em? sure that's jist the way it's wid me, a-rich."

Pierce was sure that this same man now sat before him. The rest of the company were not particularly distinguished, being young fellows, gay, heedless and uncharacterized.

The table was covered with slops of liquor; the whole behavior and appearance of the men showed that they

had been, for some time before Pierce's entry, trying the potency of the home-brewed ale, some of which Doran also procured for his friend and himself. This, with half a cake of oaten bread, was the only refreshment the old "*colluck*"\* could or would produce. Perhaps, joined to the riotous mirth that now went on, serious business had been in debate before the appearance of Shea, for he could perceive that, in the midst of their wild hilarity, whispers and looks occasionally went round. At all events he missed the accompanying hubbub of the bagpipes, previously heard at the door; and hinting at the first circumstance, he particularly mentioned the last to his companion.

"Come, Murthock," cried Doran, slapping on the bumpy shoulders a stupid-looking blind creature. Seated apart from the others and his music silent, the man seemed to have sunk into sympathizing nonentity, as if he had only existed while his instrument was at work, or, as if the breath that gave him life had been blown into his lungs by one of its complex pipes, part of the stock by which it was itself vivified, and that, the one exhausted, the other must fade away. "Come, Murthock," Doran continued, "strike up Andrew Carey, or Sheelin-a-gig, or something that's hearty."

The bent and lethargic figure instantly got a little motion, as the bellows gave the first puff, and he answered:—"Hah! hah! I wouldn't doubt you, Rhiiah Doran; you war always the boy for my money. Faith, an' I'll give you purty nate music as ever left a poor piper's bag." Then, busily stirring his arm, he emitted a very dismal, and, as he played it, a very discordant air.

"Och! murder! murder! Your pipes want a drink, Murthock, they're so sorrowful. Here, man, take this, and try something that won't set us crying."

"Sha, sha, sha, Rhiiah Doran. You war never fond o' being sad yourself, an' small blame to you, fur your blood is hot an' sthrong." He seized the noggin, and stretched his neck to have a good guzzle;—"that was the Whiteboy's Lamentation;"—another draught;—"bud stay now till I give you the Whiteboy's Delight. Here goes."

"Do so, Murthock; something that has fun in it, or by this blessed liquor, I'll take you to the threshold, cut your bags, and let your music about the fie ds."

"Never fear," said Murthock, stirring his arm with somewhat quicker motion; though he only repeated the former air (if air it might be called which air had none) in more jiving time. In truth except in the instance of his having been born blind, nature never intended Murthock for a musician. His strains did not fail, however, to impose on his audience, and inspire them with many a vociferous shout, at which, well pleased, the creature smiled in self-flattery, and then plied his bellows with might and main, so that his chanter squeaked more and more shrilly, and his drone grunted more and more deeply, as if in an ill-humor with its own music; the whole effect not unlike a noise to which, we believe, it has sometimes been locally compared, namely, a litter of young pigs making clam-



orous demands on their poor worn-out dam, which, in gruff expostulation, she admits or rejects.

Pierce had sat down among these people unwillingly, and with a mind unfit to mix in such a scene of loud and rude merriment. But the noggins were often and often emptied to his long life, and reign, and health, and he could not fail to pledge his companions in as oft-repeated draughts. We have heard experienced sages complain (as who has not?) that the miserable thin potation of our degenerate day is nothing to the substantial shebeen of the days that are gone; and Pierce Shea felt and proved the truth of half at least of this assertion. After the ice of temperance and self-command is once broken, there is no heartier tippler than a sorrowful man: the sudden and wild relief he has received he will wildly endeavor to keep up, and this can only be done by successive libations. So, Pierce drank on as rapidly as any around him; felt his heart grow lighter and lighter; and at last, to Murther's extreme consolation, became as noisy as any other man in the hovel.

In the midst of his utmost enjoyment, the little rustic prig, who sat by his side, laying his hand on Pierce's arm, said:

"Bud, musha, my poor boy, that's thrue—you're still in the hunt for Alley Doolin', we hear. And isn't it a strange thing to be supposed, and a shameful thing to be hard spoken of, that you're livin' to this day of you're life among the neighbors, an' never joined yourself to the jolly lads, that, sayin' nothin' o' their glory in the good cause, are the only livin' sows to help you to a sight of her?"

Pierce was about to reply with much vivacity, when one of the young peasants, commencing by a prefatory yell, sang out—"Yes!—

"They must lave off their titthin' an' rackin' o' acres,  
Or we'll roast 'em as brown as a loaf at the bakers';  
An' we'll nip off their ears, and we'll lave their heads bare,  
As they do widge the calves in the county Kildare."

These lines were chorused by the whole set, at a mad shouting pitch of voice, that made the wattles of the roof ring again, and Pierce could scarce get in his earnest question of—"Do you," to the little man,—"do you, or do any of you, know where Alley Dooling is to be found?"

"Fair an' asy, now," replied the schoolmaster, who seemed, by general consent, or undisputed privilege, to be official spokesman—"for it's fair an' asy that goes far in the day. Do we know anything of your sweet-heart, is it? Maybe we do, maybe we don't. In case we do, what's the raison, I say once again, that you're not like a son o' green Ireland, the crature, doin' as mooch as you can, an' sorry in your heart that you can't do more, against the riev'n', plunderin', murderin' rap-parees o' tithe proctors, the bitter foes of ould Ireland's land—slingin' at home, because the blow doesn't strike hard on yourself, an' never heeding the moans o' the poor neighbors, that are left to starve, or rot like ould horses in the ditches, because the Sassenach clargy, that doesn't care a crooked shraw for them or theirs, must have grand houses to live in, brave horses

to hunt, coaches to take their pleasure in, an' costly fastes, where there's the mate of all kinds, every day in the year, Fridays an' all, an wine galore to dhrink." The orator paused in his set speech, now for the hundredth time repeated, to ply his noggin, with, no doubt, a bitter and indignant regret that his was not the wine to which he had alluded. "Why, you don't look like a boy that 'ud be a *sprissawn*, or afear'd to do a thing because a bit o' danger might lie in the way," he added.

He here made another pause, as if inviting some reply; and, as Pierce looked up to speak, he observed a leer on the face of the younger part of the assembly, which he suspected might be interpreted into scorn of his want of spirit, hinted at in the latter part of the pedagogue's address. His eyes, rapid as lightning, glanced on Doran,—who all this time continued his half-sitting posture, at one end of the table, coolly tapping it with a switch,—to ascertain whether or not the general sneer was borrowed from him. But his friend's countenance betrayed no traces of anything insulting or disagreeable. Knitting his brows, and looking hard at the fellow who wore the broadest grin:

"Is there any man here," he asked, "who dares to question my courage, or say I fear danger?" The lad, immediately apprehending his meaning, changed at once the expression of his features, and thrusting his hand in amity across the table, "Never a one would say it to your father's son, Master Pierce, a-bouchal," he exclaimed. "But," assuming a jocose cast of the face, and winking at Pierce, while he nodded at the orator, "there's one thing Mourteen left out in his oration, and myself was going to put it in his mind. That it's from us, poor creatures of Romans that we are—*go vnoch a Dieu uriv!*\*—it's from us, an' we have the sin of it on our heads, that the Sassenach clargy takes what buys the mate they ates of a Friday. An' will we be after lettin' 'em do a thing that no Christen sowl 'ud do, barrin' he was a dog?"

"Whoo! by my sowkens," said another, "that's the worst o' the story. Arrah, Mourteen, what made you forget that?"

"Musha, how can a body think of everything at once?" said a third; "an', tho' Mourteen happened to spake about the *mishnoch*† o' the boy, it's well known that if he war as handy at everything as he is at the tongue the devil himself—Lord save us!—couldn't stand afore him."

But old Mourteen, nothing disconcerted at this railery, and looking upon himself as much above them as mind is above matter, only vouchsafed a scornful glance at his boyish companions, and, pulling down his wig with both hands, prepared to conclude his speech, while they, leaning forward on their elbows, put on faces of mock gravity and attention. In fact, Mourteen prided himself on his eloquence, and never failed to exercise it when good occasion offered. The opportunity of haranguing and converting Pierce was too rare and too favorable to be neglected. He had enlisted many in the war against tithe-proctors, and so far was valued; but, like his great prototype, the Athenian orator,

\* God look down on us!

† Courage, or spunk.

Mourteen was rather the cause of courage in others than distinguished for that virtue in his own person. In one word, his friends knew him to be a rank coward; and at this constitutional weakness the shafts of their satire was now directed. Pierce, however, unacquainted with the fact, and not understanding the humor of the party, listened attentively to the conclusion of Mourteen's lecture, which ran as follows:

"Hasn't the Sassenach clargy, I say, all Ireland to itself every tenth year, while the world is a world? Sure, if it had a conscience along wid it *that* might be enough, an' not for to send the bloody proctor on our back, to lift the double o' that again. To take the food from our mouths, our Christhen mouths, an' the rags o' coverin' from our beds an' our bodies. And our own poor clargy—God bless 'em!—that kept wid us in want an' sorrow, an' cums to us night an' mornin', thro' wet an' dhry, could an' hardship, to stand by our sick beds, an' make Christhen souls in us—what do *they* get but the bits an' scraps, the scrapin's and shavin's the Sassenach laves behind? The Sassenach that rises the hire without earnin' it, robbin' it from them that does. The Sassenach that thought to tear and burn us up, root an' branch; that hunted our Soggarths like bastes o' the field, an' hung an' shot them an' all of us, just because we said our prayers afther the fashion o' them that went afore us, an' cum after us, and 'ill do the same for ever an' ever, amin, praise God, and thank God that laves us the wonder to tell that we're here to do id at all—Musha, musha!" Mourteen added, hastening his peroration from a misgiving of some slight confusion of ideas, and a dread of getting further *bogged*—(as he would himself have called it). "Musha, an' ochown-a-rie, it's enough to make a body run mad to think of it!"

"I believe what you say is true," said Pierce, in reply to this holding forth, and anticipating Mourteen's tormentors, who, with many a shrewd wink, were preparing to open their battery on the spokesmen. "But my father has all along taught me to ask what I now ask you: How much good has come or can come from all you are able to do? Little mischief to your real oppressors, and your own death upon the gallows, more certainly than the relief you look for."

His attention was here rivetted by the miserable man opposite to him, who, at once, with that violence of action and furious contortion of countenance for which the Irish peasant is remarkable, poured out a speech in his native tongue, adopting it instinctively as the most ready and powerful medium of expressing his feelings; for one who boggles, and stammers, and is ridiculous in English, becomes eloquent in Irish. We follow the speaker in translation, which will necessarily show none of the rude *patois* he must have betrayed had he attempted, as all the others did, to display his feelings in a language almost unknown to them and him. "Who talks of the good we can do?—we look not to do good. We are not able nor fit to do good: we only want our revenge. And that, while we are men, and have strong hands, and broken hearts, and brains on fire with the memory of our sufferings—that we can

take! Your father, young man, never writhed in the proctor's gripe. He has riches, and they bring peace and plenty, so that the robber's visit was not felt or heeded. But look at me!"—With the fingers of one hand he pressed violently his sallow and withered cheek, and with the other tore open the scanty vesture, that, leaving him uncovered from the shoulders to the ribs, exhibited a gaunt skeleton of the human form—"I have nothing to eat, no house to sleep in. My starved body is without covering: those I loved and that loved me, the pulses of my heart, are gone. How gone, and how am I as you see me? Twelve months ago I had a home, and covering, and food, and the young wife, the mother of my children, with me at my fire-side. But the plunderer come on a sudden. I was in his debt; he has a public-house, and he saw me sitting in another in the village. He took my cow, and he took my horse; he took them to himself; I saw them—and may ill-luck attend his ill-got riches!—I saw them grazing on his own lands. I was mad; everything went wrong with me. My landlord came and swept the walls and the floor of my cabin. My wife died in her labor: who was to stand up for me? Where had I a friend, or a great one to help me? No one; nowhere. There is no friend, no help, no mercy, no law for the poor Irishman. He may be robbed—stripped—insulted—set mad—but he has no earthly friend save himself!"

The wretch sprang from his seat, seized his vessel, and with the look and manner of a maniac indeed, as he added:

"And here let every MAN pledge me! May *his* heart wither, and his children and name perish! May the grass grow on the hearthstone, no kin follow th' corpse to the grave, of him who will refuse to wreak on the hard-hearted proctors the revenge they provoke by the sorrows they inflict."

All had arisen. Even the old woman had stretched her wrinkled face and stringy neck into the circle, and, as the toast was quaffed, her shrill tones mingled with the hoarse "amen" that followed. In this moment of frenzy and inebriation—his youthful sympathy in their cause grafted on the hope of recovering his mistress—did Pierce Shea take the Whiteboy's oath, and with wild clamor was his inauguration celebrated.

"And now," said Doran, when the uproar had somewhat subsided, speaking in a calm and earnest voice and manner, "listen to me all. I appoint Pierce Shea my first Lieutenant for the parish of Clarah. Are all content?"

A general hurrah, joined with new congratulations, shaking of his hand, and drinking to his health, was the answer.

"And you freely accept the commission?" Doran resumed, fixing his eye on Shea, and proffering his hand also.

"I accept it; but—no matter!—I accept it unconditionally. I join you for your own sakes; for your cause, your wrongs, and your revenge. For your successor failure—for good or ill—redress or the gallows."

"It is enough," said Doran, violently shaking Shea's



hand, while his eyes sparkled and his cheeks grew pale with strong emotion.

"Meantime," resumed Pierce, "let me fairly own that another motive first led me this evening among you."

"We know what you mane," interrupted Mourteen, "an' are ready an' willin' to remember it. Sure one good turn deserves another."

"You all know my situation, men," said Pierce, after a pause, dropping his head on his hand, to hide the flowing tears that a moment's recurrence to his personal misfortunes rendered irresistible.

"We do! we do!" they cried out, "an' it's the hearts in our bodies that are achin' for you, Masther Pierce a-roon. Wait 'till we show you so mooch, widout more talkin' about it."

"It's only thought and expected," continued Mourteen, "that our new lieutenant will come wid us one night, just to make clear and clane his good wishes for the cause. The next night will bring him straight ahead on Crohoore-na-bilhoage."

"That's it; that's the very thing," the men repeated.

"I shall not fail," answered Pierce.

"Then, I believe," said Doran, "our business for to-morrow night is to call, out of love and kindness, on Perry Clancy, the friend of poor Terence Delany here," nodding at the man who had haranged them in Irish.

"Life will be spared?" asked Pierce.

"Life and limb; unless ears are legs or arms," answered Doran. Pierce objected or questioned no further; though he saw a grim smile of disagreeable expression on the features of Terence Delany.

"An' in throth," said one of the young fellows, "I'm tould the poor man is hard o' hearin'. A great pity sure, when it's a thing so asy to be righted. For there is nothin' in the wide world to do, but just crop the ears as close to the head as a body can, an' I'll take my swear he'll hear a Whiteboy, at any rate, for a good mile o' ground, as long as he lives, ever afther."

"Musha, that will be no more than a Christen turn," said another; "for who wouldn't pity a poor body that's deaf, like him? An' Bryan Whitchpatrick must scrawb him a good tune on the fiddle, when he gets the gift o' hearin'."

They had attached to their body a man of the name here mentioned, or rather of a man like it, *Fitz-patrick* being its true pronunciation, who was their poet and musician, and who always added effect to their processions, when they paraded a poor proctor to the place of his punishment.

"Aye," said Mourteen, "an' we may as well plant him in the ground up to his chin, just to see if he'd sprout into an honest man."

"Aroch, there's little fear o' that," he was answered. "If you war to sow an acre o' proctors, the Duoul a worse crop could a poor body have to look at in the harvest-time."

"Och, an' have a care, boys," said another, "bud they'd grow up into a nate crop o' hemp, that 'ud make caravats for some of us, as asy as we're takin' it."

Thus in the spirit of that peculiar levity and jeer

which the Irish peasantry mingle with the feeling and execution of their very hardships, despair, and revenge, did they discuss the business of the night. Until Doran, rising up and smartly rapping the table, said:

"Come, come, enough for to-night. Every man quietly and by himself to his home—if he has one. Murthock, don't sleep over your part of the work. Be careful to warn all the boys; you're better at it than at your music, my good fellow."

"Hah! hah! Rhiah Doran; you're welcome to your joke. Afore to-morrow night, all the boys in the parish 'ill know id, plaise God, if Murthock does be a live piper."

Upon this, the council broke up, and Pierce and Doran returned to old Shea's house.

## CHAPTER X.

WHEN Pierce Shea had slept away his intoxication, and with it the enthusiasm it had excited, he awoke to feel the goadings of an upbraiding conscience. He recollected he had broken his father's most positive injunction. The old man's good sense early perceived that the acts committed by the Whiteboys, even divested of their immoral and cruel character, could only, in the end, bring ruin on themselves. He was rich, as Terence Delany remarked, and the tithe-proctor had been to him but the cause of a pecuniary loss, which, however unwillingly he might have suffered it, was in itself of little inconvenience. His passions, therefore, had escaped undue agitation, and his reason exercised a comparatively unbiassed sway.

Pierce was a dutiful son, as well from principle as inclination. His father was, to his only child, a fond and good father; and, exclusive of the affection this insured in a warm and virtuous heart, he entertained the highest opinion of his parent's good sense. It was, therefore, afflicting to him to reflect on what he had done, in joining an association, from all intercourse with which the paternal voice had repeatedly commanded and warned him. In addition to his other causes of unhappiness, the thought made him very wretched; and when, the next night, he stole with a felon's step from his father's roof, to assist in an illegal outrage, a foreboding of heavy and retributive evil caused his heart to sink in his bosom.

But he had solemnly sworn to obey his Captain in all things, and a refusal to comply with the present order, Pierce shuddered to think, might lay the sin of perjury on his soul. His courage and consistency, too, would at once be questioned; and then came the strongest and most beguiling argument of all: his conduct on this night was to aid in discovering and releasing his mistress, and in dragging to punishment the murderer of her parents. Right or wrong, it was a sacrifice called for at his hands by the united voices of love, duty, and necessity. So he braced himself to concede to it, like a man to whom desperate resources are the only alternative.

Doran awaited him, and joined him but a short dis-

tance from his father's house, wearing over his clothes a shirt, the distinguishing garb of the fraternity, whence was derived their denomination of Whiteboys, and armed with two pistols secured in a belt; whilst at his bag was slung a huge bullock's horn, which, beside being used to sound the different signals, was a badge of command worn only by leaders. Pierce, according to orders, had also provided himself with a shirt, horn, and arms, which being now adjusted, the friends set out at a brisk pace.

Even to Doran, Shea disguised his real feelings, apprehensive that any doubt or misgiving might be construed into pusillanimity or cowardice, terms ever most humiliating and distressing to a young man's ear. He even forced himself to affect the swagger of a bravo, than which nothing could be more loathsome to his mind and spirits, while Doran volubly rehearsed, half in laughter, the feats and glories that night to be realized.

After some smart walking, they ascended an eminence, about half a mile from Pierce's home. Here Rhiah Doran, putting his gigantic horn to his mouth, blew a deafening blast, that—our voracious old chroniclers have often assured us—could be distinctly heard at the distance of three Irish miles, if the night was still, and the low breeze favorable. In an instant he was answered from other eminences, contiguous and far off, and all around. A final flourish, that startled the ear of night in the low country, almost at their feet, terminated the signals.

"And now, lieutenant, to the place of muster!" said Doran; and descending the hill together, they approached a number of men who were assembled in a field at a little distance. As the friends joined them, others were seen scrambling or leaping over fences on every side, all garbed like themselves, but only a few with horns and weapons, the majority being unbadged and unarmed. After a short pause, the muster seemed completed. They gathered in silent bustle round Doran and Shea, and the former inquired:

"Is everything ready with you, boys?"

"All right, an' nate, an' purty, Captain, agra, an' in our glory," he was answered.

"The nags, then!" cried Doran. They ran to the four corners of the field, or jumped into the adjoining one, and every man returned holding a horse, that had been pressed from different farms on their route. Nor were the worst put in requisition. The two finest steeds having been presented to Doran and Shea, the leader at once mounted, exclaiming:

"Well, then, jolly boys as ye are, up and along; and the devil take the hindmost for his supper."

All were instantly on horseback, and with a stifled though general "hurra!" dashed off at full speed, first, over the hedges and fences immediately around them, then, sometimes over a bit of road, if it happened to come in the way, but for the most part over hedge and ditch, hill and hollow, stream and bog, like mad and evil spirits careering with the night-blast—their hoarse and guttural "hurrah!" still occasionally breaking out in wild and unearthly cadence.

Few accidents occurred on this headlong ride, and those of no importance, if it be taken into consideration that, with the exception of Doran and Shea, no man of the party sat in saddle, nor had even a bridle to direct or govern his steed. Blessed was he that boasted so much as a halter; and it must be allowed that, under such disadvantages, they displayed considerable skill in horsemanship. Much more, we are inclined to think, than a regularly drilled squadron of dragoons would show, if similarly accoutred and situated.

And "hurrah! hurrah!" they still muttered as they swept along, until, after somewhat more than an hour's mad driving, the horses began to stumble and totter from fatigue. Then Doran's voice was again heard.

"We ought to be near upon the place for a change," he said to those immediately around him.

"At the foot o' therath afore you, Captain," was the answer.

He sounded his horn, and was promptly answered from the direction pointed out. Spurring and lashing, he set the example of one desperate push to gain the point of relief.

"*Faulthra! faulthra!*" to the rattlin' boys that thrive by night!" was shouted by many voices, as at last they came up to the destined hill.

Doran instantly dung himself from his saddle, asking:

"How many horses have you?"

"Five-an-forty, Captain, you darlin' o' fellows!"

"Enough; and enough is as good as a feast." Then turning to Pierce, during an instant's delay in changing their saddles, "Come, Lieutenant, your hand. By the blessed moon, you are a brave Whiteboy, already?" The girths were now tightened, the bridle dung to him, and he was again on horseback in a twinkling, adding to the party that had met them: "We'll be here again in an hour: be sure to have the horses ready. Up, and along, boys!" was again the word, and onward all again dashed at the same furious rate as before.

At last they entered amid a few straggling huts, built at irregular distances, and in disorderly lines, dignified by the inhabitants with the name of a village. The stillness and sobriety of night prevailed. No light gleamed from the wretched cabins: labor and life seemed to have sunk in repose. Yet, as they clattered along, door after door was stealthily opened, half-dressed figures, male and female, appeared at each, and the oft-repeated salutation of "*Dieu lieuve a-voucheeleen,*"† uttered in that bitter and gurgling tone in which they would have set their mastiffs on a detested enemy, told that the mission of the riders was understood and appreciated. When they reached the forge, or smithy, a man issuing thence with candles, a lighted sod of turf, and a sledge, proved that they had been duly expected.

"Is the ould bird in the nest?" asked Doran of this person, as he pulled up.

"Och, an' that he is, snug an' warm, an' waitin' fur you, Captain, a-chorra."

"Well; that's civil and dacent of him, after all, poor soul. Show us the way, Thaddy."

\* Welcome, welcome.

† God speed you, lads.



There was a house standing apart from the others, distinguished from them as well by its station as by its great superiority of extent and appearance. Through its thatched roof protruded a forked stick, to which was appended a signboard, that, had it been daylight, might be seen to boast a dull raddle ground, with a block shape thereon, having very necessarily and wisely, "The Black Bull," painted in black letters above its head and beneath its feet: and lower down still, also painted,

	mint.	
Entertain		
for man and horse—		
— — — — —		

At the door of this doomed abode, the party stopped. It was the residence of Terence Delany's undoer, the same swaggering tithe-proctor whose portrait we have before attempted to sketch.

With the utmost possible silence, the Whiteboys ranged themselves about the house, so as to prevent escape. Then, having lighted their candles, by blowing at the red turf, one clash from the eighteen-pound sledge burst the door open. Doran, and three others, who were armed, rushed in, Pierce being left in command of the main body outside. The visitors took their measures so well and so speedily that they seized upon the terrified proctor as he crept under the bed from which he had just arisen.

"Arragh, then, crawl back wid yourself, here, my ould bouchal," said one of the men, as he dragged him by the legs into the middle of the room.

"An' isn't it a burnin' shame," cried another, "to see a responsible, well-doin' body, like you, go fur to hide yourself like a *chree-chrao-tha*, afther we comin' so far a journey to see you? Foch upon you! To sarve your own cousins in such a way, in your own house."

"Mostha, because he does so shabby by us, it's a long day 'til we cum see him agin," said a third.

"In throth, Peery, agraa, it's little right you have to give us the *neen-sha-athig*,\* fur your mother's people, and that's oursefs, that are all come o' the Mulcahys, is an ould dacent stock."

"Don't be spakin' to our cuseen afther that fashion. Mysef is a'most sure, by the pleasant face that's on him, he's glad in the heart to have us undher his roof this blessed night."

Such was the mockery bandied from one to another, while the unfortunate man sat stupefied in the middle of the room, looking around him in hopelessness and horror, and in dreadful anticipations of the tortures he well knew awaited him. Twice had he been admonished to rise, without showing any sense of the words addressed to his ear, until at last a smart application of Doran's whip to his shoulders, and the shrill tones and terrible words of, "Come out for your tithing, Peery!" that accompanied the blow, roused him from his lethargy. But he only clasped his hands and cried

for mercy. And when by main force the three men proceeded to carry him out his instinctive struggles for freedom only called down again and again an answer from Doran's whip.

"Och, gentlemen, gentlemen, honies, take pity on a poor man!" he repeated, as they bore him over his own threshold.

"Asy now, Peery. Considher wid your conscience. Don't be axin' from us the thing you never yet had for man or baste, your own sef," was the reply, that showed how little commiseration he had to expect.

Outside the door Doran refreshed his men with some liquor, for which he had ransacked the house, and then proceeded to put them in order of procession. First he called for Bryan Fitzpatrick, poet and musician to the body, as has before been mentioned, who manufactured all their songs, and who was so intimately acquainted with the muses that, by their assistance, he gave his own history; beginning thus:

"Och! sure 'twas from the county of Leithrim I came,  
An' I playe on the fiddle, Bryan Fitzpatrick by name."

A most important personage on show occasions like the present, he now came forward at call to take rightful place at the van of the array. Peery Clancy, mounted on his own pampered gelding, had the next place. Immediately followed Captain Rhian Doran with Shawn O'Burke, who had learned to emit from that most primitive though unwieldy instrument, his bullock's horn, such a variety of strain suited to every occasion, whether martial, triumphant, or pathetic, as with some to create him a rival of Bryan Fitzpatrick, music, fiddle, and all. To the unprejudiced ear his variations equalled, at least, the different transitions from high and low howling, to high and low bellowing, once practised by the animal to which his instrument had originally been an appendage. Shawn rode at the right hand of the captain. At the left was Yemen O'Nase, "the finisher of the law;" the rest, brought up by Pierce, followed in what order they might. At the first movement from the house, Bryan Fitzpatrick drew his fiddle-stick, and was instantly seconded by Shawn O'Burke, whose doleful blate certainly outdid his competitor in every way on this occasion. Heretofore, whatever Bryan lost in loudness and power, he had been enabled to make up by melody; but now he only produced a most unaccountable noise, and, in pure comparison with noises, a contemptible one. Truth is, he had been so unlucky as to tumble from his horse during the rapid ride, and, to his great consternation, when he uncased his fiddle, it appeared wofully disabled by the accident, one side being battered in, and all the strings snapped across. His only resource had been, in the short pause afforded, to knot together two lengths at random, each of which he afterwards found was composed of different scraps of different strings, first, second, third, and bass, as they came to his fingers. The result we have described. But as the troop passed along in order, the loud shouting of the men rose to his relief, drowning, as the outcry which rent the air, his pitiful minstrelsy; the inmates of the hovels, at their doors, or lying on their straw,

\* Not at home.

joined the uproar; and even the shrill scream of women, and the tiny pipes of children, could be distinguished. There was no pity for Peery Clancy.

They arrived at the place where he was to undergo his punishment. History, the faithful mirror of truth, the rigid chronicler of facts, proceeds in her duteous detail without consideration for the squeamishness of nerves. Among other instances of the principle, the legal retribution visited on Damien and Ravallac has found its careful chroniclers; nor, in this transcript of real scenes, shall the illegal violence done to an Irish tithes-proctor want true and courageous historians. Therefore, proceed we with the circumstances.

Conformably with the other preparations, a grave was dug for the proctor's reception, close by a hedge in a contiguous field. In this he was laid, and covered with loose earth to the chin. Then did Yemen O'Nase, who, like Shylock, had for some time been busily occupied sharpening upon a flat stone the broad blade of his pruning-knife, advance, and in the in-felt pride of being a dexterous operator, exclaim:

"Well, we're all ready; an' it's a sweet bit of a blade that's in you, for one knife. Och, but it isn't none o' your blades that's fit for nothin' but cuttin' butther. I gi' you my conscience, this holy an' blessed night, 'twould take the horns off a ten-year-ould bull, not to speak of a poor proctor's ears, though them same does be hard enough in regard of all the prayers they won't hear, an' all the lies they tell. Come, come," interrupting himself, as he knelt down to his work, "none o' your ochowns, Peery. Don't be the laste unasy in yourself, a-gra." You may be right sartin I'll do the thing nate an' handy. Tut, man," in reply to a shrill scream, "I'd whip the ears of a bishop, not to talk of a creature like you, a darker night nor this. Divil a taste I'd lave him; an' wouldn't bring any o' the head wid me, neither—musha, what ails you at all?" after he had half accomplished his task. "You'd have a better right to give God praise for gittin' into the hands iv a clever boy, like me, that—stop a bit, now—that'd ud only do his Captain's orders, an' not be lettin' the steel slip from your ear across your windpipe—Lord save the hearers! Stop, I say! There, now, wasn't that done purty?"

"Why, Peery," said another, "bear in mind that it's all for the good o' your poor sowl we're so kind to you. Sure there's no doubt at all that the proctors, every mother's son o' them, go straight-a-head to the Divil. But I'll be bound to say that Peery Clancy, that was buried—an' a decent herra he got, wid his own people around him—an' Peery Clancy, that 'ill be afther him, won't be the same body at all—at all, in regard that one had wings to his head, an' the tother not one in the world. You won't be the same man, only some one else. More betoken, the penance of this night 'ill be mighty good fur you in the time to come. Take care o' yourself there, a-vich."

"Good-night, Peery. Sure you have all the crop we can gi' you," added others.

"To make everything sure," said Doran, "you must just swear as I desire you, Peery, or have Yemen at

your throttle, along with your ears. Give me the book."

A prayer-book was handed to him, which he held to be kissed by the proctor, and the buried-alive swore never again to follow his unpopular profession. A sentinel was then placed over him also sworn to release the sufferer in an hour.

"And now for the *salin-na-morra*!" cried Doran. "Strike up, Bryan. Shawn! your horn. Attention, men, and chorus."

The *salin-na-morra*, or death-prayer, was a celebrated chant, pathetic-ludicrous, composed and sung to his fiddle, by Bryan Fitzpatrick, on all such occasions as the present. While the party gathered round the proctor, it now arose, according to orders, first as a plaintive solo by the son of the muses, and then chorussed in terrific diapason by the whole body, joined to the utmost effort of Shawn's horn, and, indeed, of all the other horns present. After one encore, Doran flung himself on his horse, and his words, "Up, and along!" were the signal for the retreat of his troop, whose wild "hurrah!" testified their triumph, and readiness to accompany him, as they at once vaulted on their barebacked coursers. And away they set, over the ground they had already travelled, at the same savage speed in which they had arrived.

After driving some miles, Doran, who kept abreast with Shea, carelessly said:

"I'm sorry we have left the poor divil in Terence Delany's hands, after all."

"I was going to say the same thing," replied Pierce, "and to ask you if you think there is any danger of the unfortunate creature's life."

"Heaven knows, not I. But you remarked the tone of his voice, and expression of his face, when he repeated my words, to release his prisoner in an hour?"

"I did; and for that very reason have my doubts. Suppose we turn back?"

"Nonsense!" shouted Doran, with a laugh; "do you suppose I could get my men to run the risk of any probable alarm that may now be spread in the neighborhood? Or that I would dare it on my own account? Let Terence and the proctor settle it together."

"No, Doran; we have already done enough—too much. I, at least, regret, and during the whole scene, I regretted my share in such an unwarrantable and cruel outrage. I, at least, will endeavor to prevent murder."

"Oh, very well, Lieutenant. Only it may now be too late. You intend riding back by yourself?"

"Have I much to fear for my own life, if I do? You said something of risk, just now."

"Nothing of risk to a single man and horse, though; all is quiet, I believe. You didn't notice any one leave the house while you guarded it?"

"No,—good-night," answered Pierce, checking and turning his horse towards the village.

"Good-night, then, and let us see you soon. On, boys, on!" and the friends galloped in different directions.

The last clang of the Whiteboys' horses, and the echo of their far "hurrah!" were lost in distance to



the victim's ear, and his faint moan was then the only sound that disturbed the silence of the night around him. Terence Delany, his guard, stood over him, speechless and motionless: even his breathing was not audible in the still air. But, after a considerable pause, he walked a few paces to the fence near which the grave had been dug, and returned bent and panting with some heavy burden round which his arms were clasped. It was a huge stone: he stooped and laid it down beside the bleeding head.

Again he paused, and stood motionless; but at last his husky tones broke suddenly and ominously upon the dead calm; for the proctor's moans had subsided into the feeble breathings of exhaustion. He spoke, as was his almost invariable custom, in the Irish language, of which we will endeavor to give the substance and turn of speech.

"Know you, Perry Clancy, who it is that stands over you in the lonesomeness and silence of this night?"

The answer came also in Irish: "I know not whom you are; but, if you have a Christian's soul, you will release me from this misery."

"Did you never bring it to your mind, and did the recollection of it never put your sleep astray, when, stretched on a bed of comfort, after a pleasant meal, that, by your deeds, Terence Delany, and his wife, and his three poor little children, were left houseless and hungry?"

"Oh! I am lost forever!" moaned the wretched man.

"Hah! you know who stands over you, now! Yes, you sank them and me in poverty and the grave! You made me mad! and now lie there, sure of the death-stroke from the arm of the madman you made!"

The victim shrieked.

"Waste not your breath in idle cries. I will turn away, and give you a few minutes to make your prayer of God. When you hear my step again near you, cry mercy on your own soul."

He walked aside. By one of those singular coincidences which occur oftener than they are noticed, the face of night suddenly changed; the stars became extinguished, and the wind howled through the leafless branches. He turned his brow upwards, as if confusedly affected with the change; and paused a short time in that position. Then, starting wildly, he hurried back, and heedless of the frightful scream for life and mercy, felt with his foot for the exact situation of the head—stooped and after many efforts raised the ponderous stone—poised it a moment over the mark—when Pierce Shea bounded upon him from the other side of the hedge, forced him from his stand, and the rock fell, with a dull and hollow sound, harmless on the earth.

Delany instantly sprang on Shea, and with both hands gripped his throat. Pierce seized him in return, and swung him about. But the iron grasp became firmer; the blood stopped and throbbed in his head, and could not circulate; so that breathing became a painful labor. In a violent attempt to free himself, both fell to the ground, and Delany entangled and locked his legs with those of his adversary, who now felt the man's hold tightening more and more, and heard the gnashing of

teeth at his ear, while the pang of suffocation closed on his heart. In a moment's rapid thought, however, Pierce recollected a sleight he had learned in wrestling, by which it was possible to release himself from the disabling bondage the would-be murderer held over his legs. Using it, therefore, and immediately after summoning an effort that the fear of death could alone supply, he sprang to his feet, bringing the other with him. This shook Delany's grasp; and Pierce, instantly relieved, bethought him of another sleight, acquired also in the wrestling-ring. It was as successful as the first; his enemy swung loose from him, and a well-directed blow in the throat brought him down senseless.

The victor stood a moment, faint and staggering, before his strength or thoughts were sufficiently recruited to follow up his success. In good time, however, he recovered, to bind with his neckcloth, handkerchief, and garters, the ankles and arms of the prostrate man. Then, the blood resuming its channel, and his breath coming and going freely, he lost not a moment in shovelling the earth off the nearly expiring proctor, catching him in his arms, and conveying him with incredible speed to his own house, where, so soon as he had deposited his burden, he sank himself, breathless and feeble with the unusual exertion and struggles he had made.

The near noise of horses' hoofs recalled his senses to activity. At first he felt assured that his friends, anxious about his absence and danger, had come back to protect him. But a fear that the riders might be enemies, not friends, next sprang up in his mind, and he took refuge under the bed, on which he had just left the proctor, assured that, even if his worst surmise were true, the man whose life he had saved at hazard of his own would, by silence at least, shield him from present danger.

In a moment he heard the shrill tones of a boy calling out to some persons to follow, and soon after a party of dragoons, headed by a magistrate, clanked into the room. The boy, suspected to be a natural son of the proctor, had (not without the observation of Doran, whose after-question on the road to Pierce may be remembered) escaped from the house just as the Whiteboys had gained it, and, seizing a horse that grazed in a neighboring field, set off for Kilkenny, where he gave notice of what was going forward, and quickly returned with civil and military aid.

To the questions put by the magistrate and dragoons to the proctor, as to the probability of apprehending any of the Whiteboys, Pierce, it may be supposed, listened with natural perturbation; and for some time the total silence of the person interrogated seemed to argue him safe from danger. But the proctor, at last breaking the silence that bodily pain and fatigue had alone caused, inquired whether or no he should be entitled to a reward for discovering a Whiteboy. When answered in the affirmative, poor Shea heard the ungrateful wretch immediately name the place of his concealment, and charge him as being one of those who had assisted at his torture; a fact fully corroborated by his white

shirt and his arms, which in his hurry he had not thrown aside. The reward of his humanity, then, from the very person who owed him his existence, was, in a few seconds, to find himself a prisoner, with the dreadful certainty staring him full in the face of ending his life prematurely and ignominiously on the gallows, when that life had so many great and tender claims upon it. We think we cannot exalt Pierce's praise more highly than by adding that, in this hour of trial—of outraged generosity and personal despair—he did not regret what he had done.

## CHAPTER XI.

It were easier for the reader to imagine, than for us to describe—the remark is, by the way, an old ruse among us story-tellers, adopted—when unable to trace, or comprehend distinctly enough for description, the various changes of the mind under strong and peculiar sensations—in order to put the reader in good-humor with our lack of ability, by thus silyly complimenting him on his own superior discernment—it were easier, we say, for the reader to imagine, than for us to describe, the thoughts and feelings of Pierce Shea, in his present appalling situation, when the next morning's dawn brought with it tardy remorse, and unavailing repentance. An habitual offender is in constant apprehension of the punishment he knows society has decreed against those who violate its laws, and, when his career is at last about to be terminated, he is found in some degree prepared for the fate he had always dared and dreaded. This was not the case with Pierce. His life had been calm, and free from crime; and his participation in the acts that now subjected him to a dreadful death was a fatality rather than a choice. Forced into the Whiteboy association and expedition, by a master-motive very different from that which impelled the others, he spoke but the truth, when he declared to Doran that he was an unwilling spectator of the cruelties practised. In truth, he had taken no part in them: his heart had all along commiserated the sufferer, his present fate proved how sincerely. Poor Pierce's situation was therefore terrible; yet less from a fear of death than from overwhelming horror at the ignominy his public execution would entail on his father, his mother, and himself. He recollected, too, that the first step towards his fate was a breach of filial duty and reverence. And Alley, for whom he had ventured all, and now lost all—and who remained not a whit the better for his rashness, his error, and his ruin—what was to become of her?

During the night, they had confined and closely guarded him in the proctor's house. Terence Delany was his fellow-prisoner, and the man's dogged aspect would have repelled all converse, even did not the presence of a sentinel effectually prevent it. At the first break of morning they were tied, each behind a dragoon; and the party, fourteen in number, exclusive of the sergeant in command, set out for Kilkenny jail.

They had travelled about half of their journey, and had just left behind a slip of mountain-road, on each side of which hills clothed with heath and fur, and rocks bleached white by time and the weather, were the only scenery, and were now approaching a trifling hamlet, to which the more fertile land gently sloped, when a wild cry came on their ears. Presently a funeral procession, formed by a great concourse of country people, of both sexes, appeared in view. As the mournful crowd drew near, the sergeant halted his men in the centre of the road, closed his files, got the prisoners in the midst, and, only recommending all forbearance of insult, thus remained to let it pass.

"D—n my eyes, Jack," said one of the men to his comrade; "but them 'ere women 'owls confoundedly after the dead fellow."

"Curse me, aye," replied his comrade, "'tis a noise might scare Neddy, 'ere, from his corn."

"Oye, that 'twould," observed another, a Yorkshire giant, leaning forward on the pommel of his saddle, to join in the conversation in front. "'Tis the Hoirish cry, as 'em calls it, what such loike wouid Hoirish always howls, dom 'em."

"Demme, though," cried a cockney, "if them ere vimen, what are arter the coffin, ben't on a lark like. They don't come down a tear, for all they clap hands, and hollar, the yelps, their d—d gibberish, what none understands but themselves."

"Whey, noa, mon," rejoined the third speaker, "em doant care a curse for dead choap, for all their outlandish bawling; and—"

"*Chise! Chise!*"\* roared out a number of stentorian voices, that made their horses bound under the riders. The coffin was dashed down; the crowd closed and sprang on the dragoons as they passed by, and, in the twinkling of an eye, every soldier was unsaddled and disarmed, and the prisoners, with grand and deafening acclaim, set at liberty. The matter had been altogether so unexpected, and so electric, that no precautions could have been taken. The military were not yet recovered from their surprise, when the man who had given the first signal-word addressed them with a face of laughing railleury:

"Arrah, then, maybe that wasn't as nate a thrick, an' as nately done as ever you seen in your lives afore. Myself 'ud a'most sware you'll be for killin' all the corpses you meet on your road from this day. An' faith you may as well biggin now," pointing to the coffin that lay on the ground, of which the lid had fallen off, and allowed a parcel of large stones to trundle about. "Bud, my darlin' red-coats, as our work is done we wants no more. No hurt or harm is intended to a sowl among ye; though, to be sure, 'twould be no great bones to do it, wid your own purty firelocks, too," glancing at the polished barrel of a carbine he held in his hands. "Bud, up on your horses, an' go your ways. You know you can say you just dropt your prisoners on the road—an' so you did, faith! like a hot phato, when you couldn't hold 'em, an' don't know what the Duoul come o' them. An' that 'ill be no lie for you."

\* Down! down!



"Brave fellows," cried the sergeant, "for brave you are to attempt and succeed in an action, such as you truly say we have never seen equalled and generous fellows, too, to give us life and liberty, when we least expected either—brave and generous men, listen to me. You say no harm is intended to us. But to send us to our quarters without our swords or carbines would be the heaviest injury you could inflict. We should be all tried and punished for cowardice. I should be turned into the ranks; these poor fellows tied up to the triangle and half lashed to death. In short, you ruin us if you keep our arms. I propose a treaty. Discharge our carbines with your own hands, and then let us have them back, when we cannot further use them to your annoyance. As for the swords, we shall each of us swear on his own, as you restore them, instantly to put them in our sheaths, and ride off without drawing them; by the faith and honor of soldiers and of men, we will!"

"It 'ud be too bad on the poor creatures not to listen to 'em," said the leader to his companions.

"Faith, an' it would," said another.

"An' they are so mooch in arnest, an' promisin' so well," said two or three more.

"We are not your enemies," resumed the sergeant, seeing them waver, "but English soldiers come into your country as brothers, and only doing, as soldiers, a disagreeable duty. Besides, you have bound us to you in gratitude for ever, and treachery, even if it was in our power, would be impossible."

"Arrah, we'll gi' them the arms," now burst from the whole crowd.

"Stop!" said Pierce, advancing: "it is my duty, as this rescue has been undertaken for my advantage, to see that no evil grows out of it to my unknown friends. Let the carbines be first discharged." His commands were obeyed. "Now, sergeant, you will prove your sincerity by handing us your cartridge-pouches." The sergeant readily complied. Pierce emptied them, separately, and returned them, together with the carbines and swords, which latter were, according to treaty, at once sheathed, while the dragoons remained still dismounted. The military party, with many professions of thanks, then gained their saddles, superfluously assisted by their new friends, who zealously opened to give free passage. Their miserable throats were also opened for a parting shout, when the sergeant, wheeling his troop round, gave the word, "Soldiers, fire!" The pistols, hidden in the holster, had been, by one party, overlooked, and were now discharged. Every ball took effect, and fifteen men fell.

"Follow me now, lads!"—the sergeant continued, flashing spurs into his horse, and plunging forward amid the throng, his horse's head pointed towards his Barracks. Three file closely followed him, and he and they cut through the dense crowd, who had not yet recovered breath or action from this sudden change of affairs. But on the remainder of the troop they closed in an instant after, with frantic cries and gestures of desperation and revenge.

The dragoons, thus surrounded, at first spurred and

spurred to free themselves; but the outward circles of the country people pressed on those within, so that the horses stood wedged and powerless. A second volley from the holster pistols then immediately followed, with effect as deadly as the former. Louder and louder, fiercer and fiercer, grew the shouts and efforts for vengeance. The wretched people were unprovided with any weapons except sticks, but they were furious as bulls, and ferocious as tigers. Some grappled the reins of the horses, and others dragged the riders to the ground. Though cut and hacked with the sabres, that were still available, and trodden and trampled under the prancing feet of the affrighted animals, or themselves treading and trampling on the bodies of their dead companions, they did not flinch a jot. While their antagonists, unable to act in a party, every moment found their single bravery useless, or overpowered by repeated and ceaseless onsets. One man among the peasantry bounced up behind a dragoon, clasped him in his arms, and both tumbled to the earth. In an instant he was on his legs again, jumped on the breast of his prostrated enemy, wrenched the sword from his grasp, forced it through his temples, and, emitting a shrill cry that was heard above all the other clamor, waved it aloft, and with the rifled weapon proceeded to inflict deep and indiscriminate wounds on men and horses, until one well-aimed thrust brought him down, and he was crushed beneath the hoofs of the chargers. A goaded horse, unable to plunge forward, reared up and fell on his haunches. The ill-fated rider was instantly deprived of life by the crowd that, bounding into the air, leaped and danced upon him. He who at the first commencement of the affair had acted as leader, laid hold of one of the poles of the mock bier, and with it much annoyed the soldiers. A sabre reached him in the abdomen; he snatched a handkerchief from a woman's neck, bound it around the ghastly wound, and, darting forward on the assaulter, grappled with him till the dragoon was lifeless, and the handkerchief giving way, his own intestines burst from his body with the exertion. While all this went on, frantic women lined the fences at either side of the road, and with terrible cries of fear and encouragement, prayers for their friends and curses for their enemies, clapping of hands and tearing of their hair, added to the already deafening yell of the combatants, to their shouts of savage triumph, and to the groans or shrieking of the wounded.

This bloody scene was enacted in little more than a few minutes. In fact, the sergeant and the three men who had at first broken through the crowd with him, after discovering that they were galloping alone along on their rode homeward, scarcely had time to face about again to the relief of their eleven comrades, and to reapproach the outward line of the infuriated crowd, when those eleven were reduced to one. From their elevation above the heads of the assailants, they were then able to form a pretty correct opinion of how matters stood. They had not yet discharged their second pistols, but, after a moment's pause of indignation, did so, and, as before, every shot told. The wildest cry

that had yet been heard arose, a number of voices exclaiming together, as the dragoons followed up their volley with a furious charge—"Make way, boys, and let them in!" The crowd accordingly divided. This was what the sergeant had wished and tempted; he fell back with his little party, and cried out:

"Fly, comrades! retreat! retreat!"

The single survivor rushed pale and bloody through the human gap, escaping many missiles aimed at him by the baffled people, and—

"Away, sergeant, away!" he shouted, striking, for one push at life, the sides of his snorting steed.

"Where are the rest?" asked the sergeant, "why do they lag behind?"

"They can't help it," answered the rescued, and, till that moment, despairing man, spurring past,—“nor we either—on, on!”

"Is it so?" resumed the sergeant; "let us gallop, then!"—and all instantly tore off at their horses' utmost speed, a mingled roar of disappointment, rage, and triumph, following them for the short time they remained in view.

It would be setting up a claim for more of mildness than generally belongs to humanity, or perhaps expose him to the charge of pusillanimity in the opinion of some of our readers, were we to represent Pierce Shea as an inactive spectator of this affair. Our regard for facts is too strong not to acknowledge, that with the dragoon's sword, on which he now leaned, panting for breath, he had evinced, during the desperate struggle, a revengeful sense of, to his apprehension, the cruel treachery practised on his too credulous friends. The uncalmed passions of those around him were for some time indulged in undiminished uproar and confusion of sounds. Some loudly rehearsed their exploits, or exultingly exhibited their wounds, or, brandishing the arms of their foes, told of what they would have done; shouts of victory, or the boisterous congratulations of triumph were sent forth: the ferocity of unsatiated vengeance was exhibited by a few, who, with mad curses and imprecations, ran to trample or hack anew the slaughtered dragoons and horses. But dearly were that day's vengeance and triumph bought. Upwards of thirty peasants lay dead on the mountain-road, and near a dozen more were wounded. Then was heard the scream of women, as they rushed from body to body, recognizing a husband or brother among the slain or dying. Or, what rings more awfully and terrifically on the ear, the rough commanding voice of men changed to weakness and lamentation, as they, too, knelt in sorrow over the corpse of a father, a brother, or a son.

The scene that now presented itself, together with all his late adventures, might well seem to Pierce, as he stood gazing around him, exhausted and scarce able to exert his judgment or recollections, but the confusion of a terrific dream. His thoughts were yet uncollected, when a body that had hitherto lain as if lifeless, stirred at his feet, and a faint voice, not unfamiliar to his ear, pronounced his name. Shocked and thrown off his guard, he started aside, and then

his eyes fell upon Terence Delany. There was a long and deep cut across the wretch's temple, and the blood flowed in a now thickened stream over his cheek, neck, and bosom. Pierce knelt, and endeavored to raise him, but the gasping voice, that came at intervals, requested his forbearance. He spoke, as usual, in Irish. "No, son of the Sheas, disturb me not, if you wish to leave my dying moments free for what I have to say. I am almost dead. Promise to fulfil my last prayer."

"I do promise, before God."

"Here, then, untie this"—pointing with his feeble finger to his bloody shirt, where Shea found a few shillings carefully secured by a thread—"you must take that to my mother—now the only mother of my children; I begged it for them since we parted. You will find them all, not far from this, in a ruined barn, near to the blackened walls of Murtoch Maher's house. Lead her to my corpse. Tell her I died wishing for her blessing; and blessing, though they are not here with me, her son's children—and—". His voice grew for a moment stronger, his glassy eye lit up, and he was able to raise his clenched hand and braced arm as he added—"Tell her, too, I die with the traitors' blood upon me." He sank down, and Pierce thought he was dead. But soon after he again opened his eyes, and, without motion, resumed:

"I am going to meet you, *Aileen*, wife of my heart! Yes, the pulse of my heart you were, when it was young and joyful: when it grew black and sorrowful, still you were its darling. You might have been rich, but you were poor with Terence. Oh! tell my mother, young man, to be kind to poor *Aileen's* children." A rapid convulsion passed over his face, his limbs unconsciously quivered, and the black blood gushed fresher from his death-wound, in consequence of a violent effort he made to grasp Pierce's arm, as, with unwinking eyes rivetted on him, he just had time to say:

"You saved me from the crime of murder. I owe it to you that, now as I go to face my Maker, I have not that red sin on my soul. And I would requite you. First, I pray that your young days may be full of joy, that your beloved may be like my *Aileen*, and that your children, and your children's children, may rise up to be a comfort to you—and—and—" the last words were scarcely audible or intelligible—"Listen, and do not move me—Listen with your soul—An enemy is close upon you—put no trust—" He stretched out his gaunt limbs, and died.

The tears streamed down Pierce's cheeks. General carnage does not start a tear, when a particular misery, like this, will unlock the sluices of human feeling. With the assistance of two women, he bore the body to the village, where, in a spacious barn, the remains of those whose homes were not near were "laid out" in ghastly array, but with all reverence and decency. As Pierce Shea was most anxious to be at his father's house, he lost no time in fulfilling the sad request of the dying man, and therefore quickly turned his feet towards the place where, by poor Terence's description, he might expect to find his helpless survivors. It may not be out of course here to remark, that if the



language uttered by Terence Delany appear too refined for one in his situation in life, it is ascertainable as only in strict unison with the genius and idiom of the language in which he spoke, and from which we have literally translated. In the Irish, there is nothing of what is known by the name of vulgarism. Its construction, even in the mouths of the peasantry, who to this day use it, has been and can be but little corrupted. Nor could the familiar colloquy of the meanest among them be rendered, in English, into commonplace or slang.

Inquiring his way to Murtoch Maher's barn, Pierce found the place was on his nearest way homeward. A destructive fire had, some time previously, consumed the dwelling of a wealthy farmer: from a contiguous barn, part of the thatch roof had, to prevent the spreading of the flame, been torn: one end was yet covered, but through the other end rain and storm found free admission. And this was the comfortless dwelling of Moya Delany and her three grandchildren.

Pierce soon came on the desolate group. The old woman, unusual of height, and bearing in her mien and features a strong likeness to her deceased son, stood erect, with her back to the entrance, as he approached; the youngest child was asleep in her withered bosom; and the other two hungrily watching a few potatoes, that were roasting in the white ashes of a fire made upon the floor with green furze. Till the moment of his entering, Shea had not sufficiently reflected on the difficulties of his mission and now felt painfully at a loss how to convey the dismal tidings he bore. The old woman had not perceived his entrance, and he stood behind her for some moments, ere his "*Dieu-a-uth*" startled her as if from a trance. Turning quick round, she then stared at him in silence, neither uttering another word. At last she spoke in a firm, though mournful voice, and the following dialogue ensued in Irish:

"My heart is sorry, young gentleman, that I cannot offer you a seat in this poor place."

"There is no necessity, good woman;" and his throat choked up as he looked round; "I have only a message from your son."

She advanced and fixed her eyes upon him.

"My son?—and what tidings of my son? I did not see him last night, but my dreams were with Terence. Your face frightens me, young man: tell me your errand."

"My face ought to show the sorrow of my heart," said Pierce, in a broken accent, handing the little legacy.

"God of glory!—I dreamt I sat by his corpse—and this moment I was looking at his coffin in the fire." She caught his arm, and gazed more wildly and keenly into his eyes. "My son is dead!—aye, and here is blood upon you, and you are his murderer!"

"A merciful heaven forbid!"

"But he is gone from the old mother and the little orphans?" This was asked in a tone of the deepest misery, whilst her own tears now came fast.

"Christ have pity on you!" was Pierce Shea's only answer, while he covered his face with his hands.

She was stupefied, but did not fall. Then she wept plentifully, but without loud lament. She sat and called the children around her and told them they had no father now; at the same time pressing, with one arm, until it screamed, the infant that lay on her breast, and with the other encircling the two elder ones, whose piercing cries arose as they clung to her tattered but clean vesture. After some time she desired Pierce to relate the manner of her son's death. As he went on rage, revenge, and when he had uttered the last part of Terence's dying message, triumph, flushed her face and dried the tears on her cheeks; and the widowed and childless old woman asked, in a stern voice:

"He died with the blood of the traitors upon him?"

"He did—I saw it wet upon his hands."

"Then he died as I would have him die," she resumed, rising up, "and no tear shall ever more drop from his mother's eye to wet the early grave of Terence Delany." Pierce saw her, with astonishment, catch up a wooden vessel full of water, and extinguish the embers of the fire. Then she took the second-eldest child by the hand, motioned the other to the entrance, and, with the youngest still held on one arm, added, in a tone more of command than of entreaty: "Lead me to my son's corpse: it must be stretched, and watched, and buried, and those he has left behind him must sit at his head."

Thus admonished, and under such afflicting circumstances, Pierce, notwithstanding his own anxiety to get home, could not hesitate to comply. Taking the infant from the old woman's arms, he led the way; she with a firm step, and holding the two other grandchildren by the hand, silently following.

It was known that Terence Delany had no home; and when they arrived at the barn in which, as he before noticed, his body was "laid out," they found that all the usual attentions had been bestowed upon it. The mother walked straight up to the bier, only casting a few rapid glances at each side, on the other corpses that lined her way. She stood erect for a moment over the silent features of her only son. Then slowly stooped and kissed his lips. At last, bursting into an irregular and dismal song, she uttered, in many an unequal *dhas*, or verse, his Keenthecaun.

"I nursed you at my breast; I baked your marriage cake; I sit at your head—Ullah!

"I gave you my milk; I fed you with my heart's blood. I look upon yours.

"I rocked your cradle; I nursed your children; I must follow in your funeral.

"Your children are about me; I see my child's children. But I see not my child.

"I remember your face in youth: its brightness was manly like the sun's; it made daylight round about me.

"I remember your form in the dance; and strong was your arm when you wrestled with the young men; none was like my son to me.

"And none was like him to his own Ailleen, the wife of his bosom: Ailleen, with the blue eyes and the yel-

low hair. Her children look at me with her eyes. "Many strove for Aileen: but she left her father's riches to share your cabin. She chose you above all: she was your bride.

"Aileen was beautiful and good; you loved one another; and my heart laughed to see you in your own house. The old mother's heart, sitting by your fire!

"And all your days were pleasant till the destroyer came. Then your young cheeks grew pale, and the light left your eyes, and I laughed no more.

"Ruin blackened your youth, and made your hearts old too soon, and ended your days. Aileen died first; you see her now where she is; tell Aileen your mother loves her.

"I am left alone; and the little children of Aileen have no father.

"But I weep not for you now. You fell revenging yourself on our enemies. The blood of the traitors shall also nourish the green grass on your grave.

"I nursed you at my breast; I baked your marriage cake; I sit at your head!—Ullah!"

## CHAPTER XII.

THE blast fumed and blustered through the bare fence, and through the leafless orchard. The pelting hailstones drove adown the gaping, wide-open, and perfectly straight chimney of old Ned Shea's kitchen, and fizzed in the roaring turf fire before which our friend, Andy Houlohan, and a new acquaintance, whom we beg to introduce by the dangerous name of Bridge Chree, or Bridget Heart, were seated, enjoying their *tete-a-tete* in the sense for which that term was first invented. For Andy and Bridge were, as a lapidary would say, lovers of the first water, or, in their own idiom, and pretty much in the same words, "jewels at the business."

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove," &c.,

in humble prose is a most unconscionable tyrant; his ambition expanded as the earth; and, from the monarch of many nations, to the lowly proprietor, nay, to the drudge of the lowest cot, making all bow before his empire. He fetters the free, and upon the slaves casts additional bondage: he humanizes the savage, subdues the brave, and, haply, makes the coward valiant. Now is he the presiding deity of the gorgeous palace, where delicious music and balmy perfumes mingle in the flattered air; where costly viands and sparkling wines eke out the banquet: where downy couches tempt his languid limbs to dalliance or repose: where beauty, made awful by rank and dazzling attire, lavishes upon him her ambrosial sighs and goddess-smiles, to tempt his eternal sojourn. Yet, anon, we trace him to the smoky kitchen, clothed in a suit of clumsy frieze, peeling the humble potato with divine little thumb-nail; and his witching little mouth surrounded by a white circle, that has remained on it since his last hearty draught of acid buttermilk. With the cricket's chirp, or the kitten's purr, his only music; with a rush for a

chandelier, or galaxy of argands; with a three-legged stool for his only lounge, and the unpretending Bridge Chree for his inspiration.

We could follow the mischief-doing urchin into many a stranger scene. We could unmask his various disguises, and the endless arts to which he has recourse to spread his universal sway. But having brought him to our present sphere—in which, for our lawful purposes, we have ourselves seen him, and here pledge our veracity to the fact, but would not that our fair and gentle readers should quarrel with him for his mean versatility; and we think we may add, in an "aside," of this there is no danger—having shown, we say, that, in his thirst for universal dominion, he deigns to visit such humble folk as are of our acquaintance, we shall follow his vagaries no further, lest, as the imp is spiteful, he might turn on us in revenge for our *expose*, and incapacitate us for our task of grave historian.

No matter how homely their place of welcome, the wide world did not supply him with a heartier one than did Andy and Bridge. It could not be said that the perishable thing called beauty had, on either side, been accessory to their mutual attachment. They had no fear that they should cease to love as soon as they should grow ugly: as their passion was derived from what could not change nor decay it was more likely to be constant and durable, and well-fitted for the "wear and tear" of life.

Among his compeers Andy went by the title or surname of "Andy Awling," or airy Andrew. A term significant of a certain irresistible heedlessness of action and manner, thought and speech, by which he was distinguished, and applicable, indeed, as well to his outward as to his inward man. Never did matter mould itself to mind more agreeably than in the form and face of Andy. Tall, square, slight, loose, and bony, he seemed to have been put together carelessly, or by chance: looking like a bold yet imperfect sketch of a big fellow. His swarthy visage, entirely devoid of flesh, with the skin fitting tight to his high cheek-bones, and with its mixed expression of good humor, foolishness, fidget, and subtlety, was in keeping with his figure. Even his clothes hung around him at odds and ends, as if they had been tossed on with a pitchfork. And his hat, that part of every man's costume, in its shape and adjustment most redolent of character, was sometimes pushed back to the very last holding-point of his skull, sometimes dragged down into his eyes, and sometimes only half covering his head, just as the head happened to be humorously, gravely or rakishly inclined. Winter and summer he wore, in common with almost every man round him, a mighty outside blue coat, that fell from his shoulders, pinioned his arms, and trailed in the puddle or dust. The knees of his inexpressibles always swung wide open, as did his shirt-collar, and, all but one or two buttons, his vest; so that the vision of a black hairy chest was seen in all weathers. His stockings festooning down to his brogues, generally kept his legs half naked.

But then we have seen that he was the most loving and faithful creature under the sun; to all (except when



fighting at fairs or patterns) good-natured; and, above all, possessed of a quality in high esteem with the weaker sex of every degree, that is, utter fearlessness of danger or death in mortal combat. It was Andy's courage and prowess, in fact, that first recommended him to Bridge Chree, and in the manner following. We love to rehearse the story.

Paudge Dermody, whose name the reader will recollect, was a little of the rustic *petit-maitre*, making advances, through sheer vanity, to every girl he met. To own the truth, and giving due honor to his mastership in the art of love, many were Paudge's conquests. But he boasted of the favors he received, nay, equally vain of his wit, often amused his companions as well by his own folly as at the expense of those he set a sighing. Among the rest, Bridget Chree was distinguished by his flattering attentions; and one evening, while sitting with some friends over a cup of ale, he heard the name mentioned, as the most recent of his conquests. But he seemed only half willing to admit the honor of having vanquished poor Bridget; swore a raking oath that she was an ugly jade, by far too humble for his notice; and "had crooked legs, made after the ould Munsther fashion, wid the wrong ends down, an' she squinted worse nor a dog lookin' at the edge of a rapin'-hook."

"Why, then, may this dhrink be my pison," observed Andy Awling, who did not relish the slight cast on a fellow-servant of his own, living in the same house with him, "bud Bridge Chree has two as good eyes as ever looked afore 'em." (Although he said this, he knew in his heart there was more gallantry than truth in the assertion.) "An' as for the bits o' legs, I'll be bould to say I can spake about 'em the same, afther a manner, as if they were my own. Case why, walkin' about undher the roof wid 'em, I seen 'em further up an' oftener than yourself, Paudge Dermody." We again interrupt our knight, and we do so for the sake of the fair one whose cause he may be supposed to advocate rather injudiciously, for in truth she was a modest creature enough, and we can aver, whatever innocent bungling Andy is here guilty of, that he never had a glimpse much beyond the ankles. "An' I'd swear down upon the spot, this present moment, they're as even, all the way, up an' down, as the blessed kippen in my hand." The comparison held, whatever was his authority, for the stick alluded to might well represent the identical legs in question. "So, my nate bouchal, you must just say your words backwards, to your master (you know who I mane) says his prayers. Or, by the sowl o' my father—God rest him!—you'll sup sorrow afore you leave the place."

But Paudge Dermody was a fellow of too much mettle to be thus forced into an acknowledgment of excellence that all the world knew did not exist. He therefore demurred to Andy's dictation, who not only at once proceeded to put into execution his threat against the real offender, but, while his hand was in, fairly drubbed out of the room two others who were in company, and who had said no word against the fair cause of quarrel, nor in any other way provoked such treat-

ment. So, by the success of her champion and the laws of chivalry, Bridge Chree's eyes squinted not; neither were her legs crooked, nor did they taper in any unusual manner.

Fame, who delights in publishing deeds of valor, soon conveyed to the ears of the vindicated damsel the tidings of this battle. Her smile, and her fuss about many little matters that appertained to Andy's household comforts, together with whispers in his ear when all were assembled round the kitchen-fire, after work, fully evinced her gratitude.

"She was much beholdin' to him, for standin' up for a poor girl, that had no one else to take her part, God help her!"

Andy answered:

"Don't spake of it, ma colleen-beg! the *sprissawn* wasn't able to rightify his words. I'd do the same by the Theage, there"—meaning a mastiff that slept before the fire—"or any creature under Ned Shea's roof, not to talk of you."

This reply, though it rather seemed to take away any personal compliment from his services, did not lessen the poor girl's gratitude. She forthwith commenced a series of attentions and kindnesses, that gradually won on Andy's vanity, drew his regard, his thanks, and at last his love. Bridge had a draught for him, of a morning, when he met her after milking the cows; she was never without the means of "a treat," at fair or pattern; she bought him a pair of red garters, as a keepsake, and tied them on with her own hands. Andy wore them for the better part of one day, but we take shame to ourselves, on his account, to acknowledge, that on the next day they were thrown by, as too cumbrous about his knees, and calculated to give cold, by keeping the stockings tied up, "in way he wasn't used to." On the road to a dance—(Andy was "the divil at dancing," and so, in truth, was Bridge Chree—that is, they wrought laboriously at it, and could hold out a day and night)—he, in consequence of all this, boldly told his love, and flourishing over her head the very stick to which she was so much indebted, and which shared a portion of the esteem she bore its owner, declared that "He was taken' wid her more nor wid the varsal world besides, always barrin' Pierce Shea, an' the mother that bore him. An' ready an' willin' he was to slash half the parish for any of their sakes." To which tender declaration she answered: "There was no love lost." And thus did matters stand on the night of which we at present find it necessary to speak.

But, in spite of the trial combat, the criticism of Paudge Dermody on Bridget Heart was not altogether malicious. She was Andy's negative. Perhaps this might be one cause of his subjugation, if mankind, as it is asserted, always undervalue what they have, and sigh for what they have not. He was tall; she was short in the extreme. He was lean; she was stout—fat. His face was dun and skinny; hers was rosy, round, and full. His two eyes stared for ever on before him; the pupil of her left one rested plump against the wall of her nose. (It is doubtful if, in love affairs,

this be not an advantage, as the proprietor of such an eye can give a more lengthened ogle from one corner to the other; whereas a person having the pupil exactly in the middle of the ball, must perform the same evolution by two distinct movements, for which reason the effect may be less powerful. Besides, the former individual can, if of the bashful sex, look, amid a roomful of people, full at her lover, while all present shall think her regards are fixed on the wall, or on the lady at the far corner of the table.) Breedge waddled in her gait, her legs being indeed bowed; but she had red, rich lips, a little large, but ever smiling; teeth, regular as those of a comb, and white as ivory; and her eyes, even that to which so much allusion has been made, were black and sparkling. Thus outwardly constructed, Andy and his mistress were inwardly similar, both being simple, gay, and affectionate.

They sat, as some paces back we have said, before the blazing fire, which it had been Breedge Chree's care to heap up, after all the other members of her master's family had retired to bed. How close they sat, we are not bound to declare. Indeed, when, as veracious compilers of our history, we are admitted as witnesses where others would be unwelcome, we dislike to reveal all we see and hear. Some prefatory placing, and disposing, and employing of their persons, must therefore be passed over; as also much of their conversation, until we arrive at that part of it which it is necessary the reader should know. In this case, it is plain he must be content with what we choose, or, after due reflection, deem advisable, to give him; seeing that we might keep it all to ourselves, were we so inclined, or did it suit our purposes.

"Musha, hould up your own likely face, now, a hud-geon-ma-chree," said Andy, Breedge having dropped it on her breast, at something in the previous course of the conversation.

"Andy, Andy, wasn't it a cryin' shame for you to make sich a vow as that?"

"Ma colleen-beg, myself would have no comfort in the married state, when I'd see our poor Pierce sorrowin' fur the want of a wife."

"An' so you went to make a vow afore God, that you'd never do it for yourself, till his weddin' night?"

"Aye, a-roon; because I was so knocked of a lump, at all his moanin' an' sorrowin', that I'd a' most sware, if he went an' got a suggan, and put it round his neck—the Lord keep us from temptation!—I'd just do the same thing along wid him."

"An' here was I, getherin' for it, and scrapin' for it, this penny and that penny, and puttin' odds and ends together, all to no good!"

"Och, then, my darlin', is it cryin' you are? Don't now, a-cuishla, don't."

"Oh, Andy, an' after you come round me, in the way you did, an' made me so sure of it."

"Well, Breedge, honey—"

"It's thrue enough what the poor mistress says. The boys—God mend 'em!—says she, is all rogues. Anst-hause an' myself used to think she'd be only sayin' it to

keep us to the work. But it's now I'm sartin of it to my sorrow."

"Hearken to me, a hudg."

"An' what 'ill Peggy Bawn say now, because she begrudged me sich a clane boy? He made a vow, my dear, never to marry 'till Pierce Shea would be doin' it along wid him, an' Pierce Shea 'ill never lay his eyes on Alley Doolin' while the world is a world, nor never take up with another after her, that's sartin. And so, by coorse, Andy Awling 'ill never marry Bridget Chree. Och, God forgi' you, Andy—praise be to His name in all things—it's a great thrial you brought on me."

To gain a certain point with his mistress Andy had acquainted her with the vow in question; but seeing her taking it to heart more grievously than he expected, or, indeed, could bear, he now resolved to patch up the matter.

"Musha, Breedge, what signifies a small little twelvemonth, after all?"

"A twelvemonth, Andy?"

"Aye, a-roon; sure we'll both it live out, plaise God. And then, maybe, some one 'ud show the mistress how the boys can be loyal as well as the girls; an' make Peggy Bawn's heart grumble within her, when yourself and myself 'ill take wid one another till death, after the Soggarth lays his loocky hands over us. An' I'll kiss my wife an' you'll kiss your husband, an' that 'ill be myself, that's here to the fore."

"What is it you mane at all, Andy?"

"Why, a-cuishla, do you think I'd be the ownshuch to go an' make a vow if I hadn't a barrin' along wid it! No, faith! I'll make a holy vow afore God, says I—an' blessed be your name, sure you well know better nor I can tell you that it's as great a penance as I could put on myself, because Breedge Chree is the darlin' o' my heart—that I'll never marry till my poor Pierce Shea is at the same work wid me. Barrin', says I agin—barrin' he lets a twelvemonth go by. Becase I can't wait a day longer fur him."

"An' why didn't you tell me that afore, Andy?"

"Musha, I couldn't get in a word, you war breakin' your heart an' my own cryin' in sich a way. But dhry up your eyes now, agra" (taking her apron and doing it himself). "There now."

"For sartin, Andy, you're a born rogue."

"Don't say that. Barrin' it's the turn of a rogue to be foolish-fond o' you, ma colleen-beg, I don't know any other roguery that's in me."

"Well, be asy now wid yourself."

"Mostha, I'm sorry enough to make the vow at all. An' faith only I have no money, I knows how it could all be brought about sooner nor a twelvemonth, any way."

"An' might a body be axin' you how, Andy?"

"Och, it's a queer thing you'd ax that Andy would deny you. But don't be lookin' straight at me, after that fashion, or them rogues of eyes 'll put it all out of my head."

"Oh, you're a bouchal, Andy. Well, here; I'll look up at the bacon."

Breedge, to her own conscience and satisfaction,



might have kept her word, but an unprejudiced spectator would have sworn she looked far wider of the bacon.

"Aye, that 'ill do better, for it's a thing impossible for a poor boy to think of anything but the girl that owns him when two sich burnin' black eyes is lookin' at him. See there agin, now."

"Your a coaxin' boy, Andy, a-vourneen."

"What was I sayin' at all? But let us feel if your head is on your sholders, a-cuishla."

"Be asy, Andy, I say agin."

"*Slava tha Mellish*,"\* said Andy, smacking his lips. "Well, Breedge, as I was goin' to say, it's a thing plain to be seen as the handle on my spade, that all our purshuin' of Crohoore-na-bilhoge is of no more use than for me to thry to put the moon in my pocket; because all the world knows he has his faction at his back—God bless the hearers, an' no harm meant!—and has poor Alley livin' among 'em. This very blessed day, Masther Pierce himself tould me as mooch, afther all his bogglin'. An' the only way to cum at her is for myself to take a short stick in my hand, an' trudge off to Lheem-na-Sheeg,† that lives up in the hills, in the very thick o' them. But there's no more nor one skillen in my pocket, within, an' he'd do little for the likes o' that. Sorry in my heart I am it isn't God's will I have the trifle of money, case why, the longer I stay away from Lheem-na-Sheeg, the longer will Alley stay where she is, and the longer Pierce stay widout her. An' then, agin, the longer we must stay as we are—maybe the whole twelvemonth."

Breedge instantly pulled out a little tin box, whence she drew half a guinea, and slid it into Andy's near hand.

"Och, you darlin' o' the world, there's not your match from the place where we sit to where the Connaught men cums from! Sure wid this to stick on Sheem's eye, I'll make him spy out for us I'm thinkin'."

"It's a good notion o' yours, Andy, honey—bud, our ould masther, here, doesn't give ear to a word about Crohoore an' the good people."

"Musha, good look to him, what sort of a thick head is there on him, at all, then? If he war wid us, in our good-for-nothin' chases afther Crohoore, he'd think in another way. There was the mornin' we cum upon him near the ould castle, bedidn't I see him, wid my two livin' eyes, get shtraddle-legs on his short gun, an' fly over the shtrame, betther nor an ould hare 'ud do it? Sure you're in the knowledge, yourself, Breedge, that Masther Pierce is as good at a leap as any boy in the country round, an' he wasn't able to go half-way. There's not that Christhen born woud do it, barrin' he had other's help. An' when we thought to shoot him as dead as a dour-nail, warn't our own guns bewitched, so that the sorrow a spark 'ud lave 'em! Whin we went afther him to the cave, wasn't Pierce a dead boy, only for myself; an' the red devil, Paddy Loughnan, frightened to the backbone, whatever happened the both in the cave, within. An' whin he came out among us, all of a sudd'n, didn't I fire straight into his face, an' do him no more hurt nor

if I struck him wid a thrawneen? An' I was nigh hand payin' well for it; tumbled about like pusheen-ecat, on the broad o' my back, wid the fairy-blow. God must have a likin' to me, or I was a gone crature."

"All thrue enough, Andy. An' if the ould masther war afther discoorsin' wid Biddy Grasse, that lives at Knockbulligeen, she'd let him see whether there war good people in the world, or no."

"What happened her, Breedge?"

"I'm afear'd the story woud be a long one."

"Och, no, a-roon; the night's young. Betther for us be here at this good fire, sayin' to the wind that's wid-out, blow your best, a-bouchal, nor be perishin' alone by ourselfs in our could beds."

"Well; hould your hands, now, Andy, an' I'll tell you about Biddy Grasse."

"I will, a-cuishla; I'll be a good boy." They drew their stools—or stool—we disdain to say which—closer to the blaze, and prepared, the one to speak, and the other to listen, with that peculiar pleasure story-telling imparts.

"Now, Andy, this is as thrue a story as ever you heard. I had it from Biddy's own gossip, an' she had it from Biddy's own mouth. Biddy Grasse had as fine a boy born to her as God ever sent, an' she was doatin' fond of it, to be sure, because all the rest of the childer were girls—"

"An' good look to 'em, for girls, every day they get up. What woud the poor boys do, only God was good enough to send 'em to us?"

"None o' your thievin' ways, Andy, an' let me go on."

"Well, yes; I'll hould my whist, agra."

"The child thruv' well, an' was a pleasure to look at, 'till a'most a twelvemonth ould, or thereaway. When all at once Biddy obsarved it to pine an' pine away, till it war no bigger nor my fist. It used to laugh out in the most strange way, an' grin, an' look about it, as cunnin' as a mouse; an' then bawl and squall, in a minute, agin, in a manner noways like a Christhen child. An' whin she put it to the breast, 'twould a'most tear her to pieces, an' then make faces up to her; so that the poor crature of a woman was frightened to look at it. Well, she thought to wane it. But it woudn't ate a bit fur her, an' was ever an' always wheenin' an' wheenin' from mornin' to night. She thought it war goin' to die, sorry in her heart at the same; bud, to the wonder o' the world, it lived on, three months, widout any food that she knew of, not growin' bigger nor less, only just the same way. Many a weary night she had a-watchin' it."

"One night she went to her bed, but didn't fall a-sleepin', her mind was so crossed, thinkin' of her puny child. She left a rush, lightin', an', behould you, Andy, a little while afther, lyin' still an quiet, only her eyes half open, she sees it sit up straight in the cradle, an' turn about its wizzened face, an' peep here an' there, to see if everybody was sleepin'. Then it gets out on the flure, an' goes over to the hob, where there was a lapreent of oaten bread for the next mornin'."

\* It is sweet.

† Lheem—William of the fairies.

\* Fairy weed—a sort of grass.

† Half a cake of bread.

An' it's as thrue as the fire is burnin' afore us, down it squatted on its hunkers, an' munged an' munged, 'til the whole was gone, all the while lookin' about it, like a cat that 'ud be thiev'in'. Then it creeped back agin to the cradle, an' took up its fairy bagpipes, an' played a fairy tune."

"Lord save us an' keep us! but that was frightful, sure enough," said Andy, who sat pale as death.

"An' sarten you may be, Andy, that poor Biddy was sore afeard herself. Now she bethought in her mind, many's the piece of bread she missed for a good while back. An' many's the time whin her man, an' hersef, an' the girls 'ud be out, she come alone to the dour, an' hard the wild music within, but couldn't tell how, well knowin' she left only the child at home. She didn't tell the man o' the house a word of all this; he was a contrary, cross-grained, dark man, an' she thought wid hersef he might kill her an' the child. But she went her ways to an ould knowledgeable woman, that they called Noseen Branan, in regard o' the nose was on her, bein' no nose at all, for it fell off in the frost, or a thing that-a-way. Wid the tears in her eyes, she tould her story. Sure enough, Noseen guessed how it was, at the first goin' off. 'As you're alive, standin' there, Biddy,' says she, 'that's no more your child nor I am.' 'Och, God be good to me, Noseen,' says Biddy, 'what else is it?' 'Some old man belonging to the good people,' says Noseen, agin; 'they tuck him away whin he was a child, an' had him among 'em ever sence, married to some o' their women, but now he's too old to be among 'em any longer, an' so they left him in the place o' your fine boy.' 'Och-hone-a-rie, what's to become o' me?' says Biddy. 'Are you a bold woman, for you must do a bould action?' Noseen asked of Biddy Grasse. 'I'd do anything to get back my boy,' Biddy made answer. 'Why, then, you must watch your time, wid a brave heart, an' lay hands on the ould man, an' put him into a bag, and take him wid you to the river side, and throw him in. But don't let the heart fail you, or you're a gone woman. Be sure you lave him plenty of oaten bread, an' don't mind his ways, but call him all the coaxin' names you'd call your own child, 'til it's done.'"

"Well, Andy—"

"Did she lay fingers on him?" interrupted Andy.

"Wait till you hear. Home she came, an' went to the cradle. The child, as it seemed to be, was in it, as if fast asleep. Bud the moment she bent over him, he opened his eyes an' grinned up at her, as mooch as to say, she thought, I knows all how an' about it; an' she hid her face, an' ran to the other side o' the cabin, an' sat down to bring her wits about her. One time she grew afeard to throw him wid the river, thinkin' Noseen might be wrong, an' maybe she'd take the life of her own born child. But then she bethought her of all she had seen, an' reasoned wid hersef that sure no right child could do the like. An' she went arguin' and pondherin' what coorse to take, an' at last got courage. So, whin she found him sleepin' in earnest, Biddy slipt him into a mail-bag, tyin' the sthring fast on him. But, while she was tyin' it, he

squeeled and bawled, an' kicked so hard, that the poor sowl let him dhrop frum her hands, an' hadn't spirit to lift him up agin for a long while. He worked away till he got a bit of his nose out, an' she hard him givin' a wild curse,—the *sheeg*, that if he war a Christen infant couldn't spake a word for months to come. So this made her sure, an', while he was strugglin' an' kickin' in the bag on the flure, down she stooped—"

"Murther!" cried Andy, knitting his brows, while his teeth chattered, and the cold perspiration broke out on his forehead—"Oh, by the sowl o' man! I wouldn't put a hand near him for the King of England's throne."

"Down she stooped, an' in a minute had him on her back. Away she ran, screechin' herself, to the river, an' there she shook him out o' the bag into the deepest an' maddest part o' the current. He sunk, an' rose agin; an', as he dhrove down the sthrame, sittin' on it like anything, Biddy saw he was an' ould little man, sure enough; an' she just hard him cryin' out—"Oh, *Ma-hurp-on-duoul!* I'm sorry I didn't do for you last night, as I intended!"—when she run home. An' there was her own fine boy, lost an' gained, in the cradle afore her."

"Well," said Andy, relieving himself by a long-drawn breath, "Biddy Grasse was the truth of a bould woman, that's sarten. Musha, myself 'ud no more do it nor I'd ate a harrow for my supper, an' the spikes 'ud be mighty apt to hurt a body, I'm tould. Sure, Breedge, as you said afore, if Ned Shea hard that story, he wouldn't be sayin' anything bad o' the good people, in haste, agin'."

"There's nothin' in the world 'ud persuade ould Ned Shea, Andy. He gives the bothered side to all kinds of witchcraft. Tho' little right he has, in regard his own family suffered well by it."

"What's that you say, Breedge, a-roon? There was witchcraft in the family?"

"Aye, a-vich; did you never hear tell of it?"

"Musha, never a word; but won't be long so, please God, havin' you to the fore."

"I'd tell you wid a heart-an'-a-half, because I likes well to hear a story, or tell a story. Only I'm afeard o' my life it's growin' too late, an' what 'ud become o' me if the ould mistress war to waken an' ketch us here?"

"An', ease she did, what could she make of it? Did she never coort a bit hersef, I wondher?"

"Avoch, Andy, them times is gone wid her, an' now it's nothin' but 'Mind your work,' from week's-end to week's-end. Well, a-vich, here's the story, anyhow."

"You know what a wicked set o' people the *Bocchochs* is, given to all sorts o' witchcraft an' evil doin's—the Lord save us! It was upon a time, now fifty years or more; I don't remember it—"

Andy here interrupted Breedge to rally her on the simplicity of soul that urged her to assert her personal ignorance of facts that, according to her own statement, happened before her mother was born. We take advantage of the interruption to remark that, without meaning to say we have led the reader so far in this chapter for nothing—a particular degree of attention



will be necessary while Bridge Chree proceeds in her second story.

"Thru enough, Andy, a-cuishla," in reply to his criticism. "But, as I was sayin' of a time durin' the pattrern o' John's Well, there came people from all parts o' the world to do pilgrimage at the holy place. A power of Bocchochs came too, to beg of the good Christens, as yourself may see 'em to this day, an' to sell beads an' gospels, and them sort. Well; when the pattrern was over an' all good people gone away, there was a Bocchoch cum a beggin' to Ned Shea's father's door, the same house we're sittin' in at this present time. By coorse he got shelter and the best of everything in the way. People is afeard, you know, to refuse them anything, because they might bewitch all afore 'em, cows an' horses, an' all, man an' baste, the growin' crop an' the seed in the ground. So he ate an' drank an' had lodgin' like one o' the family. I'm tould he was a clane, clever, likely young fellow, Andy, mooch the same of yourself—from bein' well to look at, I mane—but you have none of his rogue's tricks about you I hope in God. Be easy, now, I tell you. So he stopt at ould Ned Shea's house—not the ould Ned Shea that is now, but the ould fellow of all, that was his father—fourteen or fifteen days, or there-a-way. Maybe he'd do a start o' work, but very little of it; only in the night he'd set himself down among 'em an' rehearse many shranne an' wonderful stories of his ramblin' way o' life. As far as their fear an' dread of a Bocchoch 'ud let 'em go, everybody loved an' liked him—the villain o' the world, that gave sich a bad return for all!"

"Ould Ned Shea, that is now, had a sisther, a clever, handsome crature, as I'm tould by them that seen her. She was much like Pierce in the face, only noways so big, as you may suppose, an' rich an' well she used to dress. No farmer's daughter in the place, or the next to it, went finer nor braver, because her father could afford to give, an' he gave wid all his heart, to his own an' only girl, that was the light in his eyes. An' tinderly she was brought up. An' many o' the richest an' best born o' the young men o' these parts came a courtin' of her. But she wasn't aye to be pleased, or else had no notions in that a way, goin' about, an' walkin' wid her head up, an' her heart simple; troublin' herself not the last on anything but her maid's thoughts. Now, mind me, Andy. What do you say to this thing of a Bocchoch, bud he moost go an' make love to her in an underhand way? An' what do you think it ended in? Why, first, if she war shy an' lofty to them that war her aquils, or more, maybe, fur sartin she didn't give ear to a rovin' Bocchoch: the grand colleen knew what was her place an' part. Bud he swore an oath to her, if she'd tell any o' the family, he'd bring sorrow and poverty to their dour, an' she was loth to say a word for that good raison. An' when he found he couldn't cum round her by fair manes, he tried foul manes, to be sure.

"You often hard, Andy, that the Bocchochs can make bewitched pins, sich as if they gives one o' them to a young crature of a girl—or an ould one, no matter

which, she'll go wid 'um the world over, in misery and in hardships, if she war a king's daughter?"

"Often I hard of the thing," replied Andy. "But I never could come across any one 'ud tell me how the charm was put upon the pin, a-chorra."

"Och, then, Andy, I'd tell it, bud it's too fearful to rehearse at this lonely hour o' the night."

"Musha, no, a-cuishla. Sure myself 'ill stay as near you as ever I can, while you're tellin' it, an' divil a once we'll look about from the fire forment us."

"I had it of a cuseen o' my own, who was taken wid a young girl, that had no likin' for him, an' he went to an ould Bocchoch to get a bewitched pin. Curoos he was to see how the charm was made: and the Bocchochs, for a good fee, dressed him in their tattered clothes, an' passed him for one o' themselves. An' so he seen the whole wicked work. God forgave him, it was a great sin, an' a heavy penance he got for it, the next time he went to his Easter duty. He seen two o' their ould withered women go to a lone bog, in the dead o' the night, sayin' words, all the while, that he couldn't understand; they war like prayers, bud not the same a Christian 'ud say. They seeked out, crawlin' on hands an' knees, for a little herib, an' they pult it. Wid undressed hemp, wetted in the dew o' the night, they spun a thread, an' then dyed it wid the little herib. He went wid them to a berrin-place, an' they scooped out a grave, an' tuck up a ould corpse, that was nine days buried. It was a man that died widout a priest in his last moments, an' was a very wicked man, for no other 'ud do. They lifted off the coffin-lid, an' the corpse lay bare in the moonlight."

"The Lord be good to us!" ejaculated Andy.

"Amen, I say! He seen the withered women put nine long pins into the left palm; an' they tied it wid the black hemp-sstring, in the Devil's name. God keep us from his evil ways! Then they berred the corpse agin, an' he seen 'em goin' round an' round the grave, backward an' forard, the blessed moonshine shinin' on their bad doin's. After nine days an' nights he went wid 'em agin, an' they had the same corpse up agin. Takin' the pins from the hand, they tied the black sstring round the thumb, an' through an' through the fingers, or what was left of 'em, an' the pins had the charm on 'em, an' the charm was done."

"Did he give it to the colleen?" asked Andy.

"No, Andy. His conscience strucked him, an' he went an' confessed all, an' threw the pin into the runnin' wather, an' performed his penance. But the girl, pityin' him mooch, an' out o' thanks for not bewitchin' her in a wrong way, let him do it in a right way, a little time after, an' all ended in a Christen manner. But to come back to Dora Shea—

"The Bocchoch put his charm on Dora, lavin' her one of the pins, an' went his road, sure an' sarten of what was to come about. For true it is, Andy, that poor Dora, the pride of her father, an' the love o' the world, soon went after him. From that day to this, ould Shea, Pierce's father's father, would never let a beggar-body see the inside of his house. Many's the

one he whipped away from it; but one in particular. It was a cauld, blowin' night, in winther time, when a poor tattered creature come to his door, an' axed charity for the love o' God, houldin' a baby in her arms, an' the snow fallin' on the both, an' they a'most naked. A little scrap of food she begged for herself an' her baby, for she had the faintness with hunger, an' a night's shelter,—in any hole or corner under his roof. But he only tuck his heavy horse-whip, an' slashed her back into the drift an' could o' the storm, fur the ould man's heart was scalded sore by his daughter's loss, an' hardened, an' what it usen't to be, so that, from the hour she left him, he never riz his head, nor opened his hand in charity. He whipped the poor night-beggar from his gate, I say, till, as the shiverin' crature ran from his blows, she schreeched out her name, an' it was Dora, his own child! But the change o' want an' woe was on her, an' he that nursed her on his knee, an' for seventeen years followed her wid eyes o' love, as she sat by his side, or moved round his house—her father, Andy a-cuishla, didn't know her. And sure she was never heard of after."

"God help her, Breedge, but she met a bad fate. I wondher, Breedge honey, I never hard o' that story afore."

"They don't like to have it talked about, because it's a blot on the family. But when will you be goin' to Lheen-na-Sheeg, Andy?" They rose to part.

"Wid sparrow-chirp in the mornin', plase God I live an' do well."

"Musha, loock an' speed to you, Andy a-vourneen, an' take care o' yourself and keep out o' the way o' the good people."

"Faith, an' I will so, or no fault o' mine, Breedge. Och, you crature, how I longs to make my own o' you!"

"Myself 'ud be glad the time was cum too, Andy. But now it's far in the night, an' I must be up two hours afore day, because we have a week's churnin' to do in the mornin'. And so, good-night, an' God be wid you."

After some tender expostulations of the part of Andy, and—but, we are discreet. Any of our readers who happen to be lovers, or who have been—and we believe this includes a pretty considerable majority of those who shall delight in our pages—may easily imagine, or recollect, how lovers generally separate. Thus, no matter about the distinction of rank, they will have the parting of Breedge and Andy. He stealing off in his stocking vamps, that he shouldn't awaken any of the household, while she remained to say her prayers, with her back to the fire. In which pious and comfortable vein and position, she did not forget her wonted "pather-an'-avy," for the good of the soul and body of her own Andy Awling.

### CHAPTER XIII.

HERETOFORE, a description of persons, known by the general denomination of Bochechs, infested Ireland, of whom, indeed, some traces yet remain, but to a com-

paratively trifling extent. These people resembled, in their practices and habits, the gypsies of other countries (who, it is perhaps remarkable, never were known in Ireland), differing from them only in the circumstance of their not being a distinct race, or the descendants of one. A crafty, knavish, and withal talented fraternity, they lived well by practising on the charity, the superstitions, the unweariness, or the terrors of their more simple countrymen. And from the various ailments they exhibited, or were skilled in counterfeiting, as well as from their begging profession, came their general name of "Bochechs," "lame people," or "lame beggars." For they appeared with broken or distorted limbs or features, affected blindness, or compelled sympathy by the display of loathsome sores, deceptively caused by the application of well-known caustic herbs to the skin.

From this it may be inferred that their popular denomination of Bochechs was but very partially merited. The fact is, they were for the most part hale and well-looking, when they doffed their various disguises, and assembled together to enjoy the profits of their knavery. Or when a fellow, who during the day had seemed lame or blind, cast away, with his old clothes, his assumed defect, and joined in riot and debauchery, and without suspicion, those from whose charity and credulity he had extorted the means of spending as freely as the richest among them.

Following their occupation of mendicants, they frequented fairs and markets; and at one other place of popular resort were to be met in the greatest numbers. It is sufficiently known that throughout Ireland there were, and on a diminished scale still are, in certain districts, holy wells, each sacred to some particular saint, whither the very devout portion of the people repair, on the festival of the beatified patron, to perform self-inflicted acts of atoning pilgrimage and prayer. Among such crowds, the Bochechs most successfully displayed their deformities, or else imposed on the credulous by exhibiting, in their own persons, pretended miraculous cures, avowed to have been performed at the shrine where the pilgrims were assembled. Some were happily restored to sight, who never had a mote in their eye; others recovered the use of a limb, that, at least in the exercise of running or filching, had never been much paralyzed. The stentorian recital of such wonders, mixed with seasonable appeals to the charity and zeal of the auditors, never failed to bring them large "offerings." Others sold rosaries or wooden crucifixes, to create an opportunity for their accomplices to pick the pockets of those who were gathered around, making purchases.

Even here their accomplishments did not end. The best *Keeners*, or reciters of the Keenthecaun, were to be found among them. Well patronized for the exercise of their spontaneous talent in elegiac poetry over the dead,—at which, from constant practice, they had acquired great facility,—they trudged through the country, from wake to wake; their retreat from such places being generally remarkable for a simultaneous disappearance of everything that could be carried off.



They were concerned, indeed, in all petty robberies, either as principals or accessories, and known to be the most approved channel for the disposal of stolen goods; their wandering habits, and skill in disguising their local derivation, greatly assisting them in this agency. For the Bocchochs passed everywhere for strangers. In Leinster, they were Munstermen, and, in Munster, Leinstermen, as their altered and well-feigned accent and idiom, in either province, plainly evinced.

Breedge Chree has truly informed us that their character for witchcraft was high. Altogether the peasantry dreaded them to excess. If refused relief, or but scantily afforded it, they threatened vengeance; and vengeance was sure to follow. The father trembled lest his daughter should be lured away; the mother trembled lest her infant should be kidnapped. Or if neither of these grounds of apprehension existed, the destruction of property was dreaded. Cattle found dead without marks of violence, and therefore attributed to the witchcraft of the disobliged Bocchoch, or the mysterious removal of all portable articles of domestic use, were causes for behaving hypocritically civil to the wandering beggars. Thus, when no place of general assemblage attracted them, they rambled about singly, from house to house, living luxuriously and lazily on the abhorring conciliations their superior cunning and cleverness commanded.

So much preface was found necessary, in addition to Breedge's anecdotes, to introduce the following true scene and situation.

In a narrow lane, among the very outskirts of the straggling and dirty suburbs of Kilkenny, lived a wee woman, who had a weeer mother. Her name was Christien Moore; though her neighbor, Molly Dungan, in consequence of their many battles concerning Molly's pig and Christien's brood of young ducks, called her, contemptuously, alluding to her stature, Chreestheena, or wee Christien. For Molly had a juvenile swine, that would sometimes regale itself on one of Christien's ducklings, at which the sufferer fluently rated pig and mistress, and Molly would excuse the esteemed animal by pleading its youth and want of sense. Until, words growing high, our present subject received the epithet we have recorded, and, calling all the vinegar into her vinegar system, charged Molly in return with being "a virago;" Christien having once travelled as part of a soldier's baggage, and learned some good English. But this agreeable gossip is far away from our present purpose.

Chreestheena knew fifty summers, and her mother closed on a century. They were tireless spinners; one spun with a distaff, the other with a wheel; and the product of the eternal industry was manufactured into coarse blankets, coarse sheets, and ticking. Chreestheena had had her husbands three, and, it was whispered, was now on the look-out for a fourth. With this, however, we again say, we can have no concern. It is only mentioned for the purpose of entitling us to relate that she had employed her second good man, with a hatchet borrowed from a neighboring cooper, to chop

points, on short pieces of oak wattles, and then drive them, at short intervals, into the mud floor of her cabin, next the wall, until some ten or twelve of them encompassed a space little more than the length and breadth of an ordinary-sized man. Against the outer sides of these the still-obedient husband laid rough boards; and the area so contrived was next filled with dried bark brought from a contiguous tanyard. Over this Christien put a good coarse tick, stuffed with oat-chaff; a bolster of the same; sheets coarse enough for a Scotchman infected with the plague of his country; and, lastly, a pair of heavy warm blankets—tick, sheet, and blankets all derived from the spinning of herself and her little blind mother. In process of time, six good beds of this information and material were arranged round her cabin, to the occupation of any one of which any person was welcome who paid a penny per night for the repose therein to be obtained. There was a fire-place in the hotel, but, agreeable to custom, without the superfluity of a chimney; so that the stifling sulphur of the stone coal of her native city filled the atmosphere of the always confined spot, and might be considered a fore-taste of the fumigation said, in every Christian country, excepting Wales, to prevail in the lower regions; and to which, if report err not, some of her penny customers were, as a needful anticipation, well entitled. But Chreestheena's "fire without smoke" was generally bright and hot, and her beds seldom empty.

The night on which Andy Awling and Bridge Chree enjoyed their own peculiar blaze and their own peculiar conversation in Ned Shea's kitchen, three of the very description of persons of whom she and we have last spoken had taken up their quarters for the evening at Chreestheena's well-swept hearth. For the weighty consideration of twopence, instead of a penny, each they bargained to have entire possession of the premises; and it will clearly be seen that, by this arrangement, Christien was no loser. For the further consideration of sixpence halfpenny, of common stock, she consented to replenish the fire for their exclusive use. Having done so, she led her wee mother to bed, into a wee inner apartment, where they together enjoyed the luxury of a bedstead to themselves; Chreestheena congratulating her own heart on the profitable bargain she had struck, as, besides the saving of wear and tear in three of the beds of her hotel, she had received for the coals threepence farthing above prime cost.

So soon as the hostess was heard to snore, Risttharde Bocchoch (Limping Dick) pulled from his two-sided wallet a pair of dead ducks, having their necks awry, and, skillfully plucking them, raised up one of the ticks, and proceeded to deposit under it the superfluous feathers. Padhre Keaoch (Blind Peter) brought forth three large skregs or cakes of brown broad, remarking that the crust looked to him a little over-browned. Sheemun Croonawnee (Simon the Whining Singer) added two large horns of genuine smuggled brandy, such as it would be difficult in the same city of Kilkenny to match at the present day, and which he had received to bribe his silence respecting a hog'shead he by chance saw dropped in a certain hiding-place, whither

he had subsequently, for another bribe, introduced the district exciseman. And such were the materials of the *petit souper* of the three worthies.

Having completely plucked and otherwise prepared his ducks, Risththarde, by the agency of a large pocket blade with which he was seldom unprovided, dismembered and arranged them for boiling. Good white wooden trenchers were brought down from Christien's dresser to hold the dainty fare.

"Bow, wow, wow," barked Padhre Keaoch's black shock dog; while the three were thus pleasantly employed.

"And who the Duoul is thumpin, now?" said his excellent master, as a sounding knock, as if from the head of a heavy stick, came to the door.

"Let him just stay abroad, whoever he is," said Sheemun Croonawnee, "fur a dhrop o' this holy wather 'ill never pass his breath."

The knock came again.

"Who's that, I say?" asked Risththarde, in a gruff voice, "wakenin' honest people at this hour o' the night."

"Musha, aye, let him stay at the wrong side o' the dour, Sheemun. I'd kiss the book that he'll never get the taste o' these ducks: Paudge Keefe that owned 'em didn't give lave."

Knock, knock, knock, knock.

"Go out o' that wid yourself," roared Padhre, "an' let poor people take their night's sleep."

"Arrah, what a sleep you're in, Padhre Keaoch," said a voice outside. "I smell what's good, an' must have my share."

"The black Duoul whip me round the market-cross," resumed Padhre, "bud it's one of oursefs, boys. More nor that, I'm a blind cullawn of a downright arnest, an' deaf along wid being blind, if it isn't Shawn-law-thecaum, every inch of him."

"Och, of it's that poor desolate crature, the Lord forbid we'd keep him abroad in the could o' the night," said Risththarde.

"'Twouldn't be the part of a Christhen to do such a thing," said Padhre. "So afther all he'll get a sprinklin' o' the holy wather."

"What's the name is on you?" asked Sheemun.

"Shawn-law-thecaum I'm called by them that knows me well," answered the voice; then added in a whining, snuffing cadence—"Good tinder Christhens, look wid an eye of marcy on a poor desolate crature that hasn't the use of his own hands to arn a male o' victuals for himself an' his ould bedrid mother, an' four small brothers an' sisthers, at home."

"That'll do," said Sheemun; "stay a little, you poor sowl, an' you must cum in, for God's sake."

"May He mark you wid grace, an' pour a blessin' on you an' yours!" resumed the voice, still in its professional key: then familiarly—"Make speed, Sheemun, for I'm could an' hungry."

But here arose a little unforeseen difficulty. Chreestheena had, according to wholesome practice, locked the door of her caravansary, lest, during the night, her guests and her blankets might happen to vanish

together. Sheemun Croonawnee went to rouse her; and when she saw, suddenly startled from her sleep, a black, wicked-looking fellow standing, rushlight in hand, over her in her bed, Christien screamed with all her soul, and was joined by her blind mother, who, because she could not see anything, feared everything, and a thousand thing too terrible to mention. When at length made sensible of what was wanted, she would not intrust another with the key, but arose herself to admit the newcomer. Finally, when arrived at the door, she would by no means open it, unless twopence additional was paid down by those already in possession. Her terms being agreed to and fairly met, however, Chreestheena at once gave the visitor admission, without even looking at the sort of person that entered.

"Och, you three schamin' rogues," said Shaun, as he joined his old friends; "well I knew where to find you."

"An' what, in the name o' the Vargin, brought you a ramblin' at sich an hour?" he was asked.

"Why I cum all the way from Garrodhe Donohoo, to seek ye."

"An' what does Garrodhe want of us?"

"That's a story to be tould. You must, all three o' you, make the best haste you can to him, afther the fair, next Wednesday night."

"Och, very well. We ought to have good gatherin's at the fair, boys," said Sheemun.

"God is a plentiful provider," replied Risththarde.

"Are you as blind as ever, Padhre?" asked Shaun.

"In the desolate darkness! a poor crature stone blind! an' that can't see the day from the night!" said Padhre, throwing back his head, and half-closing and turning up the whites of his eyes.

"Ho! ho!" Shaun chuckled, "we're just four great big rogues, fit to thrapse the world, wide. But come, boys; the night's goin' on, an' we're all in a fair way for atin' a bit. Risththarde, let yoursef, an' poor Padhre Keaoch, cook up the prog. As Gorrodhe skinned a sheep to-day, sure I brought ye somethin' to help the faste."

"Graw-ma-chree you war, Shaun, I never seen worse by you," said Risththarde; and, while the cooks were busy, Shaun and Sheemun Croonawnee held converse in an undertone.

"Well, Sheemun; an' you didn't thrap Rhiah Doran, yet?"

"Avoch, no, God help me."

"Arrah, now, Sheemun, leave off them blessed sayins'. They's words your rogue's tongue has no call to, among friends, anyhow, that knows you betther nor the mother that bore you."

"You spake right, Shaun. Well; as you are axin' me about Rhiah Doran, mysef could never get the other body along wid him, sence the first moment Croohore sent me afther 'em."

"Spake lower, Sheemun. Them two arn't to know sacrets: they're too bould an' hearty."

"That's a thruth; but, Shaun, I'm atther thinkin' it 'ud be a great shame for me to be the manes o' takin' o' the life o' Jack Doran. He desarves betther at my hands."



"How is that now, Sheemun?"

"May I never die doin' sin—"

"Arrah, then, give over your pretendin' sort o' talk, I say; spake wid a curse in your mouth, like a world's rogue as you are, if the plain words won't do."

"You moost just lave me to myself, Shaun," said Sheemun; "it comes in a way nat'ral to my hand, an' I can't give it over."

"Then you may go to the Duoul wid a prayer in your cheek if you like it. But you war sayin' Jack Doran deserved better by you, nor to get his gallows end on your account?"

"May the heavens be my bed, if he doesn't. He has money *galore*,\* an' never spares it on a body he loves; an' that's myself."

"Do you mane to hould back, now, Sheemun Croonawnee?" asked Shaun, sternly.

"Musha, God forbid; I'll stick close on him, mornin', noon, an' night, 'till I can catch him an' the t'other at a grab. Then I'm done wid him; an' he's done wid the sinful and sorrowful world. You may tell Crohoore the same from me. Bud what does Gorrodhe want wid us, in arrest, to-morrow night, Shaun?"

"He wants you to be in the Glen o' Ballyfoile, where Pierce Shea 'ill come, too. I don't know what I'm about, but you must help to tie him hand an' foot, an' run with him to the ould haunted place up in Muns-ther."

"The Lord forgi' me my sins. Did I hear ye speakin' right, Shaun? Did you say young Pierce Shea?"

"Divil another bud his own self."

"Well, Crohoore-na-billhoge, above all I ever heard tell of, it's yourself has quare ways in you," ejaculated Sheemun, claspin' his hands.

The cooks interrupted the dialogue.

"Here now, an' may the first bit choke ye. Come here, an' thry can you ate, as well as whisper an' talk, you cullodgin' rogues," cried Padhre Keach, the banquet being ready. The summons was readily obeyed. All gathered round a small deal table, and despatched the broiled ducks, and the mutton, also stolen, and the twice-smuggled brandy, with the ease and *goût* of genuine Bocechochs. At which occupation we shall leave them, not having any inclination to remain in such company longer than is necessary for the progress of our story.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

A FAIR-DAY is a day of great bustle and excitement in the city of Kilkenny. Being chiefly a mart for black cattle and pigs, the streets are invaded at an early hour, and the ears of the quiet, snoring citizens outraged by the unusual noise of lowing cows and bullocks, trotting or rushing along under peaceable chamber windows, by the shouting of their drivers, and the clattering of alpeens on their back-bones and horns. Among them, the curious eye, that has a taste for such

studies, may easily distinguish, by its bold step, its erect head, its impatient bellow, and its staring eyes, distended in admiration of the change from its native fields and streams to the "streets paved with marble," over which it paces, the line of the good fat pasturage, from the poor cotter's half-starved cow that moves with a plodding gait, indifferent gaze, and drooping neck, careless where it goes, since no change can be for the worse: a good illustration of its human attendant, who, lean as the beast he follows, in tattered garb, trailing pace, and sharp, vacant countenance, conveys, at a glance, the broken and grovelling spirit of conscious poverty, and want of self-importance. There might be observed, too, the strongest contrast, in outward ease and inward content of mind, in the persons of the pampered swine and its thin proprietor, between whom and his self-willed and obstinate pet many strange and ridiculous struggles occasionally arose; both disputing and wrangling for an hour together, to see which should have his way.

Besides these principal articles of value, the fair of Kilkenny offered many other rare and tempting commodities to the country visitor. Coopers, brogue-makers, hatters, nailors, and makers of chairs, tables, stools, and bedsteads, displayed the various products of their separate ingenuity. Bright crockery-ware glittered around; and when in our youthful days, as at the time of this tale we were, there used to be a display of goodly pewter plates and dishes, and two-handled pots and pints. But the use of delph has done away with these durable commodities, which now exhibit but as the heirloom ornaments of the country dresser: and the excise laws, restricting to those who can afford a license the manufacture of home-brewed ale, have sent the pots and pints to the public-house, so that general demand no longer requires them in the fair. Under rude awnings of sack or blanket, and spread out on doors that had been taken off their hinges for the purpose, numerous establishments of fancy articles further attracted the eye; such as knives and forks, scissors, garters, thimbles, threads, tapes, and a great and rich variety of other nick-nacks. Similarly disposed on unpainted deal doors, or planks, there was gingerbread, and all such humble confectionery; the coarsest fruits in season; white and yellow cheese, and wooden trenchers and noggins, and the *et ceteras* of the turner's ware, picturesquely thrown together. The proprietors of these commodities might be seen early in the morning, running in breathless haste to secure good and safe spots for opening their sales. And while they clattered along in by no means silent emulation, or contested with each other the right to a favorite stand; while the cattle bellowed and the sheep bleated, and the horses neighed, and the headstrong pigs ran through their grunting gamut, and the surrounding rush and roar of a thronging multitude was heard over all;—startling, as we have said, was the commencement of a fair-day to the tranquil and by no means commercial or bustling citizens of Kilkenny.

On such a morning, too, the milk-maids, coming in as usual to serve their city customers, with snow-white

\* In plenty.

pails skillfully poised on their heads, without hand to hold them; the servant maids—in fact, all the maids, and some of the matrons, too—make it a point to ask their “fairing” of all their male acquaintance; less, it is conjectured, in hope of profit, than to hear over and over again the shrewd reply that “they are the fairest seen that day.” To the younger part of the generation, it is the day of days, long sighed for and rapturously welcomed; for holidays are granted in every school throughout town, on the score of not exposing poor little boys to the throng of the fair, a precaution of which the poor little boys remember not a word. Besides they are on a gleeish and greedy lookout for their matured and monied acquaintances, “to put their fairing on them,” with a prospective eye to the dissipation of the gingerbread-stall or toy-booth.

Let us, in kindly feeling, be permitted to dwell a moment longer on the well-remembered features of a scene with which are associated the purest pleasure that even advanced and experienced life can supply—the pleasures of early and innocent recollection.

In flock the young country girls, fair and fresh, plump and rosy, ostensibly, perhaps, to buy a pair of garters, a row of pins, or a ribbon, but in their best and quaintest attire, really to see and to be seen by their rural squires and admirers; to get their fairing, and in every shape to partake of the unloosed and affluent spirit of holiday enjoyment. We shall omit any positive mention of the occasional fracas between those same squires, the heroes of the cudgel and alpeen, in systematic arrangement of their interminable and mysterious causes of dispute; such incidents, though characteristic, being, at the same time, an intrusion on the pleasing reminiscences we wish to indulge and communicate. The Bocchochs, who sang and bawled their miseries at every turn, we must not, however, forget; nor their rivals, the ballad-singers—(and oh! none are like to thy ballad-singers, green land of song and of our birth!) nor, their competitors again, the reciters of prose effusions who, in the blotted rather than printed slips of tea-paper in their hands, found not a word of the wonderful or facetious rigmarole that issued from their mouths, and yet that gulled over and over the gaping or grinning rustic.

In fact we might, with our delighted readers, pass a good hour in the now mid-day bustle and uproar of the fair. We might pause to admire the more than Ciceronian art of the buyer and the seller of “a slip of a pig;” the half-proffered earnest-money, technically slapped down on the open palm of the vendor; his demur, the seemingly determined turn-off of the purchaser, and the affected carelessness of the other, who, meantime, watches shrewdly every motion of his man; the expected return; “the splitting of the differ;” and last, at the final close, one protesting he gave too much, and the other swearing he sold too cheap; but both sensible that the unconscious grunter has been obtained exactly at his fair value. Please might we stop to view and hear the temptations of the nick-nack merchants, and the longing and wandering side looks or whispers of the girls at the fiery; or the extrava-

gant country-boy, who, despising cakes and gingerbread, treats himself to a pennyworth of curdy cheese, and smacks his palate as, little by little, he consumes the luxury. Or the real oratory of the flax-seller, and the imperturbable wisdom of the cunning old woman, carefully examining, after all his flourishes, the article she had not yet purchased. Or the fine national hyperbole of the felt hat vender, who, leaving Sterne’s perukier not a word, assures the dubious peasant that the hard and bare surface of the felt “blows like any meadow!” We might even peep into the regular shops along the main street, and witness, in one or all, the self-flattering praise of the dealers on their goods, and the suspicious and heretic looks of the country buyers, certain, in exaggerated mistrust, that, along with hearing naught but misstatement, they can purchase at five times less than what they are asked. An hour, did we say?—alas! the whole day,—or else our memory is treacherous, or our tastes altered—might be well spent in the ever-changing varieties of the fair. We regret that now, when we have have not rehearsed the hundredth part of its novelties, pleasures, and incidents, we are no longer free to indulge our teeming garrulity; but the story to which we have yoked ourselves requires immediate attention.

Of all the Bocchochs that day eminent, none distinguished themselves so much, or gained more commiseration and money by their well-feigned miseries, and well-uttered appeals, than did Chreestheena’s four guests of the former night. They had, according to usual practice, separated in different quarters of the fair, and for some time continued their efforts apart. Late in the day, Sheemun Croonawnee came, as if by accident, upon Shaun-law-thecaum’s walk, gave him a secret sign, and both withdrew into a narrow lane, that branched from the main street about half way in its course or extent.

“A favorable judgment to me, Shaun,” said Sheemun, “but I think I have Rhiab Doran and the other nabbed at last. My eyesight is bad, if I didn’t see ‘em both discoorsin’ together, a little while ago, in the thick o’ the fair.”

“*Nor-i-eeen-thou-lath*, bud you’re a good fellow of a Bocchoch. Did Doran see you?”

“Och, God be good to us, what ‘ud be the matter, supposin’ he did? Do you think he’d know Ned Farrel, with the two eyes he fixed on poor Sheemun Croonawnee?”

“Sorrow a fear, I believe. An’ did you make off who his comrade was?”

“Lave me alone for that. Sure I never let him out o’ my sight till I thracked him to his den, an’ then I hard all was worth hearin’ about. We have him to get whenever we want him.”

“*Ma-ho-bouchal* you war; you’ll be a welcome boy to Crohoore this night.”

“Yes; an’ the richest Bocchoch that goes *shoolin*,\* by that job. Bud, Shaun, did you see Pierce Shea in the fair?”

“Tis a truth that I did.”

\* Strolling.



"Well, look out for him agin. In one hour, if he's seen in the town, he'll give work to the *skibbeeah*;\* I hard as mooch on my thravels. I'll tell you how I got the knowledge over the next pot of ale. Be off to him now, or we'll never have him in our hands; an' that 'ud set Crohoore as mad as the ould Duoul."

"Och, be my father's sowl, whoever he was, an' wherever he is, at the present time, they musn't take him from us in sich a way."

"Well, stir your stumps, an' do your work."

Shaun issued forth into the main street, singing, in doleful cadence, an Irish elegy, descriptive of how his house, wife, goods, and chattels, had been burnt, and his fourteen children scorched, and his own arms and breast disfigured in the effort to save them, as the compassionate might plainly see. And Sheemun exhibited his hands and wrists, crippled from his birth, and also recited his poetical appeal to the charity and tenderness of all hearers.

Pierce Shea had, indeed, attended the fair of Kilkenny that day, when his ears were startled by the news of the execution of six of the men in whose company he had witnessed, only two days before, the attack on the dragoons. It was assizes time; their apprehension took place as soon as a sufficient detachment could be sent out from Kilkenny, after the intelligence of the sergeant; and the unhappy peasants got but one night for preparation. Hearing this, Pierce naturally wished to be safe at home. As he was quite a stranger to those who had rescued him, and whose voluntary assistance sprang from their disinclination, as Whiteboys, to allow him to be sacrificed to his landable zeal of the previous night, he confidently reckoned on a safe concealment within the limits of his father's farm, where no one, save Doran and his corps, suspected even his sortie to the proctor. For Pierce, reasonably suspecting the paternal displeasure, had not acquainted his father with a single circumstance of his illegal proceedings.

Amid a throng of cattle and of people, Pierce now stood meditating a sudden retreat from the fair, when a wild-looking woman, her hair streaming about her shoulders, and her face pale and distracted, rushed towards him. At first she seemed as if hurrying on without a determined course; but when near him she stopped suddenly, and glaring full in his face, addressed him in Irish—

"Hah!—you are there! You were not hanged and beheaded to-day—and why were you not? You earned your death as bravely as Matthew Moran, my husband! I saw you with these eyes among the Sassenach troopers! Aye—he died for freeing you! and by the Judge above, who is now judging Matthew, that is foul play! Look! here is his blood on me!—I was at the block—the head rolled at my feet!—and—(whisper)—I have it with me—I'm stealing it home—but tell no one—they would have taken it from my hands—but I can run fast—fast!"

And seeming to forget the former part of her address,

she disappeared, shrieking wildly, among the distant crowd.

This rencounter, which had fastened upon him the regards of the people around, froze Pierce to the spot, while it supplied still stronger reasons for a speedy escape homeward, of which he was not yet able to avail himself. Before he could rally his senses, a different kind of person addressed him.

"Give a help to a poor disabled body, one o' God's cratures, like yourself, good charitable young man," said a miserable beggar, standing close before him, an' old hat, tied by a string, hanging down from the neck to the breast, his arms bare, and shockingly twisted from the wrist to the elbows.

Scarce conscious of what he did, Pierce drew forth a small piece of money, and dropped it into the hat.

"May He that gives the riches incrase your store, a-vice-ma-chree! For your charity to the poor an' the forlorn, listen well to the words I'm goin' to say."

The beggar advanced nearer; but Pierce, whose thoughts were still fixed on the frantic woman, did not appear to attend.

"Son of the Sheas—Pierce Shea!" resumed the man, in a low but distinct voice. Pierce started at the sound of his name, and stared on the speaker.

"Speed home from the fair, without loss of time," continued the mendicant, still whispering closely. "In half an hour, if you stand in the streets o' Kilkenny, your day o' life is gone. While I talk, they come to seek you; while I stay here, there is one tellin' over to the justhuse-o'-peace, your night's doin's on Peery Clancy, and your day-work among the throopers. Speed, speed I say to you, an' don't hear my words widout heedin' 'em. Let no grass grow undher your horse's feet, an' no vind bate your race on the road to Clarah—and mind—mind me still. Take the Windgap road."

A suspicion of treachery, of an arrangement to seize him on a particular road, instead of attempting his apprehension in the throng and riot of the fair, darted across Pierce's mind, and he asked:

"How does it happen you can know me, and whence is your intelligence?"

"Lose no time askin' questions, only put your hand into my hat, and take out what you'll find in it," was the answer.

In one of his visits to Kilkenny, Pierce had got his miniature painted in a sort of way. It might lay claims to some general likeness, but we can vouch no further for its fidelity as a portrait, or its excellence as a work of art. Such as it was, however, he had presented it to his young mistress, and she sufficiently prized it for the giver's sake, and for the novelty of the toy. Indeed, Pierce had reason to know that Alley always wore it round her neck, and to believe that, in his occasional absence, she never went to rest without calling it twenty fond names, and kissing it twenty times over. He now held it in his hand.

"The owner o' that sends you word to be bid by me. An' so, stand here no longer, if you wish in your heart to see her again," the beggar went on, as Pierce re-

\* Jack Ketch.

mained speechless, looking alternately from him to the miniature—

"I'll see *you* again, before the danger comes on you; but now, for the last time, speed!"

At this moment old Ned Shea, who had gone some distance to look at a drove of bullocks, called loudly to his son. Pierce turned to make a sign of speedy attendance, and when he resumed his position the beggar was gone.

He looked round and round, but could catch no glimpse; the man, though mingled with the crowd, must not, he thought, be far off. He rushed in every direction to seek him; still vainly. Then, joining to his terrors of legal apprehension excessive wonder at the beggar's intimations, knowledge of his affairs, and connexions with his mistress, Pierce, divided between a hope of friendly meaning, and a fear of treacherous intent, was soon on the road homewards; choosing, in the teeth of his worst thoughts, that named by the mendicant.

## CHAPTER XV.

NOTWITHSTANDING his serious arrangements, Andy Awling could not, until the morning of the fair day of Kilkenny, when his master's absence from home gave him command of his own time, put into execution his purpose of visiting Lheem-na-Sheeg. But on that morning he took care to set out as the day dawned on his perilous mission. And the tender-hearted Breedge Chree did not fail to rise also, to wish luck to her lover's laudable undertaking.

It is necessary to relate here, as concisely as possible, and on the authority of Breedge Chree, Andy, and, indeed, the general repute of the whole country, who Lheem-na-Sheeg was, what his profession, and from what circumstances he had been led to embrace it.

First, then, he was not a native of the place where he resided. When, twenty years before, he had suddenly appeared in the neighborhood of Clarah, no one could tell whence he came; but every one was able to supply the following anecdotes.

Friday night is the night of the week least eligible to meet the good people. On a Friday, Lheem had been to a fair, and was returning home, having a little overstepped the limits of moderation as to the quantity of liquor he had quaffed, but still noway impaired, in his own apprehension, as to the clearness and soundness of his judgment. Although the night was an extremely dark night, in November, he had such reliance on himself, and he knew the pathway across the fields and bogs so well, that he could entertain no doubt of his progress directly homewards. Nay, the light in his father's cabin, over the edge of the fen, already beamed brightly to his vision; and on he journeyed, alternately whistling the Fox's Sleep, or lustily bawling out a verse of the Anacreonic Cruiskeen Lawn.

After a reasonable ramble, however, Lheem began to suspect that his father's cabin was, on this night,

farther off than usual, and that, with all his walking, he was as far from it as ever. Not being able clearly to comprehend how this could happen, or not allowing himself time to engage in the investigation, he had nothing for it but to redouble his speed and energies, and push forward. But still and still the well-known light burned distant as before; so that he either was bewitched himself, and did not move an inch, although he thought he did, or else the cabin moved with a vengeance, receding imperceptibly as he advanced. Perhaps some vague idea that he was bewildered by the Fodheen Marahull,\* and a victim to his untimely pranks, at last dawned in his mind.

While he was yet opening his eyes wide enough to take a good observation, the treacherous flame gave a few quivers and capers, as if making sport of him, and instantly disappeared, so that he was left in the profoundest darkness, not able to see anything, or without anything to be seen. Down he sank in increased misgivings, heart-ache, and head-ache. Suddenly the brisk notes of a bagpipe, in capital tune, broke the silence. Pricking up his ears, they plainly informed him, beyond possibility of doubt, that the always loved and now more than ever welcome strains could not be far distant. This was blessed relief: he regained his legs, and groped and crept in the direction of the music. As he approached it—for it evidently grew louder—cheering peals of laughter, song, and conversation also struck on Lheem's comforted ear. A high "rath" obstructed his course; he hastened to wind round it. But, when he had doubled the base of the little hill, a most unexpected scene of brilliancy and festivity, at only a few yards before him, dazzled his eyes and ravished his senses.

There were no tapers; he had before proved the night afforded no moon; and sunshine it assuredly could not be. Yet the spot, and that spot alone, on which sported a multitude of little men and women, beamed with exceeding and fascinating splendor. There was no musician; no hiding place for any; not even an instrument that one might endow with the power of playing of itself; yet the music, the sweetest he had ever heard, went merrily on. A dainty board, indeed, there was; but covered with viands and liquors such as he had never before seen. He could recognize no potatoes; nothing he might call mutton, or beef, or pork (though of these substances, it must be owned, Lheem was not the best judge, having contemplated or tasted them, in their boiled or roasted state, only twice or thrice at a wedding or a christening). Yet, unable as he might be to identify the different species of viands before him, all certainly looked most tempting. The liquor that went round, quaffed out of vessels like in form and color to the meadow "buttercup," was not ale, nor wine, nor brandy, but resembled, if any earthly thing, the divine whiskey, just then coming into sublunary use, for it was silvery, and pellucid, and without a bubble or a head on it.

The little people all wore green-grass "sherkeens,"

\* Will-o'-the-Wisp; or, according to the shortest translation we could ever get of these two words—the fellow of the burning sod, that sets people's heads giddy.



or short jackets; various nether garments, with, meantime, a general distinction by which the sexes were made manifest; red conical caps, and gay feathers. Some were stretched on the sward, feasting, or sipping their nectar, or chattering blithely or rapidly, or laughing loudly; some were divided into pairs, and seemed making love. Amazed to the uttermost Lheem was, to behold a blooming female cousin of his own—the selfsame girl whom he thought he had seen dead and buried three months before, though it was now evident a mock corpse had been left in her stead—listening, with an abstracted air, to a brisk little fairy, who, with his cap set smartly on one side of his head, and a tight though minikin leg stretched out as they sat together, appeared doing his very best at the ear of the unwilling damsel. But by far the greater part of the assembly engaged themselves in dancing; and, sure enough, they tripped it away, in frolicsome time, to the real Irish jig, played by the invisible music.

A man with one eye might, after having for a moment contemplated the scene, know that he looked at a fairy revel. With his two good eyes, Lheem could not long remain in suspense or uncertainty of the fact. Silently and cautiously he determined to move off from so dangerous a neighborhood, but his legs refused their office. When he found himself almost literally chained to the spot, so great was Lheem's consternation that his teeth chattered, his knees knocked against each other, the hairs bristled up from the pores of his skin, and a cold perspiration ran down his face. He thought to say a prayer; but though his priest could not reproach him with ignorance, nay, though on the contrary he was rather a favorite of the good man, Lheem could no more recollect a word, "no more nor if he had never set eyes on a Soggarth's horse." Until, after many efforts, his tongue, instead of obeying the fair intention of his thoughts, let out a thundering Irish curse—"Thommon duoid!" said Lheem, aloud. Instantly the feet, the music, the sparkling light, the glancing and busy throng, everything, passed away, like the lightning's flash, amid a general shout or outcry of ten thousand tiny voices, and Lheem, losing all his remaining senses, fell helpless to the earth.

When he recovered he was somewhere, he knew not where; living, he knew not how; but, at all events, in the fairies' dwelling. What he saw there, and what he did there, for ten long years, was not to be told; and he never told it. But when he came back, partly a free and forgiven agent, he made use of the secrets he had learned, no matter whether in joy or suffering, for the benefit of the surrounding neighbors—and for a small pecuniary consideration. Which, indeed, he well earned, inasmuch as the good people would beat him back and blue upon almost all occasions when he interfered with their whims and pleasures.

Nor did Lheem lack suitors or fees. Such men were considered public blessings, and revered and treated accordingly. Eternally and actively mischievous as the good people were, it would be difficult for poor powerless mortals to live, were it not for the coun-

teracting influence and assistance of Lheem-na-Sheeog, and his brethren. He sometimes, though not always, cured those disfigured by fairy-blasts. He restored bewitched children; wrought charms on bewitched cows; and was eminently celebrated for pointing out where strayed cattle might be found. Constantly forced to bear company with the fays in their nightly excursions, far and wide, such matters naturally came under his observation.

He lived up in the hills, as Andy Awling has truly mentioned, in the direction Pierce Shea had at first taken in pursuit of Crohoore-na-bilhoge and Alley Dooling. The party led by Pierce did not fail to visit Lheem's artlessly constructed dwelling. But, the doorway open, and affording free entrance, a glance was sufficient to assure them that the naked hovel, then completely untenanted, could afford no concealment to the objects of their search.

The spot in which Lheem had raised it was, at the time of his industry, the midst of a wild solitude, though, at present, population and the progress of agriculture have entirely changed the face of the country. It was built within a few yards of the bed of a mountain-torrent—(the same, but further towards its source, over which Crohoore had leaped when pursued by Pierce Shea)—against an abrupt elevation, apparently for the purpose of having the hill-side to serve as one of the gables, and thus save time and trouble. The side walls ran at right angles with the hill. A second gable, composed of rude stones, cemented only with yellow clay, faced the stream; and through this gable, by means of a low and fragile door, exclusive entrance was afforded to visitors, the air, and light; in fact it was the only orifice in the building. The roof, carelessly covered with rushes, fern, and furze, could scarcely be distinguished from the hill against which it rested, and from which these materials had been taken; so that a person, coming in the rear of the dwelling, might almost step upon it before perceiving it.

The outward physiognomy of this wild hovel bespoke its internal accommodation. Here and there a few rough shelves of bog-wood, strewn with dry herbs, earthen vessels, and small phials hung against the uneven walls: from the edges of these appended black beetles of the largest species, and some *Dorch euhres*, the description of small lizard common in Ireland, much abhorred by the peasantry though quite harmless. A deal table and two stools formed the rest of the furniture. There was no appearance of a place reserved for sleeping; no hearth, hob, or chimney. A particular blackened spot by the wall showed, however, that a blaze was occasionally kindled; and some furze, heaped against the bare hill-side opposite the entrance, was stored there for fuel.

This was a poor and cheerless residence for a man of such might as Lheem-na-Sheeog. It served, however, well enough as an audience chamber: he spent none of his hours of pleasure or privacy in it. It was known that, during the night, mounted on a *thraneen*, like themselves, he drove through the air with the good

people—for many of their missions and occupations required the agency of mortal hands. Or that he night and day participated in their festivity within the fairy hall of the rath against which his cabin was constructed. Persons who by chance strayed that way reported of the sound of mirth and music heard within it, sometimes at deep midnight, sometimes early in the morning, and sometimes in the outspread and sunny silence of noon itself. But, when such music came on the wanderer's ear, he crossed himself, no matter what the hour, and fled away, resolving never again to visit the deserted place, and more than willing to compromise his curiosity with his terrors.

But, driven by irresistible motives, Andy Awling took the hill-road to this very suspected solitude on the morning of the fair of Kilkenny.

"Well, God in His marcies purtect you, Andy, a-gra-bawn," sighed Breedge, as he set out, after having given him some good precautionary advice as to his behavior in the awful presence of the fairy-man.

"Och, then, Breedge, your prayer is worth its weight in pure gould; an' mooch sarvice it'll be to me, I'm sure. So here goes, in the name o' God!"

When he got a few paces he bethought himself:

"Arrah, Breedge, a-lanna, won't you pelt the ould brouge affher me for lookk?"

"Well thought on, Andy, a-chorra;" and she stooped, plucked off her pavid "pantoufle," and in the energy of her zeal, flung it after Andy with too true an aim and too superfluous a force. It smote him on the back of the head with a violence that would have stove in the thin paper-skull of a genius. But Andy's substantial cranium only sounded under the blow, and he only staggered a little as, putting his hand to the assaulted part, he exclaimed:

"Why, then, upon my conscience, Breedge, agra, an' that's as good as if I tuck my oath, if there's lookk or grace in it, you gave me enough an' plenty, and some to spare. Musha, only I wouldn't do it—" he paused, rubbing his head, and looking at the brouge as if he wished to return it to the owner. But the dread of casting back his luck along with it made him give up his purpose; and at last he turned on his heel and set out in good earnest, as much out of humor with poor Breedge as his nature permitted, and adding in a grumble, "that tho' she meant well, she might have done the thing aisier, anyhow."

Having gained the lonely dwelling of Lheem-na-Sheeg, Andy took post at the angle of the side wall, out of view of any one within, and pulling off his hat, was about to commence, according to Breedge's instruction, and, indeed, his own determinations, a preparatory prayer, when—"Come in, Andy Awling!" said a sonorous voice from the hovel. There was a sudden finish to Andy's orisons; his jaw dropped; he opened his eyes as wide as the lids would permit him; and it was not his fault if his ears also did not expand to listen. He had never beheld Lheem-na-Sheeg; nor, to his knowledge, had Lheem-na-Sheeg ever beheld him. How, then, did the wizard know who was there? Or, indeed, since Andy had taken care to approach

without coming in sight of the entrance, how could he know any one at all was there? While pondering these things in some consternation, the voice again spoke:

"Andy Awling!—Andy Houlohan! come in to me, I say!"

Andy turned the corner and crossed the threshold as if he were obeying some outward impulse, rather than acting by his own free will. He had to stoop low in entering the hovel, and when he again raised his eyes he stood before one who could be no other than Lheem-na-Sheeg.

"Ho! you are here, Andy Houlohan: why did you keep me waitin'? I expected you; *se chise*."\* And he pushed over a low stool, upon which Andy settled himself, as commanded, though in doing so he was obliged to cripple his knees up to a level with his mouth.

Lheem-na-Sheeg, although robust, was an old man: his almost snow-white locks hung about his yet fresh-colored face. He wore a rusty blue great-coat, fastened tight up to his chin; and a leathern belt buckled round his waist. He had quivering black eyes, of which the expression, when they seized on Andy's dead stare, was, by the visitor, inwardly acknowledged as very unusual and disagreeable. Altogether Andy had never before found himself in the presence of a human creature so calculated to inspire feelings of awe, reverence, and mistrust. For a moment they silently regarded each other from their opposite stools; Andy wearing the self-same face he had unconsciously assumed when the first surprising words, while he was outside, had startled him. At length, the fairy-man resumed:

"I see you can't spake; no matter; I'll save you the trouble. You come here to find out if I can help you to get Alley Dooling from the good people?"

"Och, murder!" was all Andy could gasp forth.

"Aye; I know well what you'd be for sayin', if you could. You'll think it a wondher how I came by the knowledge; but that's no consarn o' yours."

The person addressed here put on a face as if he was going to cry; though, perhaps, it was only the beginning of an effort to assure his host that, however he might be astounded at this unceremonious rifting of his innermost thoughts, he had no intention to call him to an account for anything. But before a word could be found to eke out the preface of Andy's face, Lheem-na-Sheeg abruptly went on:

"Where's the money I'm to get for my helpin' you, and to comfort me for the bad treatment I'll meet in your sarvice?"

Andy, without taking his eyes from the wonderful man, stole his fingers into the profound pocket of his vest, and presented what they hooked up. Lheem-na-Sheeg took the proffered fee; viewed it for a moment; and then, darting at Andy the glance of an old rat, said in a high tone:

"This beggarly skillin' won't do. There's a *guineah-beg*† in the t'other pocket, ma-bouchal."

Andy caught breath, and jumped on his stool—"I ax

\* Sit down.

† Little guinea—half a guinea



your thousand pardons over an' over: sure it was never my manin' to put you off wid that." The other made no answer, but kept his terrible eyes fixed on the agitated Andy, while he busied himself looking for Breedge Chree's present, and which he at last found in the very remote corner of the pocket pointed out, as if it participated in his terror, and was hiding from the touch of the mysterious sage. As he handed it:

"Ma—" he began, but Lheem interrupted him with a stamp, and a—"Hah!—be upon your guard, Andy—no cursin' or swearin' here!"—and the trembling Andy did acknowledge to himself that he had, irreverently and unconsciously, begun a curse, and would have finished it but for the interruption.

"You war goin' to say, again, you had no design in offerin' me the skillin' instead o' this; an' I know that, too, widout your swearin'. But now to the business that brought you here."

The fairy-man retired into the far corner, where the gloom almost hid him, and in a short time returned with a piece of flaming bog-wood, and a bunch of furze, taken from the heap, which having also lit, he again addressed our observant friend, in a tone of command:

"Stand on your long legs, Andy Awling!" Andy bounced up. "Now, take that noggin' o' clear wather in your hand."

"If it war the same thing to you, a-roon-machree, an' if I had my choice, I'd rather not take it."

"Ho! ho! hold it in your hand, I tell you."

"I'm no way droothy; but behowldin' to you as much as if I war—" Breedge Chree had particularly enjoined him not to partake of fairy meat or drink.

"Lift the vessel from the ground, I say!" with a deep frown, and another stamp, Lheem said.

"Sure you wouldn't have the heart to make me dhrink, when it's hungry I am, if anything ails me."

"Aye; you have the look of a hungry fellow, an' you moost get a scrap to ate when we've done—"

"Och," interrupted Andy, "never a morsel 'ill go below my breath 'till I see Clarah agin,—if it's the will o' God I ever see it—not the big of a bee's knee—I have a vow."

"Don't stand talkin', there. Take up the noggin, or I'll put you in a way that your own mother won't know you, if ever you do get home;"—and he forced Andy to lay an unwilling hand on the noggin. The blazing furze had by this time burnt into white ashes. Of this the conjuror took some, and, together with a dead *Dorch-luchre*, flung it into the noggin, all the time repeating some wonderful words. Having attentively watched the vessel, he continued:

"Ho! all right, Pierce Shea; the fire swims up bravely."

Taking the noggin from his attendant, he laid it on the table, and, snatching a herb from the shelf, still spoke on:

"This is *canavan-beg*, pulled before the night-dews rose to the sun, this mornin';" and, when he had again muttered something, he rubbed the herb between his hands.

"Bravely, bravely, still," he exclaimed; and, rising

quickly, drained some of the water out of the noggin into a phial.

"And now, Andy Houlohan, all is done what was to be done. Take this flask, and this herib, an' listen to my words. Afther the first crow o' the cock, to-night, let Pierce Shea stand in the glin of Ballyfoile, on the spot where his life was aimed at. Let him throw three sprigs o' the *canavan-beg* against the wind, and Alley Doolin will be wid him, under the stars o' the night. Then let him give her what's in this little bottle to dhrink, an' she'll follow him to his father's house. But tell him—'an be sure you mind my words—tell him he moost be alone in the glin; no livin' thing can be next or near him. Or else, woe to Pierce Shea; and woe, a thousand times, to him that's in his company. Now, put on your hat, an' go your ways."

Andy paused a moment, and then ventured to speak.

"Och, maybe if you burnt a bit o' kippin for me, I'd get lave to go wid him?"

"No!" roared Lheem-na-Sheeg;—"an' moreover, if you attempt the like, the flesh 'il be withered on your bones."

"I havn't another laffina in the 'varsal world, this moment. Bud here's a dacent coat;—the ould *cauben*\* isn't very bad, because it's my Sunday one, an' not the ould one of all, and isn't wid me more nor a year; an' my ould brogues is bran' new; not six months agone since they were in the brogue-maker's basket. Sure all put together is well worth another *guineah-beg*. An' I'll lave 'em wid you, not axin' betther nor to thrapse home a'most as bare as I was born; an' I'll make my sware to be here agin to-morrow mornin' afore you come back—"

"Come back from where?"—

"Avoch, that's a question fit for more knowledge nor God gave me. But if you get lave for me to go wid Pierce to-morrow night, you shan't be put off wid half a guinea, if I war to rob the altar for it."

"*Goh-mock!*—*Goh-mock!*—go your ways!"—exclaimed the fairy-man, in a voice of full command, his eyes flashing, and his brows knitting and knitting as he advanced on Andy, who, gradually receding, unconsciously passed the threshold, and then the door was slammed and barred against him.

## CHAPTER XVI.

BREEDGE CHREE took care to be just going out to milk the cows as Andy Awling made his appearance from the hills. Her inquiries as to his success, safety, and adventures were rapid and incessant. Andy answered that he had things to tell should make her gape "the full length and breadth of her mouth;" and he forthwith rehearsed everything that had befallen him. The frightful omniscience of Lheem-na-Sheeg; how he knew, beforehand, of his coming, and the business of his visit; how he told him where to find the half-guinea; how he dived into the very depths of his thoughts, and, finally, how he, Andy, scarce escaped a

\* Hat.

fairy-blast at their ominous parting;—these matters formed his first budget of communication.

Then, to Breedge's renewed questions, he went over all that related to Pierce Shea and Alley Dooling; and, if Breedge looked frightened before, she now smiled in heartfelt satisfaction. No one had ever heard the like, she said; she was about to despair when first she looked into Andy's face, for it had not anything like good news in it; but his latter words made her mind easy: all would end well. He had only to give the herb and the little bottle to Master Pierce, and send him off to the glen, at the earliest cock-crow that blessed night.

Here Andy demurred, however. He suspected, after all, that her nice bit of gold might just as well have been jerked over the moon, or into the bottom of the river, for not a single step should Pierce Shea trudge to Ballyfoile.

"Musha, for what *raison*?" Breedge asked, in her crosslest tone.

He would tell her that. He knew well what kind of a boy Master Pierce was. God did not please to give him much sense; he was a hot, scatterbrained fellow, overbold and hearty. If he had to do with honest Christians, like himself, that a body could hit with an *atpeen*, no one could blame him for being "fractious" when occasion offered; but, when his business lay among a very different kind of people, the more easy and civil was his speech, the greater his chance of success, and the better for himself. Pierce—Heaven help him for an *omadhnun*!—did not mind that theory a bit; and, instead of taking off his hat, and making his scrape, and saying soft words (the way a body would do that had to deal with a hard landlord, that we didn't care the Devil had in his pocket all the while)—instead of this, why, Pierce would be inclined to use high words, and to call them bad names, in revenge for keeping Alley so long from him. Nay, if they did not yield her up at the first word, who could tell but he might strike at them? and then see what a pretty piece of work we should have of it!

And so, Breedge again asked, did he not intend to tell Master Pierce a word of his morning's journey?

Never a word, then. Since Andy could not go along with his foster-brother, to keep him out of harm's way, on the spot, determined he was to keep him at home, anyhow.

And what would Andy say, if Lheem-na-Sheeg should make a cripple of him, all the days of his life, for disobeying his commands?

No danger of that. If Andy was to assist in taking Alley from the good people, like enough, Lheem might "turn his head wid his face behind him," or put the back part of him before; and then, upon his conscience, he should be a show to look at, sure enough. But, when it would be all the other way; when, in fact, instead of forcing or conjuring her from them he was to have a hand in keeping her where she was; in leaving among them the comeliest colleen in Leinster county, barring Breedge Chree, who stood before him; why, for such a turn as this, Lheem-na-Sheeg would be

obliged to him, and think well of him, on his friends' account, rather than do him any harm.

Well—Breedge didn't care to cross him, and she saw it was better to let Andy have his own way in time. But, considering all the good money it had cost—and money does not grow on the bushes in the field—would it not be a pity, a sin, and a shame to throw away the bottle or the sprigs of *canavauin-beg*? So she asked Andy to give them to her.

"For what to do wid 'em, Breedge, a-roon?"

Avoch, there was a poor creature of a cousin she had who was bewitched. And sometimes of a night she stole off with the fairies, and used to be out with them till morning dawn, in spite of herself, as her own lips avowed. Maybe the little bottle and the herb might cure her, and keep her in her bed for the future.

Like enough, Andy said; and instantly presented them to Breedge, wishing her luck in her attempt.

But Breedge wanted the bottle and the *canavauin-beg* for another purpose.

Pierce Shea had just arrived from the fair, his mind agitated by the danger of his present situation, and additionally embarrassed that he could not disburden it for sympathy and advice to any one around him. Even from his foster-brother he had disguised the truth of his nocturnal adventure and the bloody accidents of the following day; accounting for his absence by a story of a new and still fruitless search after his mistress and her ravisher. Doran he had seen but once, and then only for a hasty moment, since the Whiteboy outrage. The warning of the medicant at the fair led him to apprehend that private informations either were or would be sworn against him; and all his fears and thoughts, experience and reasonings, pointed to Crohoore-na-bilhoge as the informer. How this abhorred and mysterious individual could have come by his evidence is still remaining matter for discovery.

While pondering on these doubts, as he sat silently gazing at the parlor fire, Pierce was surprised by a sudden pressure of his foot from some one who had entered the room without his notice, and who immediately walked to the door. Looking around, he perceived Breedge Chree; and he was more and more surprised to observe that, as if to avoid the observation of his mother, who sat knitting at the window, she now winked the crooked eye at him. Of late Breedge and he had been only passing civil; for, aware as he was of the honorable attachment subsisting between her and his foster-brother, he sedulously avoided any of those little romping civilities that rustic politeness expected of him, but that he feared might give Andy uneasiness. He could not, therefore, but marvel at the pressure and wink of the betrothed Breedge Chree. As his looks followed her through the door for an explanation, she winked again and again, and added an unequivocal motion of her head, that was plainly translatable into "follow me as fast as you can." His late train of thought now took fire, and believing, with a quick spasm and sinking of the heart, that a tale other than a love tale was to be communicated, he hastily followed her footsteps.



Breedge, still beckoning silence with her hand, led the way through the house and yard to "the haggart;" and there, between two huge stacks of corn, where there was scarce room to push in, and where she judged they were effectually screened from observation, began her story. Pierce heard, with relief and wonder, the whole account of Andy's journey to Lheum-na-Sheeg, and received from her hand the bottle of charmed water and the sprigs of *canavaun-beg*, accompanied by directions when, and where, and how to use them, and for what purpose. After which, with many cautions and prayers to conceal her agency from Andy Awling, Breedge glided back to her kitchen, and left Pierce to his own reflections and resolves on the strange and unusual occurrence.

Night was fast falling. We do not say that Pierce Shea was entirely free from the shadow of the great cloud of local superstition which since his infancy had hovered over him: we are just as far from asserting that he believed a word of the promise of the fairy-man, or of what has been said concerning the power and virtues of the simple drop of water and the withered weed he held in his hands. But, along with the shattered and restless state of mind that, while it deprived him of the power of calm thought or reasoning, enfeebled him also, he had heard, no matter how or from whom, an assurance of meeting, that night, his long-lost and dearly-loved mistress; and this imparted a hope, or at least an impulse, that was irresistible. He resolved, even though it should prove but an act of stupid absurdity, to try the charm that Breedge and the sage of the hills had recommended. Danger, too, stared him in the face, from the prospect of exposing himself alone, far from human assistance, and in the dead hour of the night, on the very spot where a recent attempt had been made on his life. But the form of Alley again flitted before his imagination and his hope, and all other considerations vanished. Nor would we have the reader think so humbly of Pierce Shea as to suppose mere personal hazard could influence him even in such a mortal debate.

At all events, whether he believed or doubted, or whether or no he once truly debated the subject—which is a doubt to us—Pierce Shea, at the time prescribed, closing on midnight, with only the host of frost-cleared stars witnessing his motions, stood, in the lone and distant glen of Ballyfoile, on the spot where an assassin had once levelled at his heart. He flung, separately, the sprigs of *canavaun-beg* in the wind's eye; and, turning hastily round, as a faint breathing seemed to arise at his back, Alley Dooling was before him.

The figure was at rest, showing no sign of the motion that must have brought her to the spot, except that her light drapery fluttered, and that her bosom quickly rose and fell, like a chord trembling after it had ceased to sound, or a bird just perching after a frightened flight, with its little plumage yet in disorder. She was pale and thinner than her lover had before seen her, and her eye widened and darkened, in an expression new and startling to him. Yet, under this change, and only assisted by the weak starlight, Pierce knew his

mistress at a glance. His first instinctive action, prompted by wild surprise, with perhaps a dash of supernatural consternation in it, was to start back, uttering a low cry; but the master-passion instantly resumed its sway; and while the pale girl extended her arms, as if in reproach, they were locked in a lover's embrace a moment after.

For a considerable time, tears alone found their way; and during another pause they could but exchange the words—"Oh, Alley!"—"Oh, Pierce!"—until relieved by successive showers of weeping. Pierce was the first to speak.

"My heart's darling! My own poor Alley!—how often, and in what despair, I have sought this blessed meeting. Oh, I had no hope we should ever see each other again! And least of all did I think, after all my days and nights of toil and suffering, the joy was so near me!"

"My beloved Pierce," she sobbed forth, in undisguised tenderness—"God knows whether or not I wish to see *you*. My poor heart was almost broken with its early sorrows, and you were not near me—you, that poor heart's only remaining comfort!"

"Do not think of the past, Alley; the storm is blown away and our future lives shall be spent in the sunshine."

"Oh, Heaven grant it may be possible!—for, indeed, indeed, the storm was black and bitter. But has its cloud so surely passed away!"

"It has! it has! My heart bounds to tell you so; and your own, dearest Alley, should confirm the answer. What do you mean? I have many things to ask you, and many things to tell—but this is no place—here under the cold night—let me conduct you home."

"Home, Pierce!"—and she burst into fresh tears.

"Yes, dear Alley, the house where you will be welcome dearly—where I, and my mother—"

"Your mother! but mine, Pierce, where is mine?"

"Forget it, my beloved girl—forget it, for the present at least. Come now—lean on me—come, come."

Alley showed no symptom of motion, or of willingness to accompany him, and only answered, with her hands spread over her face: "Pierce! Pierce!"

"Well, darling? Speak, dearest Alley; and quickly. This is no place to stay in."

"I cannot. No, no, Pierce, I cannot go with you!"

"Cannot! Now I recollect—your presence—the wild joy of seeing you—of holding you once more to my heart—this banished all other thoughts, Alley. But tell me: who sent or led you here? Had Lheum-na-Sheeg anything to do with my seeing you?—'tis a foolish question—but had he?"

"He had, indeed."

"He had!—what am I to understand? And now you cannot let me be your conductor from this wild glen?"

"Pierce, it is impossible. You and I must still live separate."

"Must! I ask again, Alley, what can you mean? You stand beside me—my arms are around you—you are unaccompanied—free to act—free to make me blest

or curst—happy or mad! Yet you say we must part again?"

"I am *not* free to act, Pierce. And though my heart should break while I say it—still I do say we must part here—here on the very spot where we met."

"We must not, by Heaven! Whatever may be your mystery—whoever the agents that controul you—spirit or mortal—man or devil. Hah!" he interrupted himself as one horrible recollection darkened his soul. "Listen to me, Alley, and answer me. I have a right to ask the question. You left your father's and your mother's house with their bloody murderer."

"Pierce, Pierce, spare me!" was her only reply, given in a low and shuddering accent.

"If I could—if I dared, I would, Alley! Your heart is not more risen to hear than mine to speak—but recollect it is Pierce Shea that speaks and Alley Dooling that hears. How did the villain act towards you? where did he convey you?"

She was silent.

"Do you still live with him, I say?"

"I dare not answer you."

Echoing her words in horror and agony he untwisted her arms from his neck, held her from him, looked with glaring eyes into her face and resumed, in a hollow, broken voice:

"Only one word more, Alley, and answer or be silent again, as you wish. Do you refuse to quit him?"

She *was* again silent.

He continued to hold her from him and to look into her eyes, until the gradually rising passion gurgled and at last shrieked in his throat. Then he let her go, and with arms still extended as he stepped backwards, exclaimed:

"Stand by yourself, then! We part, indeed."

"Pierce, Pierce, do not throw me from you!" She sprang wildly to his neck again.

"No! no! take your hands—your touch—from my neck and me! God, O God! how am I requited by this girl!—by her for whom my heart has lain waste, my peace and life been a wreck and a struggle!—whom to embrace once more pure, and innocent, and faithful, was my soul's only hope and effort! And now—now"—the tears interrupted him—"and now she returns to me a dishonored, worthless, false creature! No, no, Alley," he continued, turning from her; "no, no. Free me of your arms—and there—there—stand for yourself, I say!"

She sank on her knees, clasped her hands, and cast her eyes upwards till they were hid in the sockets, and had almost cracked with the straining, appealing effort.

"God that rules in Heaven!" she muttered; "pity and comfort me!—give me strength to bear what I must bear—this, the worst of all. And father—mother—you that are now enjoying the light of glory, pray to God for your miserable daughter!"

With the last word the poor girl sank on the earth, her face downward, sobbing as if she craved it to open and give her rest.

An agony so utter and so touching could not fail to

smite the lover's heart, amid all its workings of rage and disappointment, with hasty remorse. He reproached himself for having been too cruel and too stern; and now, standing over her, said:

"Alley, dear Alley!—dear yet, though lost to me for ever—check this terrible sorrow—rise up—come with me—I—Oh! I do love you still, though we can never be anything to each other! But, come—come to my mother's home and comfort—we will spend our lives to make you happy—Save yourself from further woe and infamy—rise, and come with me."

He touched her, and she sprang up, exclaiming: "No, no, Pierce, come not near me—lay no hand on me—I have now to do an act I could not do were your arms around me."

She retreated from him, clapped her hands loudly, and cried out: "Now! now! Here! here!" and Pierce found himself overpowered—pulled to the earth, in spite of all his efforts—his hands tied behind his back, and his feet also secured; the rapid work of four strong men, who took him unprepared for their sudden and alarming attack.

"And now, Pierce," said Alley, stooping down and kissing, as he lay on the sward, his shrinking cheek—"Farewell! I am going from you. I said we should part on the spot where we met: may we meet again, and be happier."

"The curse of a betrayed and broken heart come between you and happiness, devil in an angel's shape!" he exclaimed.

"Pierce, I forgive you; may God forgive you!" She turned and disappeared, and he sank into a horrid lethargy.

The exertions of those who had overpowered him to raise him up, and bear him along on their shoulders, confusedly restored his senses. He became just conscious of being hurried through the glen; but his thoughts never once turned to their probable purpose of destination. Alley Dooling, lost, blasted, base, and treacherous, was all he could comprehend. When—

Thwack! thwack! thwack! came three successive and tremendous blows of Andy Awling's alpeen against the skulls of three of his captors, and down they fell of course. Down came Pierce Shea, of course, also: the fourth man, as Andy afterwards said, "gave leg bail, an' cleared off." The deliverer pulled and tugged to loose the fetters of his foster-brother; but, as they were formed of tough leather straps and buckles, it was some time before he succeeded. When, at last, Pierce was free, and when Andy, as the next pressing consideration, turned to look after the prostrate enemy, they were not visible, a resurrection and a retreat having taken place while he was otherwise occupied. Then he proposed an instant pursuit.

"No, no," groaned Pierce, "they are Alley Dooling's friends; and she is—no matter what—I will go home—to forget her if I can—Heaven pity and strengthen me!—I will attend to nothing but my business—nothing. Come, Andy; my heart is cold, Andy—cold. Come away." He did not afterwards open his lips.

Andy happened to be near the corn-stacks as Pierce



and Breedge glided between them. Naturally curious, to say the least, he concealed himself "hard by," and overheard the conference. He knew that, Pierce once in possession of the secret, he could not prevent his visit to the glen; he knew, also, the threatened danger that awaited himself should he venture to accompany him. Yet something was to be done. First, then, he sought out Breedge, to scold her heartily. But his recollection of the amiable motive, so flattering to his vanity, that had governed her actions, together with Breedge's unbounded smiles and home arguments, considerably turned away his anger. Next he watched the livelong night till he saw Pierce set out: the suspense and misery that followed were not to be borne. He stole out to his "loft," or sleeping apartment, for his alpeen; clutched it, turned it round in his hand, spit on it, and gave a jump and a shout in the dark. Then, fairly-blast or not, cripple or no cripple, he stole off to Ballyfoile. At some distance he watched Pierce and Alley; witnessed her treachery; got sense enough after all to see he had no fairies to deal with—though, even if he had, his alpeen would not, therefore, be the more quiet; coolly seized his proper time, and rescued his foster-brother.

He rescued him, alas! but for a short time to have him free. Whatever might have been the unknown fate that awaited Pierce from those into whose hands Alley Dooling had delivered him, the fate for which he was reserved was as terrible as any that could befall him.

When he reached his father's home Pierce threw himself, without undressing, on his bed; his heart wretched, his mind dull and stupefied, and not performing with regularity any of its accustomed movements. Sleep came not, yet he might be said, with regard to the functions of waking life, to sleep profoundly. Thus, lying motionless, his eyes shut and his ears inattentive, he was for some time unconscious of an unusual bustle that, almost since he entered his chamber, had filled the house. At last, however, it reached his senses: he was about to leap up to inquire into the cause, when his father, pale and shaking, rushed into the room. This sight reduced Pierce to a state of stupor worse than that from which he had just roused himself. He became indifferent to the voice and action of his father, who questioned him on something, and urged him to do something. He talked of Alley Dooling;—and he was seized by the officers of justice. The sheriff of the county, assisted by a military force, arrested him on a well-founded charge of Whiteboyism.

As an electric shock restores feeling to the paralyzed, this announcement brought him to himself. As he was led forth, a guarded and marked criminal, and beheld the tearless horror of his father's look, and felt the desperate clinging of his aged mother, while her frantic screams pierced the paternal roof, as the sobs and wailings of his poor foster-brother, and the universal grief of all around him, rung in his ears—a chill, deathlike, by anticipation, closed on Pierce's heart. One poor effort he did make to bear himself like a man. But, when, obeying his emotion, he clasped and wrung his

father's hand, and on his knees begged forgiveness for the disobedience that must now bring him to a felon's death, and bow down that stricken head with sorrow and with shame; when, again and again, he returned the embraces of his shrieking mother; gave back Andy Houlohan's kiss; shook hands, for the last time, with all the weeping household; and with lingering fondness patted the head of the old faithful mastiff, as he cast a long look to the old hearth that henceforth should never blaze for him, nor be a place of simple and holy recollections to those he left around it; when in a convulsive struggle for resignation he attempted all this, nature refused to support him. He wept like a child, and the "Mother, mother, do not break my heart!"—"Father, forgive me, and pray for me!"—and the last, last—"God be with you all!"—came from a bosom overflowing in bitterest anguish, and in a voice faint and wailing as that of a cradled infant.

## CHAPTER XVII.

WE have said it was the assizes time at Kilkenny. Pierce Shea arrived there before the morning sitting of the court. In two hours afterwards he was put on his trial before God and his country. The evidence was conclusive against him, on different charges; here he saw he had again to encounter the cool, well-concerted machinations of Crohoore-na-billhoge. One of the witnesses was the assassin of Ballyfoile; the same who, under the influence of Crohoore, had personally attempted his life. Pierce felt it not difficult to conceive that, having failed in the attempt to assassinate him, the murderer now hired this wretch to swear away his life in a court of justice.

The man was cross-examined as to the fact of his having been employed to fire at Shea: he denied it sturdily and scoffingly. Two persons only could contradict him, Doran and Andy Houlohan. But Doran did not appear, as he was himself hiding from justice, while poor Andy felt so bewildered by the situation of his foster-brother, that, when called upon, he could neither answer nor recollect anything with the necessary distinctness.

This person deposed to the presence of Shea at the attack on the dragoons. One of the surviving soldiers also easily identified him: the proctor, with equal readiness, accused him of having assisted in the outrage upon his person. It was, however, elicited in cross-examination that Pierce had subsequently saved his life at peril of his own; owing to which slight extenuating fact the criminal was allowed forty-eight hours to prepare for death. Sentence was passed on him at two o'clock in the afternoon of the morning of his arrest, which was on a Tuesday.

About eleven o'clock the next night, Wednesday, a thundering knock pealed at the door of a fine house situated in the great-square of Stephen's-green, in the metropolis of Ireland.

The proprietor of the house was a young gentleman of family, talent, and education. Though young (not

more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age), he held an office of trust and consideration under the Irish government, and was the representative of one of her boroughs, in the then native parliament. Other, and more private anecdotes of him, claim our attention.

Since his father's death, which happened in his childhood, Mr. Barry had been landlord of Clarah. When a boy, his school-vacations were often spent in the hospitable farmhouses of Ned Shea and Tony Dooling, where he found comfortable accommodation, and abundance of joyous exercise and country sports, with, in the person of Pierce Shea, a companion every way fitted to share or lead in his rural pursuits. Pierce rode as good a horse as his young landlord, and rode him as well; he was as good a shot, a better courser, and knew to a certainty where game of every kind could be had for the starting. Their ages were alike; their tempers both amiable; their tastes, too, notwithstanding the difference in social rank, similar. For, as we have before observed, Pierce's education had by no means been neglected. So that if he could not invariably follow the more extended or more systematic attainments of the young squire, as shown in their occasional conversations, it required but little effort to make him do so; and his youthful zeal and quickness in asking questions were repaid by the ingenuousness of his admiring tutor, who, along with the wish and pleasure of communicating knowledge, felt, perhaps, a degree of natural vanity in displaying superior acquirement. In fact, they became friends; and an accident further served to fix and enlarge the good-will Mr. Barry bore his esteemed young tenant. Pierce had preserved, if not his life, his limbs at least, by checking, with imminent danger to himself, on the verge of a precipitate quarry, a restive horse, over which his companion had lost all control, and which was plunging headlong to the precipice.

With maturer years, indeed, came different occupations; distinct places in different ranks of society; and, of course, mutual estrangement and darkening, if not some forgetfulness, of the early intercourse of boyhood. But Mr. Barry was too worthy a young man to have altogether a bad memory.

The tremendous knocking at his door roused Mr. Barry from a sound sleep; for he had gone to bed early. He listened: it was repeated. He rang his bell violently, and shortly appeared his favorite attendant, with a light in one hand, and a letter in the other. He took the letter; glanced over it, and asked with much interest:

"Who is the bearer of this, Pat?"

"As ugly a little fellow, please your honor, as ever you'd wish to see."

"Leave the light, and show him instantly up stairs."

"Into which room, sir?"

"Into this—this room. Make haste."

"I'm thinkin', if your honor war after seein' him, you wouldn't bid me let him up."

"That will be decided when I do see him. Begone, Pat, and obey my commands."

"Faith, it's quare enough," muttered the servant, as

he descended, "to go and bid us show the spalpeen of an ugly little divil all the way up to his own bedroom.—Will you please, sir," standing at the head of the staircase that commanded the hall—"will you please, sir, to walk up to his honor's bedroom?"

"I don't please;—I'll stay where I am for your master's answer."

"Eh!" said the servant, staring.

"Are you deaf?—Didn't you hear me?"

"Do you mane that I'm to repeat that atther you, to my own master, in exchange for my civil message?"

"Yes, tell your own master I don't choose to go up, but will wait here for his answer: that's what I said afore. Can't you hear me yet, that you look so foolish?"

"Musha, 'pon my conscience, but it's a high joke, sure enough," mumbled Pat, turning up stairs. "Tell your master," says he, squatting down to reduce himself to the height of his subject, while he mimicked his words—"tell your own master I don't choose to come up. Well! sorrow the like ever cum across me. An' he looked as if he had a grate mind to ate a body, though, upon my honor, I think he'd fit in my riding-coat pocket."

He re-entered his master's chamber.

"Faith, glory to your honor, if the dawning, ugly-mugged fellow that brought that same lether isn't grate in one way, hes grate another way. 'Tell your master,' says he to me, 'I don't choose to come up, but I'll stop where I am for his answer.' " Again stooping on his haunches, and making a hideous face, to render evident the cause of his surprise or amusement.

"Will you ever be serious, Pat?" asked Mr. Barry, who was now up and attired in his morning-gown.

"When we're both married, please your honor."

"Well, well. Tell this mighty great little man I will come to him."

"Ulla-loo!" said Pat, as he again withdrew; "this bates all before it." He tarried a moment on the landing-place, to study how he should address the strange animal below. Ere he had proceeded further, his master passed him, descended the stairs, and approached the stranger.

The almost exhausted lamp had been re-lighted in the hall, but was not sufficient to illumine it fully. In the remotest gloom, leaning against a pillar, stood the diminutive figure of the midnight courier. He put his hand to his hat as Mr. Barry approached him.

"Miss Lovett writes me that she owes you much for a signal service, my good friend."

"I thank her for owing it to your honor."

"But she writes in a hurry, and without any particulars. Pray, how did the cause for obligation arise?"

"Doesn't Miss Lovett mention it in the lether?"

"She does not—I have said as much before."

"Well, your honor, self-praise is no praise; an' I'm a bad hand at it, any way: you'll be in Kilkenny yourself early to-morrow, please God, an' then you'll have it from her own mouth. An' it's thought," he added, with a frightful grin, "your honor wouldn't wish a better story-teller."



"Very well," replied Mr. Barry, whose cheeks colored a little. "It is certainly my intention to be in Kilkenny by twelve o'clock to-morrow; and you may be assured that—exclusive of the lady's request, which is law to me—I should, of my own free will, do my utmost in this matter."

"May your honor get your reward. You'll have more than one grateful heart to bless you."

"When did you leave Kilkenny?"

"Ten hours ago." The distance was fifty-seven miles.

"Indeed!—then you have not loitered."

"No, your honor; nor can't loiter now. I have much business before me yet; and must be back in nine hours, if the horses meet me fair."

"You will convey these few hasty lines to Miss Lovett?" giving him a note.

"That I'll do, plase God, early in the mornin' o' this day, comin' on."—He turned to go.—"An' we may depend on your honor in regard o' what Miss Lovett writes about?"

"You may. My eyes shall not close till I am in Kilkenny, and the prayer of the letter you brought me fulfilled."

"The time is short."

"This is Wednesday night—and—let me see—to-morrow, at noon you say?"

"To-morrow, at one o' the clock, your honor."

"Depend on me. Farewell."

"Well, I must be for Kilkenny this moment. So I wish your honor a good-bye."

"Open the door, Pat:" and Pat running down with a light, obeyed in increased wonder. When it was opened, the stranger slowly moved from his position; gained the street steps; pulled off his hat, and, with a "God guard your honor," flung a paper into the hall. Just as he turned to walk down the steps, the light held by Pat fell on his face, and Mr. Barry started suddenly at the now well-known features of one about whom he had reason to feel peculiar interest.

"Seize that person, Pat!"—he exclaimed, stooping to pick up the paper. The servant shot through the hall-door; his master read the document; and, when he had done, said—"This, to me, is wonderful." In a few minutes Pat returned alone, his clothes soiled with the mire of the street, and his countenance pale and agitated.

"What's the matter with you, man?" asked Mr. Barry.

"Faith, an' I don't well know, plase your honor," answered the servant, now gravely enough. "I cum up to the little man two dours off, just at the turnin'; an', 'Cum back, if you please,' says I, 'the master wants you.' 'What's his business?' says he, stoppin', and facin' round upon me. 'He'll tell you that when you come,' says I. 'Then, he'll never tell me now,' says he, 'for I'm in sich a hurry I can't come back at all.' 'Be asy,' says I, an' I put out my hand to grip him; when—I lave it to my death that I don't know how he done it—but up wid my heels, and down wid my head, anyhow. And, before I was upon my legs again, he was on the back of a horse, I didn't see till that minute,

and away wid him like the divil in a high wind. And, by Gor, savin' your honor's presence, the divil himself couldn't do the whole thing a bit better, if he was ped for it."

"You are a goose, Pat," said Mr. Barry. "But now no more of this. Prepare with all speed for my immediate departure."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"MURTHEE, murther, won't you let me see him at all?"—petitioned Andy Houlohan, clinging to the bars of the iron-grated door of the prison in which Pierce Shea was confined.

"Go along out o' that, you ugly-lookin' thief," answered the gruff voice of the rufian, who filled at once the offices of jailor and turnkey, as he locked the door, after admitting the broken-hearted old Ned Shea to a last interview with his son, on the morning of the day of his appointed execution.

"Och! you don't know that we war reared up together, a'most ever since the day we were born," poor Andy continued, in tears.

"Ha! ha! aye. An', maybe, deserve to be hung up together, the last day o' your lives, just to keep you from parting," retorted Matthew.

"An' ain't I poor Pierce's own foster-brother!"

"Rot you, have you the Sheriff's ticket?"

"Ochone, I dunna know what it is."

"Put your hand in your pocket and try," looking knowingly, and making a show as if reckoning money on the palm of his hand.

"It's not mooch that I have, God help me; but I'll give it wid a hearty good will, wishing it was more for your sake, sir"—and he handed a sixpence through the bars.

"The curse of Cromwell on you for a poor beggarly rogue! I thought as much. You have no money thrashed"—putting it up deliberately.

"Musha, I brought no more wid me."

"Nor left none at home, I'm thinkin'"—and Matthew turned off towards the interior of the prison.

"Oh, the Lord protect you, an' won't you let me in afther all?"

"Is it for that?—no, no; I've let you take a peep for your sixpence. But two thirteens for a turn in; that's the rule."

"Murther, murther, if I had a bit of a sledge!" cried Andy, dancing with madness, and making several ringing blows at the bars with his alpeen.

"Sodger"—said Matthew, returning, and speaking to a sentinel outside—"sodger, turn this thief's breed from the place he ought to be put in."

"Sodger, ma-chree," in his turn exclaimed Andy to the grenadier, who quickly pressed him back with the butt of his musket—"you'll be pitiful to me, an' ax em to let me see my poor Pierce Shea!"

"No concern of mine—stand back."

"He'll never die asy widout just saying God be wid you, Andy."

"Back, man—can't tell, I'm sure—back."

"Considher, sodger, a-hudg. You might be in his case yet."

"Damme, fall back."

"An' how would you look if they kept your own poor foster-brother from you?"

"No more talk, or"—presenting his bayonet—

"Musha, thrust away. Little mysef cares I was kilt dead this moment."

And Andy scarce stirred, until the sentinel, again reverting his piece, shoved him off his post with sufficient force to send him staggering among the crowd his cries had attracted in the street before the prison.

"He'll never get a word o' me;—he'll die widout partin' from me! an' I'll never know pace again, 'till the sod covers mysef!" It was now past nine o'clock.

"Andy Houlohan!"—whispered a sharp voice in his ear.

Andy turned to the speaker. It was Paddy Loughnan: but Andy did not recognize him.

"There's pity on my heart for you," Paddy continued.

"Musha, good look to you. It's little of it is to be found here."

"What 'ud you do for a body, supposin' he got you inside the dour o' the cage?"

"I'd lay my life down for him the next moment."

"That 'ud be no great bargain; little I'd get for it. But I ax no sich thing; just keep your eye on me, an' come when I call you."

He moved to some distance, and Andy saw him lay hold of a helpless little cripple, who, seated in a small car, had just been drawn by a more active mendicant before the prison gates.

"Och, Lord save us! what 'ud you want wid a poor lame creature?" asked the cripple.

"None o' your devil's tricks, now," replied Loughnan. "You made a fool o' me once on a time, an' that's more than the law allows. So, come your ways. By good look we're nigh hand to a lodgin' for you."

"I'm a crippled body, that does harm to no one. Don't you harm me, if you're a Christhen."

"By the virtue o' the oath I tuck on the green cloth, you can tell as big a lie as if you war the size o' the house. Come in here."

"Help, help, good Christhens, for a cripple!" cried the little fellow in the car.

"That's Loughnan, the bum-bailiff," said a young man in the crowd.

"Touch his head to the paying-stones," said another.

"Clean the kennel with the thievin' bum," said a third.

"Loughnan, take your hands from the cripple," exclaimed several.

"What call have you to him?" asked a stout-built shoemaker, who with his hands under his well-waxed leather apron, now advanced.

"Ax that o' one that 'ill tell you," answered Paddy, "an' take away your big fists there, from my prisoner."

"Divil a take, to please you."

"Neighbors, don't let a poor crature, widout power

to help himself, be ill-used for nothing at all," still appealed the cripple.

"Let him go!" resumed the commiserating Crispin.

"Bother!" replied Loughnan, dragging the object from his car.

"Where's your warrant?" demanded the shoemaker, with a face of knowledge and importance.

"Musha," laughed the bailiff, "what a way you're in to know! An' 'tisin't the way you're in, but the figure you cut. Come along, *a-bouchal*."

"Let him go this moment,"—the champion stepped up fiercely.

"Right, Joe!"—and—"that's the way to serve him!"—and—"smash the bum!" cried his seconds.

"God bless you, honest good gentlemen!" prayed the subject of dispute.

"I'll tell yez what," roared Loughnan; "he's a fair caption. There's the lawful money ready for the job; an' I'll sware a sazure agin every ugly mother's son o' you."

"Curse your law," resumed Crispin, "do you think we'll take it from you? Show your warrant, an' then no harm done. If not, let God's cripple alone." And there was a general shout, as prefatory indication of putting into force their resolve to rescue the cripple. Loughnan tugged at his prisoner, and received many smart blows on his hat from behind, some of which sunk it over his eyes. He shoved up, looked round, and could see none but demure faces, but was again similarly assailed; turned again, and again could only see countenances of fixed gravity. It was evident that fun, as much as compassion, was the motive to a row. He now became assured he could not carry his point by himself.

"Where are you, Andy Houlohan?" he cried.

"Here I am," answered Andy, jumping through the ring, alpeen in hand.

"Tell the devil's-limbs who this is," Loughnan continued, snatching off the hat and blanket of the supposed cripple.

"Oh, Dieu-na-glorive!" shouted Andy, as he jumped back in horror—"tis Crohoore-na-bilhoge!"

"An' what did he do, Andy?"

"Och! the Lord keep us from all harm!—sure didn't he murder Tony Doolin' an' his wife in the middle o' their sins!"

"Oh, ho!" said the shoemaker, wagging his head knowingly, and replacing his hands under his apron, "that's a horse of another color. We all heard of that bloody business, and of a certainty just such a kind o' creature they say done it."

"Ram him in! ram him in!" was now the general cry.

"Andy," said Loughnan, "ketch your own houl't o' the cullaun, an' you'll get snug into the crib for your trouble, where there's some this moment just as mad to get out."

We omitted to say that the sturdy beggar who drew Crohoore to the front of the jail had disappeared into the crowd at the beginning of the scuffle. Crohoore now seemed to invoke him or some other individual.

"Sheemun! Sheemun!" he exclaimed, starting on his



legs and clapping his hands, while his face was stern rather than agitated—"Run for me now, or I'm lost! You know the road they took—run, run!"

"I'll do my best, plase God!" answered a voice in the crowd. No one could tell the other who had uttered the words.

"He's spakin' to the Devil," remarked Paddy Loughnan. "They're just like two brothers, together. But let me once get him inside, an' the ould bouchal may have him afterwards, if he doesn't repent of his bargain." So saying, he dragged Crohoore to the prison-door; Andy, who, but for the reward held out would not have laid a finger on him, cautiously assisting.

"Here," said Paddy, as the jailer appeared, "just let this bouchaleen into the rat-trap."

"On what account?" asked the gruff Matthew.

"Did you never hear tell o' one Crohoore-an-bil-hoge?"

"Whoo! he's heartily welcome; an' his nate dry lodgin' ready this many a day." The door opened to Paddy, Andy, and the at last captured Crohoore. "Lug him along, lug him along," barked out Matthew, as he waddled before.

They had, for some distance, to walk through a low-arched passage, until they arrived at a trap-door, which, by means of a step-ladder, gave descent to the lower regions: and before they arrived at this point, Paddy Loughnan spoke half to himself, half to Andy Houlohan:

"Well: he's no witch afther all. I ought to be tied to a cow's tail, and sthreeled to death. Arrah, what a purty hand I made of it in the ould cave o' Dunmore. I was ashamed to bid the good morrow to myself even, the next mornin'. To go for to run away, as if it war the livin' Dnuol that crossed me; an' it was only when I got home on my sort of an ould horse that I considered an' thought o' the thing. Why, bad end to you, Paddy Loughnan, says I, 'twas only Crohoore that made them noises, an' gave you them blows that you couldn't see, an' said them dismal things to bother you. An' 'twas his two eyes, an' nobody's else, that looked at you out o' the ground, when you roared to Pierce Shea that you saw the horrid Devil, and frightened him, too, an' tumbled him down by the little river. An', Paddy Loughnan, you're not worth a thrawneen, to let sich a little sheeg of a thing make an ownshuck o' you. Then I swore a big oath I'd never rest asy 'till I had a hould o' the lad; an' sure now I'll sleep in a quiet conscience. Aye, faith; un' some good money undher my head to snore on."

They gained the trap-door. Crohoore was heavily ironed and handcuffed at its edge, and then shoved down to his straw and his reflections.

Soon after, Andy was able to reach the cell where old Ned Shea had previously arrived, to take a last farewell of his son.

The young spirit springs lightly from the pressure of affliction. But when the frost of many winters have stiffened the fibres of the heart, and that the pulse within is but a puny throb, the blow of calamity shatters as it falls on them, and the beatings of hope are

not heard triumphing in the silence of that wreck. When the old man entered his child's cell, the poor criminal could scarce recognize his father. Little more than a short day had elapsed since the still healthy rose of youth blushed on the cheek that was now white and livid: the eye that, secure in happiness, used to sparkle with almost boyhood's fire, was beamless and hollow. He appeared at the low door, as doomed and judged a being as the prisoner he came to visit; one for whom there was no longer a hope or purpose on earth; one from whom the world and life had passed away; who was indebted to the one but for the light it lent, and which he loved not, and to the other for a puff of breath, to which he was indifferent.

After Pierce, springing from the bedside, on which he sat with his confessor, had clasped his father in his arms, and both had remained long in the wordless agony of their meeting, they parted a moment to gaze on each other. Then the father reeled and staggered; as the son strove again to support him, he, too, felt the tremors and weakness of anguish and despair, and tottered under his sad burden.

"Put me somewhere to sit down, Pierce," said old Ned Shea. "Neither of us can stand."

The clergyman assisted them to the side of the wretched bed, the only sitting-place in the cell. There Pierce still held his father in his arms.

"Oh, Pierce," he continued, gasping and choking. "I am struck down; the ould heart is as weak as it will be desolate. I am come to speak to you for the last time in this world; to kiss your cheek for the last time; to feel your arms around me for the last time."

"I cannot speak to you, father," answered Pierce.

"Pierce, Pierce, don't turn the face from me. Soon shall I see it no more—the face of my only child. Try an' speak, a-vich; try an' speak; for your voice, too, 'ill soon be gone from my ear; an' sit closer, and let me hold you; for the cold clay will soon hide you from your father."

"You are greatly changed, father," said Pierce, endeavoring to say something.

"Oh! I thank my God for that!" replied the old man, in a loud shrill voice—" 'tis a good sign, Pierce—a good sign!"

Pierce shuddered in his soul.

"Father, for the love of God, be comforted."

"Comfort! Comfort! There is none for me, boy. And I want none—none when you are gone! All my comfort will then be with you in the grave: there I'll look for it."

"Father, father, you break my heart, and make my death too bitter."

"Well, I never wished to do that; I'd wish your sufferin' an easy one, Pierce. But oh, Father of all, look down on us this day! Come, a-vich, come to me—this is the only time I can lay hand on you."

"Oh, have pity on me, father."

"But no, I spoke wrong. Once again I will lay my hand on you. But then," he added—in a voice of the blackest despair—"then, Pierce, you will be a strangled corpse."

"Ned Shea, compose yourself," interrupted the clergyman. "Your good son will then be with the Great Father you have invoked, in Heaven."

"Thaih! thaih! you are not an old man like myself, and you have no boy like mine"—and he pushed back the curling and clustering hair from his son's forehead, and with a quick glance ran over his features. "You have no boy like mine, the joy and pride of your heart, to be taken away from you—and taken for ever."

"Yet can I feel for your lot," the priest returned; "do you feel for his and mine. He has but a short time, dear friend, to prepare for a long account; and I have to assist him in his duty. Let us kneel and pray together."

"Yes; let us pray together," repeated old Shea. But, as they moved, he again caught his son in his embrace.

"Pierce, Pierce," he said, "the—the poor mother could not come to see you."

This took Pierce unprepared, and went like a knife through his heart. He shrieked in agony, and cast himself on his rustling straw.

The clergyman again gently exhorted to prayer. After some time all were about to kneel, when a bustle in the passage attracted their notice, and Andy Houlihan rushed by the under-turkey, who appeared at the open door of the cell.

"My poor fellow, have you come to see me?" said Pierce, holding his hand, as Andy, now stationary in grief and horror, stared upon the group.

"Yes, a-vich—just—just to say—God be wid ye," stammered the faithful creature.

"We were going to pray," resumed Pierce; "come over, my dear Andy, and join us—father, when I am gone, you will be kind to this poor lad, for he was kind to me."

A feeble moan came in answer from the father.

"I'm thankful to you, Pierce, a-cuishla-machree," continued Andy, still standing; "but there's no need—no need. I'm not goin' to stay in this part o' the country."

"God bless you, wherever you go, my poor Andy," said Pierce, pressing his hand.

"Don't spake in that manner—don't, Pierce, or my throat 'll burst!" He put his hand to his neck; his face became red, swollen, and distorted; and a catching and wheezing of the breath arose gradually louder, until it gained a terrible gush of rough sorrow. "I'm lookin' at you," he resumed, "never to look agin. We war childer together; we war gorcoon together. I thought we'd be old together. But now you lave me behind you. I'll put the sod on your early grave."

"This must not be," again interrupted the priest; "my penitent must be left alone with me." Just then the entrance of the jailer served to assist him in putting his wish into effect.

"The curse o' Scotland on you," said this man, turning to Andy, "what brought you here, or how did you

come here?" He had not recognized, in the person that helped to bring in Crohoore, the same he had ordered from the gate—"Be off, you jail-bird; or maybe you'd get the length of your tether, afther ail."

Andy flew to Pierce's arms. The jailer tore him away. He continued to look on his foster-brother as he continued to go backwards, till the cell-door was dashed in his face. The clergyman then silently led the father and son to a last embrace. It was wordless, as the first they had exchanged at their meeting. After a long pause, in obedience to a whisper from his priestly adviser, Pierce sunk upon his knees, crying out:

"Father; your blessing! and a forgiveness for the disobedience that brought me this fate!"

But the moment he undid his arms from his father the old man fell, a dead weight, on the echoing floor of the cell. Pierce cried out, for he thought his father was dead. The priest soon ascertained however that he had but fainted; and urged Pierce, as soon as the slightest symptoms of recovery appeared, to consent, before old Shea could again become aware of his situation, to a parting. It would be kind and merciful, he said, and easiest for both. The criminal at last yielded; and when, over and over he had embraced his insensible parent, the old man was still in a state of unconsciousness conveyed out of the prison.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE lark,

"His feathers saturate with dew,"

was mounting to salute the risen sun with the first song of spring, when Mr. Barry, to whom we have before introduced the reader, was far on his way from Dublin to Kilkenny. At an inn, about ten miles from the last-named city, where he had stopped to change horses, while his servant Pat was busy seeing that everything about the carriage was "nate and purty," and occasionally inspecting the operations of the village smith, who exerted his skill to set to rights one of the wheels that had somewhat suffered in the rapid journey, Mr. Barry, referring to his watch, found, in considerable alarm, it was an hour later than he supposed it could be. He wondered how the miscalculation could have occurred. It was, in fact, now half-past ten o'clock, and, even if the dispatch of the smith should allow him to start that moment, he scarce expected to complete the ten long Irish miles still before him in less than an hour and a-half. So that it must be noon as he reached Kilkenny; and if any other accident or delay should occur!—If the smith did his work badly—if the wheels failed again—if but a pin—or a brace—or a pivot gave way! His heart beat high, and the blood tingled through his frame at the thought.

He rushed from the inn-door to question the smith. The man was pausing for the return from his smithy, at some distance, of a gorcoon he had dispatched thither, to fetch a something or other, Mr. Barry did not care

\* Father—as the Irish call their priests.



to listen what. He stamped, and called for a hackney coach. There was not one at home. For a horse!—a horse was led to him on three legs, for the wretched animal only touched the very point of the fourth on the ground. "Good God!" Mr. Barry cried, "what is to be done? at such an hour!" And now came the only comfort the smith, innkeeper, hostler, waiter, and chambermaid could afford him; his honor's watch was too fast, they said; much too fast, they assured him. "Them Dublin clocks and watches often set people astray;" and, even so, though "the chay" was not just then at home, it was expected every minute, fresh from the road: so, little time would be lost, after all, even supposing his honor's own carriage wasn't done up before that.

Endeavoring to believe and rely on these people, and urging the smith, whose gorgoon now appeared in distant view, Mr. Barry now stood silent for some time, until, even in the agitation of the moment, he was interested by a new circumstance. At a part of the roadside, a little way down from the inn, there was the termination of a thick grove of firs. Through it suddenly broke the figure of an old man, tall, straight, and hale, and, though his garments were wretched, of striking character. But what most attracted Mr. Barry was his action the moment he appeared. The old fellow stood on the edge of the fence, and, with hat in hand, and his long white hair shaken by the breeze about his face, raised himself to his full height, as he strained his eyes along the road in the direction of Kilkenny. Intense anxiety was in his look. In a moment he bent down a little, raised his hand over his eyes, as if to make sure, by a second critical glance, of the approach of some person he had wished to see. Then, apparently assured, he clapped his hands in self-gratulation, jumped with the vigor of youth on the road, and using his long two-handled stick, that had a great knob at the end of it, slowly approached the group near the inn-door, and leaned against a house immediately opposite; his eyes drooped, and his air now seemingly indifferent.

In a few minutes a strange-looking figure made his appearance, mounted on a still stranger animal. It would be difficult to penetrate his mind through the expression of his countenance: whether it betokened folly or knavery, or such a mixture of both as we sometimes meet with, was a question. He wore a hat, bruised and battered, open at the top—that is, without a crown—leaving to the visitation of whatever weather happened to blow the pate it served but to adorn. This relic of a chapeau was stuck at one side of his head, almost as if it had hung against a wall, giving a finish to the idiot impudence of his look. If his face puzzled a physiognomist, the most expert Moses in Monmouth Street would feel at a loss to determine the texture or material of his attire, so besmeared was it with grease and filth, and showing such a sovereign disregard of button and button-hole, that a pin, a skewer, or any other random means of fastening, was the only agency to keep its parts together. Then his shirt (any color, excepting white, the reader

pleases) was open at the throat; his shred of a vest, and the knees of his *culottes* swung wide; his pieces of blue stockings were bundled round his ankles, leaving his shins, marbled with the fire, bare. And his old brogues—(or if not old, like a rake's, prematurely so)—would have fallen from his feet, but that they were secured by cords. This was the sole symptom of providence about him. In his mouth he held a short pipe, black from constant use; the shank of sufficient length to allow the barrel to project immediately under his nose; so that by the same instrument he gratified two of his senses; for, when he had enough satisfied his palate with the vapor he drew in, he sent it forth again to ascend his nostrils, as kitchen smoke ascends a funnel.

He bestrode a rib-marked, lob-eared horse, of which the trappings were in character with those of their owner, and the miserable beast they—we cannot say, furnished. They consisted of a rusty bridle, knotted in many places; a "suggaun," or hayrope, looped at either side, through which, by way of stirrups, the knight thrust his feet; while he sat on a large wallet, equally laden at both ends, that in a degree served charitably to hide the ribs of the poor horse over which they hung.

The inn-door at which Mr. Barry's carriage stood was at the side of the road, and the way was nearly blocked up by it and the four horses that stood unharnessed, and the other four, "putting to." Nevertheless, the newcomer might easily have passed, if he wished; but this did not seem to suit his humor.

"Do yez hear, ye scullions. Move a one side wid yourselves, an' let a body pass," he cried out, stopping a few yards from them.

They took no notice of his command, and he personally addressed the hostler, who was now leading off the jaded horses.

"Come, my callaun. Lug dat unperin'-box out o' my road," meaning the carriage, and speaking in the town slang to be heard in Dublin and Kilkenny.

On such an occasion, Ned hostler might have been a little hoity-toity, and nothing more, with his superior. But, not relishing this language from the kind of person that now addressed him, he looked fiercely over his shoulder, and threatened to roll horse, rider, and wallet, in the kennel.

"Musha, never mind him," interrupted the old man we have before spoken of, looking up for the first time. "That's Tim Lyndop, the butcher, from Kilkenny; a half naatur'l."

"De Devil take de liars, between you an' me, Sheemun Croonawnee," was the courteous reply. "An' what brings you here?"

"As I hope for glory, then, it was yourself I wanted to see—wid another by your side, I mane. I have a message from his father; where is he?"

"Ax him dat takes care of him; how do I know?"

"Why, ye were in the sthreeets o' Kilkenny, this mornin' arly; an' he was to take the road wid you."

"He turned back, den, to see de hornpipe in de air, at one o'clock to-day," answered the traveller.

"O-ho!" observed Sheemun, and quickly resumed his station at the road side, from which he had advanced to converse with his friend.

Mr. Barry overheard the whole of this dialogue, and felt much interested with the speakers, particularly with him who had last arrived. As his carriage was at last almost ready, and his mind more at rest, he hazarded a question.

"And pray, what have you got in the sack, my good fellow?"

"It's a token you don't know, or you wouldn't inquire," replied the impudent dog, not a whit influenced by the evident rank and gentlemanly address of the speaker.

"Why, plase your honor," said Sheemun, "it's a thousand to one bud he has some honest poor man's bacon in id."

"What a guess you make, Croonawnee. Why, then, for all your knowledge, of ould, you know just as much about it as a cow does of a holiday, or a pig of a bad shillin'. An' Croonawnee, you had better be quiet; for, by my sowl, an' dat's an oath, maybe you oftener helped to shove in a poor man's road, wid de head o' your walkin' stick—aye, an' a rich one's, too—oftener dan he would let you for the axin'."

He was moving on, and approaching Sheemun as he made an end of speaking. Whether he had touched his friend in the sore point, whether, for his downright detestation of malpractices, Sheemun felt indignant at such an attack on his honesty, or that some other motive weighed against the traveller, which at present we cannot elucidate; certain it is, that the mendicant, having started a moment aside, and whispered to Mr. Barry—"I had no message for him or his comrade, but I was on the lookout for 'em both—mind this now!"—having, we say, directed these words to Mr. Barry, Sheemun suddenly raised in both hands his long staff, and planting, under the left ear of Tim, that very knob or head, so incautiously spoken of, down came the unlucky satirist; and down came, with him, the wallet that had served as a saddle, and was the cause of the incident.

The assaulted person had, indeed, seen his coming danger, and endeavored to escape it. With the heels of his brogues he thumped against the ribs of his steed; but while the hollow sound thereby produced clearly denoted it was no pampered beast, and therefore should have been no restive one; and while intimidation was further given that the state of his stomach agreed with the marks of piety on his knees, with the single difference only that it knelt of its own accord, but fasted perforce; while all this became evident, still the old adage, "a friend in need is a friend indeed," was also illustrated. A look convinced the most casual observer that neither its rider nor any one for him had ever been cordial to the poor animal; had ever excited its gratitude by treating it well. Now, therefore, it left its proprietor in the lurch. The only acknowledgment of the buffeting on the sides shown by the creature was to shake its head slowly to and fro. It would have kicked up its heels, had it been able; but this and a

stock-still stand, as if it had reflected and reasoned on the matter, and calculated that the descent of Sheemun's staff would free it of its old tyrant, were its sole proceedings. And, when the butcher and his wallet plumped on the road, it only wagged gently the stump of its tail in token of satisfaction, turning, philosopher like, and resolved to make the most of the opportunity, to pick a morsel of fresh grass from the neighboring fence.

Meantime, while the noise of the butcher's fall seemed to create around only unmixed indifference, if not satisfaction, the noise of the sack caused a stronger feeling. As it struck heavily upon the hard road, there was a clashing, jingling sound, very like what might happen had it been filled with large pieces of silver. This roused the suspicions of all who heard it, and of Mr. Barry in particular.

In the early part of the story we have said that daring robberies had of late been very frequent in the neighborhood of Kilkenny, with which it was supposed Crohoore-na-bilhoge was secretly connected. A few nights before the transaction here detailed, an outrage of the kind was perpetrated in the house of the father of the young lady from whom Mr. Barry had received the letter in Dublin; and Crohoore, as it had often happened on similar occasions, was seen near the spot. A considerable quantity of plate had been rifled from Mr. Lovett's house. Mr. Barry, of course, knew the facts; and it now struck his quick mind that the butcher's sack and the butcher's self might help to throw light on the subject.

He, therefore, instantly gave orders that the prostrate hero should be secured, and that he and his wallet should be conveyed into the inn, for the purpose of undergoing an examination. The man would answer no question, directly or seriously; but the sack being opened, it was found literally to contain a heap of silver plate—part broken up, and part yet perfect. A tankard, which Mr. Barry took in his hand, still bore, undefaced, the crest and cypher of his friends. Further investigation enabled him to discover the same marks on many of the broken pieces; and, on other articles, different crests, that belonged to different families, who had also been plundered by the yet unknown gang. He was still engaged in the examination, when the fellow in whose possession these articles had been found, and whom, having, in the first instance, refused to answer any questions, Mr. Barry sent out of the room, again, by his own motion, appeared before him.

Not entirely recovered from the effects of Sheemun's staff, his own foul attire, rendered more foul by the puddle of the road, he appeared a very disagreeable object. Barry was struck, too, by the altered expression of the wretch's face. When he had first seen it, saucy idiomism seemed its prevailing character; and a cast of silliness, derived from the, perhaps intentional, dropping of the lower jaw, still attached to it. But there was also a newly-come scowl and gloom of dogged ferocity; and Mr. Barry thought that murder glared from the large, dull, gray eye, overshadowed by thick



eyebrows, heavily drawn together, and forming a black, rigid line across the forehead.

Mr. Barry placed him before the strong light of the window, and looked long into those eyes; but the disgusting stare of the other never winced.

"How did you come by this stolen property?" he demanded in his sternest tone.

"Tunder-an'-ouns! what news you want," was the only answer.

"You should be aware, my good fellow, that your life is this moment in the hands of the law. I am a magistrate in the county of Kilkenny. You should also know that your sole chance of mercy depends on a full and prompt confession. For your life's sake, then, do not dare to trifle with me. Where did you get, and from whom, the plate that now lies before me?"

"Och-own!" prefaced by a smack of the tongue against the palate. "An' so, all you want to know is fere I got it?"

"For the present, no more."

"Did you ever hear tell of how the devil got de friar?—by cripes, he got him just fere he was. That's your answer, a bouchal, an' make much of it."

Mr. Barry declined, for two reasons, any further communication with a creature so loathsome; first, because he had not patience to continue his interrogatories; next, because his carriage was now announced as quite ready, and a more pressing duty hurried him away. Nor must the reader suppose that, even for an investigation of such moment, any time beyond that which the smith's preparations rendered unavoidable was spent in the inn. In fact though our description has been necessarily long, scarcely more than ten minutes elapsed from the arrival of the old Bocchoch to the termination of the young gentleman's inquiries of the butcher. Now, rapidly replacing with his own hands the pile of plate in the wallet, he put it into his carriage, flung himself after it, ordered his servant to follow in the chaise that had just arrived, with the suspected person in custody, and giving directions for fiery driving to his own postillion, started off for Kilkenny. We should not forget to say, that on his quick passage from the inn to his carriage-door, he looked round in vain, and inquired in vain for the old man, whose strange whisper, before he wielded his staff, now occurred to Mr. Barry's mind, as something very necessary to have explained. Disappointed, however, in seeing him near, he could, in his urgent dispatch, only leave additional commands with his servant to look after this person, and, if possible, convey him also to Kilkenny.

Pat gaped, thunder-stricken, at the order to sit down in the same vehicle with the greasy and otherwise soiled butcher.

"Plase your honor," said he, just as his master drove away, "wouldn't it be well done to make the hostler rub him down a bit?—he's so mortal dirty!"

"Pat," answered his master, "your joking, as I have frequently told you, is often ill-timed. Obey my commands carefully; look to your pistols; and see that you

have this man forthcoming, within two hours, in Kilkenny."

"Upon my conscience," resumed Pat, as the carriage dashed off, "it's a mighty purty joke, sure enough. Faith he might just as well say to me, Pat, put a hape o' manure in the chay, an' take good care of it. It bates all I ever hard of."

"Ullaloo, Pat," here interrupted his charge, as two men approached to place him, bound, in the chaise; "yez are goin' to put me fere I never tought I'd see myself. Well, by de hokey, de butcher boys o' Kilkenny 'ill have fun for a week, fen dey sees myself peepin' out at 'em from a grand po-chay windee. I say, Masther Pat, you scullion, you, come wait on me."

"Get out, you nasty baste," answered Pat.

"Get in, you mane. An' here I goes; an' fait, a-graw-bawn, I'm the boy dat never liked to be tumpin' through the gutter, upon a long road, fen 'tis so very aisy to get an uperin' all de way home for notin'."

"Move over to the far corner," said Pat, as he ascended the steps of the chaise, to place himself by his scurvy companion.

"None o' your gab, you lick-plate. How daare you spake to your betthers?" said the other; and the tone, only, of Pat's indignant rejoinder was heard, as the chaise drove rapidly away in the track of Mr. Barry's carriage. But when, some three miles on the road, the postillion pulled up a moment, to take his "offer" of strong liquor, and *en passant* peered into the windows of the vehicle, the appearance of the servant, nearly as soiled as his fellow-traveller, with a swelled lip, that must have come from the knee or head of the other, and that other's battered eye and blood-besprinkled visage, plainly told that they had not agreed so well as might have been expected from the coolness of the butcher or from Pat's genuine good humor.

## CHAPTER XX.

THE hour for Pierce Shea's execution on the gallows, or rather for his progress to it, sounded from the town-clock of Kilkenny. All was ready for the terrible procession from the prison-door to the gallows-green, at the extremity of the city, where he was to suffer. The guard of horse and foot, and the hushed multitude without, awaited the appearance of the doomed man. In a few minutes, a universal murmur of commiseration, with audible prayers for mercy on his soul, and happiness in the life to come, announced his entrance into the street.

He came forward clad in a jacket of white linen, leather small-clothes fitting tight to his limbs, white stockings and shoes with buckles. His head was bare; and his long locks, the rich waves combed back, hung in curls around his face and shoulders. At the instant of his appearance the young man's face was flushed even beyond its natural ruddy hue to a scarlet blaze, the evidence of the burning fever of mingled emotions that reigned within him—of human shrinking from his

horrible fate, spite of manly effort and religious zeal to endure it bravely. The moment his eye met the gazing crowd it fell, and his cheeks rapidly became livid as death. The change was not, however, the effect of moral cowardice. He was soon able to man himself again, and to take a second and composed survey of the thousands of living creatures that stared so strangely and so fearfully upon him. His countenance then assumed an expression in unison with the prepared and resigned state of his previous thoughts; and which, together with his handsome, manly form, drew down unqualified pity and compassion. All was once more prepared. The soldiers closed round him and the priest; his arms were pinioned. The left, however, he passed through that of his reverend companion; his right hand held a prayer-book; and the cavalcade moved on.

The sheriff, with his white wand, attended by the still gruff jailor, immediately preceded him. A car, holding Pierce's coffin and his executioner, the last agent of the law—disguised from popular recognition by a large outside coat, a slouched hat, and a black mask—closely following.

As they very slowly moved along the streets of the city the shops, to prevent accidents from the crushing crowd, were closed; this arrangement gave an idea of mute sympathy with the mournful exhibition. It was a fine day, and the sun shone brightly; yet none of the influence of a fine day was felt. Somehow the sunlight seemed to fall with a strange and unusual glare, making no one and nothing cheerful. The windows of the houses were partially occupied by those among the inhabitants whose nerves or curiosity were strongest; now and then a female might be observed hazarding a hasty glance at the poor young culprit, and instantly retreating to the interior of the room, struck with awe or horror or overpowered by more tender emotions.

We were young and giddy on that memorable day, and pushed with childish eagerness to behold so novel a sight; we remember to this hour the impression made upon our minds by the face and manner of the unfortunate man. The character of both was unearthly and startling; he seemed a creature of a different kind from the living among whom he walked:—the grave had already stamped him with its brand. His eye kept no recognition for the beings or things around him; it strayed not, here and there, as man's eye will stray, to seek notice, or help, or gratification, or assurance, from the bright varieties of animate and inanimate creation. Though he stepped with a firm and courageous step, that action seemed the result of a previous command of the will, still unconsciously obeyed by the muscles of his body, rather than a continuous exercise of mental and animal function. His parched lips moved rapidly in prayer; so rapidly, that one might have thought he feared to miss, in making his great preparation, a second of his measured time. When, occasionally, he knelt with his priest at different turns of the streets, it was terrible to see the upturning of his eyes, that rolled and strained to heaven in sup-

plication, or else seemed to turn shudderingly inward upon himself, until nothing of them appeared but the dull blank white, without life or meaning.

The procession gained the last turning of the last suburb street it had to traverse. The high gallows-tree was straight before the culprit. At first sight of it he stepped back a little, and pressed tight the arm of his priest. A few words of kind and sublime encouragement from the zealous clergyman gave him new nerve: now he walked on quicker than ever. At this moment some stir and noise in the crowd behind diverted general attention from the chief object. The bustle increased; the crowd fell back. A carriage drove furiously up in a cross direction; and a voice was heard crying out, in accents hoarse with earnestness and emotion:—"Mr. Sheriff! Mr. Sheriff!"

A hum of eager conjecture, and of hope, they know not why or wherefore, ran through the crowd. Poor Pierce himself started from the trance that had fallen on him, and listened to those sudden words with a hysterical catching of breath that betokened only a half consciousness of their having sounded on his dull ear, with an effort, like that of a doating old man, to connect some past recollections and present knowledge with the accents of a well-known but long-forgotten voice.

The sheriff instantly hastened to where the carriage had drawn up, and was seen to listen to some rapid communication addressed to him by a person within. In less than a minute the conference was over. The sheriff bowed profoundly at the carriage window, and the carriage again drove away towards the main street of the town. It was followed by a post-chaise, from which Tim Lyndop the butcher nodded smilingly on his many acquaintances among the crowd, to their utter astonishment, and, for the sake of human nature, we blush to record, to their merriment too. Even amid the horrors of such a scene, our fellow-creatures can be merry.

The greater part of the multitude were, however, too remote to be influenced by this shameful occurrence. As the sheriff returned, they only whispered, and conjectured, and still hoped something or other. But he gravely took his place at the back of the culprit, and gravely motioned to proceed to the fatal spot. All again moved on, more melancholy than ever; Pierce seeming to have lost power or will to follow up anything distinct from his situation, or which was not at once made clear to him; and the crowd concluding that the communication with the chief officer could have had no concern with him.

The culprit and his priest stood under the gallows. Pierce saw the guard of horse and foot close darkly and sternly around him: he felt that they came, like the shadow of death, between him and existence. Still he stood bravely, as a Christian man, looking from this world into the glory of the next, and therefore able to think more of what he hoped to gain, than what he was about to lose. The clergyman, a young man like himself, held his hands, and, with tears of mingled grief and zeal running down his cheeks, continued to speak the last grand words of comfort and promise.



Then he kissed the sufferer's lips, and intimated to the sheriff that his penitent was ready for his fate. But scarcely had he spoken, when a piercing scream was heard without, and a young woman, darting like lightning through the throng and guards, broke into the inward space, and clasped Pierce in her arms. He heaving off the pressure of the grave, in which his thoughts already were interred, gazed at Alley Dooling.

Her cap had been rent from her head in the wild struggle; her mantle, too, she had left in the hands of the resisting guards. Her bosom's covering was partially displaced; her shining golden hair fell luxuriously down, as if anxious to supply its absence; and, alas! from her fair temples a ghastly stream of blood—the effect of a blow given her by one of the soldiers, more cruel than the rest, ran over her ashy cheek and beautiful neck.

Her lover had but one sentiment for Alley, as he now stood encircled by her arms. He looked at her with love alone. All her late conduct was forgotten. He could not return her embrace, because his arms were pinioned with the felon cord; but his head sank on her shoulder, and he wept the only tears that had that day escaped him.

She, too, acted and spoke as if her love for him had never been excelled by woman's love for man, and as if she never had let it cool or slumber in her bosom. She was, indeed, distracted with the agony of that hour: her words were those of a lunatic. Addressing the guards around, she told them they could not, dare not part her from her lover: *she* would not part him from her arms; he was her own Pierce, and she was his own poor Alley Dooling. Then, turning and smiling in his face, she asked him to confirm what she had said, and to declare he would come with her, and not stay near them.

Pierce pronounced her name, and she started and looked at him, and watched his lips, as if to listen to her own sentence of life and death. One advanced to part them. Her quick eye caught the person's motion, and, again screaming wildly, she clasped him closer, and hid her face in his bosom. But her terrors were vain; for, at a signal from the sheriff, the soldier withdrew to his ranks.

"God bless you, sir," said Pierce, addressing the humane officer—"I ask but a moment's indulgence. Our young hearts loved each other, and, although this is the last parting, it shall not be a long one. I did not wish it; but, now that it is come upon me, I thank you for your kind permission to go through it as I can. Alley, my darling Alley," he continued, "I cannot take you in my arms: the cords will not let me. Clasp me close, then; kiss me; and let me die like a Christian."

He bent his head; their cheeks only touched; for Alley could attend but to one word of his address. That word—"die!—die!"—she repeated in shrieks that rose to the heavens. All the while the sheriff had appeared as if watching some sound or the approach of some one from a distance, more attentively than the scene of which he might have been so close a witness. At this moment, as Alley's terrible shriek was inter-

rupted by a very faint and distant shout, he was seen to strike his rod smartly against the ground, and clasp his hands joyfully. All heads instantly turned in the direction from which the shouts came. Pierce and his mistress stood silent and motionless.

The cry was repeated and repeated; nearer and nearer. Now it seemed one unbroken roar of human voices, rather than intermittent shouts. The crowd around started into livelier action, and broke their own dead silence; first whispering quickly; then muttering; then talking loudly, in question or assent. Until at last, as the foremost of the running throng came near enough to convey their ecstatic word to the outskirts of those who surrounded the gallows, the people present burst into one mighty answering cheer. "A reprieve! a reprieve!"—they exclaimed to a man, jumping here and there as they spoke, and throwing up their hats and caps: yet only showing, in the whole of their mad joy at the saving of one fellow-creature's life, how dear beyond words or utterance is the love of life in the human bosom.

The tumult rose higher, as the noise of carriage wheels was again heard approaching the gallows-green, and as all caught a sight of a white handkerchief waving high in the air, at the top of a long rod.

"Make way! make way!"—cried the sheriff. "Soldiers, fall back, and make way!"

"Make way!—make way!"—echoed every voice. The soldiers themselves shared the gladness and zeal of the multitude, joining their shouts; but further manifesting an active spirit, somewhat to the annoyance of their civil brethren, as with the butts of their muskets, and the flat of their swords, they carried into effect the orders they had received more promptly than the motions or a distracted and unreflecting crowd could, with all their eagerness and rapture, anticipate.

At last a clear way was made to the sheriff. In drove the carriage that had before been seen; Pat, seated on the box with his rod and white flag, and Mr. Barry half way out at the window. It stopped; Pat was down in a twinkling, to pull the door open; Mr. Barry jumped out, and handed a paper to the sheriff: and that officer instantly confirmed, by officially repeating it, the magical word the crowd had a thousand times before shouted. With which they once more rent the air, in a final acclaim, that, reinforced by the presence of the second throng, was tremendous.

In the next instant, Mr. Barry was by the side of Pierce Shea, assisting in tearing away the cord that pinioned him, shaking his hands heartily and triumphantly, and speaking rapidly to ears that heeded him not. We have not attempted to describe the workings of Shea's heart during the last few minutes; nor shall we now attempt it. We content ourselves, therefore, with relating the appearance only of Pierce Shea, at this great moment. He stood without word or gesture: he stared beseechingly around him; he seemed incredulous to the announcement of preserved life, and a long vista of happy days to come. Death and he had already made acquaintance; they

had shaken hands on the very limits of the unknown world, as the youth's back was turned on the reality of this, his eyes withdrawn from its sunshine, and his ears shut against its happy sounds: hope had fled his heart—the last, last hope of life; he had even ceased to think he lived! And now to be told it was a dream! To be told that Death had yielded up its victim. To be told of life again, and of days and years of blessed life! To feel the second birth of hope within him! He looked as if he durst not believe it.

Mr. Barry soon saw the inutility of continuing to give any detailed information to his young friend, and for the present attended only to his situation. He gently released Alley from his hands; she had fainted under the first announcement of the joyous news, and Pierce caught her, and held her from falling. Then, causing wine to be brought to the spot, Mr. Barry gave some to the rescued man; made him seat himself, and, by degrees, restored the tone of his thoughts and sensations, until poor Pierce could at length gratefully and rapturously return the salutations of his true friend, and kneel down in thanks to Heaven and to him.

Now, too, he was able to understand the subjects his zealous friend and patron had before vainly endeavored to explain. Mr. Barry stated that, owing to the suddenness of the account he had received of Pierce's misfortune, the late hour of the night at which it reached him, and the necessity of instantaneous departure from Dublin to Kilkenny, as scarcely a minute could be spared, he had preferred a first application to the judge by whom Shea had been tried, and who was on the spot, rather than run the hazard of remaining an hour away in negotiation with the viceregal government. The letter he had received in Dublin, together with his personal knowledge of Pierce, enabled him at once to give the judge such information of his character, of the circumstances by which he had been seduced into Whiteboyism, and of his guiltless conduct during the outrage on the proctor, as at once procured the respite of which he was the bearer, and would finally insure a free pardon from the Lord Lieutenant. So that Pierce had now but to endure a few days of confinement, rendered happy by the certainty of coming enfranchisement. Mr. Barry added that his own mind had suffered exceedingly on the road to Kilkenny, particularly when, after starting from the stage where we last left him, his carriage wheel again failed, and much precious time was spent in repairing it. In fact, as we have seen, he had nearly come too late. His interview with the sheriff was before his application to the judge, to create time, by praying of that officer, to whom he was well known, a short pause, till he could return from the county court-house, whither he hastened to appeal to the sitting judge on the very bench of justice.

After this explanation, Mr. Barry again shook hands with Pierce, and got into his carriage; acquainting him that he had pressing business of another nature to transact at the instant, with Mr. and Mrs. Lovett. Which allusion partly bore reference to the detection of the stolen plate, and partly to the general state-

ments the young lady had made in her letter of Shea's Whiteboy connexion.

The carriage drove off amid renewed cheers. The guards once more closed around Pierce, to re-convey him to his temporary imprisonment. Ere he left the spot, he observed an old hag make way through the crowd, and attend on Alley, who had just recovered from her swoon in the arms of some female, to whom Mr. Barry in his haste had been obliged to consign her. Shea had never before seen this person; but she looked mean and squalid; and, as he wondered how such a creature could presume to exercise over his mistress the authority and officiousness he now saw her evince, remembrance, bitter remembrance, awoke. Alley's behavior during their interview in the glen of Bally-foile came to his mind; and the sad thought that she was unworthy of his love checked the exultation of his vivified spirits, and cast a shade even over the daylight to which he had been so miraculously restored. As he lost sight of the place they occupied, Alley withdrew through the crowd, clinging to the old woman.

But, at this moment, a new occurrence attracted him. An amazing yell, superior to the din of all the other voices that still kept cheering and huzzaing, came up the street, along with the soldiers conducting their prisoner. A hat was cast into the air, three times higher than any other hat, and a bareheaded fellow appeared running at the top of his speed, jumping and capering, and smiting the stones with his tremendous alpeen, and terrifying all that beheld him. He pranced and bellowed like an escaped bedlamite: he pushed aside, or shouldered, or knocked himself against every one he met. The women of the suburb houses, running to the doors as he passed, raised their hands and eyes, and hastily pulled in their children. Some fun-loving boys, who had at first looked at him in amazement and misgiving, ventured to join their "shiloo" to his, and then set scampering at his heels. They were soon strengthened by others, and all proceeded towards the soldiers; the mad fellow leading the way, and the delighted urchins mimicking, as far as in them lay, his cries and gestures.

They gained the slow-moving body of soldiers, and Pierce recognized his foster-brother. Andy made a headlong jump upon the guards, to reach him; he was at first violently repulsed: but, at a word of explanation from the prisoner, they paused a moment, and admitted him. He plunged on Pierce like a tiger; squeezed him desperately in his gigantic arms; let him go; danced round him, yelled again, and again smote the paving stones at every bound. Then suddenly darting through the soldiers, he raised his voice louder than ever, and galloped off, in a contrary direction; no one knew whither, why or wherefore.

But Andy knew very well. He raced, followed by his own admiring crowd, to the gallows-green; made a rush at the wooden paraphernalia there erected. In two jostles it was prostrate; and he leaped and danced on it, while there was a fresh shout for him and his achievement. An old man, leaning on a staff, while he swayed from side to side, not able to support himself,



even by its assistance, stood near. Feelings not yet vented had left his face a ghastly blank; he did not weep nor smile. With one side-wind of his alpeen, Andy Awling struck the staff many yards away, and old Ned Shea, deprived of his prop, fell to the earth. There was a horse and car near the old man, just about to be led off: to this Andy next directed his attention. As he too rapidly approached, an individual in a black mask, protected but by a single soldier, and one who had attentively watched the hero's last movements, jumped from the car, and very wisely ran towards the main body of the guards. Andy sent an expressive shout after him, and, instantly bounding on the vehicle, tore from it a coffin, which he flung to the ground, jumped upon, again and again, and soon reduced to splinters.

The work of destruction done, he instantly retraced his steps, still at utmost speed, through the town, until he again came up on their solemn march with the guards that surrounded his foster-brother. And here, while he still pounded the paving-stones and mud around them, he splashed the well-whitened small-clothes of the tolerant soldiers—who, by their passiveness, evinced as much good nature as could be expected from soldiers. While he flourished the primitive and yet formidable weapon over their heads, or gayly shouldered it, and walked, an imitative animal, by their side; and while he bent down his very back to “screech,” or shot upward and downward, like the rod of a steam-engine, Andy occasionally addressed them:

“Whoo!—*chora-ma-chree* was the Sodgers! Whoo! to the Duoul with the Skibbeeah! Long life to the Sassenachs, an’ glory forever!”

And when they had delivered their charge to the thereby discontented jailor—

“Stay a bit, my darlin’s! *Ma-hurp-on-duoul!* we must have a dhrop together afore we part!—the best in the town, an’ your skins full of it! Bad end to me, your honor,” addressing the officer whom he just then perceived, and whose face, he thought, conveyed a doubt as to the intended treat—“Bad end to me, your honor, but themsefs an’ yoursef must have as mooch an’ as good as ever ye can suck in! Lashin’s and lavin’s! whoo!”

It was necessary to put him aside at the point of the bayonet before they could get rid of his importunity. But Paddy Loughnan and two or three of his cast were lookers-on; and, determining to take advantage of Andy’s generous mood, he proposed that his companions and himself should accept what the churlish red-coats refused. In his moment of exuberant rejoicing, Andy Awling made no prejudiced calculations, but pulled them all into the nearest public-house. The same evening saw three limbs of the law swearing assault and battery against their entertainer and his alpeen. For he no sooner got tipsy enough to recollect the kind of persons with whom he was associated, than his natural antipathy to all of their tribe returned full upon him, and he took the first favorable opportunity of breaking their pates. Even had the soldiers accepted his invitation, he would, most probably, have treated

them just in the same way. For if, from his cradle, a bailiff of any kind was with him synonymous to a thing made and ordained to be pounded whenever and wherever one could meet with it; Andy entertained a like jealousy of red-coats, or Sassenach soldiers, disliking the color of the king’s livery as heartily as the great big turkey-cock at Ned Shea’s barn-door. And, as to a plausible reason or motive for such swelling hostility, no doubt the one could assign it as well and as distinctly as the other.

## CHAPTER XXI.

WE have detailed the manner in which, a few hours before Pierce Shea was led out to execution, Crohoore fell into the hands of Paddy Loughnan, and under the lock and key, bolt and bar, of Matthew, the grim jailor. It was the very last day of the assizes, and he was almost immediately arraigned and tried on the charge of having murdered his master and mistress, and their poor female servant. All those requisite as witnesses were in Kilkenny, to be present at the execution of Shea, and not a moment’s indulgence was thought necessary towards a wretch who stood accused of crimes so monstrous. The trial rapidly went on; the chain of evidence was conclusive. The fact of his sharpening the billhook on the night of the murder; the quarrel, and the blow given him by his master, which, operating on a nature so dark and misanthropic, seemed the immediate cause for vengeance that had been long threatened, or at least indirectly alluded to; the marks of the feet on the litter at the stable-door, exactly corresponding with the pair of old brogues found after him; the print of the bloody fingers on the hasp, as he went in to steal the horse; and finally the encounter with him on that horse, as he bore away the wretched daughter of his wretched victims. Nothing, exclusive of the testimony of an actual witness of the bloody scene, could be more convincing; and Crohoore-na-bilhoge stood convicted, to the satisfaction of a crowded and abhorring court, of a cruel and hideous murder of three human beings. When the verdict was returned, without the jury leaving their box, there even rose a murmur of approbation, louder than the decencies of a court of justice could at any time admit.

He had called no witnesses; he had examined none of those produced against him; he had made no shadow of defence. His face during the trial had undergone no change: on the contrary, as the whole terrible detail proceeded, he was observed to stare about him with a careless and unmoved air. Meehawl, or Mickle, whom the reader will please to recollect as one of his first acquaintances at the wake, and who was now, notwithstanding all his horror of the crimes committed, rather an unwilling witness, made his own shrewd surmises, whispering to a neighbor that “it was nonsense from beginning to end; Crohoore-na-bilhoge ’ud never be hanged; because he had them for his friends that war able to snap him from among forty regiments o’ red-coats, in spite o’ their bagnets.”

At the moment of his conviction something like a spasm of terror shot, however, across the wretch's uncouth features. As if to hide from all that looked on him the evidence of that emotion, he bent his head and rested it on the front of the dock.

After going over the usual preamble, in a mumbling voice, the clerk of the crown called out, in a rather more distinct pronunciation:

"Crohoore-na-bilhoge, otherwise Cornelius Field, what have you to say why sentence of death and execution should not be pronounced upon you?" A pin might be heard to drop in the crammed court, as the convicted murderer slowly raised his head from the edge of the dock. Looking, with a composed eye, around him, he finally fixed it upon the judge, who, his little black cap put on, sat ready to pronounce the law's dread sentence.

All shrank from that cool and assured look; given as it was by a creature of such revolting physiognomy, and who stood branded with murder of the most appalling kind. A general drawing in of breath told the general shudder; and the seated judge, himself, as the deep red eye fastened on his, scarce was able to retain his solemn self-command of feature. For a moment the dwarf did not speak; whilst he remained silent, hasty whispers flew from one to another of the crowd. "What a murderous face he had!—how expressive of his acts and his nature!" was the common remark, communicated with awe from one to another. No spark of pity touched the breast of one human being that gazed upon him.

He opened his large bloodless lips to speak, and the silence became breathless.

"My lord the judge," he said, in a steady and not unmelodious voice—it was nature's sole gift to a being she seemed otherwise to have formed in aversion; and the full, unquailing tone slowly rolled over the deep pause.

"My lord the judge, go on. I stand here to listen to your sentence; nothing have I to say against it; my time to spake is not yet come. You will tell me I must hang like a dog upon the gallows; but—" a grim smile crossed his features—"the skilbceah's fingers will never be laid on my neck. Do your duty, my lord the judge; your words cannot harm me. No more have I to say."

Another murmur of astonishment and terror arose. Some there were that trembled: the great presiding dignitary himself again felt an impression for which he could not account. While the criminal stood undaunted and fearless, his whole appearance in unison with his words, the judge, after some moments, began to pass sentence.

"Cornelius Field," he said, "you have been found guilty, by a jury of your country, of a cool and deliberate murder; and one of a character the most frightful that ever shocked a court of justice. Language cannot express the enormity of your guilt. You have cruelly and savagely taken away the lives of your benefactors; of those who found you a deserted, helpless infant; who saved you from the perishing death to which you were

left exposed; who nurtured you as their own child; brought you up in their own house; gave you to drink of their own cup, to eat of their own bread, and to sit at their own fireside."

At this part of the address tears started into the convict's eyes, and the hectic struggle of some great and overpowering emotion warped his disagreeable features. He brushed the tears away with one hand; bent his head on the other; and, when he again looked up, his face was calm as before. The judge continued:

"You have deluged with blood the hearth that so long cheered you,—and with the blood of your generous protectors; for all kindnesses and charities received, you have brought down woe in every shape, on their happy and hospitable roof. For, it also appears, that you have torn from home, drenched in her parents' blood, the miserable and only child of your victims. In my long experience of the horrors of a court of justice, no such criminal as you has ever stood before me. You are out of the pale of men: human nature shudders to behold you. Prepare for a terrible and prompt reckoning. But, before I proceed to pass upon you the sentence of the law, I would, for your soul's sake, earnestly advise you to offer to an outraged God, and a detesting world, by restoring—if she yet lives—the probably ruined creature you have carried off,—the only slight propitiation it is in your power now to make."

"I will restore her," interrupted the culprit, slowly and deliberately.

"Do go; and Heaven grant you the grace to keep that expressed resolution during the very short space of time allotted you on this earth. The sentence of the court is, that you be taken from the place where you stand, to the place whence you came, and in one hour—"

"In one hour!" again interrupted the wretch, almost completely thrown off his guard, and clashing his hands in evident terror and confusion—"In one hour, my lord judge!—Oh, be more merciful! I can do nothing in one short hour!—I cannot keep my promise!"

A person who leaned against the lower part of the side of the dock here turned his face half round to observe the prisoner, and Crohoore, suddenly changing his manner, darted his body over the barrier, and, with the ferocity and certainty of a wild beast, clutched him by the breast. "Help! help! give help, here!" he roared. The court became a scene of confusion:—"He will murder the man!" was the universal cry.

The judge called loudly on the sheriff to quell the tumult, and restrain the maniac violence of the desperate culprit, ere mischief could be done: that officer, not being himself a very athletic, courageous, or active person, ran to collect the force in attendance. Matthew, the jailer, who occupied his usual place on the barrier between the outer and inner docks, strove, with all his might, to tear away the hands of the dwarf from the breast of the person he held. But the gripe was kept with almost superhuman force. The man himself, a powerful, athletic figure, exerted himself to the utmost. At first he pushed with his arms against the



side of the dock, and swung out from his captor; then he was seen to snatch a pistol from his bosom, and, ere hindrance could be offered, he fired it in Crohoore's face. But, from the struggling, the shot took no effect; glancing upward, fortunately for the spectators also, and striking near the ceiling of the court-house. Then Crohoore redoubled his efforts. Hitherto he had stood on a form placed in the dock to elevate him sufficiently before the eyes of the court. From this he jumped into the body of the dock; there, still holding firmly to his man, flung himself down; and by the hanging weight of his body, unwittingly assisted, indeed, by Matthew's continued tugging, as well as by the amazing power of his own arms, actually succeeded in dragging over the wooden bar the object of his unaccountable hostility.

Both rolled on the ground within the dock, and a dreadful scuffle went on between them. The man fastened his hands on Crohoore's throat, and the dwarf was nearly suffocated. Again he cried out for help; and—

"Ho! ho!" he continued, half choking—"my lord the judge, give your orders to saze upon this man—I'll have more than an hour, now, if a friend is as loocky as I am—help, or he is gone! He chokes me, to keep down my words!—saze him!—THIS IS THE MURDERER OF THE DOOLINGS!"

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Mr. Barry, rushing in, and addressing the sheriff, who had just re-entered with his force. "Here is your warrant for the apprehension of that man. As a magistrate of your county, I commit him to your charge."

"Thanks to your honor," said Crohoore, loosing his grasp when he saw his antagonist secured by other hands; "I give your noble honor thanks from my heart. I knew you'd be in time to stand my friend;" and he lightly bounded to the form, upon which he had formerly stood, at front of the dock.

"My lord," continued Mr. Barry, addressing the judge, to whom he was personally known, "accident has this morning put into my hands one of the real perpetrators of the murder of which the person at the bar stands charged, and of which he is convicted. But, my lord, he is as innocent as I am. The man he has himself just seized, and whom I have now arrested, is one of the true murderers. The other I have spoken of is secured also."

A burst of astonishment and incredulity escaped all the hearers, as Mr. Barry passed to the bench to converse with the judge. While one neighbor whispered his doubts or wonder to the other, the other might be seen smartly turning his head, compressing his brow, and throwing all his wisdom into his look, as in brief speech he asserted, what he knew in his heart to be untrue, that all along he had suspected something of the kind. And every one evinced sympathetic sentiments of surprise, caution, or assent, by upraised hands and quick shakings of the head, while the rapid comment flew around, in different directions. "It bates bannacher," said some, meaning to express some surprise or consternation. "Tut—it can never be;—look

at him," observed others, who persisted in their skill in physiognomy. "Faith, after all," whispered the most credulous or charitable, "he's as ugly as sin; but handsome is as handsome does. Let us see the rest of it." And then each made the most of the place in which he happened to be stuck; and bodies were protruded, and necks and noddles poked forward, mouths opened wide, eyes and ears distended and pricked up, and a vast quantity of idle breath held in, to see, hear, and if possible understand, the wondrous sequel that by their own calculation was immediately to follow.

All eyes were, of course, now bent on the man who had been so unexpectedly taken into custody, and so suddenly accused of the dreadful crimes for which another was about to suffer. He stood there, surrounded by the sheriff's power. He wore an ample outside coat, of which the standing collar reached above his ears, and was clasped with a hook-and-eye over the lower part of his features. A large black patch covered one of his eyes; and a black silk handkerchief, as if applied to an ailing part, extended along one side of his face. While his hat, of unusual dimensions in the leaf, and which he had hastily put on in the scuffle, slouched down so far as scarce to leave a trace of feature visible.

"Take off that outside coat from the prisoner," said the judge, pausing in his conversation with Mr. Barry. His commands were obeyed; and the handles of two large pistols, exclusive of that discharged at Crohoore, and which he had dropped, were seen projecting from the bosom of his inner garb.

"Remove his hat, and the patch and handkerchief from his face," the judge continued. This, too, was done; and the guilt-stricken countenance of the real murderer was that of our old acquaintance, Khiah Doran.

Here was fresh occasion for the wildest wonder, as Doran's person had been previously well known by most of the lookers-on, of town and country. After a new buzz, the crowd once more prepared themselves to witness a grand explanation of the whole mysterious case. But their curiosity was doomed to disappointment. As matter of form, the judge proceeded to pass sentence of death on Crohoore, who was then conveyed to the dungeons underneath; and Doran also experienced the tender care of the jailor.

## CHAPTER XXII.

INTO the domestic sitting apartment of the trustworthy jailor we have next to introduce our reader. Before we communicate the wished-for *eclaircissement* that there occurred, it seems desirable to describe the place itself.

The smoky walls were decorated—without regard to uniformity of position, for some of them hung upside down—with sessions and assizes notices, "Last dying words and declarations," Hue-and-cry proclamations,

and rough draughts of jail calendars, interspersed with many ponderous keys, polished from constant use, not rusty, as they used to be in the old romances. A large cumbersome clock, without an hour-hand, furnished one corner; its drowsy and laborious tick-tick, like the heavy breathing of an asthmatic man, indicating the loads of dust and oil that clogged its lungs. In the diagonal corner stood an immense old carved cupboard, inlaid and japanned, and fretted and filigreed out of all meaning or purpose. The rest of the furniture consisted of a large oak table, with falling leaves, two inches thick, and stout turned legs, terminating in sprawling claws of tiger, lion, or any other beast that fancy might suggest. Four or five massive chairs, of different shape and material, some oak, some ash, picked up, here and there, as chance threw them in the way; the whole set commanded by an amazing two-armed superior, of roughest workmanship, which, from its weight, was never stirred out of the snug corner by the fire.

In speaking of this chair, we have been induced to say it commanded, or seemed to command, the others, from a similitude that since occurred to us when we beheld the scarletted and embroidered bravery of the city in which our tale finishes, when public danger threatened the state, and the peaceful followers of trade assumed the martial costume, and left the quiet entrenchment of the counter to shoulder "those vile guns." They were drilled by a bluff, portly man, transcendent over the rest in size of paunch, and weight of flesh, who would try to bring the word of command to the dull capacity of the "transmogrified" traders, by showing that, at the "present arms!" "the lock of the musket should just touch the waistband of the breeches." Such as this commander, by a peculiar association in our minds, was the vast two-armed chair; and, such as the soldier-merchants, were its awkward squad, strewn about Matthew's apartment.

In Matthew's apartment, however, such as it is, are now assembled the persons whom, we flatter ourselves, the reader is disposed to follow anywhere, that he may witness the investigation with which they are engaged.

They consist of Mr. Barry, aided by two other county magistrates; the hitherto formidable Crohoore; Pierce Shea—the rescued Pierce Shea; Rhiah Doran, well-guarded and handcuffed; his acquaintance, Tim Lyndop, also attended; Sheemun Croonawnee, whom Mr. Barry's servant failed to secure, but who now came at call; Andy Awling, as Pierce's shadow; the jailor himself (being master of the house, he could not with decency be excluded, although we have no immediate concern with the man), and a low female figure, clothed in a faded and tattered crimson cloak, the gathered hood hanging over her head and face, and covering whatever other drapery she wore.

"Now, gentlemen," began Mr. Barry, addressing his brother magistrates, and handing in a paper, "have the goodness first to read that deposition. It is Miss Lovett's, and of much importance."

They did so. Mr. Barry then went to the door, and returned, leading in the lady and her father.

"Is that your signature, Miss Lovett?" asked one of the magistrates, showing the deposition.

"It is my signature!" answered the graceful and beautiful deponent.

"Have you read the contents of this affidavit, and are they true?"

"They are," and Miss Lovett swore to their truth.

Mr. Barry now led her towards Rhiah Doran, and demanded, "Is that the man?"

"That is the man," said the young lady; and with her father left the room.

"By this evidence, then," resumed Mr. Barry, "the taller of the prisoners clearly stands accused of having led the gang of robbers who, only a few nights ago, plundered Mr. Lovett's house.

"The plate I have shown you, gentlemen, and part of which, by the crest and cyphers upon it, is proved to have been carried off in that robbery, I found in the possession of the other prisoner. He, therefore, stands charged as an accomplice. Let us now trace their common connection with a more horrible outrage. Jailor, remove out of hearing, into separate places, the two prisoners and the mendicant."

Doran, Lyndop and Sheemun were accordingly led out, and the door closed.

"Crohoore," Mr. Barry continued, "proceed with the explanation we are all anxious to hear."

"Will your honor give me my own way?"

"Yes; proceed."

"Come forward, Dora Shea, the sister of Ned Shea, and the aunt of Pierce Shea, who is to the fore. Come forward, and first tell in the face of these gentlemen, and of your own nephew, who and what I am." The speaker elevated his low figure to its utmost height; a smile of pride and triumph gave a new and not unpleasant expression to his generally repelling features, as the little, stooping hag tottered from the background at his word.

"The name you got when the Soggarth christened you," she began, in a shrill, piercing voice, the same that had grated on Alley's ear the night of her abduction, "the name you got when the Soggarth christened you, was Anthony Dooling. The murdered Tony Dooling was your father, an' the murdered Caith Dooling was your own mother. I am ould, I am withered, and I am sinful," she continued, flinging the hood of the cloak from her head, and pushing back the matted white locks that fell about her wrinkled face, while a spark of more than age's usual intelligence lit her dark eye—"but I was once young, blooming, and happy. Aye, Dora Shea was once the delight of many an eye, the ache of many a heart, till she left the joys of her father's roof, to wander the world with a beggar! Then sufferings and sin soon changed me; and when I prayed charity from my father, with heavy strokes he drove me from his door, and didn't know his daughter.

"When this creature saw the light," she continued, turning to Crohoore, "I came begging to his father's house. My own child died in my arms under Tony Dooling's roof. I took him from the cradle, and put the stiff, cold infant in his stead. The father thought



his son died, and Cauth Dooling dropped mother's tears over him. After some little time I gave over the *shoolin* life. My husband, Garodhe Donohoe, the Bocchoch, went to live among the hills, where, fast by his cabin-door, he had a way into the ould hidin'-place in the rath, and people called him Lheem-na-Sheeg. I didn't want Tony Dooling's boy to help me begging, any more, and I left him where his father found him." Here the shrill voice of Dora Shea failed.

"You have more to tell, a-roon?" said Crohoore.

"Yes, I have; and I will tell it." It was many years before the murder that young Anthony Dooling, now before ye, came with his gun among the hills, and strolin' into my cabin, found out the secret of Gorodhe Donohoe's place in the green rath. To keep him silent, for he was a hearty boy, not afraid of the fairies, nor to be imposed upon like the others, I told him—God forgive me all my long sins!—I told him he was my own son, and I reminded him of a mark upon his body, no one but himself or a mother ought to know. It was plain to me he never wished to see such a mother, but I found him good and dutiful, like a son, from that day out. He never new the truth of his real birth till the night he brought his own sister Alley to my cabin. Then, wishing to save him from a sin I know he never intended, I whispered in his ear the minute they came together before me the words that gave him all the knowledge."

"Aye," said Crohoore, interrupting the narrator, "I was then told I had a father I could be proud of, and a mother I could love, and I knew they lay murdered that very night. All my life I was a poor friendless creature, the thing to be jeered at, and trod upon, and abused by everybody. The words of my mouth grew rough and passionate, but meant nothin'. My heart was only desolate, dark, and scalded. It loved none, because none would let it love them; but it never had malice against a living thing. I was told I had a father, but he was gone; I was told I had a mother—she was gone, too—Oh! I thought the heart in my body would burst that night!" The tears ran down his cheeks and sobb rent his bosom.

"Now," said he, when he had gained some degree of composure, "I must tell your honors all I know about that night:

"On that night, that bloody night, I stole out, after the family rested in their beds, as I often done afore. Not to go wid the good people, as the charitable bodies said of me, but to set snares for rabbits, to give my ould mother, as I then thought her. I had a lantern in my hand. Returning nigh to home, I heard a screech from the house. I said to myself it was odd, but I walked on. I found the house open; I found the murder done. I lifted the old man's corpse, and my hands were bloody; but I didn't know I was lookin' at my dead father then. I went through the house, and found that Alley Doolin' was gone—Alley Doolin'—the only one in the wide world that was ever poor Crohoore's friend, becase her nature was as sweet as herself was comely. I took the best horse; I stayed not for a saddle; I guessed the way the murderers went

by the screechin' that still I heard; I dashed across the country, to be on a turn o' the road afore 'em. The moon was bright; I tied the horse under the shade of a fence, and I stood on the fence, where a bush gave me a sure hiding-place. While I waited there an ould man, Sheemun Croonawnee, the Bocchoch, came to me by a cross-cut in the fields, on his way to Gorodhe Donohoe's rath. I beckoned to him, an' made him stand to watch along with me. We spoke never a word. The villains soon drove up. I had only a large stone in my hand. I knew Doran; I minded no other, becase he had Alley on the horse afore him. I aimed my blow well; and he tumbled on the road. Shemun and I jumped out, an' they speeded away wid-out their plunder.

"I put Alley on the horse senseless, and turned my face, Sheemun near us, but out of sight, to her bloody home. She came to herself, knew me, an' called me her destroyer, prayin' me to restore her to her father. In a minute I saw how the case was. Alley had never seen who carried her off; the bandage was on her eyes till I removed it, and now she thought I was the man. I feared to be called a murderer. Everything was against me; I feared I'd be made to suffer for the deeds of others. I knew I had no friend to stand by me—not a human creature to believe the ugly shingawn innocent. So I made up my mind to take Alley away; to hide her; to bear the charge; an' in secret wid auld Sheemun, who, for all his *shoolin* trade, I found loyal, to work heaven and earth until we made off the only man that could fasten the crime upon the thrue person. I made the man that rode by the side o' Rhiah Doran that night, an' whose face we saw well enough never to forget it

"I joined myself to the Bocchochs. I paid them high. I made Alley sure, by other tokens than what ould Dora Shea had told your honors, that I was her born brother, and I acted by her like a brother. She told me where I'd get money hid in her father's house that Doran and his men did not come upon; and I visited the spot red wid their blood to bring away the manes of revengin' the death of my father and mother. That was the night of the wake. I followed Doran's thrack to find the man I wanted along wid him. Doran was a robber; I paid Shemun and another to come round him. They done their business well, and brought me word of all his doin's. But though they and I watched him and watched him, we could not for many a long day find that man in his company."

"By the book, an' it was hard for you," interrupted Matthew, who had returned alone, "when I had the lad in the stone jug, 'till he was let out, the fair day of Kilkenny."

"It was on that very day," resumed Crohoore, "that my spy first saw Doran and himself together. I came to take a look at 'em, but they were gone. This mornin' early he saw them again on the streets in this town, with the knowledge that Lyndop was to be on the road to Dublin, to sell what was in the wallet. Sheemun an' myself were to thrack them on two good horses whichever way they went, in company or alone; and

I only came, like a cripple in a cart, to meet ould Ned Shea comin' out of the jail, and to spake the word of comfort to him, because I knew his son would not die. But I was taken there."

"Are you sure of the face and person of the man you saw with Doran, on the night of the murder?" asked Mr. Barry.

"As sure as of any face and man I now see forwent me. He was in the room just now."

Mr. Barry whispered Matthew, who again withdrew, returning with at least a dozen ill-looking fellows about him.

"Is he in the room at present?" asked a magistrate.

Crohoore took only one keen survey of the group, and immediately identified the butcher.

"Call in the mendicant. You, Crohoore, do not now speak a word."

Shemun made his appearance, and in clear answers to a raking cross-examination, corroborated Crohoore's statements in the minutest particular. Then, being desired to look at the crowd under Matthew's direction, he also identified, without hesitation, the skulking Tim Lyndop.

"So far, gentlemen, our evidence seems connected and consistent," Mr. Barry went on to the magistrates. "But perhaps you have wisely said, that on the charges of Crohoore and the mendicant alone, however they support each other, some question of doubt may arise. If, however, we are able to support the character of this celebrated Crohoore in more than one instance, and by the mouth of more than one person, with whom he could have held no collusion, that, I presume, will enhance his and old Sheemun's testimony, so long as both agree as they now do."

The magistrates assented; and Mr. Barry produced another deposition from Miss Lovett, which set forth that, under the following circumstances, she owed her life and honor to Crohoore. On the night of the attack on her father's house, the leader of the gang, Doran, after having rifled the other apartments, entered her chamber, and laid ruffian hands upon her. She screamed and struggled for some time in vain; until at last a body of servants, led on by Crohoore, rushed in and saved her, the villain escaping through an open window. He wore a mask, but it fell from him in the shocking struggle, and Miss Lovett was therefore enabled to swear positively, as in her previous affidavit, to his face; the ghastly wound on his jaw rendering it peculiarly remarkable.

Here Pierce Shea could not but recollect the prophecy he had hazarded when he inflicted the wound—"that, under God, it would one day help to hang him."

The evidence of a servant, now called in, supported that of Miss Lovett. The man declared that, when the robbers came to his master's house, they surprised and immediately bound him and his fellow servants, and locked them up in a room, while they proceeded to rifle the premises. That, while they lay in that state, a strange man suddenly entered a window at the back of the house, cut the cords that bound them, and led them

to rescue their young mistress. And that man he recognized in Crohoore.

"Yes," said Sheemun, "the night of Mr. Lovett's robbery, Crohoore an' myself, guided by the Lord, were close at the heels o' the gang on our own business. We hard the lady screechin', an' he left me, like a bould fellow, to save her."

"This is almost conclusive," said the magistrates.

"And it is most remarkable," rejoined Mr. Barry, "that of leading this gang, to whose career he seems to have proved fatal, this very poor man, Crohoore, was long suspected. I, myself, believed the conjectures of the county magistrates to that effect. And when he brought me to Dublin the letter from Miss Lovett, that, along with the request to save the life of my young tenant, Shea, contained the first intimation of his own services; and when, at his departure from my door, I got a glimpse of his face, which I had often before seen in the country, my impulse, notwithstanding the recommendation of him I had received, was to arrest him as a robber, and, indeed, also recollecting the other horrible charge against the friendless creature, as a murderer, too."

During this speech Pierce Shea felt, as may be supposed, the strongest emotions of surprise. He only waited till it was done to ask Mr. Barry—"Was Crohoore the bearer of the letter that saved my life, sir?"

"He was, indeed," was the reply. "Miss Lovett pressed upon me, as the only return he would take for this important service, and therefore as the only proof of gratitude she could evince, my immediate interference in your behalf. More than that, her letter gave the heads of the extenuating circumstances under which you had been seduced, I may say, into Whiteboyism. And Crohoore himself left an authentic paper of the proceedings of those unfortunate men on the night of your inauguration, that explained the lady's brief allusions."

"Then, Crohoore," said Pierce Shea, advancing to him, "you have twice preserved my existence," and he wrung his hand gratefully and warmly. The tears ran down poor Crohoore's cheeks as he answered:

"Yes, Pierce; I knew that the man who sthruck your palm in friendship was your betrayer. I knew all his plans. He put a fellow upon shooting you: this failed because I was near. Then he made you a Whiteboy, an' brought the same fellow to hang you for it. And that very man set you for the soldiers at your father's house."

"A third time, then, I am your eternal debtor!"—Pierce again pressed the dwarf's hands between his own.

"Say no more of it a-vich," Crohoore said in a broken voice—"say no more. Anything I done was too little for this. Too little to see myself, at last, so spoken to by a fellow creature."

The magistrates had been privately consulting during this explanation. Mr. Barry again spoke aloud:

"That the accused man has acted as he declares he has towards the young woman, I shall soon make appear. First let me add to all the previous evidence of the commission of the murder by Doran and Lyn-



dop, this decisive proof." And, referring to the butcher's sack, he produced the handle-half of a large tablespoon and two dessertspoons, entire.—"I discovered them," he continued, "when at my leisure I went attentively through the different articles of plunder. Your worships will perceive on these spoons the initials A. C. D.—Anthony and Catharine Dooling, the first letters of the names of the murdered parties, from whose house they were stolen. Examine them. And now attend to their further identification."

He withdrew, and came back with Alley Dooling. She was sworn, and positively deposed that the two smaller spoons had been her father's property. Mr. Barry seated her near him, and Alley never turned her eyes round.

"Your honor's sarvant has just come in wid the auld bird, hot from the nest," here observed Matthew.

"Has he!"—cried Mr. Barry with vivacity, and not at a loss to understand the jailor's slang—"that tells well. He would not bring the ould gentleman for nothing. Call him in."

Pat appeared, attended by two baronial constables. They stated that they had gone, with some military assisting, to old Doran's house, which they had searched closely. "And along with other nice little things, your honor," continued Pat, "sure we found this, that one o' the men thought he knew." He drew from his pocket a large watch, the sight of which made Alley cry out and turn ghastly pale. It had been her father's; Pierce also identified it. "If we wanted any further proof," said Mr. Barry, "this, then, supplies it." The magistrates instantly assented, and their clerk began to make out a committal for the two Dorans and their friend.

"One point more seems necessary for my poor *protége*, Crohoore," continued Mr. Barry. "You are sworn, Miss Dooling, to give an account of this man's conduct towards you, in your concealment."

"It was the conduct of the brother he proved himself to be," answered Alley. "All the comfort he could procure me in the secret place where, along with my unfortunate aunt and her husband, I remained, Crohoore provided. Seldom, indeed, did he visit us; but I knew he was out in danger for my welfare. I knew, in fact, that Doran, for his own purposes, still tried to get me into his power. And I was content to stay where I was under my brother's protection until better days might come for me—and for others." At her last words, Alley's eye turned involuntarily to Pierce Shea.

"I presume, gentlemen, I shall now have your co-operation in forwarding to government such a vindication of this surprising man as shall induce an immediate rescinding of the unmerited sentence passed upon him," asked Mr. Barry. His brother magistrates expressed their great willingness and anxiety to make the necessary statement. Once more the gentlemen conversed in private, as Pierce Shea, recovering from a sudden convulsion of new and joyful feelings that during Alley's answer had crowded round his heart, sprang towards her, exclaiming:

"Great God! how have I been every way imposed

upon!—Alley," he added, holding both her hands in his, and looking eagerly into her eyes, while his words sank almost to a whisper, "answer me one question. Why did you refuse to accompany me from the glen of Ballyfoile?"

"Because, Pierce, on that very night, we had information that Doran, while he planned your arrest, was more busy than ever on the search for me, and I had no sure refuge but the place I came from to meet you."

"But why was I assailed by those men?"

"Sheemun will tell you that," interposed Crohoore.

"Musha, God forgi' me my sins, I can, sure enough, in regard I was one o' them myself, an' Shaun-law-the-chaum another, an' poor Risthharde Bocchoch, and Padre Keach, along wid us. After Shaun gave him the warning at the fair, may I never die in sin, but we just wanted to have him out of Doran's way till Doran himself was put up safe."

"And now, Pierce Shea, friend of my father, is your mind at rest?" asked the dwarf.

"It is, indeed," answered Shea. "Oh! I have wronged my Alley, I fear, beyond forgiveness."

"Never say that," said Crohoore. "Since we hid her from you, as we thought you too hot to be guided by 'em, or to keep 'em close, no wonder you had your own thoughts about us. But we never changed from you, as you now know. Here, Pierce, ma-bouchal, take her from her poor brother's hand, as good a colleen as the sun ever shone upon. And as you can't have the father's blessin'—his voice again failed—"take mine."

The young couple were in each other's arms, oblivious of all present save each other. At this moment all the persons assembled started round at a sudden whoop uttered from a corner by no other than Andy Awling, who, when Mr. Barry rather sharply inquired the cause of this indecent interruption, thus explained:—

"We ax your honor's ten thousand pardons, but it's a fashion we have in screechin' that-a-way, when we're glad, or sorry, or mad, or a thing o' the kind. An' by the holy an' blessed chair in my hand, my heart, this moment, is as big as a house. For, barrin' all we see an' hear, at present, there's a crature, at home in Clarah, 'ill be as glad as myself. One that's willin' to be married to a body I know." Andy walked once more temperately to his friends.

"Master Crohoore," scraping respectfully, "maybe you'd tell a body a matter or two, that he'd be very glad to know?"

"Anything, Andy, and welcome."

"Was it only a *morya* of a *thigha*\* we seen one night in the ould castle among the hills?"

"It was myself," interrupted old Dora Shea. "Some people were bringin' stray cattle to Gorodhe Donohoe's hidin'-hole, and because Alley was with us, I went out to warn them away. When I saw ye goin' into the ould castle, with guns in your hands, I knew ye war after Crohoore. So, while ye lay asleep, I poured water in the guns to keep them from doin' harm."

\* A pretended ghost.

"Then, little wondher we didn't hit him across the sthrame," quoth Andy, musing. "Bad, Crohoore, a-ivich, the time I shot you in the head, outside o' the cave—what's the rason you warn't kilt dead, then, at any rate?"

"Oh! that's a story to be tould, Andy. And some long winter's night, when our griefs and our troubles are past by, when Pierce is married to Alley, an' when Breedge Chree has your own legs spanelled, Andy, we'll tell it all over, round the fire, plaise God."

## NOTES TO CROHOORE OF THE BILLHOOK.

### NOTE—PAGE 225, CHAP. I.

The ground on which the actors of this tale perform their parts, lies in the neighborhood of Kilkenny, and was well known to the writer, having been often traversed by him with his dog and gun. Clarah is a rich tract, chiefly of pasture land, below a range of hills to the northeast of "the fairie citie." These hills, when surmounted, overlook a valley of bog and pasture lying between them and a more distant range, the old castle of Castlewarren in view some distance to the right. One of the events of the tale occurs in this Castle. I have wished to give the aspect of the district as distinctly as my descriptive powers enabled me to do.

The tale of "Crohoore of the Billhook" was written by its present editor. That is, written as all the other tales were (with one or two exceptions, which shall be duly noticed)—the tales written by me, sent to my brother for criticism, scrutiny, and, if need be, for alteration; the tales written by my brother sent to me to undergo a like process at my hands. Such was our plan of working together; and this being understood, I assign the authorship of each tale to the original writer thereof.

When the first edition of the O'Hara Tales appeared, of which this story was the leading volume, my brother and I were both young—he not quite twenty, and I somewhat more than a year his senior.

At this early age he was a married man, residing at Brompton, in the same apartments not long before occupied by John Philpot Curran: so he informed me in his letters home.

My brother had brought with him to London, directly from her father's country residence in the county of Kilkenny, a wife even younger than himself. For more than a year he had met the heavy responsibility he had undertaken chiefly by contributing to the periodicals of the metropolis. In his letters to me at this period he describes his life as one of privation and struggle almost leading to despondency; yet, to use the language of Barnaby Rudge's raven, he was resolved to "never say die." Ultimately he realized independence; then, by the breaking down of his health, his brightened prospects were at once clouded.

While he was engaged elbowing his way through the unaccommodating crowd of the London wilderness, I was busily employed at home, my entire time occupied. Constantly during the day, and while engaged at my avocations, I revolved in my mind the incidents of my story; and at night, when my routine employment ceased, I committed the results of my cogitations to paper.

Thus was it that "Crohoore of the Billhook" was put together; it was sent in portions across the water to my brother, and by him prepared for the printer.

Referring to his letters, written on the receipt of each parcel, I find while he accorded me praise with all a brother's partiality, he teases me constantly for my tardiness, overlooking the fact, in his eagerness, that I could only devote a modicum of each day to my task.

He jocularly urged me to speed, by informing me of a covert rivalry between himself and another—each desirous of figuring as a writer of Irish stories, and each anxious to be on the ground before the other; both calculating that the primary occupier of the course had the best chance of reaching the winning-post. The contrivances of both to ascertain the progress of each other, he relates amusingly. I believe both came almost at the same time before the public. I refer to the tale of "To-day in Ireland."

In the year 1825, the postal arrangements were still on the old plan; Sir Rowland Hill had not yet channelled for the stream of letters now going post-wise, and ever flowing, sufficient, as an ingenious calculator informs me, annually, to circumscribe the globe.

Book post, that boon to needy authors, was not then in operation; a constant succession of heavy letters was not to be thought of; so that "Crohoore of the Billhook," as it developed, was forwarded to the Earl of Clifden, whose parliamentary privilege enabled him to receive the adventurer, and assist him by speeding him to his destination.

### NOTE—PAGE 225, CHAP. I.

Indiscriminate assemblages at the waking of the dead have been so determinedly warred against by the Roman Catholic clergy throughout Ireland, that the extremely anomalous practice has been given up. The custom was so unseemly and inappropriate, that the weight of clerical authority was brought to bear against it, and with success. At the present day, near relatives only, or sedate and pious neighbors, sit in the death-room as watchers, and these come to pray for the soul of the dead.

I remember when it was not so; when the "wake-house" was open to all comers, and when, as noted in the tale, the old conversed pleasantly on topics becoming their years, and the young spent the night in every amusement they could devise, short of music and dancing.

The wake-house used to be pre-eminently devoted to "playing at forfeits," so-called. "Small plays," similar pastimes, are named in assemblies of the young, above the resort of the "wake-house."

The "wake-house" "playing at forfeits" was generally carried on under the supervision of some accredited adept, who had attained reputation as a director; who assumed a dictatorship on such occasions, and to whose authority on such matters there was a general deference.

Such a master of the ceremonies would appear to be endowed with the peculiar sense of smell possessed by the raven or the vulture, being able to sniff the odor of a dead body afar off, as no corpse within an area of some miles could lie in its grave-clothes undetected. It is no great strain of terms to say he was a ghoul; in one sense, he might be said to feed on the remains of his fellow-creatures. His meals were furnished from "the funeral baked meats;" if not "baked meats," properly speaking, from



whatever in the way of food or drink was distributed to the watchers of the wake.

One professional and pre-eminent ruler of "playing at forfeits" presents himself to my memory; I dare say there are many others who will recall him also. He was a well-known character in our city in his day.

I cannot tell what may have been his proper surname, and I doubt if there were any wiser than myself in this particular. He was known as "the Lord of the Lough;" other name I never heard applied to him. He recognized the high-sounding title himself, and would acknowledge no other. Sooth to say, he was a tatterdemalion member of the peerage.

The distinction conferred on him was bestowed as referring to the position of his castle, the castle being a ruinous hovel on the margin of a sheet of water locally named "Walken's Lough," which overspread a considerable area of the suburbs of Kilkenny, but which has since been drained away.

The professional avocations of "the Lord of the Lough," as manager of the revels at wakes, commenced with the nightfall, and continued until day dawn. He was not an early riser; he did not make his appearance in the streets of our city until somewhat late in the afternoon. But scarcely did any day pass that he was not seen creeping along through the principal thoroughfares.

Whatever may have been his youthful appearance, to my recollection he was a rickety, half-paralyzed little man, of advanced age.

As he progressed, he made sure, between one drawing step and another, that his stick was firm under his hand, and, as he dragged his limbs along, he shook as if his bones were artificially connected by springs of easy vibration. His head, however, seemed firmly fixed in one position—it was never turned to the right or left. It was said, notwithstanding, that he could not only discern objects on either hand, but that he was gifted with the vision of the hare, and could see what was passing behind him.

As he tottered on, his eyes rolled in every direction, with an expression of keen, sarcastic inquiry, and no occupant of the street through which he crept could escape the scrutiny. He never paused during his slow and shaky progress, but, almost continually, his quavery, screaming voice was heard accosting such of the passengers as he selected for his salutations. His address was ever some bitter sarcasm, couched in humorous terms, but withal severe and caustic. He appeared to have, at the tip of his tongue, the most secret peccadilloes of all on whom his ever-wandering eye rested. These he published in a discordant, piercing scream, as excellencies and virtues distinguishing the object of his proclamation.

He addressed all those he complimented by Christain name and surname, at full length, and this with the high and low alike, without respect to persons. His venomous and satirical humor was sure to rouse the street-laugh, as he stumbled on, while there was no mark of risibility on the features of the satirist.

Such was the "Lord of the Lough" during his afternoon promenade. It was plain to be seen that, from his bodily incapacity for any employment, he could not earn his support. The demesne of his castle on the shore of Walkin's Lough, was of no more extent than three feet by six. That could yield but little revenue. He not only craved no charity, but his trenchant tongue lacerated, to the right and the left, those likely to aid him.

His wake-house presidency produced his incomings. He dined and suped, aye, and breakfasted too, as he never wended home with an empty pouch, on the "funeral baked meats," and he drank deeply of the funeral cup. He collected toll, or tribute, from those who played at forfeits; and so, "the Lord of the Lough," being an independent peer, could afford to cauterize

with his tongue whoever he encountered during his snailpaced progress through the city.

There was one characteristic recreation, suiting the descrepitude of his limbs, in which he delighted. It was to him an enjoyment beyond value, and which he relished with a zest proportionate to the sense of exhaliation of spirits it imparted.

When a forfeit was to be released by a stout young fellow, active of limb, and a weight-carrier, it was decreed by the arbitrary "Lord of the Lough," that he himself should mount the back of the forfeit ower, that, astride there, he should be carried along a prescribed, and by no means limited route, until borne back again to the spot whence he had set out.

So mounted, "the Lord of the Lough" would issue forth from the wake-house, and awake the midnight slumberer with a screech such as an owl, increased in bulk to his size, might send forth, while he flourished his stick, and pummelled the sides of his bearer with his heels, to keep him at a canter through the darkness.

His Lordship was placed in the assizes dock on one occasion, charged with participation in some nocturnal outrage, of which he was really innocent, and of which he was acquitted.

When called on by the officer of the court to say if he was prepared for his trial, he startled and astonished the judge by one of his sudden and discordant screams. He refused to answer or to plead at all, in that inferior court. He claimed his privilege as "the Lord of the Lough," and demanded to be tried by his peers, not by a jury of commoners.

#### NOTE—PAGE 240, CHAP. VI.

Doran, the name given to the character of the story, is a substitution; the name only is fictitious, however. The proper appellation I cannot give, as direct descendants of the real personage are to be found at the present day. I will continue, therefore, to use the title already adopted.

At the time when the events related in Crohoore of the Billhook are assumed to have occurred, a man, the original of Doran's character, was the organizer of a gang of robbers, carrying on their malpractices in Kilkenny and its neighborhood.

Shortly antecedent to this time, the locally-famed "Freney the Robber" was the leader of a band of freebooters in the county of Kilkenny, on a more daring and more extensive scale of operation than his successor Doran. An antiquarian friend of mine informs me that this "Freney the Robber"—"Captain Freney," as he was dubbed by himself and his coupees—came in a direct line from a Norman family of consideration—the family of "De La Frene," once the owners of the district subsequently the chief theatre of their descendant's exploits as a highwayman and burglar.

This being the case, Captain Freney may have reconciled his evil doings to his conscience by considering himself entitled to levy his exactions by way of reprisal on all travellers over the possessions of his forefathers, and on all residents thereon.

In strong contrast were the depredations of Doran and of Captain Freney placed by the commentators of the day. While there was a light, something like a halo of chivalry, according to the one, gilding (with false lustre, to be sure) his worst transgressions, and while the Captain was spoken of with a degree of admiration little short of approval, the darkness of crime alone was said to rest on the deeds of Doran.

Captain Freney, it was insisted, rifled the wealthy only. The gallant, discriminating Captain was never known, it was urged, to lessen the pittance of the needy; on the contrary, it was averred that Freney had an ever open hand for the poor, sharing generously with them what he had levied from the rich. As surely as a landlord cleared out a haggard, or impounded the cattle or the pig, so surely did the product, in the identical coin, if

possible, resulting from the sale, go back again to the denuded tenant when Captain Freney was appealed to. Instances were adduced by his admirers of his flinging the untouched purse he had risked his life for into the lap of the widow for the behoof of herself and her orphans.

Then, Captain Freney's personal daring was said to approach the heroic. His hair-breadth escapes were marvellous; he faced all possible odds without flinching when pursued. On more than one occasion he had fought his way singly through opposing numbers, but his chance of resistance seemed hopeless. Then his expertness in devising and executing his robberies—were they not admirable?

Some there were who insisted that Captain Freney was a small man, active and nimble, with a face half-eaten away by the small-pox, and having but one eye therein to see his way with. Although this was certainly the fact, it was looked on generally as descriptively apocryphal, inasmuch as it was judged to be sheerly impossible for a man with one eye to be so clear-sighted, or for a man of diminutive stature to do battle like the Captain.

Taking all this into account, and adding that Captain Freney abhorred the shedding of blood, except in extreme cases of need, where his life was in immediate peril, Freney was popularly little blamed in his day—if he were not lauded.

This was not the case with the robber of this story. He and his confederates were a skulking, dastardly crew; they rifled the poor as well as rich; they were cruel, and they took away life remorselessly; they did not recommend their depredations by any redeeming quality, and they were regarded with unalloyed aversion.

In the personal description of "Rhiab Doran," as given in the story, a deep wound-mark along his cheek is prominently noticed. Such a mark did really disfigure the face of the original from whom the sketch is made.

The gash causing the mark was received by the real personage not in the manner related in the text, but in a tavern brawl; and the scarifier, when inflicting it, accompanied his act with words to this effect: "I have branded you for the gallows!"

A robbery by Doran and his gang (I use the assumed name of the tale) was really perpetrated in a lone house, close by the river Nore, and about a mile south of Kilkenny. This house had been, in times gone by, a mansion belonging to a family of note, named Purcell, and the land on which it was erected is still known as "Purcell's Inch." The castle, or mansion, is no longer in existence. Forty years ago it was inhabited, and was called "Inch House."

While engaged in his pilfering researches, Doran went from place to place, bearing a light in his hand. It is said, but I do not vouch for the fact, that a young woman, one of the family then occupying "Inch House," had succeeded in escaping unobserved into a press constructed in the thickness of the wall of the principal room, and which was unnoticed by the robbers. Through a slit in the door of this press, the concealed girl watched the motions of the riffer. She had not seen him previously, but the deep seam along his cheek was particularly noted by her, and the remarkable incision enabled her to identify him fully when he stood in the felon's dock.

When Doran was escorted through the streets of Kilkenny to the place of execution, the tavern companion who had so indelibly incised his cheek stood on some elevated doorstep, overlooking the line of procession. As the culprit passed his place of observation, this looker-on shouted forth triumphantly, so as to be distinctly heard by the wretched man: "D—S—, remember my words: I branded you for the gallows."

NOTE—CHAP. VI, PAGE 242.

The Whiteboys so styled themselves because, during their nocturnal excursions, they covered their usual attire with white

shirts. This disguise was used principally to enable them while scouring through the darkness the more easily to recognize each other; for be it noted, that when a sentence of retribution or a deterrent example was resolved on, the Whiteboys, thirty miles distant from the scene of outrage, not those immediately on the spot, were the perpetrators. The motive for this arrangement need not be pointed out; they assisted each other most loyally in this interchange of good offices.

The Whiteboys made war, ostensibly, against the exaction of tithes; but with the view of demonstrating the impartiality, and to exemplify their sense of even-handed justice, they regulated also the fees to be paid to their own clergy, and visited, with exemplary chastisement, any who should exceed the prescribed donation.

During the time of Whiteboy administration, tithes were exacted, it may be said, altogether from the tillers of the land; and while to the single ear of corn, and to the single tuber, the farmer's and cottager's crop was valued by the tithe-proctor, preparatory to assessment, the far-stretching demesne of the landowner was exempt from valuation, and paid no tithe at all.

This arrangement was of itself calculated to produce what could not be regarded as groundless discontent and aversion to the levy. Tithes were not only enforced from the classes least competent to bear the burthen, while those of better ability escaped scot-free, but at the same time they were exacted, nearly altogether, from non-frequenters of the benefited Church, while into the pockets of those most profiting by the ministration of the recipients, the tithe-proctor's grasping hand entered not at all.

But were the assessments ever so just in principle, the manner of levying and collecting was of itself a provocative to opposition of the direst nature; so that, taking into account the character of the tax in the first instance, and the machinery by which it was gathered being duly examined, the Whiteboys deemed they had sufficient justification for hating the name of tithe with unmitigated hatred, and for bearing uncompromising enmity to all connected with it, whether such were valuator, collectors or receivers.

It should not be lost sight of, when wishing to understand the object of the Whiteboy confederacy, and the character of the outrages committed in opposition to tithes, that the peasantry, to a man, believed, and that with the fullest credence, that any appeal to the law of the land was not for them, that laws were enacted invariably not for, but against them, and that if they were not their own legislators, other legislation was for their punishment only.

NOTE—CHAP. VI, PAGE 243.

Peery Clancy, the tithe-proctor, is not a hearsay or fancy sketch. For his portrait I had a real sitter. The picture, if it possesses no other recommendation, is painted with fidelity.

Shortly following the publication of the tale, a country friend of mine, while passing me, turned his head over his shoulder, and nodding backwards towards the object of his recognition, uttered the two words, "Peery Clancy." He did not pause to make further remark, but I accepted the brief hint, and the accompanying motion of the head, as a very significant compliment to my artistic truthfulness.

The original study for the tithe-proctor of the tale was my immediate next-door neighbor when the story was written. I cannot now, after the lapse of forty years, do injury to any one by revealing his name. Michael, or, as generally pronounced, Mickie Ryan, was my model for Peery Clancy. Mickie Ryan was my next-door neighbor. For the purpose of my story I made it my business to pry into the mysteries of his calling. I made myself acquainted with the devices of his craft; so much so, and so close was my study, that I could, on my own account, have undertaken the tithe-proctor profession, had my tastes inclined that way.



I have in no wise, either as to personal delineation, or in my revelations as to the machinery by which wealth was manufactured out of such crude and unpromising materials, outstepped the strict reality in the person of Peery Clancy, taking, as I did, my next-door neighbor, Mickie Ryan, as my prototype.

It will not be out of place to state here a fact of which I was perfectly cognizant: that while Mickie Ryan was, as his many non-admirers termed it, "busting with money," and hourly adding to his store, the minister of the parish, for whom he acted as tithe-proctor, was frequently without the means to meet his necessities.

All tithe-proctors, whether at remote or recent periods, accumulated wealth. There was one set-off, however, which afforded great consolation to the unwilling tithe-payers. It was, aye, and to this moment is, an unremovable conviction—I give it in the words used—"That proctor's money never had luck."

The believers in this retributive fatality are as numerous to-day as they were when opposition to tithes was at the highest. They will even now adduce innumerable instances in verification of the balsam-like prognostic.

Certainly Mickie Ryan's money melted away as if it had been fairy coin—scraps of slate only—having the likeness of guineas only while the fairy ointment remained on the possessor's eyes.

#### NOTE—CHAP. VII., PAGE 245.

Clay-besprinkled and burrowing archaeologists have gone great lengths to deprive the fairies, or good people, of their rightful residences in the raths which are of such frequent occurrence in Ireland.

For my own part, I profess myself an unflinching opponent of all such learned despoilers, and I regard it as little short of sacrilege thus to depopulate our rural solitudes. I still cling to the popular faith of rath proprietorship.

A humble fellow-disciple of mine, with whom I lately compared notes, was willing to temporize; and rather than give up the point altogether, I feel inclined to take his view of the subject. He and I agree that the raths may have been originally shovelled up by human hands and for mortal use. Still, and notwithstanding the admission so far, we stand up for it, he and I, that the "good people" took possession of them subsequent to creation, dwelling under ground during the hours of garish day, issuing upward at nightfall to congregate behind the green breastwork, or on the tumultuous overlooking it, and scouting away when the whim seized them, astride on their "thrawneens," to play their "merry tricks on travellers."

To say nothing of the adaptability of the rath for fairy purposes, on which my friend and I lay great stress, we adduce one fact which cannot be gainsaid and which we look on as conclusive.

No presumptuous demolisher of a rath had ever one day's luck thenceforward—not one day's luck from the day of demolition to the day of death. Not one of those who, in irreligious defiance of the good people, removed the pulverized clay of the rath for agricultural purposes, ever mowed or reaped a good harvest afterwards. All such foolhardy experimentalists "went to the bad."

There can be no doubt on this subject; evidence of the fatality can be had in abundance. The red-worm, and smut, and blight, in every shape, has fallen invariably on the produce of the land, manured with the clay of fairy rath.

I leave this incontrovertible statement to be explained away by the archaeologists.

#### NOTE—CHAP. VII., PAGE, 246.

The glen of Ballyfoile lies, as the tale states, four miles north-east of Kilkenny. There are, in fact, two glens so called, one leading by a detour into the other; that in which the occur-

ces of the story take place the more impressive; the other less contracted, and the bounding hills less precipitous. In the latter, the square ruinous keep of a Norman castle stands, such as are of frequent occurrence in the neighborhood.

It is a tradition of the lesser glen that while the roof of this isolated tower still afforded protection against the weather it was inhabited by a lone, stern woman, morose and haughty in her bearing, and masculine in her mode of thought and action. She was maiden aunt to the proprietor of the lands around, and of a considerable tract of the adjacent county. It was said that in her youth she had outraged her family by a low connexion, and that she had retired to the ruinous keep as to a kind of banishment from her kindred. Over the lands immediately adjoining her retreat she assumed ownership, and her title was not disputed. Even in her isolation, and with scant means of subsistence, she retained her pride of birth. She partly subsisted by cultivating flax to a considerable extent, for which the soil near her castle was well adapted, but this appropriation of the land was but a minor source of income. She was in connection with a formidable band of freebooters, whose principal place of shelter was the glen of Ballyfoile, and she was the caretaker of their plunder.

It was stated to me by the narrator of the legend, it may perhaps be that the powerful nephew of the lone woman of the castle participated in the profits derived from this discreditable alliance, and screened and protected the depredators in return. It was said that all the articles of plate decorating his board were not honestly come by.

To give the greater weight to his narrative, the relator pointed out to me a portion of the glen that had been excavated by the robbers, and into this subterranean hiding-place they retreated when pursuit was hot—the interlaced roots of the impervious furze or gorse, with just sufficient soil left for their nurture, forming a roof overhead. Here they were screened as well by their underground invisibility as by the impenetrable prickly shrub above them, while through interstices left for the purpose they could fire on their pursuers, if such were desirable.

After years of unsuccessful attempts to disperse the gang of marauders thus harboring in the glen, four of the gang were so closely followed by a military force, sent especially against them, that time was not afforded the fugitives to remove the screen of their cavern, and they were forced to seek immediate shelter in the tower of their treasure.

The small entrance-door being time-decayed and dilapidated, could not be sufficiently secured, and it was at once driven in. A desperate defence was made on the narrow spiral stairs, up which two could not ascend abreast, by the enraged robbers; while the lone woman, through the orifice, called by the peasantry "the murdering hole," and which projects from the upper story immediately above the entrance door, hurled down heavy stones on the heads of the assailants.

The contest continued as long as the ammunition of the defenders on the stairs held out, but the besiegers were successful.

The booty in the lone woman's keeping was in the uppermost room of the castle, and was hidden beneath a quantity of flax prepared for the spinning-wheel.

When longer resistance was impracticable, and while the conquerors were engaged securing the persons of their prisoners, the lone woman retired into her storeroom with a light in her hand. Hurriedly she gathered close around her the easily ignitable flax, then she applied her brand, and was instantly enveloped in flame. Her charred remains were found amidst a heap of cinders.

With herself she had consumed all direct identification with the freebooters, and all tangible identity between them and her nephew; so the object of her self-sacrifice was gained.

A year or so before the first publication of Crohoore of the Bill-

hook the very last professional Irish robber who levied contributions on travellers, in the twilight or in the glare of day, flourished. His name was Grant—Captain Grant he was generally named, in compliment to his fame as a Turpin-like highwayman. For some weeks he lay concealed in the glen of Ballyfoile, baffling all pursuit, while he was eagerly sought after in every direction.

While lying perdue there, he laid claim to the hospitality of the neighboring farmers and his claim was acknowledged. His meals the best each house could furnish, were brought to him in his concealment, and at night he received shelter from his entertainers. He had openly and unconditionally cast himself as a prescribed outlaw on their mercy; and although a large reward was offered for his apprehension, no one was found to enrich himself as his betrayer. He removed from Ballyfoile to a neighboring county, was seized there almost immediately on his arrival, and shortly after suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

#### NOTE—CHAP. VIII. PAGE 249.

The cave of Dunmore is in the neighborhood of Ballyfoile. It is pre-eminently the sight of the County Kilkenny, and not unworthy of a traveller's visit. The great Wizard of the North, the unequalled Sir Walter Scott, explored its recesses shortly after the publication of this tale.

Many of the credences connected with the cave of Dunmore are now relied on with less confidence than of yore.

A very conclusive experiment, so it was considered at the time, was made two generations back, with the view of ascertaining the extent of the cave's ramifications.

A resolute party of penetrators brought with them the town-drummer of the day. Between the difficulty of progressing, and the distance, more than half a day was spent before the adventurers reached the undoubted termination of their journey, beyond which no further progress could be made.

Here the drummer braced up his drum, and beat it triumphantly. While he was so engaged, persons passing near the market-cross of Kilkenny, were astonished, and little wonder they should be surprised, to hear the rattle of a drum. The sound was not on a level with them, nor was there a drummer to be seen. It was not overhead, either, and all who had paused to listen were of one mind, that the noise of the drum came booming up from beneath.

On a comparison of time, subsequently, it was ascertained, that the invisible drummer of the market-cross was no other than the identical town-drummer, who beat his tat-too in the cave of Dunmore.

Thus was the extent of the cavern most satisfactorily proved to be not less than six long Irish miles, from the entrance to the spot where the town-drummer sounded his tat-too. If, at the present time, no one, be he ever so daring, can penetrate so far, it must have come to pass, that the impending rocks have fallen down and blocked up the ancient passage. If these could be removed, the six miles might still be journeyed.

The "good people," or Irish fairies, having, of late years, disappeared from many of their former haunts, it is not now insisted on that they still assemble, as in the olden time, at the market-cross, so named, in the cave of Dunmore, and illuminate its pendant stalactites to give brilliancy to their revels.

The sudden appearance of a very singular personage at the gaping entrance, between eighty or ninety years ago, I have been assured of by eye-witnesses.

As this supernatural, or flesh and blood visitant, whichever he may have been, has a duty to perform for me by assisting the progress of the next story of mine that shall appear before the public, I will not forestall my purpose by further allusion to him for the present.

#### NOTE—CHAP. IX, PAGE 255.

I obtained by information as to the proceedings of the Whiteboys from actual participants in their misdeeds. In making use of the materials furnished to me, I have been careful to avoid the imaginative, merely adapting my acquisitions to the action of my story.

My principal chronicler of Whiteboy escapades was one remembered, I dare say, by many others in Kilkenny as well as myself. Should any of the anglers, rabbit-catchers, surreptitious hare-hunters, or plover or duck shooters of fifty years ago, be still alive, these will at once bring to mind my chief instructor in Whiteboy lore.

His name was Tom Gwynne, by profession a tailor, but so thorough a sportsman was he, that were he engaged preparing for the needle even a wedding suit for his best customer, and that you stood within his view, and waved your arm backward and then forward, or that you placed a stick to your shoulder, closed your left eye, and looked along that stick, as if it were a gun-barrel, Tom Gwynne would laugh his inexpressive, liquorish laugh of comprehension, give a nod of assent, roll up the cloth he was operating on, pitch by his shears and his parchment measure, and in as short a time as possible he and his dog Freney were your companions for the day, leaving the impatient bridegroom to get married in his old clothes or to defer his nuptials.

Tom Gwynne had understood by the waving of your arm that you were bent on a day's angling; and by your espial along the stick that you were about to set forth for a tramp over the crisp, frosty sod, in pursuit of feathered booty. In either case Tom was your man, whatever might betide. Be the object to be sought for under the water or on the land, or even beneath the land, no matter—it was all the same to Tom Gwynne, and all the same to his dog Freney—as good a sportsman Freney was as his master.

Tom Gwynne was always better pleased you should intimate your wishes by dumb show, and outside his shop-window, than verbally and within doors. He could then sally forth without his wife's knowledge, leaving her to make whatever excuses she might to his customers.

I have given Tom Gwynne's name without hiatus or abbreviation. Many relatives survive him. If I had anything to say to the prejudice of my angling tutor, Tom Gwynne, I would use disguise; but as I do no more than appeal to his shade—for he has "paid the debt that flesh is heir to"—as to the verity of my Whiteboy descriptions, I see no reason why my authority should not be openly avowed.

Although the Whiteboys had banded themselves together, pledged to uncompromising hostility to tithes, and although they avowed their detestation, by word and deed, of everything and of everybody identified with the Established Church; and although Tom Gwynne declared himself, with no small assumption of superiority, to be "a staunch, honest Protestant," and adhered unflinchingly to his creed to the very last; yet, notwithstanding the palpable anomaly, Tom Gwynne had been in his youth a thorough-going, rampaging Whiteboy—aye, as decided a Whiteboy as any "Roman" (so he styled those differing from him in faith) that ever mounted a white shirt or bestrode a barebacked horse for a night ride.

Tom Gwynne, when describing his neck-or-nothing gallop through the darkness, was enthusiastic. It appeared to him on such occasions, he said, as if he were one of a band of disembodied spirits broke loose from the churchyard, driving along over all obstacles, without fear of bone-breaking, because there were no bones to break. Tom Gwynne boasted that there was no tailor in the land of the living could compete with him in horsemanship; and he owed his equestrian superiority over all of his craft to his Whiteboy tuition.

Tom Gwynne when giving me an account of a tithe-proctor's



intermeni, which I have copied into my tale, imitated for me, through his truncated fist, the "Sallin-na-morrhagh," or death dirge, as sounded over the grave through the bullock's horn.

Tom Gwynne, laughing his subdued laugh, for he loved a merry reminiscence, assured me that his expertness at clipping the ears of puppy dogs into a close resemblance of the ears of a fox, was acquired by the exercise of his shears on the obnoxious tithe-gatherers.

NOTE—CHAP. X., PAGE 264.

Through the village of Newmarket was the direct route between Kilkenny and Carrick-on-Suir, in the Whiteboy time. It was then of more consideration than at present : now it is nearly altogether out of the way of intercourse, the few inhabitants little more than half alive, and most of the humble dwellings fallen to decay. It lies south-east of Kilkenny, and distant about eleven miles.

I only notice the existence of this obscure hamlet to mark the locality, as in its immediate neighborhood the *ruse* of the mock funeral adapted into the story I am noting was practised—the events, as related in the tale, being given without material deviation from what actually occurred.

Newmarket adjoins the locality between Kilkenny and Waterford called "The Walsh Mountains," so entitled, I have learned, in consequence of having been possessed in past times by the clan Walsh, and the name applies to the present time, inasmuch as the "Walshes of the Walsh Mountains" are still the principal tillers of the land, form a large "faction," or clan there, and nearly outnumber all the other inhabitants collectively.

"The Walsh Mountains," so called, are not mountains at all. The greatest elevation rises to no more than the height of a moderate hill; but the entire surface of the district is billowy—a constant irregular succession of rise and fall, strewn with grey rocks, and interspersed with patches of tillage-land, patches of pasture and of moor, of pool and of hollow. Remnants of the aboriginal oak wood that occupied the country in the very olden time still remained when the Whiteboys flourished.

The houses of the inhabitants of "The Walsh Mountains" scarcely ever stood singly, but were built in clusters, and this characteristic still continues. They were so erected, in the first instance, with the view of affording combined defence in case of need, against the bands of freebooters harboring in the woods around. The clustering of houses still prevails, and produces sociality and neighborhood.

The inhabitants of "The Walsh Mountains" were at the date of the story, and continue to be so in a degree, an isolated people, primitive in their habits, and not holding much intercourse outside their own locality. They dressed after a fashion of their own, sufficiently original, as described to me, to be outlandish elsewhere. They were a stalwart, comely race: the men athletic, the women tall, naturally graceful, and said to be steady and grave of manner.

"The Walsh Mountain" men had not, nor have they been, noted as leaguings with the agrarian confederacies springing up from time to time. It has been stated to me that there was no direct affiliation between them and the Whiteboy association. Yet, without being actually banded together in secret combination, and pursuing systematic outrage, it is a remarkable fact that they have occasionally broken out into unexpected and determined opposition to authority when exercised directly against them.

"The Battle of Carrick Shock," as the rustic combatants in that deadly encounter magniloquently call it, took place almost on the spot where the mock funeral attack on the dragoons was made beyond fifty years before; and the immediate descendants of the slayers of the escorting dragoons were the slayers of the police at Carrick Shock.

The cause and manner of the encounter of Carrick Shock, being recent, is well remembered:

A considerable body of police was on duty escorting a bailiff engaged distributing tithe-processes through the district of the Walsh Mountains. The nearest chapel bell pealed out an alarm bell, others took up the signal, and the tocsin sounded on all sides. The people hurried from every point in answer to the summons, bearing in their hands whatever in the shape of weapons they could grasp at. The bailiff's guides were hemmed in on every side. The surrender up of the process-server and his documents was clamored for, and one more daring than the rest essayed to seize the agent of the law. The captor was shot in the act of dragging the man from the centre of his escort. The crowd rushed headlong on; the arms were wrested from the hands of the police; few of the force escaped with life from the spot; and the assailants, terrified at their own act, dispersed as rapidly as they had assembled.

An occurrence widely differing in character from the attack on the dragoons at the period of the story, or in the onslaught on the police protectors of the tithe-bailiff of 1831, I am tempted to relate, as showing a varied phase in the temperament of the same people.

When O'Connell was released from prison, on the reversal of his conviction by the House of Lords, there was great public exultation through the length and breadth of the land in Ireland. From the mansion of the highest Roman Catholic to the lowliest cabin in the unsheltered bog there was rejoicing. The bonfires on the superior eminences of the Walsh mountains lit up the entire area. There was one spot in comparative gloom; it was an out-of-the-way hollow, in which was a lonely wigwam. There was no blaze near this isolated dwelling, although O'Connell had no more devoted subject than was the dweller therein. He looked around him; there was no answering beacon-light near at hand. He hurried into his cabin; he brought forth a piece of flaming bogwood, ignited the thatch above the heads of his wife and children, and shouted triumphantly as it flamed up—magnificently. That night he and his family were obliged to seek shelter under some neighboring roof. Ultimately, however, by his conflagration in honor of his liberated leader, his condition was improved; another and far better dwelling was built for him by his approving neighbors of the Walsh Mountain.

NOTE—CHAP. XIII., PAGE 275.

The Bocchochs of Ireland, at the period of the tale, were not, as the gypsies of other countries, of a race foreign to the soil. They were of genuine Irish breed; singing out their clamorous supplications for charity in the true Hibernian tongue.

The Bocchochs, as beggars, were artists in counterfeiting every malady that "flesh is heir to." They could imitate every possible and impossible malformation or distortion of limb. They could tax compassion by the exhibition of raw and cancerous sores on any part of the body. There were amongst them "stone-blind creatures," unable to distinguish "the light from the dark." Assisted by a nearly nude, shivering wife, a Bocchoch could totter along, his shaky limbs scarcely bearing him up, and his head incessantly and rapidly vibrating from the shoulder, so kept vacillating by the palsy. Crippled in his lower extremities, another could be strapped down to a wooden bowl and one twisted foot could be hooked into a strap passing round his neck. Thus accoutred, he could, with the aid of his hands, jerk himself forward, the wooden bowl, at every jerk, thumping the earth with a hollow sound, appealing directly to the heart. Or still, another cripple could progress on his padded knees, his shrivelled or shapeless legs protruding directly backwards. One could be totally disabled from head to heels by paralysis; he could stretch himself at full length in a fitting machine, and be slowly drawn along, his eyes and inaudible mutterings supplicating the crowd,

while his afflicting tale was told in Irish blank verse by his motive power—his partner. The Bocchoch undertaking to be "troubled with the falling sickness, Lord bless the hearers," should possess high professional talents. When the paroxysm of the disease came on—and the visitation should always occur in the very centre of the fair—he should be able to make it evident that, if not held fast by the "charitable Christians" near him, he must, inevitably, batter in his skull, by whacking it against the ground, and destroy himself in various ways while writhing in contortions, unless restrained by strong hands.

If the Bocchochs were skilled in every ruse that could rouse commiseration at fairs, at markets, at patterns, or other places of rustic assemblage, they knew how otherwise to enforce their demands when these direct sources of income could not be immediately resorted to.

Their connection with beings of the other world, including a good fellowship with the evil one himself, was almost a general belief with the peasantry; and terror of their power to command supernatural agencies secured for them a superstitious deference. Even where this credence did not operate in their favor, it was considered wise to be conciliative, not defiant. Whichever motive might operate, the Bocchochs were certain of admittance into every farm-house they pleased to enter; here they were lodged and fed as long as their roving habits permitted them to abide in one place.

At the time of the present tale the Bocchochs were a banded body, formidable as to numbers, and ready to act in concert if need be. They were ruled by district chiefs, whose mandates were obeyed implicitly. The district chief prescribed the area of each Bocchoch's operations, so that one did not interfere with the walk of another. The chief allotted also to each of his subjects the professional character he was to assume, while following his calling, thus preventing rivalry or collision of interests. In all cases of dispute, appeal was made to this absolute sovereign; and in all cases where the Bocchochs were to act collectively, no matter what might be the nature of the service required, obedience was yielded to this ruler of the fraternity.

The absolutism of the Bocchoch governor was limited, however, in one particular instance. It would be a compromise of his dignity were he to clamor as his subjects did at places of public resort. He did not interfere with those he governed as an avowed medicant. He was at liberty, notwithstanding, to quarter himself and his family at any farm-house he might select. Two articles only, exclusive of board and lodging, was he to accept as donations; these were butter and wool. If money, or meal, or potatoes were offered, he refused the tender—butter and wool alone were regarded as royal perquisites.

The Bocchoch chief was not without a distinguishing title; he was styled "Moontheen-na-Bocchoch;" freely translated "King of the Bocchochs." Moontheen is, literally, a height or eminence above the general level, and above even inferior eminences. Figuratively applied, as in this case, the "Moontheen" denoted

one raised above the commonalty: Anglice, "King of the Bocchochs."

It would appear that, disallowed from infringing on the general sources of profit open to his inferiors, the "Moontheen-na-Bocchoch" must be circumscribed as to his royal revenue. But this was not the case. Twice in the year, at midsummer and at Christmas, he made regal progress through his dominions. At every village on his route he provided at the principal public-house a plentiful entertainment. To partake of this all the Bocchochs permitted to ply their calling in the neighborhood were bidden. I have been informed that when those festive gatherings took place the honored village was, for the time being, in absolute possession of the "Moontheen" and his lieges. At the assemblage none of the blind, or paralyzed, or crippled, were to be seen; all such, it was believed, had been excluded from invitation. The lookers-on could not recognize in the stout, able, well-looking young fellows, or in the blithe colleens, or in the venerable men and matronly women thronging in, one individual provocative of compassion.

The uproar of the Bocchochs, from the afternoon of their arrival until the dawn of the next day, might well astonish the villagers, while the lavish abundance of the repast provided for them, and the unbounded flow of shebeen that was set going, might equally create their envy.

Let it not be supposed that these glorious gatherings were solely for the purpose of feasting and enjoyment. Before the banquet was "furnished forth" obeisance was rendered, and tribute was yielded to the "Moontheen-na-Bocchoch" by each invited subject. If the guests fared royally they paid for it as became their loyalty and allegiance. When the "Moontheen" departed from the scene of revelry to resume his royal journey, a proud and wealthy monarch was he.

#### NOTE—CHAP. XIV. PAGE 287.

Five of those concerned in the mock funeral attack on the dragoons, near Newmarket, were hanged, and afterwards beheaded, on the same day. Three were first suspended, and two immediately following, the gallows not affording accommodation for the five culprits at the same time.

In this case the extreme penalty of the law was not inflicted at, to use the judicial phrase, "the usual place of execution." An attempt at rescue, by the Whiteboys, in strong force, was apprehended, and "the usual place of execution" was deemed more assailable than "the unusual place" selected.

The occurrence made use of in the tale is traditional. A woman snatched up the head of her husband as it fell from the butcher's block, used on the occasion, instead of a more artistic one. With this in her apron, she ran from the spot where she had seized it, and, without abating her speed (unless occasionally to exhibit her booty), she raced a distance of eleven Irish miles, to her own cabin, in the Walsh Mountains.





# HANDY ANDY:

## A TALE OF IRISH LIFE.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

### ADDRESS.

I HAVE been accused, in certain quarters, of giving flattering portraits of my countrymen. Against this charge I may plead that, being a portrait-painter by profession, the habit of taking the best view of my subject, so long prevalent in my eye, has gone deeper, and influenced my mind:—and if to paint one's country in its gracious aspect has been a weakness, at least, to use the words of an illustrious compatriot,

“—— the failing leans to virtue's side.”

I am disinclined, however, to believe myself an offender in this particular. That I love my country dearly, I acknowledge, and I am sure every Englishman will respect me the more for loving *mine*, when he is, with justice, so proud of *his*—but I repeat my disbelief that I overrate my own.

The present volume, I hope, will disarm any cavil from old quarters on the score of national prejudice. The hero is a blundering servant. No English or any other gentleman would like him in his service; but still he has some redeeming natural traits: he is not made either a brute or a villain, yet his “twelve months' character,” given in the successive numbers of this volume, would not get him a place upon advertisement, either in “The Times” or “The Chronicle.” So far am I clear of the charge of national prejudice as regards the hero of the following pages.

In the subordinate personages, the reader will see two “Squires” of a different type—good and bad: there are such in all countries. And, as a tale cannot get on without villains, I have given some touches of villainy, quite sufficient to prove my belief in Irish villains, though I do not wish it to be believed the Irish are *all* villains.

I confess I have attempted a slight sketch, in one of the persons represented, of a gentleman and a patriot;—and I conceive there is a strong relationship between the two. He loves the land that bore him—and so did most of the great spirits recorded in history. His own mental cultivation, while it yields him personal enjoyment, teaches him not to treat with contumely inferior men. Though he has courage to protect his honor, he is not deficient in conscience to feel for the consequences; and when opportunity offers the means of

*amende*, it is embraced. In a word, I wish it to be believed that, while there are knaves, and fools, and villains in Ireland, as in other parts of the world, honest, intelligent, and noble spirits are there as well.

I cannot conclude without offering my sincere thanks for the cordial manner in which my serial offering has been received by the public and noticed by the critical press, whose valuable columns have been so often opened to it in quotation; and, when it is considered how large an amount of intellect is employed in this particular department of literature, the highest names might be proud of such recognition.

SAMUEL LOVER.

CHARLES STREET, BERNERS STREET, LONDON.

### CHAPTER I.

ANDY ROONEY was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way; disappointment waited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends: so the nickname the neighbors stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

Andy's entrance into this world was quite in character with his after achievements, for he was nearly the death of his mother. She survived, however, to have herself almost clawed to death while her darling babby was in arms, for he would not take his nourishment from the parent fount unless he had one of his little red fists twisted into his mother's hair, which he dragged till he made her roar; while he diverted the pain by scratching her till the blood came, with the other. Nevertheless she swore he was “the loveliest and sweetest craythur the sun ever shined upon;” and when he was able to run about and wield a little stick, and smash everything breakable belonging to her, she only praised his precocious powers, and used to ask, “Did ever any one see a darlin' of his age handle a stick so bowld as he did?”

Andy grew up in mischief and the admiration of his mammy; but, to do him justice, he never meant harm in the course of his life, and was most anxious to offer his services on all occasions to those who would accept



them; but *they* were only the persons who had not already proved Andy's peculiar powers.

There was a farmer hard by in this happy state of ignorance, named Owen Doyle, or, as he was familiarly called, *Owny na Coppal*, or, "Owen of the Horses," because he bred many of these animals, and sold them at the neighboring fairs; and Andy one day offered his services to Owny when he was in want of some one to drive up a horse to his house from a distant "bottom," as low grounds by a river side are always called in Ireland.

"Oh, he's wild, Andy, and you'd never be able to ketch him," said Owny.

"Throth, an' I'll engage I'll ketch him if you'll let me go. I never seen the horse I couldn't ketch sir," said Andy.

"Why, you little sprid-hogue, if he took to runnin' over the long bottom, it 'ud be more than a day's work for you to folly him."

"Oh, but he won't run."

"Why won't he run?"

"Bekaze I won't make him run."

"How can you help it?"

"I'll soother him."

"Well, you're a willin' brat, anyhow; and so go, and God speed you!" said Owny.

"Just gi' me a wisp o' hay an' a han'ful iv oats," said Andy, "if I should have to coax him."

"Sartinly," said Owny, who entered the stable and came forth with the articles required by Andy, and a halter for the horse also.

"Now, take care," said Owny, "that you're able to ride that horse if you get on him."

"Oh, never fear, sir. I can ride owld Lanty Gubbins's mule better nor any o' the other boys on the common, and he couldn't throw me th' other day, though he kicked the shoes av him."

"After that you may ride anything," said Owny: and indeed it was true; for Lanty's mule, which fed on the common, being ridden sliely by all the young vagabonds in the neighborhood, had become such an adept in the art of getting rid of his troublesome customers that it might be well considered a feat to stick on him.

"Now, take grate care of him, Andy, my boy," said the farmer.

"Don't be afeard, sir," said Andy, who started on his errand in that peculiar pace which is elegantly called a "sweep's trot;" and as the river lay between Owny Doyle's and the bottom, and was too deep for Andy to ford at that season, he went round by Dinny Dowling's mill, where a small wooden bridge crossed the stream.

Here he thought he might as well secure the assistance of Pauden, the miller's son, to help him in catching the horse; so he looked about the place until he found him, and, telling him the errand on which he was going, said, "If you like to come wid me, we can both have a ride." This was temptation sufficient for

Pauden, and the boys proceeded together to the bottom, and they were not long in securing the horse. When they had got the halter over his head, "Now," said Andy, "give me a lift on him;" and accordingly, by Pauden's catching Andy's left foot in both his hands clasped together in the fashion of a stirrup, he hoisted his friend on the horse's back; and, as soon as he was secure there, Master Pauden, by the aid of Andy's hand, contrived to scramble up after him; upon which Andy applied his heels to the horse's side with many vigorous kicks, and crying "hur-rup!" at the same time, endeavored to stimulate Owny's steed into something of a pace as he turned his head towards the mill.

"Sure aren't you going to crass the river?" said Pauden.

"No, I'm going to lave you at home."

"Oh, I'd rather go up to Owny's, and it's the shortest way across the river."

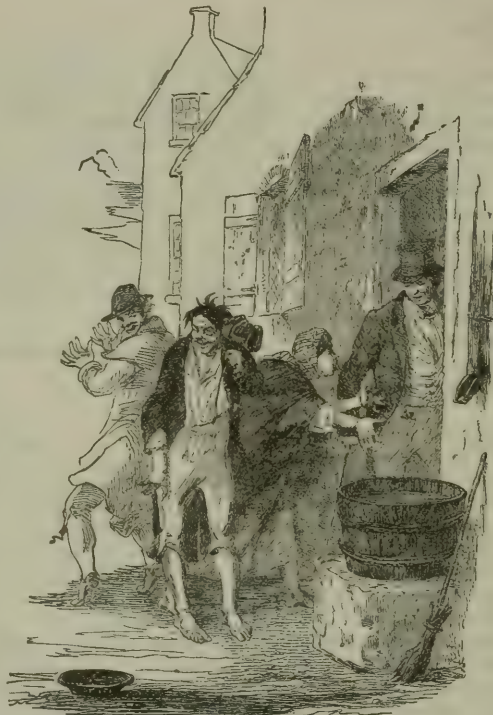
"Yes, but I don't like."

"Is it afeard you are?" said Pauden.

"Not I, indeed," said Andy; though it was really the fact, for the width of the stream startled him; "but Owny towld me to take grate care o' the baste, and I'm loth to wet his feet!"

"Go 'long wid you, you fool! what harm would it do him? Sure he's neither sugar nor salt, that he'd melt!"

"Well, I won't anyhow," said Andy, who by this time had got the horse into a good high trot, that shook every word of argument out of Pauden's body; besides, it was as much as the boys could do to keep their



*Andy's Introduction to the Squire.*

seats on Owny's Bucephalus, who was not long in reaching the miller's bridge. Here voice and halter were employed to pull him in, that he might cross the narrow wooden structure at a quiet pace. But whether his double load had given him the idea of double exertion, or that the pair of legs on each side sticking into his flanks (and perhaps the horse was ticklish), made him go the faster, we know not; but the horse charged the bridge as if an Enniskilliner were on his back, and an enemy before him; and in two minutes his hoofs clattered like thunder on the bridge, that did not bend beneath him. No, it did *not* bend, but it broke; proving the falsehood of the boast, "I may break, but I won't bend;" for, after all, the really strong may bend, and be as strong as ever: it is the unsound, that has only the seeming strength, which breaks at last when it resists too long.

Surprising was the spin the young equestrians took over the ears of the horse, enough to make all the artists of Astley's envious; and plump they went into the river, where each formed his own ring, and executed some comical "scenes in the circle," which were suddenly changed to evolutions on the "flying cord" that Dinny Dowling threw the performers, which became suddenly converted into a "tight rope" as he called the *voltigeurs* out of the water; and for fear their blood might be chilled by the accident, he gave them both an enormous thrashing with the *dry* end of the rope, just to restore circulation; and his exertions, had they been witnessed, would have charmed the Humane Society.

As for the horse, his legs stuck through the bridge, as though he had been put in a *chiroplast*, and he went playing away on the water with considerable execution, as if he were accompanying himself in the song which he was squealing at the top of his voice. Half the saws, hatchets, ropes, and poles in the parish were put in requisition immediately; and the horse's first lesson in *chiroplastic* exercise was performed with no other loss than some skin and a good deal of hair. Of course Andy did not venture on taking Owny's horse home; so the miller sent him to his owner with an account of the accident. Andy for years kept out of Owny na Coppel's way: and at any time that his presence was troublesome, the inconvenienced party had only to say, "Isn't that Owny na Coppel coming this way?" and Andy fled for his life.

When Andy grew up to be what in country parlance is called "a brave lump of a boy," his mother thought he was old enough to do something for himself; so she took him one day along with her to the squire's, and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house, among a crowd of beggars and great lazy dogs that were thrusting their heads into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door until chance might give her "a sight o' the squire afore he wint out or afore he wint in;" and, after spending her entire day in this idle way, at last the squire made his appearance, and Judy presented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead,

making his obeisance to the squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the "handiest craythur alive—and so willin'—nothin' comes wrong to him."

"I suppose the English of all this is, you want me to take him?" said the squire.

"Throth, an' your honor, that's just it—if your honor would be plazed."

"What can he do?"

"Anything, your honor."

"That means *nothing*, I suppose," said the squire.

"Oh, no, sir. Everything, I mane, that you would desire him to do."

To every one of these assurances on his mother's part, Andy made a bow and a scrape.

"Can he take care of horses?"

"The best of care, sir," said the mother; while the miller, who was standing behind the squire waiting for orders, made a grimace at Andy, who was obliged to cram his face into his hat to hide the laugh which he could hardly smother from being heard as well as seen.

"Let him come, then, and help in the stables, and we'll see what he can do."

"May the Lord—"

"That'll do—there, now go."

"Oh, sure, but I'll pray for you, and—"

"Will you go?"

"And may angels make your honor's bed this blessed night, I pray?"

"If you don't go, your son shan't come."

Judy and her hopeful boy turned to the right around in double-quick time, and hurried down the avenue.

The next day Andy was duly installed into his office of stable-helper; and, as he was a good rider, he was soon made whipper-in to the hounds, as there was a want of such a functionary in the establishment; and Andy's boldness in this capacity made him soon a favorite with the squire, who was one of those rollicking boys on the pattern of the old school who scorned the attentions of a regular valet, and let any one that chance threw in his way bring him his boots, or his hot water for shaving, or his coat, whenever it *was* brushed. One morning, Andy, who was very often the attendant on such occasions, came to his room with hot water. He tapped at the door.

"Who's that?" said the squire, who was but just risen, and did not know but it might be one of the women servants.

"It's me, sir."

"Oh—Andy! Come in."

"Here's the hot wather, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what the d—l brings that tin can here? You might as well bring the stable-bucket."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, retreating. In two minutes more Andy came back, and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously, and said, "The maids in the kitchen, your honor, says there's not so much hot wather ready."

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hands?"



"Yes, sir; but that's not nigh the full o' the stable-bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief! and get me some hot water directly."

"Will the can do, sir?"

"Ay, anything, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can.

"Where'll I put it, sir?"

"Throw this out," said the squire, handing Andy a jug containing cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with hot.

Andy took the jug, and the window of the room being open, he very deliberately threw the jug out. The squire started with wonder, and at last said:

"What did you do that for?"

"Sure you *would* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick-headed villain!" said the squire, throwing his boots at Andy's head, along with some very neat curses. Andy retreated, and thought himself a very ill-used person.

Though Andy's regular business was "whipper-in," yet he was liable to be called on for the performance of various other duties; he sometimes attended at table when the number of guests required that all the subs should be put in requisition, or rode on some distant errand for "the mistress," or drove out the nurse and children on the jaunting-car; and many were the mistakes, delays, or accidents arising from Handy Andy's interference in such matters; but, as they were seldom serious, and generally laughable, they never cost him the loss of his place or the squire's favor, who rather enjoyed Andy's blunders.

The first time Andy was admitted into the mysteries of the dining-room great was his wonder. The butler took him in to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the assembled glass and plate that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him. After the head man had been dinning his instructions into him for some time, he said he might go, until his attendance was required. But Andy moved not; he stood with his eyes fixed by a sort of fascination on some object that seemed to rivet them with the same unaccountable influence which the rattlesnake exercises over its victim.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.

"Them things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.

"Oh, no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

"What things do you mean?"

"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well!" said Andy, after a long pause, "the divil be from me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before!"

The butler laughed a horse-laugh, and made a standing joke of Andy's split spoon; but time and expe-

rience made Andy less impressed with wonder at the show of plate and glass, and the split spoons became familiar as "household words" to him; yet still there were things in the duties of table attendance beyond Andy's comprehension—he used to hand cold plates for fish and hot plates for jelly, etc. But "one day," as Zanga says—"one day" he was thrown off his centre in a remarkable degree by a bottle of soda-water.

It was when that combustible was first introduced into Ireland as a dinner beverage that the occurrence took place, and Andy had the luck to be the person to whom a gentleman applied for some soda-water.

"Sir?" said Andy.

"Soda-water," said the guest, in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner-table.

Andy went to the butler. "Mr. Morgan, there's a gentleman——"

"Let me alone, will you?" said Mr. Morgan.

Andy manœuvred round him a little longer, and again essayed to be heard.

"Mr. Morgan!"

"Don't you see I'm as busy as I can be? Can't you do it yourself?"

"I dunna what he wants."

"Well, go and ax him," said Mr. Morgan.

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well," said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but what's this you ax'd me for?"

"Soda-water."

"What, sir?"

"Soda-water; but perhaps you have not any."

"Oh, there's plenty in the house, sir! Would you like it hot, sir?"

The gentleman laughed, and supposing the new fashion was not understood in the present company said, "Never mind."

But Andy was too anxious to please to be so satisfied, and again applied to Mr. Morgan.

"Sir!" said he.

"Bad luck to you! can't you let me alone?"

"There's a gentleman wants some soap and wather."

"Some what?"

"Soap and wather, sir."

"Divil sweep you! Soda-wather, you mane. You'll get it under the sideboard."

"Is it the can, sir?"

"The curse o' Crum'll on you!—in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of ale.

"No, bad cess to you!—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"

"I wish *you* wor in the bottom o' the say!" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with a napkin, as he was hurrying to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was "like bad luck,—everywhere."

"There they are!" said Morgan, at last.

"Oh! them bottles that won't stand," said Andy;

"sure them's what I said, with no bottoms to them. How'll I open it?—it's tied down."

"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired; and he happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which, performing its parabola the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table, while the hostess at the head had a cold-bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length; every fizz it made, exclaiming "Ow!—ow!—ow!" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh, Lord!—it's all gone!"

Great was the commotion;—few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were relighted,—the squire got his eye open again,—and, the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" but, within the same instant, resumed the former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.

Andy was expelled the *salle a manger* in disgrace, and for days kept out of his master's and mistress's way: in the meantime the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and, when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for "soap and water," Andy was given the name of "Suds," and was called by no other for months after.

But, though Andy's functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-doors affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

"Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me," said the squire one day to our hero.

"Yis, sir."

"You know where to go?"

"To the town, sir."

"But do you know where to go in the town?"

"No, sir."

"And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?"

"Sure I'd find out, sir."

"Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do, when you don't know?"

"Yes, sir."

"And why don't you?"

"I don't like to be troublesome, sir."

"Confound you!" said the squire; though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

"Well," continued he, "go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; where they sell gunpowdher."

"You're right for once," said the squire; for his Majesty's postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. "Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember—not gunpowder, but a letter."

"Yes, sir," said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimlets, broad-cloth, and linen-drapery), Andy presented himself at the counter, and said:

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"Who do you want it for?" said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life: so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

"I want a letther, sir, if you plaze."

"And who do want it for?" repeated the postmaster.

"What's that to you?" said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the direction.

"The directions I got was to get a letther here,—that's the directions."

"Who gave you those directions?"

"The masher."

"And who's your master?"

"What consarn is that o' yours?"

"Why, your stupid rascal! If you don't tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?"

"You could give it, if you liked; but you're fond of axin' impidint questions, bekaze you think I'm simple."

"Go along out o' this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself to send such a messenger."

"Bad luck to your impidince," said Andy; "is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?"

"Oh, Squire Egan's your master, then?"

"Yis; have you anything to say agin it?"

"Only that I never saw you before."

"Faith, then you'll never see me agin if I have my own consint."

"I won't give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you're his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?"

"Plenty," said Andy, "it's not every one is as ignorant as you."

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire's letter.

"Have you one for me?"

"Yes, sir," said the postmaster, producing one,—  
"fourpence."

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

"Here's a letter for the squire," said the postmaster, "you've to pay me elevenpence postage."

"What 'nd I pay elevenpence for?"

"For postage."

"To the devil wid you! Didn't I see you give Mr.



Durfy a letther for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letther than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I'm a fool?"

"No; but I'm sure of it," said the postmaster.

"Well, you're welkim to be sure, sure;—but don't be delayin' me now; here's fourpence for you, and gi' me the letther."

"Go along, you stupid thief," said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying, "Will you gi' me the letther?"

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster, and at last left, when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man; for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the meantime was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

"There is, sir," said Andy.

"Then give it to me."

"I haven't it, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"He wouldn't give it to me, sir."

"Who wouldn't give it to you?"

"That owld chate beyant in the town,—wanting to charge double for it."

"Maybe it's a double letter. Why the devil didn't you pay what he asked, sir?"

"Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It's not a double letther at all: not above half the size o' one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence."

"You'll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun! and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter."

"Why, sir, I tell you he was sellin' them before my face for fourpence a-piece."

"Go back, you scoundrel! or I'll horsewhip you; and if you're longer than an hour, I'll have you ducked in the horsepond!"

Andy vanished, and made a second visit to the post-office. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each, from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

"I'm come for that letther," said Andy.

"I'll attend to you by-and-by."

"The masther's in a hurry."

"Let him wait till his hurry's over."

"He'll murder me if I'm not back soon."

"I'm glad to hear it."

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for dispatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco

was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap, and, having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and, in triumph at his trick on the postmaster, rattle along the road as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand, which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, "Look at that!" he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying:

"Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money, anyhow!"

## CHAPTER II.

ANDY walked out of the room with an air of supreme triumph, having laid the letters on the table, and left the squire staring after him in perfect amazement.

"Well, by the powers! that's the most extraordinary genius I ever came across," was the soliloquy the master uttered as the servant closed the door after him; and the squire broke the seal of the letter that Andy's blundering had so long delayed. It was from his law-agent, on the subject of an expected election in the county which would occur in case of the demise of the then-sitting member;—it ran thus:

*"Dublin, Thursday.*

"MY DEAR SQUIRE,—I am making all possible exertions to have every and the earliest information on the subject of the election. I say the election,—because, though the seat for the county is not yet vacant, it is impossible but that it must soon be so. Any other man than the present member must have died long ago; but Sir Timothy Trimmer has been so undecided all his life that he cannot at present make up his mind to die; and it is only by Death himself giving the casting vote that the question can be decided. The writ for the vacant county is expected to arrive by every mail, and in the meantime I am on the alert for information. You know we are sure of the barony of Ballysloughthery, and the boys of Killanmaul will murder any one that dares to give a vote against you. We are sure of Knockdoughty also, and the very pigs in Glanamuck would return you; but I must put you on your guard in one point where you least expected to be betrayed. You told me you were sure of Neck-or-nothing Hall; but I can tell you you're out there; for the master of the aforesaid is working heaven, earth, ocean, and all the little fishes, in the other interest; for he is so over head and ears in debt that he is looking out for a pension, and hopes to get one by giving his interest to the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrains, who sits for the borough of Old Gooseberry at present, but whose friends think his talents are worthy of a county.

If Sack wins, Neck-or-nothing gets a pension—that's *poz*. I had it from the best authority. I lodge at a milliner's here;—no matter; more when I see you. But don't be afraid; we'll bag Sack, and distance Neck-or-nothing. But seriously speaking, it's too good a joke that O Grady should use you in this manner, who have been so kind to him in money matters: but, as the old song says, 'Poverty parts good company;' and he is so cursed poor that he can't afford to know you any longer, now that you have lent him all the money you had, and the pension *in prospectu* is too much for his feelings. I'll be down with you again as soon as I can, for I hate the diabolical town as I do poison. They have altered Stephen's Green—ruined it, I should say. They have taken away the big ditch that was round it, where I used to hunt water-rats when a boy. They are destroying the place with their d—d improvements. All the dogs are well, I hope, and my favorite bitch. Remember me to Mrs. Egan, whom all admire.

"My dear squire,

"Yours per quire,

"MURTOUGH MURPHY.

"To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale."

Murtough Murphy was a great character, as may be guessed from his letter. He was a country attorney of good practice;—good, because he could not help it,—for he was a clever, ready-witted fellow, up to all sorts of trap, and one in whose hands a cause was very safe; therefore he had plenty of clients without his seeking them. For, if Murtough's practice had depended on his looking for it, he might have made broth of his own parchment; for, though to all intents and purposes a good attorney, he was so full of fun and fond of amusement that it was only by dint of the business being thrust upon him he was so extensive a practitioner. He loved a good bottle, a good hunt, a good joke, and a good song, as well as any fellow in Ireland; and even when he was obliged in the way of business to press a gentleman hard,—to hunt his man to the death,—he did it so good-humoredly that his very victim could not be angry with him. As for those he served, he was their prime favorite; there was nothing they could want to be done in the parchment line that Murtough would not find out some way of doing; and he was so pleasant a fellow that he shared in the hospitality of all the best tables in the county. He kept good horses, was on every race-ground within twenty miles, and a steeple-chase was no steeple-chase without him. Then he betted freely, and, what's more, won his bets very generally; but no one found fault with him for that, and he took your money with such a good grace, and mostly gave you a *bon-mot* in exchange for it,—so that, next to winning the money yourself, you were glad it was won by Murtough Murphy.

The squire read his letter two or three times, and made his comments as he proceeded. "'Working heaven and earth to,—ha—so, that's the work O'Grady's at—that's old friendship,—foul—foul; and after all the money I lent him too;—he'd better take care—I'll be down on him if he plays false;—not that I'd like that

much either;—but—let's see who's this is coming down to oppose me?—Sack Scatterbrain—the biggest fool from this to himself;—the fellow can't ride a bit,—a pretty member for a sporting county! 'I lodge at a milliner's'—divil doubt you, Murtough; I'll engage you do.—Bad luck to him!—he'd rather be fooling away his time in a back-parlor, behind a bonnet-shop, than minding the interests of the county. 'Pension'—ha!—wants it, sure enough;—take care, O'Grady, or by the powers I'll be at you.—You may baulk all the bailiffs, and defy any other man to serve you with a writ; but, by jingo! if I take the matter in hand, I'll be bound I'll get it done. 'Stephen's Green—big ditch—where I used to hunt water-rats.' Divil sweep you, Murphy, you'd rather be hunting water-rats any day than minding your business.—He's a clever fellow, for all that. 'Favorite bitch—Mrs. Egan.' Ay! there's the end of it—with his bit o' po'thry too! The divil!"

The squire threw down the letter, and then his eye caught the other two that Andy had purloined.

"More of that stupid blackguard's work!—robbing the mail—no less!—that fellow will be hanged some time or other. Egad, maybe they'll hang him for this! What's best to be done?—Maybe it will be the safest way to see who they are for, and send them to the parties, and request they will say nothing: that's it."

The squire here took up the letters that lay before him, to read their superscriptions; and the first he turned over was directed to Gustavus Granby O Grady, Esq., Neck-or-Nothing Hall, Knockbotherum. This was what is called a curious coincidence. Just as he had been reading all about O Grady's intended treachery to him, here was a letter to that individual, and with the Dublin post-mark, too, and a very grand seal.

The squire examined the arms, and, though not versed in the mysteries of heraldry, he thought he remembered enough of most of the arms he had seen to say that this armorial bearing was a strange one to him. He turned the letter over and over again, and looked at it, back and front, with an expression in his face that said, as plain as countenance could speak, "I'd give a trifle to know what is inside of this." He looked at the seal again: "Here's a—goose. I think it is, sitting in a bowl, with cross-bars on it, and a spoon in its mouth; like the fellow that owns it, maybe. A goose with a silver spoon in his mouth! Well, here's the gable-end of a house, and a bird sitting on the top of it. Could it be Sparrow? There's a fellow called Sparrow, an under-secretary at the Castle. D—n it! I wish I knew what it's about."

The squire threw down the letter as he said "D—n it!" but took it up again in a few seconds, and catching it edgewise between his forefinger and thumb, gave a gentle pressure that made the letter gape at its extremities, and then, exercising that sidelong glance which is peculiar to postmasters, waiting-maids, and magpies who inspect marrow-bones, peeped into the interior of the epistle, saying to himself as he did so, "All's fair in war, and why not in electioneering?" His face, which was screwed up to the sentinizing pucker, gradually lengthened as he caught some words that were on



the last turn over of the sheet, and so could be read thoroughly, and his brow darkened into the deepest frown as he scanned these lines: "As you very properly and pungently remark, poor Egan is a spoon—a mere spoon." "Am I a spoon, you rascal?" said the squire, tearing the letter into pieces, and throwing it into the fire. "And so, *Misther* O'Grady, you say I'm a spoon!" and the blood of the Egans rose as the head of that pugnacious family strode up and down the room: "I'll spoon you, my buck,—I'll settle your hash! maybe I'm a spoon you'll sup sorrow with yet!"

Here he took up the poker, and made a very angry lunge at the fire, that did not want stirring, and there he beheld the letter blazing merrily away. He dropped the poker as if he had caught it by the hot end, as he exclaimed, "What the d—l shall I do? I've burnt the letter!" This threw the squire into a fit of what he was wont to call his "considering cap;" and he sat with his feet on the fender for some minutes, occasionally muttering to himself what he began with,—"What the d—l shall I do? It's all owing to that infernal Andy—I'll murder that fellow some time or other. If he hadn't brought it I shouldn't have seen it—to be sure, if I hadn't looked; but then the temptation—a man couldn't have withstood it. Confound it! what a stupid trick to burn it. Another here, too—must burn that as well, and say nothing about either of them;" and he took up the second letter, and merely looking at the address threw it into the fire. He then rang the bell, and desired Andy to come to him. As soon as that ingenious individual made his appearance the squire desired him with peculiar emphasis to shut the door, and then opened upon him with:

"You unfortunate rascal!"

"Yis, your honor."

"Do you know that you might be hanged for what you did to-day?"

"What did I do, sir?"

"You robbed the post-office."

"How did I rob it, sir?"

"You took two letters you had no right to."

"It's no robbery for a man to get the worth of his money."

"Will you hold your tongue, you stupid villain? I'm not joking; you absolutely might be hanged for robbing the post-office."

"Sure, I didn't know there was any harm in what I done; and for that matter, sure, if they're sich wonderful value, can't I go back again wid 'em?"

"No, you thief. I hope you have not said a word to any one about it."

"Not the sign of a word passed my lips about it."

"You're sure?"

"Sartin."

"Take care, then, that you never open your mouth to mortal about it, or you'll be hanged, as sure as your name is Andy Rooney."

"Oh, at that rate I never will. But maybe your honor thinks I ought to be hanged?"

"No—because you did not intend to do a wrong

thing; but, only I take pity on you, I could hang you to-morrow for what you have done."

"Thank you, sir."

"I've burnt the letters, so no one can know anything about the business unless you tell on yourself; so remember, not a word."

"Faith, I'll be as dumb as the dumb baste."

"Go, now; and, once for all, remember you'll be hanged so sure as you ever mention one word about this affair."

Andy made a bow and a scrape and left the squire, who hoped the secret was safe. He then took a ruminating walk round the pleasure grounds, revolving plans of retaliation upon his false friend O'Grady; and having determined to put the most severe and sudden measure of the law in force against him for the moneys in which he was indebted to him, he only awaited the arrival of Murtough Murphy from Dublin to execute his vengeance. Having settled this in his own mind he became more content, and said, with a self-satisfied nod of the head, "We'll see who's the spoon."

In a few days Murtough Murphy returned from Dublin, and to Merryvale he immediately proceeded. The squire opened to him directly his intention of commencing hostile law proceedings against O'Grady, and asked what most summary measures could be put in practice against him.

"Oh! various, various, my dear squire," said Murphy; "but I don't see any great use in doing so *yet*—he has not openly avowed himself."

"But does he not intend to coalesce with the other party?"

"I believe so, that is, if he's to get the pension."

"Well, and that's as good as done, you know; for if they want him, the pension is easily managed."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"Why, they're as plenty as blackberries."

"Very true; but, you see, Lord Gobblestown swallows all the pensions for his own family; and there are a great many complaints in the market against him for plucking that blackberry-bush very bare indeed: and unless Sack Scatterbrain has swingeing interest, the pension may not be such an easy thing."

"But still O'Grady has shown himself not my friend."

"My dear squire, don't be so hot: he has not *shown* himself yet—"

"Well, but he means it."

"My dear squire, you oughtn't to jump a conclusion like a twelve-foot drain or a five-bar gate."

"Well, he's a blackguard."

"Not denying it; and therefore keep him on your side, if you can, or he'll be a troublesome customer on the other."

"I'll keep no terms with him—I'll slap at him directly. What can you do that's wickedest?—latitat, capias—fee-faw-fum, or whatever you call it?"

"Hollo! squire, you're overrunning your game: may be, after all, he *won't* join the Scatterbrains, and—"

"I tell you it's no matter; he intends doing it, and that's all the same. I'll slap at him—I'll blister him."

Murtough Murphy wondered at this blind fury of the

squire, who, being a good-humored and good-natured fellow in general, puzzled the attorney the more by his present manifest malignity against O'Grady. But he had not seen the turn-over of the letter; he had not seen "spoon"—the real and secret cause of the "war to the knife" spirit which was kindled in the squire's breast.

"Of course you can do what you please; but, if you'd take a friend's advice——"

"I tell you I'll blister him."

"He certainly *bled* you very freely."

"I'll blister him, I tell you, and that smart. Lose no time, Murphy, my boy: let loose the dogs of law on him, and harass him till he'd wish the d—l had him."

"Just as you like; but——"

"I'll have it my own way, I tell you; so say no more."

"I'll commence against him at once then, as you wish it; but it's no use, for you know very well that it will be impossible to serve him."

"Let me alone for that! I'll be bound I'll get fellows to get the inside of him."

"Why, his house is barricaded like a jail, and he has dogs enough to bait all the bulls in the country."

"No matter; just send me the blister for him, and I'll engage I'll stick it on him."

"Very well, squire; you shall have the blister as soon as it can be got ready. I'll tell you whenever you may send over to me for it, and your messenger shall have it hot and warm for him. Good-bye, squire!"

"Good b'ye, Murphy!—lose no time."

"In the twinkling of a bed-post. Are you going to Tom Durfy's steeple-chase?"

"I'm not sure."

"I've a bet on it. Did you see the Widow Flanagan lately? You didn't? They say Tom's pushing it strong there. The widow has money, you know, and Tom does it all for the love o' God; for you know, squire, there are two things God hates—a coward and poor man. Now, Tom's no coward; and, that he may be sure of the love o' God on the other score, he's making up to the widow; and, as he's a slashing fellow, she's nothing loth, and, for fear of any one cutting him out, Tom keeps as sharp a look-out after her as she does after him. He's fierce on it, and looks pistols on any one that attempts putting his *comether* on the widow, while she looks 'as soon as you please,' as plain as an optical lecture can enlighten the heart of man: in short, Tom's all ram's horns, and the widow all sheep's eyes. Good-bye, squire!" And Murtough put spurs to his horse and cantered down the avenue, whistling the last popular tune.

Andy was sent over to Murtough Murphy's for the law process at the appointed time; and, as he had to pass through the village, Mrs. Egan desired him to call at the apothecary's for some medicine that was prescribed for one of the children.

"What'll I ax for, ma'am?"

"I'd be sorry to trust to you, Andy for remembering. Here's the prescription; take great care of it, and Mr. McGarry will give you something to bring back; and mind, if it's a powder,——"

"Is it gunpowdher, ma'am?"

"No—you stupid—will you listen—I say, if it's a powder, don't let it get wet, as you did the sugar the other day."

"No ma'am."

"And if it's a bottle, don't break it as you did the last."

"No, ma'am."

"And make haste."

"Yis, ma'am;" and off went Andy.

In going through the village he forgot to leave the prescription at the apothecary's, and pushed on for the attorney's: there he saw Murtough Murphy, who handed him the law process, inclosed in a cover, with a note to the squire.

"Have you been doing anything very clever lately, Andy?" said Murtough.

"I don't know, sir," said Andy.

"Did you shoot any one with soda-water since I saw you last?"

Andy grinned.

"Did you kill any more dogs lately, Andy?"

"Faix, you're too hard on me, sir: sure I never killed but one dog and that was an accident——"

"An accident!—Curse your impudence, you thief! Do you think, if you killed one of the pack on purpose, we wouldn't cut the very heart out o' you with our hunting-whips?"

"Faith, I wouldn't doubt you, sir; but, sure, how could I help that divil of a mare runnin' away wid me, and thrampin' the dogs?"

"Why didn't you hold her, you thief?"

"Hould her, indeed!—you just might as well expect to stop fire among flax as that one."

"Well, be off with you now, Andy, and take care of what I gave you for the squire."

"Oh, never fear, sir," said Andy, as he turned his horse's head homeward. He stopped at the apothecary's in the village, to execute his commission for the "mishis." On telling the son of Galen that he wanted some physie "for one o' the childre up at the big house," the dispenser of the healing art asked *what* physie he wanted.

"Faith, I dunna what physie."

"What's the matter with the child?"

"He's sick, sir."

"I suppose so, indeed, or you wouldn't be sent for medicine. You're always making some blunder. You come here, and don't know what description of medicine is wanted."

"Don't I?" said Andy with a great air.

"No, you don't, you omadhaun!" said the apothecary.

Andy fumbled in his pockets, and could not lay hold of the paper his mistress intrusted him with until he had emptied them thoroughly of their contents upon the counter of the shop, and then taking the prescription from the collection, he said, "So you tell me I don't know the description of the physie I'm to get. Now, you see you're out; for *that's* the description." And he slapped the counter impressively with his hand as he threw down the recipe before the apothecary.



While the medicine was in the course of preparation for Andy, he commenced restoring to his pockets the various parcels he had taken from them in hunting for the recipe. Now, it happened that he had laid them down close beside some articles that were compounded, and sealed up for going out, on the apothecary's counter; and as the law process which Andy had received from Murtough Murphy chanced to resemble in form another inclosure that lay beside it, containing a blister, Andy, under the influence of his peculiar genius, popped the blister into his pocket instead of the packet which had been confided to him by the attorney, and having obtained the necessary medicine from M'Garry, rode home with great self-complacency that he had not forgot to do a single thing that had been intrusted to him. "I'm all right this time," said Andy to himself.

Scarcely had he left the apothecary's shop when another messenger alighted at its door, and asked "If Squire O'Grady's thing are ready?"

"There they are," said the innocent M'Garry, pointing to the bottles, boxes, and blister, he had made up and laid aside, little dreaming that the blister had been exchanged for a law process: and Squire Grady's own messenger popped into his pocket the legal instrument, that it was as much as any seven men's lives were worth to bring within gun-shot of Neck-or-Nothing Hall.

Home he went, and the sound of the old gate creaking on its hinges at the entrance to the avenue awoke the deep-mouthed dogs around the house, who rushed infuriate to the spot to devour the unholy intruder on the peace and privacy of the patrician O'Grady; but they recognized the old gray hack and his rider, and quietly wagged their tails and trotted back, and licked their lips at the thoughts of the bailiff they had hoped to eat. The door of Neck-or-Nothing Hall was carefully unbarred and unchained, and the nurse-tender was handed the parcel from the apothecary's and reascended to the sick-room with slippers on as quietly as she could; for the renowned O'Grady was, according to her account, "as cross as two sticks;" and she protested, furthermore, "that her heart was gray with him."

Whenever O'Grady was in a bad humor, he had a strange fashion of catching at some word that either he himself, or those with whom he spoke, had uttered, and after often repeating it, or rather mumbling it over in his mouth as if he were chewing it, off he started into a canter of ridiculous rhymes to the aforesaid word, and sometimes one of these rhymes would suggest a new idea, or some strange association, which had the oldest effect possible; and to increase the absurdity, the jingle was gone through with as much solemnity as if he were indulging in a deep and interesting reverie, so that it was difficult to listen without laughing, which might prove a serious matter, when O'Grady was in one of his *tantarums*, as his wife used to call them.

Mrs. O'Grady was near the bed of the sick man as the nurse-tender entered.

"Here's the things for your honor now," said she in her most soothing tone.

"I wish the d—l had you and them!" said O'Grady.

"Gusty, dear!" said his wife. (She might have said stormy instead of gusty.)

"Oh! they'll do you good, your honor," said the nurse-tender, curtsying, and uncorking bottles, and opening a pill-box.

O'Grady made a face at the pill-box, and repeated the word "pills," several times, with an expression of extreme disgust—"Pills—pills—kills—wills—aye—make your wills—make them—take them—shake them. When taken—to be well shaken—show me that bottle."

The nurse-tender handed a phial, which O'Grady shook violently.

"Curse them all," said the squire. "A pretty thing to have a gentleman's body made a perfect sink for these blackguard doctors and apothecaries to pour their dirty drugs into—fahg!—drugs—mugs—jugs!"—he shook the phial again, and looked through it.

"Isn't it nice and pink, darlin'?" said the nurse-tender.

"Pink!"—said O'Grady, eyeing her askance, as if he could have eaten her. "Pink—you old besom—pink—" he uncorked the phial and put it to his nose. "Pink—phew!" and he repeated a rhyme to pink which would not look well in print.

"Now, sir, dear, there's a little blisther just to go on your chest—if you please—"

"A what?"

"A warm plaster, dear."

"A blister you said, you old devil!"

"Well, sure, it's something to relieve you."

The squire gave a deep growl, and his wife put in the usual appeal of "Gusty, dear!"

"Hold your tongue, will you? how would you like it? I wish you had it on your—"

"'Deed-an-deed, dear,—"

"By the 'tarnal war! if you say another word, i'll throw the jug at you!"

"And there's a nice d'rop o' gruel I have on the fire for you," said the nurse, pretending not to mind the rising anger of the squire, as she stirred the gruel with one hand, while with the other she marked herself with the sign of the cross, and said in a mumbling manner, "God presarve us! he's the most cantankerous Christian I ever kem across!"

"Show me that infernal thing!" said the squire.

"What thing, dear?"

"You know well enough, you old hag!—that blackguard blister!"

"Here it is, dear. Now, just open the *brust* o' your shirt, and let me put it an you."

"Give it into my hand here, and let me see it."

"Sartinly, sir; but I think, if you'd let me just—"

"Give it to me, I tell you!" said the squire, in a tone so fierce that the nurse paused in her unfolding of the packet, and handed it with fear and trembling to the already indignant O'Grady. But it is only imagination can figure the outrageous fury of the squire, when, on

opening the envelope with his own hand, he beheld the law process before him. There, in the heart of his castle, with his bars, and bolts, and bull-dogs, and blunderbusses around him, he was served,—absolutely served,—and he had no doubt the nurse-tender was bribed to betray him.

A roar and a jump up in his bed first startled his wife into terror, and put the nurse on the defensive.

"You infernal old strap!" shouted he, as he clutched up a handful of bottles on the table near him and flung them at the nurse, who was near the fire at the time; and she whipped the pot of gruel from the grate, and converted it into a means of defense against the phial-pelting storm.

Mrs. O'Grady rolled herself up in the bed-curtains, while the nurse screeched "murther!" and, at last, when O'Grady saw that bottles were of no avail, he scrambled out of bed, shouting, "Where's my blunderbuss!" and the nurse-tender, while he endeavored to get it down from the rack, where it was suspended over the mantel-piece, bolted out of the door, which she locked on the outside, and ran to the most remote corner of the house for shelter.

In the meantime, how fared it at Merryvale? Andy returned with his parcel for the squire, and his note from Murtough Murphy, which ran thus:

"MY DEAR SQUIRE,—I send you the *blister* for O'Grady, as you insist on it; but I think you won't find it easy to serve him with it.

"Your obedient and obliged,

"MURTOUGH MURPHY.

"To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale."

The squire opened the cover, and when he saw a real instead of a figurative blister, grew crimson with rage. He could not speak for some minutes, his indignation was so excessive. "So!" said he, at last, "Mr. Murtough Murphy—you think to cut your jokes with me, do you? By all that's sacred! I'll cut such a joke on you with the biggest horsewhip I can find that you'll remember it. '*Dear squire, I send you the blister.*' Bad luck to your impudence! Wait till awhile ago—that's all. By this and that you'll get such a blistering from me that all the spermaceti in M'Garry's won't cure you."

### CHAPTER III.

SQUIRE EGAN was as good as his word. He picked out the most suitable horsewhip for chastising the fancied impertinence of Murtough Murphy; and as he switched it up and down with a powerful arm, to try its weight and pliancy, the whistling of the instrument through the air was music to his ears, and whispered of promised joy in the flagellation of the jocular attorney.

"We'll see who can make the sorest blister," said the squire. "I'll back whalebone against Spanish flies any day. Will you bet, Dick?" said he to his brother-in-law, who was a wild heter-skelter sort of fellow, better

known over the country as Dick the Devil than Dick Dawson.

"I'll back your bet, Ned."

"There's no fun in that, Dick, as there is nobody to take it up."

"Maybe Murtough will. Ask him before you thrash him; you'd better."

"As for *him*," said the squire, "I'll be bound he'll back my bet after he gets a taste o' this;" and the horsewhip whistled as he spoke.

"I think he had better take care of his back than his bet," said Dick, as he followed the squire to the hall-door, where his horse was in waiting for him, under the care of the renowned Andy, who little dreamed of the extensive harvest of mischief which was ripening in futurity, all from his sowing.

"Don't kill him quite, Ned," said Dick, as the squire mounted to his saddle.

"Why, if I went to horsewhip a gentleman, of course I should only shake my whip at him; but an attorney is another affair. And, as I'm sure he'll have an action against me for assault, I think I may as well get the worth o' my money out of him, to say nothing of teaching him better manners for the future than to play off his jokes on his employers." With these words off he rode in search of the devoted Murtough, who was not at home when the squire reached his house; but as he was returning through the village, he espied him coming down the street in company with Tom Durfy and the widow, who were laughing heartily at some joke Murtough was telling them, which seemed to amuse him as much as his hearers.

"I'll make him laugh at the wrong side of his mouth," thought the squire, alighting and giving his horse to the care of one of the little ragged boys who were idling in the street. He approached Murphy with a very threatening aspect, and confronting him and his party so as to produce a halt, he said, as distinctly as his rage would permit him to speak, "You little insignificant blackguard, I'll teach you how you'll cut your jokes on me again; *I'll blister you, my buck!*" and, laying hands on the astonished Murtough with the last word, he began a very smart horsewhipping of the attorney. The widow screamed, Tom Durfy swore, and Murtough roared, with some interjectional curses. At last he escaped from the squire's grip, leaving the lappel of his coat in his possession; and Tom Durfy interposed his person between them when he saw an intention on the part of the flagellator to repeat his dose of horsewhip.

"Let me at him, sir; or by——"

"Fie, fie, squire—to horsewhip a gentleman like a cart-horse."

"A gentleman!—an attorney, you mean."

"I say, a gentleman, Squire Egan," cried Murtough fiercely, roused to gallantry by the presence of a lady, and smarting under a sense of injury and whalebone. "I'm a gentleman, sir, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. I put my honor into your hands, Mr. Durfy."



"Between his finger and thumb, you mean, for there's not a handful of it," said the squire.

"Well, sir," replied Tom Durfy, "little or much, I'll take charge of it.—That's right, my cock," said he to Murtough, who, notwithstanding his desire to assume a warlike air, could not resist the natural impulse of rubbing his back and shoulders, which tingled with pain, while he exclaimed, "Satisfaction! satisfaction!"

"Very well," said the squire: "you name yourself as Mr. Murphy's friend?" added he to Durfy.

"The same, sir," said Tom. "Who do you name as yours?"

"I suppose you know one Dick the Divil."

"A very proper person, sir;—no better: I'll go to him directly."

The widow clung to Tom's arm, and looking tenderly at him, cried, "Oh, Tom, Tom, take care of your precious life!"

"Bother!" said Tom.

"Ah, Squire Egan, don't be so bloodthirsty!"

"Fudge, woman!" said the squire.

"Ah, Mr. Murphy, I'm sure the squire's very sorry for beating you."

"Divil a bit," said the squire.

"There, ma'am," said Murphy; "you see he'll make no apology."

"Apology!" said Durfy;—"apology for a horse-whipping, indeed!—Nothing but handling a horsewhip (which I wouldn't ask any gentleman to do), or a shot, can settle the matter."

"Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!" said the widow.

"Ba! ba! ba!" shouted Tom, making a crying face at her. "Arrah, woman, don't be makin' a fool o' yourself. Go in there to the 'pothecary's, and get something under your nose to revive you; and let us mind our business."

The widow, with her eyes turned up, and an exclamation to Heaven, was retiring to M'Garry's shop, wringing her hands, when she was nearly knocked down by M'Garry himself, who rushed from his own door, at the same moment that an awful smash of his shop-window, and the demolition of his blue and red bottles alarmed the ears of the bystanders, while their eyes were drawn from the late belligerent parties to a chase which took place down the street of the apothecary, roaring "Murder!" followed by Squire O'Grady with an enormous cudgel.

O'Grady, believing that M'Garry and the nurse-tender had combined to serve him with a writ, determined to wreak double vengeance on the apothecary, as the nurse had escaped him; and, notwithstanding all his illness and the appeals of his wife, he left his bed and rode to the village to "break every bone in M'Garry's skin." When he entered his shop the pharmacoplist was much surprised, and said, with a congratulatory grin at the great man, "Dear me, Squire O'Grady, I'm delighted to see you."

"Are you, you scoundrel!" said the squire, making a blow of his cudgel at him, which was fended by an iron pestle the apothecary fortunately had in his hand. The enraged O'Grady made a rush behind the counter,

which the apothecary nimbly jumped over, crying "Murder," as he made for the door, followed by his pursuer, who gave a back-handed slap at the window-bottles *en passant*, and produced the crash which astonished the widow, who now joined her screams to the general hue-and-cry; for an indiscriminate chase of all the ragamuffins in the town, with barking curs and screeching children followed the flight of M'Garry and the pursuing squire.

"What the divil is all this about?" said Tom Durfy, laughing. "By the powers! I suppose there's something in the weather to produce all this fun—though it's early in the year to begin thrashing, for the harvest isn't in yet. But, however, let us manage our little affair, now that we're left in peace and quietness, for the blackguards are all over the bridge after the hunt. 'I'll go to Dick the Divil immediately, squire, and arrange time and place.'"

"There's nothing like saving time and trouble on these occasions," said the squire. "Dick is at my house, I can arrange time and place with you this minute, and he will be on the ground with me."

"Very well," said Tom; "where is it to be?"

"Suppose we say the cross-roads, halfway between this and Merryvale? There's very pretty ground there, and we shall be able to get our pistols and all that ready in the meantime between this and four o'clock—and it will be pleasanter to have it all over before dinner."

"Certainly, squire," said Tom Durfy; "we'll be there at four. Till then, good-morning, squire," and he and his man walked off.

The widow, in the meantime, had been left to the care of the apothecary's boy, whose tender attentions were now, for the first time in his life, demanded towards a fainting lady; for the poor raw country lad, having to do with a sturdy peasantry in every day matters, had never before seen the capers cut by a lady who thinks it proper, and delicate, and becoming to display her sensibility in a swoon; and truly her sobs and small screeches and little stampings and kickings amazed young gallipot. Smelling salts were applied—they were rather weak, so the widow inhaled the pleasing odor with a sigh, but did not recover. Sal volatile was next put in requisition—this was somewhat stronger, and made her wriggle on the chair, and throw her head about with sundry ohs! and ahs! The boy, beginning to be alarmed at the extent of the widow's syncope, bethought him of assafetida, and taking down a goodly bottle of that sweet smelling stimulant, gave the widow the benefit of the whole jar under her nose. Scarcely had the stopper been withdrawn, when she gave a louder screech than she had yet executed, and exclaiming "faugh!" with an expression of the most concentrated disgust, opened her eyes fiercely upon the offender, and shut up her nose between her fore-finger and thumb against the offence, and snuffled forth at the astonished boy, "Get out o' that, you dirty cur!—Can't you let a lady faint in peace and quietness?—Gracious heavens! would you smother me, you nasty brute? Oh, Tom, where are you?"—and she took to

sobbing forth "Tom! Tom!" and put her handkerchief to her eyes, to hide the tears that were *not* there, while from behind the corner of the cambric she kept a sharp eye on the street, and observed what was going on. She went on acting her part very becomingly, until the moment Tom Durfy walked off with Murphy; but she could feign no longer, and jumping up from her seat, with an exclamation of "The brute!" she ran to the door, and looked down the street after them. "The savage!" sobbed the widow—"the hard-hearted monster, to abandon me here to die—oh! to use me so—to leave me like a—like a—(the widow was fond of similes) like an old shoe—like a dirty glove—like a—I don't know what!" (the usual fate of similes). "Mister Durfy, I'll punish you for this—I will!" said the widow, with an energetic emphasis on the last word; and she marched out of the shop, boiling over with indignation, through which, nevertheless, a little bubble of love now and then rose to the surface; and by the time she reached her own door love predominated, and she sighed as she laid her hand on the knocker: "After all, if the dear fellow should be killed what would become of me!—ho!—and that wretch, Dick Dawson, too—*two* of them. The worst of these merry devils is, they are always fighting!"

The squire had ridden immediately homewards, and told Dick Dawson the piece of work that was before them.

"And so he'll have a shot at you, instead of an action?" said Dick. "Well, there's pluck in that: I wish he was more of a gentleman, for your sake. It's dirty work, shooting attorneys."

"He's enough of a gentleman, Dick, to make it impossible for me to refuse him."

"Certainly, Ned," said Dick.

"Do you know if he is anything of a shot?"

"Faith, he makes very pretty snipe-shooting; but I don't know if he has experience of the grass before breakfast."

"You must try and find out from any one on the ground, because if the poor devil isn't a good shot, I wouldn't kill him, and I'll let him off easy—I'll give it to him in the pistol-arm or so."

"Very well, Ned. Where are the flutes? I must look over them."

"Here," said the squire, producing a very handsome mahogany case of Rigby's best. Dick opened the case with the utmost care, and took up one of the pistols tenderly, handling it as delicately as if it were a young child or a lady's hand. He clicked the lock back and forwards a few times; and, his ear not being satisfied at the music it produced, he said he should like to examine them: "At all events, they want a touch of oil."

"Well, keep them out of the mistriss's sight, Dick, for she might be alarmed."

"Devil a taste," says Dick; "she's a Dawson, and there never was a Dawson yet that did not know men must be men."

"That's true, Dick. I wouldn't mind so much if she wasn't in a delicate situation just now, when it couldn't

be expected of the woman to be so stout; so go, like a good fellow, into your own room, and Andy will bring you anything you want."

Five minutes after, Dick was engaged in cleaning the duelling-pistols, and Andy at his elbow, with his mouth wide open, wondering at the interior of the locks which Dick had just taken off.

"Oh, my heavens! but that's a quare thing, Mither Dick, sir," said Andy, going to take it up.

"Keep your fingers off it, you thief, do!" roared Dick, making a rap of the turncrew at Andy's knuckles.

"Sure I'll save you the throuble o' rubbin' that, Mither Dick, if you let me; here's the shabby leather."

"I wouldn't let your clumsy fist near it, Andy, nor your *shabby* leather, you villain, for the world. Go get me some oil."

Andy went on his errand, and returned with a can of lamp-oil to Dick, who swore at him for his stupidity: "The devil fly away with you; you never do anything right; you bring me lamp-oil for a pistol."

"Well, sure I thought lamp-oil was the right thing for burnin'."

"And who wants to burn it, you savage?"

"Aren't you goin' to fire it, sir?"

"Choke you, you vagabond!" said Dick, who could not resist laughing, nevertheless; "be off, and get me some sweet oil, but don't tell any one what it's for."

Andy retired, and Dick pursued his polishing of the locks. Why he used such a blundering fellow as Andy for a messenger might be wondered at, only that Dick was fond of fun, and Andy's mistakes were a particular source of amusement to him, and on all occasions when he could have Andy in his company he made him his attendant. When the sweet oil was produced, Dick looked about for a feather; but, not finding one, desired Andy to fetch him a pen. Andy went on his errand, and returned, after some delay, with an ink-bottle.

"I brought you the ink, sir, but I can't find a pin."

"Confound your numskull! I didn't say a word about ink; I asked for a pen."

"And what use would a pin be without ink, now I ax yourself, Mither Dick?"

"I'd knock your brains out if you had any, you *omad-hawn!* Go along and get me a feather, and make haste."

Andy went off, and, having obtained a feather, returned to Dick, who began to tip certain portions of the lock very delicately with oil.

"What's that for, Mither Dick, sir, if you plaze?"

"To make it work smooth."

"And what's that thing you're grazin' now, sir?"

"That's the tumbler."

"O Lord! a tumbler—what a quare name for it. I thought there was no tumbler but a tumbler for punch."

"That's the tumbler you would like to be cleaning the inside of, Andy."

"Thru for you, sir.—And what's that little thing you have your hand on now, sir?"

"That's the cock."



"Oh dear, a cock!—Is there e'er a hen in it, sir?"

"No, nor a chicken either, though there *is* a feather."

"The one in your hand, sir, that you're grazin it with?"

"No: but this little thing—that is called the feather-spring."

"It's the feather, I suppose, makes it fly."

"No doubt of it, Andy."

"Well, there's some sinse in the name, then; but who'd think of such a thing as a tumbler and a cock in a pistle? And what's that place that opens and shuts, sir?"

"The pan."

"Well, there's sinse in that name too, bekaze there's fire in the thing; and it's as nath'ral to say pan to that as to a fryin'-pan—isn't it, Misther Dick?"

"Oh! there was a great gunmaker lost in you, Andy," said Dick, as he screwed on the locks, which he had regulated to his mind, and began to examine the various departments of the pistol case, to see that it was properly provided. He took the instrument to cut some circles of thin leather, and Andy again asked him the name "o' that thing."

"That is called the punch, Andy."

"So, there *is* the punch as well as the tumbler, sir?"

"Ay, and very strong punch it is, you see, Andy;" and Dick struck it with his little mahogany mallet, and cut his patches of leather.

"And what's that for, sir?—the leather; I mane."

"That's for puttin round the ball."

"Is it for fear 'twould hurt him too much when you hot him?"

"You're a queer customer, Andy," said Dick, smiling.

"And what weeshee little balls thim is, sir."

"They are always small for duelling-pistols."

"Oh, then *thin* is jewellin' pistles. Why, musha, Misther Dick, is it goin' to fight a jule you are?" said Andy, looking at him with earnestness.

"No, Andy,—but the master is; but don't say a word about it."

"Not a word for the world. The masther goin' to fight!—God send him out ov it!—Amin. And who is he going to fight, Misther Dick?"

"Murphy the attorney, Andy."

"Oh, won't the masther disgrace himself by fightin' the 'orney."

"How dare you say such a thing of your master?"

"I ax your pard'n, Misther Dick; but sure you know what I mane. I hope he'll shoot him."

"Why, Andy, Murtough was always very good to you, and now you wish him to be shot."

"Sure, why wouldn't I rather have him kilt more than my masther?"

"But neither may be killed."

"Misther Dick," said Andy, lowering his voice, "wouldn't it be an illigant thing to put two balls into the pistle instead o' one, and give the masther a chance over the 'orney?"

"Oh, you murderous villain!"

"Arrah, why shouldn't the masther have a chance

over him? sure he has childre, and Torney Murphy has none."

"At that rate, Andy, I suppose you'd give the masther a ball additional for every child he has, and that would make eight. So you might as well give him a blunderbuss and slugs at once."

Dick locked the pistol-case, having made all right; desired Andy to mount a horse, carry it by a back road out of the domain, and wait at a certain gate he named until he should be joined there by himself and the squire, who proceeded at the appointed time to the ground.

Andy was all ready, and followed his master and Dick with great pride, bearing the pistol-case after them, to the ground where Murphy and Tom Durfy were ready to receive them; and a great number of spectators were assembled; for the noise of the business had gone abroad, and the ground was in consequence crowded.

Tom Durfy had warned Murtough Murphy, who had no experience as a pistol-man, that the squire was a capital shot, and that his only chance was to fire as quickly as he could.—"Slap at him, Morty, my boy, the minute you get the word; and, if you don't hit him itself, it will prevent him dwelling on his aim."

Tom Durfy and Dick the Devil soon settled the preliminaries of the ground and mode of firing; and twelve paces having been marked, both the seconds opened their pistol-cases, and prepared to load. Andy was close to Dick all the time, kneeling beside the pistol case, which lay on the sod; and, as Dick turned round to settle some other point on which Tom Durfy questioned him, Andy thought he might snatch the opportunity of giving his master "the chance" he suggested to his second.—"Sure, if Misther Dick wouldn't like to do it, that's no raison I wouldn't," said Andy to himself, "and, by the powers! I'll pop in a ball *onknownest* to him." And, sure enough, Andy contrived, while the seconds were engaged with each other, to put a ball into each pistol before the barrel was loaded with powder, so that, when Dick took up his pistols to load, a bullet lay between the powder and the touch-hole. Now this must have been discovered by Dick, had he been cool; but he and Tom Durfy had wrangled very much about the point they had been discussing, and Dick, at no time the quietest person in the world, was in such a rage that the pistols were loaded by him without noticing Andy's ingenious interference, and he handed a harmless weapon to his brother-in-law when he placed him on his ground.

The word was given. Murtough, following his friend's advice, fired instantly: bang he went, while the squire returned but a flash in the pan. He turned a look of reproach upon Dick, who took the pistol silently from him, and handed him the other, having carefully looked to the priming, after the accident which happened to the first.

Durfy handed his man another pistol also; and, before he left his side, said in a whisper, "Don't forget; have the first fire."

Again the word was given; Murphy blazed away a

rapid and harmless shot; for his hurry was the squire's safety, while Andy's murderous intentions were his salvation.

"D—n the pistol!" said the squire, throwing it down in a rage. Dick took it up with manifest indignation, and d—d the powder.

"Your powder's damp, Ned."

"No, it's not," said the squire; "it's you who have bungled the loading."

"Me!" said Dick, with a look of mingled rage and astonishment; "I bungle the loading of pistols!—I, that have stepped more ground and arranged more affairs than any man in the country!—Arrah, be aisy, Ned!"

Tom Durfy now interfered, and said for the present it was no matter, as, on the part of his friend, he begged to express himself satisfied.

"But it's very hard *we're* not to have a shot," said Dick, poking the touch-hole of the pistol with a pricker which he had just taken from the case which Andy was holding before him.

"Why, my dear Dick," said Durfy, "as Murphy has had two shots, and the squire has not had the return of either, he declares he will not fire at him again; and, under these circumstances, I must take my man off the ground."

"Very well," said Dick, still poking the touch-hole, and examining the point of the pricker as he withdrew it.

"And now Murphy wants to know, since the affair is all over and his honor satisfied, what was your brother-in-law's motive in assaulting him this morning, for he himself cannot conceive a cause for it."

"Oh, he *aisy*, Tom."

"Pon my soul, it's true."

"Why, he sent him a blister,—a regular apothecary's blister,—instead of some law process, by way of a joke, and Ned wouldn't stand it."

Durfy held a moment's conversation with Murphy, who now advanced to the squire, and begged to assure him there must be some mistake in the business, for that he had never committed the impertinence of which he was accused.

"All I know is," said the squire, "that I got a blister, which my messenger said you gave him."

"By virtue of my oath, squire, I never did it! I gave Andy an inclosure of the law process."

"Then it's some mistake that vagabond has made," said the squire. "Come here, you sir!" he shouted to Andy, who was trembling under the angry eye of Dick the Devil, who, having detected a bit of lead on the point of the pricker, guessed in a moment Andy had been at work; and the unfortunate rascal had a misgiving that he had made some blunder, from the furious look of Dick.

"Why don't you come here when I call you?" said the squire. Andy laid down the pistol-case, and sneaked up to the squire. "What did you do with the letter Mr. Murphy gave you for me yesterday?"

"I brought it to your honor."

"No, you didn't," said Murphy. "You've made some mistake."

"Divil a mistake I made," answered Andy very stoutly; "I wint home the minit you gev it to me."

"Did you go home direct from my house to the squire's?"

"Yis, sir, I did: I wint direct home, and called at Mr. M'Garry's by the way for some physic for the childre."

"That's it!" said Murtough; "he changed my inclosure for a blister there; and if M'Garry has only had the luck to send the bit o' parchment to O'Grady, it will be the best joke I've heard this month of Sundays."

"He did! he did!" shouted Tom Durfy; "for don't you remember how O'Grady was after M'Garry this morning?"

"Sure enough," said Murtough, enjoying the double mistake. "By dad! Andy, you've made a mistake this time that I'll forgive you."

"By the powers o' war!" roared Dick the Devil, "I won't forgive him what he did now, though! What do you think?" said he, holding out the pistols, and growing crimson with rage: "may I never fire another shot if he hasn't crammed a brace of bullets down the pistols before I loaded them: so no wonder you burned prime, Ned."

There was a universal laugh at Dick's expense, whose pride in being considered the most accomplished regulator of the duello was well known.

"Oh, Dick, Dick! you're a pretty second," was shouted by all.

Dick stung by the laughter, and feeling keenly the ridiculous position in which he was placed, made a rush at Andy, who, seeing the storm brewing, gradually sneaked away from the group, and when he perceived the sudden movement of Dick the Devil, took to his heels, with Dick after him.

"Hurrah!" cried Murphy; "a race—a race! I'll bet on Andy—five pounds on Andy."

"Done!" said the squire; "I'll back Dick the Devil."

"Tare an' ouns!" roared Murphy; "how Andy runs! Fear's a fine spur."

"So is rage," said the squire. "Dick's hot-foot after him. Will you double the bet?"

"Done!" said Murphy.

The infection of betting caught the bystanders, and various gages were thrown down and taken up upon the speed of the runners, who were getting rapidly into the distance, flying over hedge and ditch with surprising velocity, and from the level nature of the ground an extensive view could not be obtained; therefore Tom Durfy, the steeple-chaser, cried, "Mount, mount! or we'll lose the fun: into our saddles, and after them!"

Those who had steeds took the hint, and a numerous field of horsemen joined in the chase of Handy Andy and Dick the Devil, who still maintained great speed. The horsemen made for a neighbouring hill, whence they could command a wider view; and the betting went on briskly, varying according to the vicissitudes of the race.

"Two to one on Dick—he's closing."

"Done!—Andy will wind him yet."



"Well done!—there's a leap! Hurra!—Dick's down! Well done. Dick!—up again and going."

"Mind the next quickest hedge—that's a rasper, it's a wide gripe, and the hedge is as thick as a wall—Andy'll stick in it—Mind him!—Well leap'd, by the powers!—Ha! he's sticking in the hedge—Dick'll catch him now.—No, by jingo! he has pushed his way through—there, he's going again at the other side.—Ha! ha! ha! ha! look at him—he's in tatters!—he has left half of his breeches in the hedge."

"Dick is over now. Hurra!—he has lost the skirt of his coat—Andy is gaining on him. Two to one on Andy!"

"Down he goes!" was shouted, as Andy's foot slipped in making a dash at another ditch, into which he fell head over heels, and Dick followed fast, and disappeared after him.

"Ride! ride!" shouted Tom Durfy; and the horsemen put their spurs in the flanks of their steeds, and were soon up to the scene of action. There was Andy, roaring murder, rolling over and over in the muddy bottom of a deep ditch, floundering in rank weeds and duck's meat, with Dick fastened on him, pummelling away most unmercifully, but not able to kill him altogether, for want of breath.

The horsemen, in a universal *screech*

of laughter, dismounted, and disengaged the unfortunate Andy from the fangs of Dick the Devil, who was dragged from out of the ditch much more like a scavenger than a gentleman.

The moment Andy got loose, away he ran again, with a rattling "Tally ho!" after him, and he never cried stop till he earthed himself under the bed in the parent cabin.

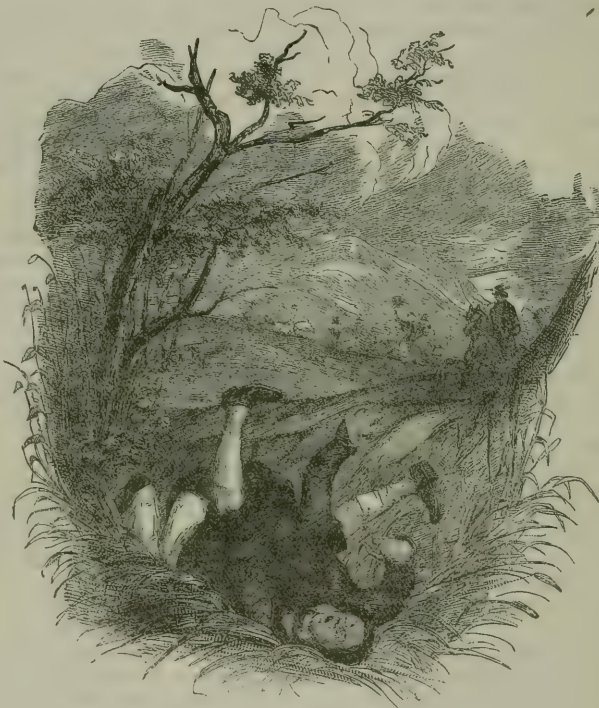
Murtough Murphy characteristically remarked that the affair of the day had taken a very whimsical turn: "Here are you and I, squire, who went out to shoot each other, safe and well, while one of the seconds has come off rather worse for the wear; and a poor devil who had nothing to say to the matter in hand, good, bad, or indifferent, is nearly killed."

The squire and Murtough then shook hands, and parted friends in half an hour after they had met as foes; and even Dick tried to forget his annoyance in an extra stoup of claret that day after dinner—filling more than one bumper in drinking *confusion* to Handy Andy, which seemed a rather unnecessary malediction

#### CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the friendly parting of the foes (*pro tempore*), there was a general scatter of the party who had come to see the duel; and how strange is the fact, that, much

as human nature is prone to shudder at death under the gentlest circumstances, yet men will congregate to be its witnesses, when violence aggravates the calamity. A public execution or a duel is a focus where burning curiosity concentrates: in the latter case, Ireland bears the palm, for a crowd; in the former, the annals of the Old Baily can amply testify. Ireland has its own interest, too, in a place of execution, but not in the same degree as England. They have been too used to hanging in Ireland to make it piquant: "*toujours perdrix*" is a saying which applies in this as in many other cases. The gallows, in its pal-



*The Affair of Honor.*

my days, was shorn of its terrors; it became rather a pastime. For the victim, it was a pastime, with a vengeance;—for, through it, all time was past with him. For the rabble who beheld his agony, the frequency of the sight had blunted the edge of horror, and only sharpened that of unnatural excitement! The great school, where law should be the respected master, failed to inspire its intended awe;—the legislative lesson became a mockery; and death, instead of frowning with terror, grinned in a fool's cap from the scaffold.

This may be doubted now, when a milder spirit presides in the councils of the nation and on the bench; but those who remember Ireland not very long ago, can bear

witness how lightly life was valued or death regarded. Illustrative of this, one may refer to the story of the two basket-women, in Dublin, who held gentle converse on the subject of an approaching execution.

"Won't you go see de man die to-morrow, Judy?"

"Oh, no, darlin'," said Judy;—by the bye, Judy pronounced the *n* through her nose, and said, "*do*."

"Ah do, jewel," said her friend.

Judy again responded "*do*."

"And why won't you go, dear?" inquired her friend again.

"I've to wash de child," said Judy.

"Sure, didn't you wash it last week?" said her friend in an expostulatory tone.

"Oh, well, I *won't* go," said Judy.

"Troth, Judy, you're ruinin' your health," said this soft-hearted acquaintance; "dere's a man to die to-morrow, and you won't come—augh!—you *dever* take *do* divarshin'!"

And wherefore is it thus? Why should tears bedew the couch of him who dies in the bosom of his family, surrounded by those who love him, whose pillow is smoothed by the hand of filial piety, whose past is without reproach, and whose future is bright with hope;—and why should dry eyes behold the duellist or the culprit, in whom folly or guilt may be the cause of a death on which the seal of censure or infamy may be set, and whose futurity we must tremble to consider? With more reason might we weep for the fate of either of the latter than the former, and yet we *do* not. And why is it so?—If I may venture an opinion, it is that nature is violated: a natural death demands and receives the natural tribute of tears; but a death of violence falls with a stunning force upon the nerves, and the fountain of pity stagnates and will not flow.

Though there was a general scattering of the persons who came to see the duel, still a good many rode homeward with Murphy, who with his second, Tom Durfy, beside him, headed the party, as they rode gayly towards the town, and laughed over the adventure of Andy and Dick.

"No one can tell how anything is to finish," said Tom Durfy; "here we came out to have a duel, and, in the end, it turned out a hunt."

"I'm glad you were not in at *my* death, however," said Murphy, who seemed particularly happy at not being killed.

"You lost no time in firing, Murtough," said one of his friends.

"And small blame to me, Billy," answered Murphy; "Egan is a capital shot, and how did I know but he might take it into his head to shoot me? for he's very hot, when roused, though as good natured a fellow, in the main, as ever broke bread; and yet I don't think, after all, he'd have liked to do me much mischief either; but you see he couldn't stand the joke he thought I played him."

"Will you tell us what it was?" cried another of the party, pressing forward, "for we can't make it out exactly, though we've heard something of it:—wasn't

it leeches you sent to him, telling him he was a blood-sucking villain?"

A roar of laughter from Murtough followed this question. "Lord, how a story gets mangled and twisted," said he, as soon as he could speak. "Leeches!—what an absurdity!—no—it was—"

"A bottle of castor oil, wasn't it, by way of a present of noyan?" said another of the party, hurrying to the front to put forward *his* version of the matter.

A second shout of laughter from Murphy greeted this third edition of the story. "If you will listen to me, I'll give you the genuine version," said Murtough, "which is better, I promise you, than any which invention could supply. The fact is, Squire Egan is engaged against O'Grady, and applied to me to harass him in the parchment line, swearing he would blister him; and this phrase of blistering occurred so often, that when I sent him over a bit o' parchment, which he engaged to have served on my bold O'Grady, I wrote to him, 'Dear Squire, I send you the blister;' and that most ingenious of all blunderers, Handy Andy, being the bearer, and calling at M'Garry's shop on his way home, picked up from the counter a *real* blister, which was folded up in an inclosure, something like the process, and left the law-stinger behind."

"That's grate," cried Doyle.

"Oh, but you have not heard the best of it yet," added Murphy. "I am certain the bit of parchment was sent to O'Grady, for he was hunting M'Garry this morning through the town, with a cudgel of portentous dimensions—put that and that together."

"No mistake!" cried Doyle; "and devil pity O'Grady, for he's a blustering, swaggering, overbearing, ill-tempered"—

"Hillo, hillo, Bill," interrupted Murphy, "you are too hard on the adjectives; besides, you'll spoil your appetite if you ruffle your temper; and that would fret me, for I intend you to dine with me to-day."

"Faith an' I'll do that same, Murtough, my boy, and glad to be asked, as the old maid said."

"I'll tell you all what it is," said Murphy. "Boys, you must all dine with me to-day, and drink long life to me since I'm not killed."

"There are seventeen of us," said Durfy; "the little parlor won't hold us all."

"But isn't there a big room at the inn, Tom?" returned Murphy, "and not better drink in Ireland than Mrs. Fay's. What do you say, lads one and all—will you dine with me?"

"Will a duck swim?" chuckled out Jack Horan, an oily veteran, who seldom opened his mouth but to put something into it, and spared his words, as if they were of value; and to make them appear so, he spoke in apophthegms.

"What say you, James Reddy?" said Murtough.

"Ready, sure enough, and willing too!" answered James, who was a small wit, and made the aforesaid play upon his name at least three hundred and sixty-five times every year.

"Oh, we'll all come," was uttered right and left.



"Good men and true!" shouted Murphy; "won't we make the rafters shake, and turn the cellar inside out!—who! I'm in great heart to-day. But who is this powdhering up the road? by the powers, 'tis the doctor, I think: 'tis—I know his bandy hat over the cloud of dust."

The individual thus designated as *the* doctor now emerged from the obscurity in which he had been enveloped, and was received with a loud shout by the whole cavalcade as he approached them. Both parties drew rein; and the doctor, lifting from his head the aforesaid bandy hat, which was slouched over one eye, with a sinister droop, made a low obeisance to Murphy, and said with a mock solemnity, "Your servant, sir—and so you're not killed?"

"No," said Murphy; "and you've lost a job, which I see you came to look for; but you're not to have the carving of me yet."

"Considering it's so near Michaelmas, I think you've had a great escape, signor," returned the doctor.

"Sure enough," said Murphy, laughing; "but you're late, this time; so you must turn back, and content yourself with carving something more innocent than an attorney, to-day—though at an attorney's cost. You must dine with me."

"Willingly, signor," said the doctor; "but pray don't make use of the word 'cost.' I hate to hear it out of an attorney's mouth—or *bill*, I should say."

A laugh followed the doctor's pleasantry, but no smile appeared upon *his* countenance; for though uttering quaint, and often very good, but oftener very bitter things, he never moved a muscle of his face, while others were shaking their sides at his sallies. He was, in more ways than one, a remarkable man. A massive head, large and rather protruding eyes, lank hair, slouching ears, a short neck and broad shoulders rather inclined to stooping; a long body, and short legs slightly bowed, constituted his outward man; and a lemon-colored complexion, which a residence of some years in the East Indies had produced, did not tend to increase his beauty. His mind displayed a superior intelligence, original views, contempt of received opinions, with a power of satire and ridicule, which rendered him a pleasing friend or a dangerous enemy, as the case might be; though, to say the truth, friend and foe were treated with nearly equal severity, if a joke or a sarcasm tempted the assault. His own profession hated him; for he unsparingly ridiculed all stale practice, which his conviction led him to believe was inefficient, and he daringly introduced fresh, to the no small indignation of the more cut and dry portion of the faculty, for whose hate he returned contempt, of which he made no secret. From an extreme coarseness of manner, even those who believed in his skill were afraid to trust his humor; and the dislike of his brother practitioners to meet him, superadded to this, damaged his interest considerably, and prevented his being called in until extreme danger frightened patients, or their friends, into sending for Doctor Growling. His carelessness in dress, too, inspired disgust in the fair portion of the creation; and "snuffy,"

and "dirty," and "savage," and "brute," were among the sweet words they applied to him.

Nevertheless, those who loved a joke more than they feared a hit, would run the risk of an occasional thrust of the doctor's stiletto, for the sake of enjoying the mangling he gave other people; and such rollicking fellows as Murphy, and Durfy, and Dawson, and Squire Egan, petted this social hedgehog.

The doctor now turned his horse's head, and joined the cavalcade to the town. "I have blowed my Rozi-naute," said he, "I was in such a hurry to see the fun."

"Yes," said Murphy, "he smokes."

"And his master takes snuff," said the doctor, suiting the action to the word. "I suppose, signor, you were thinking a little while ago that the squire might serve an ejection on your vitality?"

"Or that in the trial between us I might get damages," said Murphy.

"There is difference, in such case," said the doctor, "between a court of law and the court of honor; for, in the former, the man is the plaintiff before he gets his damages, while in the latter it is after he gets his damages that he complains."

"I'm glad my term is not ended, however," said Murphy.

"If it had been," said the doctor, "I think you'd have had a long vacation in limbo."

"And suppose I had been hit," said Murphy, "you would have been late on the ground. You're a pretty friend!"

"It's my luck, sir," said the doctor. "I'm always late for a job. By the bye, I'll tell you an amusing fact of that musty piece of humanity, Miss Jenkins. Her niece was dangerously ill, and she had that licensed slaughterer from Killanmaul trying to tinker her up, till the poor girl was past all hope, and then she sends for me. She swore, some time ago, I should never darken her doors, but when she began to apprehend that death was rather a darker gentleman than me, she tolerated my person. The old crocodile met me in the hall—by the bye, did you ever remark she's *like* a crocodile, only not with so pleasing an expression?—and wringing her hands, she cried, 'Oh, doctor, I'll be bound to you forever;—I hope not, thought I to myself—'Save my Jemima, doctor, and there's nothing I won't do to prove my gratitude.' 'Is she long ill, ma'am?' said I. 'A fortnight, doctor.' 'I wish I had been called in sooner, ma'am,' says I—for, 'pon my conscience, Murphy, it is too ridiculous the way people go on about me. I verily believe they think I can rise people out of their graves; and they call me in to repair the damages disease *and* the doctors have been making; and while the gentlemen in black silk stockings, with gold-headed canes, have been fobbing fees for three weeks, perhaps they call in poor Jack Growling, who scorns jack-a-dandyism, and *he* gets a solitary guinea for mending the bungling that cost something to the tune of twenty or thirty, perhaps. And when I have plucked them from the jaws of death—regularly cheated the sexton out of them—the best word they have for me is to call me a

pig, or abuse my boots; or wonder the doctor is not more particular about his linen—the fools! But to return to my gentle crocodile. I was shown up-stairs to the sick room, and there, sir, I saw the unfortunate girl, speechless, at the last gasp, absolutely. The Killanmaul dandy had left her to die—absolutely given her up; and *then*, indeed, I'm sent for! Well, I was in a rage, and was rushing out of the house, when the crocodile waylaid me in the hall. 'Oh, doctor, won't you do something for my Jemima?' 'I can't, ma'am,' says I; 'but Mister Fogarty can.' 'Mister Fogarty!' says she. 'Yes, ma'am,' says I. 'You have mistaken my profession, Miss Jenkins. I'm a doctor, ma'am; but I suppose you took me for the undertaker.'

"Well, you hit her hard, doctor," said Murphy.

"Sir, you might as well hit a rhinoceros," returned the doctor.

"When shall we dine?" asked Jack Horan.

"As soon as Mrs. Fay can let us have the eatables," answered Murphy; "and, by the bye, Jack, I leave the ordering of the dinner to you; for no man understands better how to do that same; besides, I want to leave my horse in my own stable, and I'll be up at the inn after you in a brace of shakes."

The troop now approached the town. Those who lived there rode to their own stables, and returned to the party at Mrs. Fay's; while they who resided at a distance dismounted at the door of the inn, which soon became a scene of bustle in all its departments, from this large influx of guests and the preparation for the dinner, exceeding in scale what Mrs. Fay was generally called upon to provide, except when the assizes, or races, or other such cause of commotion, demanded all the resources of her establishment, and more, if she had them. So the Dinny's and the Tims and the Mickey's were rubbing down horses, cleaning knives, or drawing forth extra tables from their dusty repose; and the Biddys and Judys and Nellys were washing up plates, scouring pans, and brightening up extra candlesticks, or doing deeds of doom in the poultry yard, where an audible commotion gave token of the premature deaths of sundry supernumerary chickens.

Murphy soon joined his guests, grinning from ear to ear, and rubbing his hands as he entered.

"Great news, boys," said he—"who do you think was at my house when I got home but M'Garry, with his head bandaged up, and his whole body, as he declares, bearing black and blue testimony to the merciless attack of the bold O Grady, against whom he swears he'll bring an action for assault and battery. Now, boys, I thought it would be great fun to have him here to dinner—it's as good as a play to hear him describe the thrashing—so I asked him to come. He said he was not in a fit state to dine out, but I egged him on by saying that a sight of him in his present plight would excite sympathy for him and stir up public feeling against O Grady, and that all would tell in the action, as most likely some of the present company might be on the jury, and would be the better able to judge how far he was entitled to damages, from witnessing the

severity of the injury he had received. So he's coming; and mind, you must all be deeply affected at his sufferings and impressed with the *powerful* description he gives of the same."

"Very scientific, of course," said old Growling.

"Extensively so," returned Murphy: "he laid on the Latin *heavy*."

"Yes—the fool," growled the doctor; "he can't help sporting it, even on me; I went into his shop one day and asked for some opium wine, and he could not resist calling it *vinum opii* as he handed it to me."

"We'll make him a martyr!" cried Durfy.

"We'll make him dhrunk," said Jack Horan, "and that will be better—he brags that he never was what he calls 'inebriated' in his life; and it will be great fun to send him home on a door with a note to his wife, who is proud of his propriety."

As they spoke M'Garry entered, his head freshly bound up, to look as genteel as possible amongst the gentlemen with whom he was to have the honor of dining. His wife had suggested a pink ribbon, but M'Garry, while he acknowledged his wife's superior taste, said black would look more professional. The odd fellows to whom he had now committed himself crowded round him, and in the most exaggerated phrases implied the high sense they entertained of *his* wrongs and O Grady's aggression.

"Unprovoked attack!" cried one.

"Savage ruffian!" ejaculated another.

"What atrocity!" said a third.

"What dignified composure!" added a fourth, in an audible whisper meant for M'Garry's ear.

"Gentlemen!" said the apothecary, flurried at the extreme attention of which he became the object, "I beg to assure you I am deeply—that is—this proof of—of—of symptoms—gentlemen—I mean sympathy, gentlemen—in short, I really—"

"The fact is," said Growling, "I see Mr. M'Garry is rather shaken in nerve—whether from loss of blood, or—"

"I have lost a quantity of blood, doctor," said M'Garry; "much vascular,—to say nothing of extravasated."

"Which I'll state in my case," said Murphy—

"Murphy, don't interrupt," said Growling; who, with a very grave face, recommended,—*"Gentlemen, from the cause already stated, I see Mr. M'Garry is not prepared to answer the out-pouring of feeling with which you have greeted him, and if I might be permitted—"*

Every one shouted, "Certainly—certainly."

"Then, as I am permitted, I *will* venture to respond for Mr. M'Garry, and address you, as he *would* address you. In the words of Mister M'Garry, I would say,—Gentlemen—unaccustomed as I am—"

Some smothered laughter followed this beginning—upon which the doctor, with a mock gravity proceeded—

"Gentlemen, this interruption I conceive to be an infringement on the liberty of the subject. I recommence, therefore, in the words of my honorable and wounded friend, and our honorable and wounded feel



ings, and say—as my friend would say, or, to speak classically, M'Garry *loquitur*—”

The apothecary bowed his head to the bit of Latin, and the doctor continued.

“Gentlemen—unaccustomed as I am to public thrashing, you can conceive what my feelings are at the present moment, in mind and body. [*Bravo.*] You behold an outrage [*much confusion*]; shall an exaggerated savagery like this escape punishment, and ‘the calm sequestered vale’ (as the poet calls it) of private life, be ravaged with impunity? [*Bravo! bravo!*] Are the learned professions to be trampled underfoot by barbarian ignorance and brutality? No; I read in the indignant looks of my auditory their high-souled answers. Gentlemen, your sympathy is better than dyachylon to my wounds, and this is the proudest day of my life.”

Thunders of applause followed the doctor’s address, and every one shook M’Garry’s hand, till his bruised bones ached again. Questions poured upon him from all sides as to the nature and quantity of his drubbing, to all which M’Garry innocently answered in terms of exaggeration, spiced with scientific phrases. Muscles, tendons, bones, and sinews, were particularized with the precision of an anatomical demonstration; he swore he was pulverized, and paralyzed, and all the other lies he could think of.”

“A large stick, you say?” said Murphy.

“Sir! I never saw such a stick—’twas like a weaver’s beam.”

“I’ll make a note of that,” said Murphy, “a weaver’s beam—’twill tell well with a jury.”

“And beat you all over?” said Durfy.

“From shoulder to flank, sir, I am one mass of welts and weals; the abrasures are extensive, the bruises terrific, particularly in the lumbar region.”

“Where’s that?” asked Jack Horan.

“The lumbar region is what is commonly called the loins, sir.”

“Not always,” said the doctor. “It varies in different subjects: I have known some people whose lumbar region lay in the head.”

“You laugh, gentlemen,” said M’Garry, with a mournful smile, “but you *know* the doctor *will* be jocular.” He then continued to describe the various other regions of his injuries, amidst the well-acted pity and indignation of the queer fellows who drew him out, until they were saturated, so far, with the fun of the subject. After which, Murphy, whose restless temperament could never let him be quiet for a moment, suggested that they should divert themselves before dinner with a badger fight.

“Isn’t one fight a day enough for you, signor?” said the doctor.

“It’s not every day we get a badger, you know,” said Murphy; “and I have heard just now from Tim the waiter that there is a horse dealer lately arrived at the stables here, who has a famous one with him, and I know Reilly the butcher has two or three capital dogs, and there’s a wicked mastiff below stairs, and I’ll send for my ‘buffer,’ and we’ll have some spanking sport.”

He led his guests then to the inn yard, and the horse dealer, for a consideration, allowed his badger to wage battle; the noise of the affair spread through the town, while they were making their arrangements, and sending right and left for dogs for the contest; and a pretty considerable crowd soon assembled at the place of action, where the hour before dinner was spent in the intellectual amusement of a badger fight.

## CHAPTER V.

THE fierce yells of the badger fight, ringing far and wide, soon attracted a crowd, which continued to increase every minute by instalments of men and boys, who might be seen running across a small field by the road side, close to the scene of action, which lay at the back of the inn; and heavy-caped and skirted frieze coats streamed behind the full grown, while the rags of the gossoons\* fluttered in the race. Attracted by this evidence of “something going on,” a horseman who was approaching the town urged his horse to speed, and turning his head towards a yawning double ditch that divided the road from the field, he gracefully rode the noble animal over the spanking leap.

The rider was Edward O’Connor; and he was worthy of his name—the pure blood of that royal race was in his heart which never harbored a sentiment that could do it dishonor and overflowed with feelings which ennoble human nature, and make us proud of our kind. He was young and handsome; and as he sat his mettled horse, no lady could deny that Edward O’Connor was the very type of the gallant cavalier. Though attached to every manly sport and exercise, his mind was of a refined order; and a youth passed amidst books and some of the loveliest scenery of Ireland had nurtured the poetic feeling with which his mind was gifted, and which found its vent in many a love-taught lyric, or touching ballad, or spirit-stirring song whose theme was national glory. To him the bygone days of his country’s history were dear, made more familiar by many an antique relic which hung around his own room, in his father’s house. Celt, and sword, and spear-head of Phœnician bronze, an golden gorget, and silver bodkin, his ancient harp, and studded crozier were there; and these time-worn evidences of arts, and arms, and letters flattered the affection with which he looked back on the ancient history of Ireland, and kept alive the ardent love of his country with which he glowed—a love too deep, too pure, to be likely to expire, even without the aid of such poetic sources of excitement. To him the names of Fitzgerald and Desmond and Tyrone were dear; and there was no romantic legend of the humbler outlaws with which he was not familiar; and “Charley of the Horses” and “Ned of the Hill” but headed the list of names he loved to recall; and the daring deeds of bold spirits who held the hill side for liberty were often given in words of poetic fire from the lips of Edward O’Connor.

\* Boys.

And yet Edward O'Connor went to see the badger fight.

There is something inherent in man's nature urging him to familiarize himself with cruelty; and perhaps without such a power of witnessing savage deeds he would be unequal to the dominion for which he was designed. Men of the highest order of intellect the world has known have loved the chase. How admirably Scott displays this tendency of noble minds, in the meeting of Ellen with her father, when Douglas says—

"The chase I followed far;  
"Tis mimicry of noble war."

And the effect of this touch of character is heightened by Douglas, in a subsequent scene—Douglas, who could enjoy the sport which ends in death, bending over his gentle child, and dropping tears of the tenderest affection; tears, which

"Would not stain an angel's cheek."

Superadded to this natural tendency, Edward O'Connor had an additional motive. He lived amongst a society of sporting men, less cultivated than he was, whose self-esteem would have easily ignited to the spark of jealousy if he had seemed to scorn the things which made their principal enjoyment, and formed the chief occupation of their lives; and his good sense and good heart (and there is an intimate connection between them) pointed out to him that whatever your lot is cast duty to yourself and others suggests the propriety of adapting your conduct to the circumstances in which you are placed (so long as morality and decency are not violated), and that the manifestation of one's own superiority may render the purchase too dear, by being bought at the terrible price of our neighbor's dislike. He therefore did not tell everybody he wrote verses; he kept the gift as secret as he could. If an error, however gross, on any subject, were made in his presence, he never took willing notice of it, or if circumstance obliged him to touch upon it, it was always done with a politeness and tact that afforded the blunderer the means of retreat. If some gross historical error, for instance, happened to be committed in a conversation *with himself* (and then only), he would set the mistake right, as a matter of conscience, but he would do so by saying there was a great similarity between the event spoken of, and some other event. "I know what you are thinking of," he would say, "but you make a slight mistake in the dates; the two stories are very similar, and likely to mislead one."

But with all this modest reserve, did the least among his companions think him less clever? No. It was shrewdly expected he was a poet; it was well known he was highly educated and accomplished; and yet Edward O'Connor was a universal favorite, bore the character of being a "real fine fellow," and was loved and respected by the most illiterate of the young men of the country; who, in allusion to his extensive lore on the subject of the legendary heroes of the *romantic* history of Ireland, his own christian name, and his immediate place of residence, which was near a wild mountain pass, christened him "Ned of the Hill."

His appearance amidst the crowd assembled to witness the rude sport was hailed with pleasure,—varying

from the humble but affectionate respect of the peasant who cried "Long life to you, Misther O'Connor," to the hearty burst of equality which welcomed him as "Ned of the Hill."

The fortune of the fight favoured the badger, who proved himself a trump and Murphy appreciated his worth so highly, that, when the battle was over he would not quit the ground until he became his owner, at a high price to the horse dealer. His next move was to *insist* on Edward O'Connor dining with him; and Edward, after many excuses to avoid the party he foresaw would be a drinking bout (of which he had a special horror, notwithstanding all his toleration), yielded to the entreaties of Murphy, and consented to be his guest, just as Tim, the waiter, ran up, steaming from every pore, to announce that the dinner was "ready to be served."

"Then sarve it, sir," said Murphy, "and sarve it right."

Off cantered Tim, steaming and snorting like a locomotive engine, and the party followed to the inn, where a long procession of dish bearers was ascending the stairs to the big room as Murphy and his friends entered.

The dinner it is needless to describe. One dinner is the same as another in the most essential points, namely, to satisfy hunger and slake consequent thirst; and whether beef and cabbage, and heavy wet, are to conquer the dragon of appetite, or your stomach is to sustain the more elaborate attack fired from the *batterie de cuisine* of a finished *artiste*, and moistened with champagne, the difference is only of degree in the fashion of the thing and the tickling of the palate: hunger is as thoroughly satisfied with the one as the other; and headaches as well manufactured out of the beautiful bright and taper glasses which bear the foam of France to the lip, as from the coarse flat-bottomed tumblers of an inn that reek with punch. At the dinner, there was the same tender solicitude on the part of the carvers as to "Where would you like it?" and the same carelessness on the part of those whom they questioned, who declared they had no choice, "but, if there *was* a little bit near the shank," etc.—or "if there *was* a liver wing to spare." By the way, some carvers there are who push an aspirant's patience too far. I have seen some, who, after giving away both wings, and all the breast, two sidebones, and the short legs, meet the eager look of the fifth man on their left with a smile, and ask him, with an effrontery worthy of the Old Bailey, "has he any choice?" and, at the same time, toss a drum-stick on the destined plate, or boldly attempt to divert his melancholy with a merry thought. All this, and more, was there at Murtough Murphy's dinner, long memorable in the country from a frolic that wound up the evening, which soon began to warm, after the cloth was removed, into the sort of thing commonly known by the name of a jollification. But before the dinner was over, poor McGarry was nearly pickled: Jack Horan, having determined to make him drunk, arranged a system of attack on McGarry's sobriety which bade defiance to his prudence to withstand. It was agreed that



every one should ask the apothecary to take wine; and he, poor innocent man, when gentlemen whom he had never had the honor to meet at dinner before addressed him with a winning smile, and said, "Mr. McGarry, will you do me the *honor*?" could not do less than fill his glass every time; so that, to use Jack Horan's own phrase, the apothecary was "sewed up" before he had any suspicion of the fact; and, unused to the indications of approaching vinous excitement, he supposed it was the delightful society made him so hilarious, and he began to launch forth after dinner in a manner quite at variance with the reserve he usually maintained in the presence of his superiors, and talked largely. Now, McGarry's principal failing was to endeavor to make himself appear very learned in his profession; and every new discovery in chemistry, operation in surgery, or scientific experiment he heard of, he was prone to shove in, head and shoulders, in his soberest moments: but now that he was half-drunk, he launched forth on the subject of galvanism, having read of some recent wonderful effects produced on the body of a certain murderer who was hanged and given over to the College of Surgeons in Dublin. To impress the company still more with a sense of his learning, he addressed Growling on the subject, and the doctor played him off to advantage.

"Don't you consider it very wonderful, doctor?" inquired McGarry, speaking somewhat thickly.

"Very!" answered the doctor drily.

"They say, sir, the man—that is, the subject, when under the influence of the battery—absolutely twiddled his left foot, and raised his right arm."

"And raised it to some purpose, too," said the doctor, "for he raised a confusion on the Surgeon-General's eye, having hit him over the same."

"Dear me!—I did not hear that."

"It is true, however," said the doctor, "and that gives you an idea of the power of the galvanic influence, for you know the Surgeon-General is a powerful man, and yet he could not hold him down."

"Wonderful!" hiccupped McGarry.

"But that's nothing to what happened in London. They experimented there, the other day, with a battery of such power that the man who was hanged absolutely jumped up, seized a scalpel from the table, and making a rush on the assembled Faculty of London, cleared the theatre in less than no time—dashed into the hall, stabbed the porter who attempted to stop him, made a chevy down the south side of Leicester-square; and as he reached the corner, a woman, who was carrying tracts published by the Society for the Suppression of Vice, shrieked at beholding a man in so startling a condition, and fainted;—he, with a presence of mind perfectly admirable, whipped the cloak from her back, and threw it round him; and scudding through the tortuous alleys which abound in that neighborhood, he made his way to the house where the learned Society of the Noviomagians hold their convivial meetings, and telling the landlord that he was invited there to dinner as a curiosity, he gained admittance, and, it

is supposed, took his opportunity for escaping, for he has not since been heard of."

"Good Heaven!" gasped McGarry; "and do you believe that, doctor?"

"Most firmly, sir! My belief is that galvanism is, in fact, the original principle of vitality."

"Should we not rejoice, doctor," cried McGarry, "at this triumph of science?"

"I don't think you should, Mister McGarry," said the doctor, gravely, "for it would utterly destroy *your* branch of the profession:—pharmacopologists, instead of compounding medicine, must compound with their creditors, they are utterly ruined. Mercury is no longer in the ascendant;—all doctors have to do now is to carry a small battery about with them, a sort of galvanic pocket pistol, I may say, and restore the vital principle by its application."

"You are not serious, doctor?" said McGarry, becoming *very* serious, with that wise look so peculiar to drunken men.

"Never more serious in my life, sir."

"That would be dreadful!" said McGarry.

"*Shocking*, you mean," said the doctor.

"Leave off your confounded scientifics, there," shouted Murphy, from the head of the table, "and let us have a song."

"I can't sing, indeed, Mister Murphy," said McGarry, who became more intoxicated every moment; for he continued to drink, having once overstepped the boundary which custom had prescribed to him.

"I didn't ask you, man," said Murphy; "but my darling fellow, Ned here, will gladden our hearts and ears with a stave."

"Bravo!" was shouted round the table, trembling under the "thunders of applause," with which heavy hands made it ring again:—and "Ned of the Hill!"—"Ned of the Hill!" was vociferated with many a hearty cheer about the board that might indeed be called "festive."

"Well," said O'Connor, "since you call upon me in the name of Ned of the Hill, I'll give you a song under that very title. Here's Ned of the Hill's own shout;" and in a rich, manly voice, he sang, with the fire of a bard, these lines:—

#### THE SHOUT OF NED OF THE HILL.

##### I.

The hill! the hill! I with its sparkling rill,  
And its dawning air so light and pure.  
Where the morning's eye scorns the mists that lie  
On the drowsy valley and the moor.  
Here, with the eagle I rise betimes;  
Here, with the eagle my state I keep;  
The first we see of the morning sun,  
And his last as he sets o'er the deep;  
And there, while strife is rife below,  
Here from the tyrant I am free;  
Let shepherd slaves the valley praise,  
But the hill!—the hill for me!

##### II.

The baron below in his castle dwells,  
And his garden boasts the costly rose;  
But mine is the keep of the mountain steep,  
Where the matchless wild flower freely blows;  
Let him fold his sheen, and his harvest reap,—  
I look down from my mountain throne;  
And I choose and pick of the flock and the pick,  
And what is his I can make my own!

Let the valley grow in its wealth below,  
And the lord keep his high degree;  
But higher am I in my liberty—  
The hill!—the hill for me!

O'Connor's song was greeted with what the music publishers are pleased to designate, on their title-pages, "distinguished applause;" and his "health and song" were filled to and drunk with enthusiasm.

"Whose lines are these?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know," said O'Connor.

"That's as much as to say they are you own," said Growling. "Ned, don't be too modest; it is the worst fault a man can have who wants to get on in this world."

"The call is with you, Ned," shouted Murphy from the head of the table; "knock some one down for a song."

"Mr. Reddy, I hope, will favor us," said Edward, with a courteous inclination of his head towards the gentleman named, who returned a very low bow, with many protestations that he would "do his best," etc.; "but after Mr. O'Connor, really,"—and this was said with a certain self-complacent smile, indicative of his being on very good terms with himself. Now, James Reddy wrote rhymes, bless the mark! and was tolerably well convinced that, except Tom Moore (if he *did* except even him), there was not a man in the British dominions his equal at lyric—he sang, too, with a kill-me-quite air, as if no lady could resist his strains; and to "give effect," as he called it, he began every stanza as loud as he could, and finished it in a gentle murmur—tailed it off very taper indeed; in short, it seemed as if a shout had been suddenly smitten with consumption, and died in a whisper. And this, his style, never varied, whatever the nature or expression of the song might be, or the sense to be expressed; but as he very often sang his own, there was seldom any to consider. This rubbish he had set to music by the country music master, who believed himself to be a better composer than Sir John Stevenson, to whom the prejudices of the world gave the palm; and he eagerly caught at the opportunity which the verses and vanity of Reddy afforded him of stringing his crotchets and quavers on the same hank with the abortive fruits of Reddy's muse, and the wretched productions hung worthily together.

Reddy, with the proper quantity of "hems and haws," and rubbing down his under lip and chin with his forefinger and thumb, cleared his throat, tossed his nose into the air, and said he was going to give them "a little classic thing."

"Just look at the puppy!" snarled out old Growling to his neighbor, "he's going to measure us out some yards of his own fustian! I'm sure—he looks so pleased."

Reddy gave his last "a-hem!" and sang what he called

#### THE LAMENT OF ARIADNE.

The graceful Greek with gem-bright hair  
Her garments rent, and rent the air.

"What a tearing rage she was in!" said old Growling in an undertone.

With sobs and sighs  
And tearful eyes,  
Like fountain fair of Helicon!

"Oh, thunder and lightning!" growled the doctor, who pulled a letter out of his pocket, and began to scribble on the blank portions of it, with the stump of a blunt pencil, which he very audibly sucked, to enable it to make a mark.

For ah, her lover false was gone!  
The fickle brave,  
And fickle wave,

"And pickled cabbage," said the doctor—

Combined to cheat the fickle fair.  
Oh, fickle! fickle! fickle!  
But the brave should be true,  
And the fair ones too—  
True, true,  
As the ocean's blue!  
And Ariadne had not been,  
Deserted there, like beauty's queen.  
Oh, Ariadne!—adue!—adue!

"Beautiful!" said the doctor, with an approving nod at Reddy, who continued his song, while the doctor continued to write.

The sea-nymphs round the sea-girt shore  
Mock'd the maiden's sighs,  
And the ocean's savage roar  
Replies—  
Replies—replies—replies, replies, replies.

(After the manner of "Tell me where is Fancy bred.")

"Very original," said the doctor.

With willow wand  
Upon the strand  
She wrote with trembling heart and hand,  
"The brave should ne'er  
Desert the fair."  
But the wave the moral washed away,  
Ah, well-a-day!—well-a-day!  
A-day!—a-day!—a-day!

Reddy smiled and bowed, and thunders of applause followed;—the doctor shouted—"Splendid!" several times, and continued to write and take snuff voraciously, by which those who knew him could comprehend he was bent on mischief.

"What a beautiful thing that is!" said one.

"Whose is it?" said another.

"A little thing of my own," answered Reddy with a smile.

"I thought so," said Murphy; "by Jove, James, you are a genius!"

"Nonsense!" smiled the poet; "just a little classic trifle—I think *them* little classic allusions is pleasing in general—Tommy Moore is very happy in his classic allusions, you may remark; not that I, of course, mean to institute a comparison between so humble an individual as myself, and Tommy Moore, who has so well been called 'the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own;' and if you will permit me, in a kindred spirit,—I hope I *may* say the kindred spirit of a song,—in that kindred spirit I propose *his* health—the health of Tommy Moore!"

"Don't say, *Tommy!*" said the doctor in an irascible tone; "call the man Tom, sir; with all my heart, TOM MOORE!"

The table took the word from Jack Growling and "Tom Moore," with all the honors of "hip and hurrah," rang round the walls of the village inn; and where is the village in Ireland that health has not been hailed



with the fiery enthusiasm of the land whose lays he hath "wedded to immortal verse," that land which is proud of his birth and holds his name in honor.

There is a magic in a great name; and in this instance that of Tom Moore turned the current from where it was setting, and instead of quizzing the nonsense of the fool who had excited their mirth every one launched forth in praise of their native bard, and couplets from his favorite songs ran from lip to lip.

"Come, Ned of the Hill," said Murphy, "sing us one of his songs—I know you have them all as pat as your prayers—"

"And says them oftener," said the doctor, who still continued scribbling over the letter.

Edward, at the urgent request of many, sang that most exquisite of the Melodies, "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?" and long ran the plaudits and rapidly circulated the bottle at its conclusion.

"We'll be the 'Alps in the sunset,' my boys," said Murphy, "and here's the wine to enlighten us! But what are you about there, doctor? is it a prescription you are writing?"

"No. Prescriptions are written in Latin, and this is a bit of Greek I'm doing. Mr. Reddy has inspired me with a classic spirit, and if you will permit me, I'll volunteer a song (*Bravo! Bravo!*) and give you another version of the subject he has so beautifully treated; only mine is not so heart-breaking."

The doctor's proposition was received with cheers, and after he had gone through the mockery of clearing his throat and pitching his voice after the usual manner of your would-be-fine singers, he gave out to the tune of a well-known rollicking Irish lilt, the following burlesque version of the subject of Reddy's song:—

#### LOVE AND LIQUOR.

##### A GREEK ALLEGORY.

###### I.

Oh sure 'twould amaze yiz  
How one Mistor Theseus  
Desarted a lovely young lady of owld,  
On a dissolute island,  
All lonely and silent,  
She sobb'd herself sick as she sat in the cowlid.  
Oh you'd think she was kilt,  
As she roar'd with the quilt  
Wrapp'd round her in haste as she jump'd out of bed,  
And ran down to the coast  
Where she looked like a ghost,  
Though 'twas he was departed—the vagabone fled.  
And she cried "Well-a-day!  
Sure my heart it is gray;  
They're deceivers, them sojers that go on half-pay!"

###### II.

While abusing the villain,  
Came riding postilion,  
A nate little boy on the back of a baste,  
Big enough, faith, to ate him,  
But he lather'd and oate him,  
And the baste to unsate him ne'er struggled the laste.  
And an iligant car  
He was drawin'—by gar!  
It was finer by far than a Lord Mayor's stage coach;  
And the chap that was it,  
He sang like a linnnet,  
With a nate kag of whiskey beside him to broach.  
And he tipp'd, now and then,  
Just a matter o' ten  
Or twelve tumbler o' punch to his bowld sarving men.

###### III.

They were dress'd in green livery,  
But seem'd rather shivery,  
For 'was only a thrifle' leaves that they wore;  
But they caper'd away,  
Like the sweeps on May-day,  
And shouted and tippled the tumbler's galore!  
A print of their masher  
Is often in plaster  
O' Paris, put over the door of a tap;  
A fine chubby fellow,  
Ripe, rosy, and mellow,  
Like a peach that is ready to drop in your lap.  
Hurrah! for Brave Bacchus,  
A bottle to crack us,  
He's a friend of the people, like bowld Cains Gracchus.

###### IV.

Now Bacchus perceiving  
The lady was grieving,  
He spoke to her civil, and tipp'd her a wink;  
And the more that she fretted,  
He soother'd and petted,  
And gave her a glass her own health just to dhrink;  
Her pulse it beat quicker,  
The thrifle o' liquor  
Enliven'd her sinking heart's cockles, I think;  
So the MORAL is plain,  
That if love gives you pain,  
There's nothing to cure it like taking a drink!

Uproarious were the "bravos" which followed the doctor's impromptu; the glasses overflowed, and were emptied to his health and song, as laughing faces nodded to him round the table. The doctor sat seriously rocking himself in his chair backwards and forwards, to meet the various duckings of the beaming faces about him; for every face beamed, but one—and that was the unfortunate M'Garry's. He was most deplorably drunk, and began to hold on by the table. At last he contrived to shove back his chair and get on his legs; and making a sloping stagger towards the wall, contrived by its support to scramble his way to the door. There he balanced himself as well as he could by the handle of the lock, which chance, rather than design, enabled him to turn, and the door suddenly opening, poor M'Garry made a rush across the landing-place, and stumbling against an opposite door would have fallen, had he not supported himself by the lock of that also, which again yielding to his heavy tugs, opened, and the miserable wretch making another plunge forward, his shins came in contact with the rail of a very low bed, and into it he fell head foremost, totally unable to rise, and after some heavy grunts, he sank into a profound sleep.

In this state he was discovered soon after by Murphy, whose inventive faculty for frolic instantly suggested how the apothecary's mishap might be made the foundation of a good practical joke. Murtough went down stairs, and procuring some blacking and red pickled cabbage, by stealth, returned to the chamber where M'Garry now lay in a state of stupor, and dragging off his clothes, he made long dabs across his back with the purple juice of the pickle, and Warren's paste, till poor M'Garry was as regularly striped as a tiger, from his shoulder to his flank. He then returned to the dining-room, where the drinking bout had assumed a formidable character, and others as well as the apothecary began to feel the influence of their potations. Murphy confided to the doctor what he had done, and said that

when the men were drunk enough, he would contrive that M'Garry should be discovered, and then they would take their measures accordingly. It was not very long before his company were ripe enough for his designs, and then ringing the bell, he demanded of the waiter, when he entered, what had become of Mr. M'Garry? The waiter, not having any knowledge on the subject, was desired to inquire, and a search being instituted, M'Garry was discovered by Mrs. Fay in the state Murphy had left him in. On seeing him, she was so terrified that she screamed, and ran into the dining-room; wringing her hands, and shouting, "Murder!" A great commotion ensued, and a general rush to the bed-room took place, and exclamations of wonder and horror flew round the room, not only from the gentlemen of the dinner-party, but from the servants of the house, who crowded to the chamber on the first alarm, and helped not a little to increase the confusion.

"Oh, who ever see the like of it!" shouted Mrs. Fay. "He's kilt with the batin' he got! Oh, look at him!—black and blue all over!—Oh, the murderer it is! Oh, I wouldn't be Squire O'Grady for all his fort'n."

"Gad, I believe he's killed, sure enough," said Murphy.

"What a splendid action the widow will have!" said Jack Horan.

"You forget, man," said Murphy, "this is not a case for action of damages, but a felony—hanging matter."

"Sure enough," said Jack.

"Doctor, will you feel his pulse?" said Murphy.

The doctor did as he was required, and assumed a very serious countenance. "'Tis a bad business, sir:—his wounds are mortifying already."

Upon this announcement, there was a general retreat from the bed round which they had been crowding too close for the carrying on of the joke; and Mrs. Fay ran for a shovel of hot cinders, and poured vinegar over them to fumigate the room.

"A very proper precaution, Mrs. Fay, said the doctor, with imperturbable gravity.

"That villanous smoke is choking me," said Jack Horan.

"Better that, sir, than have a pestilence in the house," said Growling.

"I'll leave the place," said Jack Horan.

"And I, too," said Doyle.

"And I," said Reddy—"tis disgusting to a sensitive mind."

"Gentlemen!" said Murphy, shutting the door, "you must not quit the house. I must have an inquest on the body."

"An inquest!" they all exclaimed.

"Yes—an inquest."

"But there's no coroner here," said Reddy.

"No matter for that," said Murphy. "I, as the undersheriff of the county, can preside at this inquiry. Gentlemen, take your places;—bring in more light, Mrs. Fay. Stand round the bed, gentlemen."

"Not too close," said the doctor. "Mrs. Fay, bring more vinegar."

Mrs. Fay had additional candles and more vinegar in-

troduced, and the drunken fellows were standing as straight as they could, each with a candle in the hand, round the still prostrate M'Garry.

Murphy then opened on them with a speech, and called in every one in the house to ask did they know anything about the matter; and it was not long before it was spread all over the town, that Squire O'Grady had killed M'Garry, and that the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of murder, and that the squire was going to be sent to jail.

This almost incredible humbug of Murphy's had gone on for nearly half an hour, when the cold arising from his want of clothes, and the riot about him, and the fumes of the vinegar, roused M'Garry, who turned on the bed and opened his eyes. There he saw a parcel of people standing round him, with candles in their hands, and countenances of drunken wonder and horror. He uttered a hollow groan and cried,—

"Save us and keep us! where am I?"

"Retire, gentlemen!" said the doctor, waving his hand authoritatively; "retire—all but the undersheriff."

Murphy cleared the room, and shut the door, while M'Garry still kept exclaiming—"Save us and keep us! Where am I? What's this? O Lord!"

"You're dead!" says Murphy, "and the coroner's inquest has just sat on you!"

"Dead!" cried M'Garry, with a horrified stare.

"Dead!" repeated the doctor solemnly.

"Are not you Doctor Growling?"

"You see the effect, Mr. Murphy," said the doctor, not noticing M'Garry's question—"you see the effect of the process."

"Wonderful!" said Murphy.

"Preserve us!" cried the bewildered apothecary. "How could I know you, if I was dead, doctor? Oh! doctor dear, sure I am not dead!"

"As a herring," said the doctor.

"Lord have mercy on me!—Oh, Mister Murphy, sure I'm not dead."

"You're dead, sir," said Murphy; "the doctor has only galvanized you for a few moments."

"O Lord!" groaned M'Garry. "Doctor—indeed, doctor?"

"You are in a state of temporary animation," said the doctor.

"I do feel very odd, indeed," said the terrified man, putting his hands to his throbbing temples. "How long am I dead?"

"A week next Tuesday," said the doctor. "Galvanism has preserved you from decomposition."

M'Garry uttered a heavy groan, and looked up piteously at his two tormentors. Murphy, fearful the shock might drive him out of his mind, said, "Perhaps, doctor, you can preserve his life altogether; you have kept him alive so long."

"I'll try," said Growling; "hand me that tumbler."

Murphy handed him a tumbler full of water, and the doctor gave it to M'Garry, and desired him to try and drink it;—he put it to his lips and swallowed a little drop.



"Can you taste it?" asked the doctor.

"Isn't it water?" asked M'Garry.

"You see how dull the nerves are yet," said Growling to Murphy; "that's aquafortis and assafetida, and he can't taste it; we must give him another touch of the battery. Hold him up while I go into the next room and immerse the plates."

The doctor left the bed-room, and came back with a hot poker, and some lemon-juice and water.

"Turn him gently round," said he to Murphy, "while I conduct the wires."

His order was obeyed; and giving M'Garry a touch of the hot poker, the apothecary roared like a bull.

"That did him good!" said Growling. "Now try, can you taste anything?" and he gave him the lemon-juice and water.

"I taste a slight acid, doctor, dear!" said M'Garry, hopefully.

"You see what that last touch did," said Growling, gravely; "but the palate is still feeble; that's nearly pure nitric."

"Oh, dear!" said M'Garry, "is it nitric?"

"You see his hearing is coming back too," said the doctor to Murphy; "try, can he put his legs under him?"

They raised the apothecary from the bed; and when he staggered and fell forward, he looked horrified—"Oh dear, I can't walk.—I'm afraid I am—I am no more!"

"Don't despair," said the doctor; "I pledge my professional reputation to save you now, since you can stand at all, and your senses are partly restored; let him lie down again; try, could he sleep?"

"Sleep!"—said M'Garry, with horror—"perhaps never to awaken."

"I'll keep up the galvanic influence—don't be afraid; depend upon me—there, lie down; can you shut your eyes? Yes, I see you can;—don't open them so fast. Try, can you keep them shut? Don't open them till I tell you—wait till I count two hundred and fifty:—that's right, turn a little more round—keep your eyes fast;—that's it.—One—two—three—four—five—six—seven;" and so he went on, making a longer interval between every number, till the monotonous sound, and

the closed eye of the helplessly-drunken man, produced the effect desired by the doctor; and the heavy snoring of the apothecary soon bore witness that he slept.

We hope it is not necessary to assure our fair readers that Edward O'Connor had nothing to do with this scene of drunken absurdity—no. Long before the evening's proceedings had assumed the character of a regular drinking bout he had contrived to make his escape, his head only sufficiently excited to increase his sentimentality; so instead of riding home direct, he took a round of some eight miles, to have a look at Merryvale; for there dwelt Fanny Dawson—the Darling Fanny Dawson, sister to Dick, whose deviltry was more

than redeemed in the family by the angelic sweetness of his lovely and sportive sister. For the present, however, poor Edward O'Connor was not allowed to address Fanny; but his love for her knew no abatement, notwithstanding, and to see the place where she dwelt had for him a charm. There he sat in his saddle at the gate, looking up the long line of trees through which the cold moonlight was streaming, and he fancied that Fanny's foot had trodden that avenue perhaps a few hours before, and even that gave him pleasure: for to those who love with the fond enthusiasm of Edward O'Connor the very vacancy



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where the loved one has been is sacred.

The horse pawed impatiently to be gone, and Edward reined him up with a chiding voice; but the animal continuing restless, Edward's apostrophes to his mistress, and warnings to his horse, made an odd mixture; and we would recommend gentlemen, after their second bottle, not to let themselves be overheard in their love fits, for even as fine a fellow as Edward O'Connor is likely to be ridiculous under the circumstances.

"Oh, Fanny," cried Edward—"My adored Fanny!"—then to his horse, "*Be quiet, you brute!*"—"My love—my angel—you devil, I'll thrash you, if you don't be quiet—though separated from me, you are always present to my mind: your bright eyes, your raven locks—your mouth's as hard as a paving-stone, you brute!"—Oh,

Fanny, if fate be ever propitious; should I be blessed with the divine possession of your charms; you should then know—*what a devil you are*—you should then know the tenderest care. I'll guard you, caress you, fondle you—I'll bury my spurs in you, you devil. Oh, Fanny!—beloved one!—farewell—good-night—a thousand blessings on you!—*and now go on and be d-d to you!*" said he, bitterly, putting spurs to his horse and galloping home.

When the doctor was satisfied that M'Garry was fast asleep, he and Murphy left the room, and locked the door. They were encountered on the lobby by several curious people, who wanted to know "was the man dead?" The doctor shook his head very gravely, and said, "Not quite;" while Murphy, with a serious nod, said, "All over, I'm afraid, Mrs. Fay;" for he perceived among the persons on the lobby a servant of O'Grady's, who chanced to be in town, and was all wonder and fright at the news of his master having committed murder. Murphy and the doctor proceeded to the dining-room, where they found the drunken men wrangling about what verdict they should bring in, and a discursive dispute touching "murder," and "manslaughter," and "accidental death," and "the visitation of God," mingled with noisy toasts and flowing cups, until any sagacity the company ever possessed was sacrificed to the rosy god.

The lateness of the hour, and the state of the company, rendered riding home impossible to most of them; so Mrs. Fay was called upon to prepare beds. The inn did not afford a sufficiency to accommodate every gentleman with a single one, so a toss up was resorted to, to decide who should sleep double. The fortune of war cast the unfortunate James Reddy upon the doctor, who, though one of the few who were capable of self-protection, preferred remaining at the inn to riding home some miles. Now James Reddy, though very drunk indeed, had sense enough left to dislike the lot that fate had cast him. To sleep with such a slovenly man as the doctor shocked James, who was a bit of a dandy. The doctor seemed perfectly contented with the arrangement; and as he bade Murphy good-night, there was a lurking devilment hung about his huge mouth. All the men staggered off, or were supported to their various beds, but one,—and he could not stir from the floor, where he lay hugging the leg of the table. To every effort to disturb him, he replied, with an imploring grunt, to "let him alone," and he hugged the leg of the table closer, exclaiming "I won't leave you, Mrs. Fay—my darling Mrs. Fay; rowl your arms round me, Mrs. Fay."

"Ah, get up and go to bed, Misther Doyle," said Tim. "Sure the misthress is not here at all."

"I know she's not," said Doyle. "Who says a word against her?"

"Sure you're talkin' to her yourself, sir."

"Pooh, pooh, man!—you're drunk."

"Ah, come to bed, Misther Doyle!" said Tim, in an imploring tone; "Och sure, my heart's broke with you!"

"Don't say your heart's broke, my sweet landlady—my darling Mrs. Fay; the apple of my eye you are!"

"Nonsense! Misther Doyle."

"True as the sun, moon, and stars. Apple of my eye, did I say? I'd give you the apples of my eyes to make sauce for the cockles of your heart: Mrs. Fay, darling—don't be coy: ha! I have you fast!" and he gripped the table closer.

"Well, you *are* drunk, Misther Doyle!" said Tim.

"I hope my breath is not offensive from drink, Mrs. Fay," said Doyle, in an amatory whisper to the leg of the table.

"Ah, get out o'that, Misther Doyle," said Tim; accompanying the exclamation with a good shake, which somewhat roused the prostrate swain.

"Who's there?"

"I want you to come to bed, sir;—ah, don't be so foolish, Misther Doyle. Sure you don't think the Mithis would be rowlin' on the flure there wid you, as drunk as a pig—"

"Dare not to wound her fame!—Who says a word of Mrs. Fay?"

"Arrah, sure, you're talkin' there about her this half hour."

"False, villain! Whisht, my darling," said he to the leg of the table: "I'll never betray you. Hug me tight, Mrs. Fay!"

"Bad luck to the care I'll take any more about you," says Tim. "Sleep an the flure, if you like." And Doyle was left to pass the night in the soft imaginary delights of Mrs. Fay's mahogany embraces.

How fared it with James Reddy? Alas, poor James was doomed to a night of torment, the effects of which he remembered for many days after. In fact, had James been left to his choice, he would rather have slept with the house-dog than the doctor; but he dreaded the consequences of letting old Jack perceive his antipathy; and visions of future chastisement from the doctor's satirical tongue awed him into submission to the present punishment. He sneaked into bed, therefore, and his deep potations ensured him immediate sleep, from which he woke, however, in the middle of the night in torture, from the deep scratches inflicted upon him by every kick of old Growling. At last, poor Reddy could stand it no longer; and the earliest hour of dawn revealed him to the doctor, putting on his clothes, swearing like a trooper at one moment, and at the next apostrophizing the genius of gentility. "What is it to have to do with a person that is not a gentleman!" he exclaimed, as he pulled on one leg of his trousers.

"What's the matter with you?" asked old Jack, from the bed.

"The matter, sir, is that I'm going."

"Is it at this hour! Tut, man, don't be a fool. Get into bed again."

"Never, sir, with *you* at least. I have seldom slept two in a bed, Doctor Growling, for my gentlemanly habits forbid it; but when circumstances have obliged me, it has been with gentlemen—*gentlemen*, doctor;—and he laid a strong stress on the word—"Gentle-



men, sir—who cut their toe nails. Sir, I am a serious sufferer by your coarse habits; you have scratched me, sir, nearly to death. I am one gore of blood!”

“Tut, man, ’twas not my nails scratched you; it was only my spurs I put on going to bed, to keep you at a distance from me; you were so disgustingly drunk, my *gentleman!*—look there;” and he poked his leg out of bed, and there, sure enough, Reddy saw a spur buckled: and, dumb-founded at this evidence of the doctor’s atrocity, he snatched up his clothes, and rushed from the room, as from the den of a bear.

Murphy twisted a beneficial result to M’Garry out of the night’s riotous frolic at his expense; for, in the morning, taking advantage of the report of the inquest which he knew must have reached Neck-or-Nothing-Hall, he made a communication to O’Grady, so equivocally worded that the squire fell into the trap.

The note ran as follows:

“SIR,—You must be aware that your act of yesterday has raised a strong feeling in the country against you, and that so flagrant a violation of the laws cannot fail to be visited with terrible severity upon you: for though your position in rank places you far above the condition of the unfortunate man on whom you wreaked your vengeance, you know, sir, that in the eye of the law you are equal, and the shield of justice protects the peasant as well as the prince. Under these circumstances, sir, considering the *awful consequences* of your ungovernable rage (which, I doubt not, now you deplore), I would suggest to you, by a timely offer of compromise, in the shape of a handsome sum of money—say two hundred pounds—to lull the storm which must otherwise burst on your devoted head, and save your name from dishonor. I anxiously await your answer, as proceedings must instantly commence and the law take its course, unless Mrs. M’Garry can be pacified.

“I have the honor to be, sir,

“Your most obedient servant,

“MURTOUGH MURPHY.

“To *Gustavus Granby O’Grady, Esq.*

“*Neck-or-Nothing Hall.*”

O’Grady was thoroughly frightened; and strange as it may appear, did believe he could compromise for killing only a plebeian; and actually sent Murphy his note of hand for the sum demanded. Murrough posted off to M’Garry: he and his wife received him with shouts of indignation, and heaped reproaches on his head for the trick he had played on the apothecary.

“Oh! Mister Murphy—never look me in the face again!” said Mrs. O’Garry, who was ugly enough to make the request quite unnecessary. “To send my husband home to me a beast!”

“Striped like a tiger!” said M’Garry.

“Blacking and pickled cabbage, Misther Murphy!” said the wife. “Oh fie, sir! I did not think you could be so low.”

“Galvanism!” said M’Garry, furiously. “My professional honor wounded.”

“Whisht, whisht, man!” said Murphy; “there’s a

finer plaister than any in your shop for the cure of wounded honor. Look at that!” and he handed him the note for two hundred. “There’s galvanism for you!”

“What is this?” said M’Garry, in amazement.

“The result of last night’s inquest,” said Murphy.

“You have got your damages without a trial; so pocket your money and be thankful.”

The two hundred pounds at once changed the aspect of affairs. M’Garry vowed eternal gratitude, with protestations that Murphy was the cleverest attorney alive, and ought to be chief justice. The wife was equally vociferous in her acknowledgments, until Murrough, who when he entered the house was near falling a sacrifice to the claws of the apothecary’s wife, was obliged to rush from the premises to shun the more terrible consequences of her embraces.

## CHAPTER VI.

We have sat so long at our dinner that we have almost lost sight of poor Andy, to whom we must now return. When he ran to his mother’s cabin to escape from the fangs of Dick Dawson, there was no one within; his mother being digging a few potatoes for supper from the little ridge behind her house, and Oonah Riley, her niece—an orphan girl who lived with her,—being up to Squire Egan’s to sell some eggs; for round the poorest cabins in Ireland you scarcely ever fail to see some ragged hens, whose eggs are never consumed by their proprietors, except, perhaps, on Easter Sunday, but sold to the neighboring gentry at a trifling price.

Andy cared not who was out or who was in, provided he could only escape from Dick; so, without asking any questions, he crawled under the wretched bed in the dark corner, where his mother and Oonah slept, and where the latter, through the blessed influence of health and youth and an innocent heart, had brighter dreams than attend many a couch whose downy pillows and silken hangings would more than purchase the fee-simple of any cabin in Ireland. There Andy, in a state of utter exhaustion from his fears, his race, and his thrashing, soon fell asleep, and the terrors of Dick the Devil gave place to the blessing of the profoundest slumbers.

Quite unconscious of the presence of her darling Andy was the widow Rooney, as she returned from the potato ridge into her cabin; depositing a *skeough* of the newly-dug esculent at the door, and replacing the spade in its own corner of the cabin. At the same moment Oonah returned, after disposing of her eggs, and handed the threepence she had received for them to her aunt, who dropped them into the deep pocket of blue striped tick which hung at her side.

“Take the pail, Oonah, *ma-chree* and run to the well for some wather to wash the pratees, while I get the pot ready for bilin’ them; it wants scowrin’, for the pig was atin’ his dinner out iv it, the craythur!”

Off went Oonah with her pail, which she soon filled from the clear spring; and placing the vessel on her head, walked back to the cabin with that beautifully-erect form, free step, and graceful swaying of the figure, so peculiar to the women of Ireland and the East, from their habit of carrying weights upon the head. The potatoes were soon washed; and as they got their last dash of water in the *sheough*, whose open wicker-work let the water drain from them, up came Larry Hogan, who, being what is called "a civil-spoken man," addressed Mrs. Rooney in the following agreeable manner:—

"Them's purty pratees, Mrs. Rooney: God save you, ma'am!"

"Deed an' they are,—thank you kindly, Mrs. Hogan; God save you and your's too! And how would the woman that owns you be?"

"Hearty, thank you."

"Will you step in?"

"No—I'm obleeged to you—I must be aff home wid me; but I'll just get a coal for my pipe, for it wint out on me awhile agone with the fright."

"Well, I've heerd' quare things, Larry Hogan," said Oonah, laughing and showing her white teeth; "but I never heerd' so quare a thing as a pipe goin' out with the fright."

"Oh, how sharp you are!—takin' one up afore they're down."

"Not afore they're down, Larry, for you said it."

"Well, if I was down, you were down on me, so you are down too, you see. Ha, ha! And after all now, Oonah, a pipe is like a Christian in many ways:—sure it's made o' clay like a Christian, and has the spark o' life in it, and while the breath is in it the spark is alive; but when the breath is out of it, the spark dies, and then it grows cowl'd like a Christian; and isn't it a pleasant companion like a Christian?"

"Faix, some Christians isn't pleasant companions at all!" chimed in Mrs. Rooney, sententially.

"Well, but they ought to be," said Larry; "and isn't a pipe sometimes cracked like a Christian, and isn't it sometimes choked like a Christian?"

"Oh, choke you and your pipe together, Larry! will you never have done?" said the widow.

"The most improvinist thing in the world is smokin'," said Larry, who had now relit his pipe, and squatted himself on a three-legged stool beside the widow's fire. "The most improvinist thing in the world"—(paugh!)—and a parenthetical whiff of tobacco smoke curled out of the corner of Larry's mouth—"is smokin': for the smoke shows you, as it were, the life o' man passin' away like a puff,—(paugh!)—just like that; and the tibakky turns to ashes like this poor perishable body: for, as the song says,—

"Tibakky is an Indian weed,  
Alive at morn, and dead at eve;  
It lives but an hour,  
Is cut down like a flower.

Think o' this when you're smokin' tibia-akky!"

And Larry sung the ditty as he crammed some of the weed into the bowl of his pipe with his little finger.

"Why, you're as good as a sarmint this evenin', Larry," said the widow, as she lifted the iron pot on the fire.

"There's worse sarmin'ts nor that, I can tell you," rejoined Larry, who took up the old song again—

"A pipe it larns us all this thing,—

'Tis fair without and foul within,  
Just like the soul begim'd with sin.

Think of this when you're smokin' tibia-akky."

Larry puffed away silently for a few minutes, and when Oonah had placed a few sods of corn round the pot in an upright position, that the flame might curl upward round them, and so hasten the boiling, she drew a stool near the fire, and asked Larry to explain about the fright.

"Why, I was coming up by the cross road there, when what should I see but a ghost!"

"A ghost!!!" exclaimed the widow and Oonah, with suppressed voices, and distended mouth and eyes.

"To all appearance," said Larry; "but it was only a thing was stuck in the hedge to freken whoever was passin' by; and as I kem up to it there was a groan, so I started, and looked at it for a minit, or thereaway; but I seen what it was, and throw'n a stone at it, for fear I'd be mistaken; and I heerd' titherin' inside the hedge, and then I know 'was only divilment of some one."

"And what was it?" asked Oonah.

"'Twas a horse's head, in throth, with an owld hat on the top of it, and two buck-briars stuck out at each side, and some rags hanging on them, and an owld breeches shakin, undher the head; 'twas just altogether like a pale-faced man with high shoulders and no body, and very long arms and short legs:—faith, it frightened me at first."

"And no wondher," said Oonah. "Dear, but I think I'd lose my life if I seen the like!"

"But sure," said the widow, "wouldn't you know that ghosts never appears by day?"

"Ay, but I hadn't time to think 'o that, bein' taken short wid the fright,—more betoken, 'twas the place the murder happened in long ago."

"Sure enough," said the widow. "God betune us and harm!" and she marked herself with the sign of the cross as she spoke:—"and a terrible murder it was," added she.

"How was it?" inquired Oonah, drawing her seat closer to her aunt and Larry.

"'Twas a schoolmaster, dear, that was found dead on the road one mornin', with his head full of fractions," said the widow.

"All in jommethry,"\* said Larry.

"And some said he fell off the horse," said the widow.

"And more say the horse fell on him," said Larry.

"And again, there was some said the horse kicked him in the head," said the widow.

"And there was talk of shoe-aside," said Larry.

"The horse's shoe was it?" asked Oonah.

"No, *alama*," said Larry: "shoe-aside is Latin for cutting your throat."

"But he didn't cut his throat," said the widow.

"But sure it's all one whether he done it wid a razhir

\* Anything very badly broken is said by the Irish peasantry to be in jommethry.



on his throat, or a hammer on his head; it's shoe-aside all the same."

"But there was no hammer found, was there?" said the widow.

"No," said Larry. "But some people thought he might have had the hammer afther he done it, to take off the disgrace of the shoe-aside."

"But wasn't there any life in him when he was found?"

"Not a taste. The crowner's jury sot on him, and he never said a word agin it, and if he was alive he would."

"And didn't they find anything at all?" asked Oonah.

"Nothing but the vardick," said Larry.

"And was that what killed him?" said Oonah.

"No, my dear; 'twas the crack in the head that killed him, however he kem by it; but the vardick o' the crowner was, that it was done, and that some one did it, and that they wor blackguards, whoever they wor, and persons onknown; and sure if they wor unknown then, they'd always stay so, for who'd know them afther doing the like?"

"Thru for you, Larry," said the widow: "but what was that to the murdher over at the green hills beyant?"

"Oh! that was the terriblest murdher ever was in the place, or nigh it: that was the murdher in earnest!"

With that eagerness which always attend the relation of horrible stories, Larry and the old women raked up ever murder and robbery that had occurred within their recollection, while Oonah listened with mixed curiosity and fear. The boiling over of the pot at length recalled them to a sense of the business that ought to be attended to at the moment, and Larry was invited to take share of the potatoes. This he declined; declaring, as he had done some time previously, that he must "be off home," and to the door he went accordingly; but as the evening shades had closed into the darkness of night, he paused on opening it with a sensation he would not have liked to own. The fact was, that after the discussion of numerous nightly murders, he would rather have had daylight on the outside of the cabin; for the horrid stories that had been revived round the blazing hearth were not the best preparation for going a lonely road on a dark night. But go he should, and go he did; and it is not impossible that the widow from sympathy had a notion why Larry paused upon the threshold; for the moment he had crossed it and that they had exchanged their "Good-night and God speed you," the door was rapidly closed and bolted. The widow returned to the fireside and was silent, while Oonah looked by the light of a candle into the boiling pot to ascertain if the potatoes were yet done, and cast a fearful glance up the wide chimney as she withdrew from the inspection.

"I wish Larry did not tell us such horrid stories," said she as she laid the rushlight on the table; "I'll be dhramin' all night o' them."

"Deed an' that's thrue," said the widow; "I wish he hadn't."

"Sure you was as bad yourself," said Oonah.

"Troth, an' I b'lieve I was, child, and I'm sorry for

it now; but let us ate our supper and go to bed in God's name."

"I'm afeared o' my life to go to bed!" said Oonah. "Wisha! but I'd give the world it was mornin'."

"Ate your supper, child, ate your supper," said her aunt, giving the example, which was followed by Oonah; and after a light meal their prayers were said and perchance with a little extra devotion, from their peculiar state of mind; then to bed they went. The rushlight being extinguished, the only light remaining was from the red embers of the decaying fire, which cast so uncertain a glimmer within the cabin that its effect was almost worse than utter darkness to a timid person, for any object within its range assumed a form unlike its own, and presented some fantastic image to the eye; and as Oonah, contrary to her usual habit, could not fall asleep the moment she went to bed, she could not resist peering forth from under the bed-clothes through the uncertain gloom, in a painful state of watchfulness, which became gradually relaxed into an uneasy sleep.

The night was about half spent when Andy began to awake; and as he stretched his arms, and rolled his whole body round, he struck the bottom of the bed above him, in the action, and woke his mother. "Dear me," thought the widow, "I can't sleep at all to-night." Andy gave another turn soon after, which roused Oonah. She started, and shaking her aunt, asked her, in a low voice, if it was she who kicked her, though she scarcely hoped an answer in the affirmative, and yet dared not believe what her fears whispered.

"No, a *cuishla*," whispered the aunt

"Did you feel anything?" asked Oonah, trembling violently.

"What do you mane, *alanna*?" said her aunt.

Andy gave another roll. "There it is again!" gasped Oonah: and in a whisper, scarcely above her breath, she added, "Aunt, there's some one under the bed!"

The aunt did not answer; but the two women drew closer together, and held each other in their arms, as if their proximity afforded protection. Thus they lay in breathless fear for some minutes, while Andy began to be influenced by a vision in which the duel, and the chase, and the thrashing, were all enacted over again, and soon an odd word began to escape from the dreamer: "Gi' me the pist'l, Dick—the pist'l!"

"There are two of them!" whispered Oonah. "God be merciful to us! Do you hear him asking for the pistol?"

"Screech!" said her aunt.

"I can't," said Oonah.

Andy was quiet for sometime, while the women scarcely breathed.

"Suppose we get up, and make for the door?" said the aunt.

"I wouldn't put my foot out of the bed for the world," said Oonah. "I'm afeared one o' them would catch me by the leg."

"Howld him! howld him!" grumbled Andy.

"I'll die with the fright, aunt! I feel I'm dyin'! Let us say our prayers, aunt, for we're goin' to be mur-

dered!" The two women began to repeat with fervor their *aves* and *paternosters*, while at this immediate juncture Andy's dream having borne him to the dirty ditch where Dick Dawson had pommelled him, he began to vociferate, "Murder! murder!" so fiercely that the women screamed together in an agony of terror, and "Murder! murder!" was shouted by the whole party; for once the widow and Oonah found their voices, they made good use of them. The noise awoke Andy, who had, be it remembered, a tolerably long sleep by this time; and he having quite forgotten where he had lain down, and finding himself confined by the bed above him, and smothering for want of air, with the fierce shouts of murder ringing in his ears, woke in as great a fright as the women in the bed, and became a party in the terror he himself had produced; every plunge he gave under the bed inflicted a poke or a kick on his mother and cousin, which was answered by a cry of "Murder!"

"Let me out! Let me out, Misther Dick!" roared Andy. "Where am I at all? Let me out!"

"Help! help! murther!" roared the women.

"I'll never shoot any one again, Misther Dick—let me up!"

Andy scrambled from under the bed, half awake, and whole frightened by the darkness and the noise, which was now increased by the barking of the cur-dog.

"High! at him, Coaly!" roared Mrs. Rooney; "howld him! howld him!"

Now as this address was often made to the cur respecting the pig, when Mrs. Rooney sometimes wanted a quiet moment in the day, and the pig didn't like quitting the premises, the dog ran to the corner of the cabin where the pig habitually lodged, and laid hold of his ears with the strongest testimonials of affection, which polite attention the pig acknowledged by a prolonged squealing that drowned the voices of the women and Andy together; and now the cocks and hens that were roosting on the rafters of the cabin were startled by the din, and the crowing and cackling and the flapping of the frightened fowls as they flew about in the dark added to the general uproar and confusion.

"A—h!" screamed Oonah, "take your hands off me!" as Andy, getting from under the bed, laid his hand upon it to assist him, and caught a grip of his cousin.

"Who are you at all?" cried Andy, making another claw, and catching hold of his mother's nose.

"Oonah, they're murdering me!" shouted the widow.

The name of Oonah, and the voice of his mother, recalled his senses to Andy, who shouted, "Mother, mother! what's the matter?" A frightened hen flew in his face, and nearly knocked Andy down. "Bad cess to you," cried Andy, "what did you hit me for?"

"Who are you at all?" cried the widow.

"Don't you know me?" said Andy.

"No, I don't know you; by the vartue o' my oath, I don't; and I'll never swear again' you, jintlemen, if you lave the place, and spare our lives!"

Here the hens flew against the dresser, and smash went the plates and dishes.

"Oh, jintlemen, dear, don't rack and ruin me that way: don't desthroy a lone woman!"

"Mother, mother, what's this at all? Don't you know your own Andy?"

"Is it you that's there?" cried the widow, catching hold of him.

"To be sure it's me," said Andy.

"You won't let us be murdered, will you?"

"Who'd murder you?"

"Them people that's with you." Smash went another plate. "Do you hear that? they're rackin' my place, the villains!"

"Divil a one's wid me at all!" said Andy.

"I'll take my oath there was three or four under the bed," said Oonah.

"Not one but myself," said Andy.

"Are you sure?" said his mother.

"Cock sure!" said Andy; and a loud crowing gave evidence in favor of his assertion.

"The fowls is going mad," said the widow.

"And the pig's distracted," said Oonah.

"No wonder; the dog's murderin' him," said Andy.

"Get up and light the rushlight, Oonah," said the widow; "you'll get a spark out o' the turf cendhers."

"Some o' them will catch me, maybe!" said Oonah.

"Get up, I tell you," said the widow.

Oonah now arose, and groped her way to the fireplace, where by dint of blowing upon the embers, and poking the rushlight among the turf ashes, a light was at length obtained. She then returned to the bed, and threw her petticoat over her shoulders.

"What's this at all?" said the widow rising, and wrapping a blanket round her.

"Bad cess to the know I know!" said Andy.

"Look under the bed, Oonah," said the aunt.

Oonah obeyed, and screamed, and ran behind Andy. "There's another here yet!" said she.

Andy seized the poker, and standing on the defensive, desired the villain to come out: the demand was not complied with.

"There's nobody there," said Andy.

"I'll take my oath there is," said Oonah; "a dirty blackguard without any clothes on him."

"Come out, you robber!" said Andy, making a lunge under the trundle.

A grunt ensued, and out rushed the pig, who had escaped from the dog, the dog having discovered a greater attraction in some fat that was knocked from the dresser, which the widow intended for the dipping of rushes in; but the dog being enlightened to his own interest without rushlights, and preferring mutton fat to pig's ear, had suffered the grunter to go at large, while he was captivated by the fat. The clink of a three-legged stool the widow seized to the rescue, was a stronger argument against the dog than he was prepared to answer, and a remnant of fat was preserved from the rapacious Coaly.

"Where's the rest o' the robbers?" said Oonah; "there's three o' them, I know."

"You're dhramin'," said Andy. "Divil a robber is here but myself."



"And what brought you here?" said his mother.

"I was afeard they'd murder me," said Andy.

"Murder!" exclaimed the widow and Oonah together, still startled by the very sound of the word.

"Who do you mane?"

"Misther Dick," said Andy.

"Aunt, I tell you," said Oonah, "this is some more of Andy's blunders. Sure Misther Dawson wouldn't be goin' to murder any one; let us look round the cabin, and find out who's in it, for I won't be aisy until I look into every corner, to see there's no robbers in the place; for I tell you again, there was three o' them undher the bed."

The search was made, and the widow and Oonah at length satisfied that there were no midnight assassins there with long knives to cut their throats; and then they began to thank God that their lives were safe.

"But, oh! look at my chaynee!" said the widow, clapping her hands, and casting a look of despair at the shattered delf that lay around her; "look at my chaynee!"

"And what *was* it brought you here?" said Oonah, facing round on Andy with a dangerous look, rather, in her bright eye. "Will you tell us that?—what *was* it?"

"I came to save my life, I tell you," said Andy.

"To put us in dhread of ours, you mane," said Oonah.

"Just look at the *omadhawn* there," said she to her aunt, "standin' with his mouth open, just as if nothin' happened, and he afther frightenin' the lives of us."

"Throe for you, *alanna*," said her aunt.

"And would no place sarve you, indeed, but undher our bed, you vagabone?" said his mother, roused to a sense of his delinquency; "to come in like a morodin' villian, as you are, and hide under the bed, and frighten the lives out of us, and rack and ruin my place!"

"'Twas Misther Dick, I tell you," said Andy.

"Bad seran to you, you unlooky hangin' bone thief!" cried the widow, seizing him by the hair, and giving him a hearty cuff on the ear, which would have knocked him down, only that Oonah kept him up by an equally well applied box on the other.

"Would you murder me?" shouted Andy, as he saw his mother lay hold of the broom.

"Ar'n't you afther frightenin' the lives out of us, you dirty, good-for-nothing, mischief-making!"

On poured the torrent of abuse, rendered more impressive by a whack at every word. Andy roared, and the more he roared the more did Oonah and his mother thrash him. So great, indeed, was their zeal in the cause, that the widow's blanket and Oonah's petticoat fell off in the *melee*, which compels us to put our hands to our eyes, and close the chapter.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,  
And men on earth and saints above;  
For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love."

So sang Scott. Quite agreeing with the antithesis of the last line, perhaps in the second, where he talks

of men and saints, another view of the subject, or turn of the phrase, might have introduced sinners quite as successfully. This is said without the smallest intention of using the word *sinners* in a questionable manner. Love, in its purest shape, may lead to sinning on the part of persons least interested in the question; for is it not a sin, when the folly, or caprice, or selfishness of a third party or fourth, makes a trio or quartette of that which nature undoubtedly intended for a duet, and so spoils it?

Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts,—ay, and even cousins—sometimes put in their oar to disturb that stream which is troubled enough without their interference, and, as the bard of Avon says,

"never did run smooth."

And so it was in the case of Fanny Dawson and Edward O'Connor. A piece of innocent fun on the part of her brother and blind pertinacity—indeed, downright absurdity—on her father's side, interrupted the intercourse of affection which had subsisted silently for many a long day between the lovers, but was acknowledged at last with delight to the two whom it most concerned and satisfaction to all who knew or held them dear. Yet the harmony of this sweet accordance of spirits was marred by youthful frolic and doting absurdity. This welding together of hearts in the purest fire of nature's own contriving was broken at a blow by a weak old man. Is it too much to call this a *sin*? Less mischievous things are branded with the name in the common-place parlance of the world. The cold and phlegmatic may not understand this; but they who *can* love know how bitterly every after-hour of life may be poisoned with the taint which hapless love has infused into the current of future years, and can believe how many a heart equal to the highest enterprise has been palsied by the touch of despair. Sweet and holy is the duty of child to parent; but sacred also is the obligation of those who govern in so hallowed a position. Their rule should be guided by justice; they should pray for judgment in their mastery.

Fanny Dawson's father was an odd sort of person. His ancestors were settlers in Ireland of the time of William the Third, and having won their lands by the sword, it is quite natural the love of arms should have been hereditary in the family. Mr. Dawson, therefore, had served many years as a soldier, and was a bit of martinet, not only in military but all other affairs. His mind was of so tenacious a character that an impression once received there became indelible; and if the Major once made up his mind, or indulged the belief, that such and such things were so and so, the waters of truth could never wash out the mistake: stubbornness had written them there with her own indelible marking ink.

Now, one of the gentleman's weak points was a museum of the most heterogeneous nature, consisting of odds and ends from all parts of the world, and appertaining to all subjects. Nothing was too high or too low:—a bronze helmet from the plain of Marathon, which, to the classic eye of an artist, conveyed the

idea of a Minerva's head beneath it, would not have been more prized by the Major than a cavalry cap with some bullet mark of which *he could tell an anecdote*. A certain skin of a tiger he prized much, because the animal had dined on his dearest friend in one of the jungles of Bengal; also a pistol, which he vouched for as being the one with which Hatfield fired at George the Third; the hammer with which Crawley (of Hessian-boot memory) murdered his landlady; the string which was on Viotti's violin, when he played before Queen Charlotte; the horn that was *supposed* to be in the lantern of Guy Fawkes; a small piece of the coat worn by the Prince of Orange on his landing in England, and other small relics. But far above these

the Major prized the skeleton of a horse's head, which occupied the principal place in his museum. This he declared to be part of the identical horse which bore Duke Shonberg when he crossed the Boyne in the celebrated battle so called; and with whimsical ingenuity he had contrived to string some wires upon the bony fabric, which yielded a sort of hurdy-gurdy vibration to the strings when touched; and the Major's most favorite feat was to play the tune of the Boyne Water on the head of Duke Shonberg's horse. In short, his collection was composed of trifles from north, south, east and west. Some leaf from the prodigal verdure of India, or gorgeous shell from the Paci-

fic, or paw of bear, or tooth of walrus; but beyond all teeth one was pre-eminently valued—is was one of his own, which he had lost the use of by a wound in the jaw, received in action; and no one ever entered his house and escaped without hearing all about it, from the first shot fired in the affair by the skirmishers to the last charge of the victorious cavalry. The tooth was always produced along with the story, together with the declaration that every dentist who saw it protested it was the largest human tooth ever seen. Now, some little sparing was not unfrequent between old Mr. Dawson and Edward on the subject of their respective museums; the old gentleman "poo-pooing" Edward's "rotten, rusty

rubbish," as he called it, and Edward defending, as gently as he could, his patriotic partiality for national antiquities. This little war never led to any evil results; for Edward not only loved Fanny too well, but respected age too much, to lean hard on the old gentleman's weakness, or seek to reduce his fancied superiority as a collector; but the tooth, the ill-omened tooth, at last gnawed asunder the bond of friendship and affection which had subsisted between the two families for so many years.

The Major had paraded his tooth so often, that Dick Dawson began to tire of it, and for the purpose of making it a source of amusement to himself, he stole his father's keys one day, and opening the cabinet in which

his tooth was enshrined, he abstracted the grinder which nature had bestowed on the Major, and substituted in its stead a horse's tooth, of no contemptible dimensions. A party some days after dined with the old gentlemen, and after dinner the story of the skirmish turned up, as a matter of course, and the enormous size of the tooth wound up the tedious tale.

"Hadh't you better show it to them, sir?" said Dick from the foot of the table.

"Indeed, then, I will," said the Major; "for it really is a curiosity."

"Let me go for it, sir" said Dick, well knowing he would be refused.

"No, no," answered his father, rising; "I never let any

one go to my pet cabinet but myself;" and so saying he left the room, and proceeded to his museum. It has been already said that the Major's mind was of that character, which once being satisfied of anything, could never be convinced to the contrary; and having for years been in the habit of drawing his own tooth out of his own cabinet, the increased size never struck him of the one which he now extracted from it; so he returned to the dining-room, and presented with great exultation to the company the tooth Dick had substituted. It may be imagined how the people stared, when an old gentleman, and moreover a Major, declared upon his honor, that a great horse's tooth was his own;



Andy's Welcome Home.



but having done so, politeness forbade they should contradict him, more particularly at the head of his own table, so they smothered their smiles, as well as they could, and declared it was the most wonderful tooth they ever beheld; and instead of attempting to question the fact, they launched forth in expressions of admiration and surprise, and the fable, instead of being questioned, was received with welcome, and made food for mirth. The difficulty was not to laugh; and in the midst of twisted mouths, affected sneezing, and applications of pocket handkerchiefs to rebellious cachinations, Dick, the maker of the joke, sat unmoved, sipping his claret with a serenity which might have roused the envy of a red Indian.

"I think that's something like a tooth!" said Dick.

"Prodigious—wonderful—tremendous!" ran round the board.

"Give it to me again," said one.

"Let me look at it once more," said another.

"Colossal!" exclaimed a third.

"Gigantic!" shouted all, as the tooth made the circuit of the table.

The Major was delighted, and never remembered his tooth to have created such a sensation; and when at last it was returned to him, he turned it about in his own hand, and cast many fond glances at the monstrosity, before it was finally deposited in his waistcoat pocket. This was the most ridiculous part of the exhibition: to see a gentleman, with the use of his eyes, looking affectionately at a thumping horse's tooth, and believing it to be his own. Yet this was a key of the Major's whole character. A received opinion was with him unchangeable; no alteration of circumstances could shake it: *it was his tooth*. A belief or a doubt was equally sacred with him; and though his senses in the present case should have shown him it was a horse's tooth, no, it was a piece of himself, his own dear tooth.

After this party, the success which crowned his anecdote and its attendant relic made him fonder of showing it off; and many a day did Dick the devil enjoy the astonishment of visitors as his father exhibited the enormous tooth as his own. Fonder and fonder grew the Major of his tooth and his story, until the unlucky day Edward O'Connor happened to be in the museum with a party of ladies, to whom the old gentleman was showing off his treasures with great effect, and some pains; for the Major, like most old soldiers, was very attentive to the fair sex. At last the pet cabinet was opened, and out came the tooth. One universal exclamation of surprise arose on its appearance: "What a wonderful man the Major was to have such a tooth!" Just then, by an unlucky chance, Edward, who had not seen the Major produce the wonder from his cabinet, perceived the relic in the hand of one of the ladies at the extremity of the group, and fancying it had dropped from the horse's head, he said,—

"I suppose that is one of the teeth out of old Shonberg's skull."

The Major thought this an impertinent allusion of his political bias, and said, very sharply, "What do you mean by old Shonberg?"

"The horse's head, sir," replied Edward, pointing to the musical relic.

"It was of *my* tooth you spoke, sir, when you said old Shonberg," returned the Major, still more offended at what he considered Edward's evasion.

"I assure you," said Edward, with the strongest evidence of a desire to be reconciled in his voice and manner,—*"I assure you, sir, it was of this tooth I spoke;"* and he held up the one the Major had produced as his own.

"I know it was, sir," said the Major, "and therefore I didn't relish your allusions to my tooth."

"*Your* tooth, sir?" exclaimed Edward in surprise.

"Yes, sir—mine!"

"My dear sir," said Edward, "there is some mistake here; this is a horse's tooth."

"Give it to me, sir!" said the Major, snatching it from Edward. "You may think this very witty, Mr. O'Connor, but *I* don't; if my tooth is of superhuman size, I'm not to be called a horse for it, sir!—nor Shonberg, sir!—horse—a hem!—better than ass, however!"

While this brief but angry outbreak took place, the bystanders, of course, felt excessively uncomfortable; and poor Edward knew not what to do. The Major he knew to be of too violent a temper to attempt explanation for the present; so, bowing to the ladies, he left the room, with that flushed look of silent vexation to which courteous youth is sometimes obliged to submit at the hands of intemperate age.

Neither Fanny nor Dick was at home when this occurred, so Edward quitted the house, and was forbidden to enter it afterwards. The Major suddenly entertained a violent dislike to Edward O'Connor, and hated even to hear his name mentioned. It was in vain that explanation was attempted: his self-love had received a violent shock, of which Edward had been the innocent means. In vain did Dick endeavor to make himself the peace-offering to his father's wounded consequence; in vain was it manifest that Fanny was grieved: the old Major persisted in declaring that Edward O'Connor was a self-sufficient jackanapes, and forbade most peremptorily that further intercourse should take place between him and his daughter; and she had too high a sense of duty, and he of honor, to seek to violate the command. But though they never met, they loved not the less fondly and truly; and Dick, grieved that a frolic of his should have interrupted the happiness of a sister he loved and a friend he valued, kept up a sort of communion between them by talking to Edward about Fanny, and to Fanny about Edward, whose last song was sure, through the good offices of the brother, to find its way into the sister's album, already stored with many a tribute from her lover's muse.

Fanny was a sweet creature—one of those choice and piquant bits of Nature's creation which she sometimes vouchsafes to treat the world with, just to show what she *can* do. Her person I shall not attempt to describe; for however one may endeavor to make words play the part of color, lineament, voice, and expression—and however successfully,—still a verbal description can

never convey a true notion of personal charms; and personal charms Fanny had, decidedly; not that she was strictly beautiful, but, at times, nevertheless, eclipsing beauty far more regular, and throwing symmetry into the shade, by some charm which even they whom it fascinated could not define.

Her mind was as clear and pure as a mountain stream; and if at times it chafed and was troubled from the course in which it ran, the temporary turbulence only made its limpid depth and quietness more beautiful. Her heart was the very temple of generosity, the throne of honor, and the seat of tenderness. The gentlest sympathies dwelt in her soul, and answered to the slightest call of another's grief; while mirth was dancing in her eye, a word that implied the sorrow of another would bring a tear there. She was the sweetest creature in the world!

The old Major, used to roving habits from his profession, would often go on a ramble somewhere for weeks together, at which times Fanny went to Merryvale to her sister, Mistress Egan, who was also a fine hearted creature, but less soft and sentimental than Fanny. She was of the dashing school rather, and before she became the mother of so large a family, thought very little of riding over a gate or a fence. Indeed it was her high mettle that won her the squire's heart. The story is not long, and it may as well be told here—though a little out of place, perhaps; but it's an Irish story, and may therefore be gently irregular.

The squire had admired Letitia Dawson as most of the young men of her acquaintance did—appreciated her round waist and well-turned ankle, her spirited eyes and cheerful laugh, and danced with her at every ball as much as any other fine girl in the country; but never seriously thought of her as a wife, until one day a party visited the parish church, whose old tower was often ascended for the fine view it commanded. At this time the tower was under repair, and the masons were drawing up materials in a basket, which, worked by rope and pulley, swung on a beam protruding from the top of the tower. The basket had just been lowered for a fresh load of stones, when Let-

itia exclaimed, "Wouldn't it be fine fun to get into the basket and be hauled up to the top of the tower?—how astonished the workmen would be to see a lady get out of it!"

"I would be more astonished to see a lady get into it," said a gentleman present.

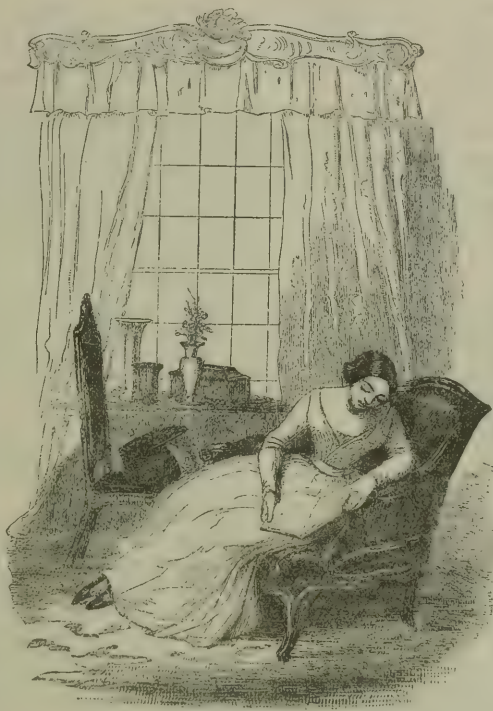
"Then here goes to astonish you," said Letitia, laying hold of the rope and jumping into the basket. In vain did her friends and the workmen below endeavor to dissuade her; up she would go, and up she did go; and it was during her ascent that Egan and a friend were riding towards the church. Their attention was attracted by so strange a sight; and, spurring onward,

Egan exclaimed, "By the powers, 'tis Letty Dawson! Well done, Letty! You're the right girl for my money! By Jove, if ever I marry, Letty's the woman!" And sure enough she *was* the woman, in another month.

Now, Fanny would not have done the basket feat, but she had plenty of fun in her, notwithstanding; her spirits were light; and though, for sometime, she felt deeply the separation from Edward, she rallied after a while, felt that unavailing sorrow but impaired the health of the mind, and, supported by her good sense, she waited in hopefulness for the time that Edward might claim and win her.

At Merryvale now, all was expectation about the anticipated election. The ladies were making up bows of ribbon for their partisans, and Fanny had been so employed all the morning alone in

the drawing-room; her pretty fingers pinching, and pressing, and stitching the silken favors, while now and then her hand wandered to a wicker basket which lay beside her, to draw forth a scissors or a needlecase. As she worked, a shade of thought crossed her sweet face, like a passing cloud across the sun; the pretty fingers stopped—the work was laid down—and a small album gently drawn from the neighboring basket. She opened the book and read; they were lines of Edward O'Connor's, which she drank into her heart; they were the last he had written, which her brother had heard him sing and had brought her.



Fanny Dawson.



## THE SNOW.

## I.

An old man sadly said,  
 "Where's the snow  
 That fell the year that's fled?—  
 Where's the snow?"  
 As fruitless were the task  
 Of many a joy to ask,  
 As the snow!

## II.

The hope of airy birth,  
 Like the snow,  
 Is stain'd on reaching earth,  
 Like the snow;  
 While 'tis sparkling in the ray  
 'Tis melting fast away,  
 Like the snow.

## III.

A cold deceitful thing  
 Is the snow,  
 Though it come on dove-like wing,—  
 The false snow!  
 'Tis but rain disguise'd appears,  
 And our hopes are frozen tears,  
 Like the snow.

A tear *did* course down Fanny's cheek as she read the last couplet; and, closing the book and replacing it in the little basket, she sighed, and said, "Poor fellow!—I wish he were not so sad!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

LOVE is of as many patterns, cuts, shapes, and colors, as people's garments; and the loves of Edward O'Connor and Fanny Dawson had very little resemblance to the tender passion which agitated the breast of the widow Flanagan, and made Tom Durfy her slave. Yet the widow and Tom demand the office of the chronicler as well as the more elevated pair, and this our voracious history could never get on if we exhausted all our energies upon the more engaging personages, to the neglect of the rest; your plated handles, scrolls, and mountings, are all very well on your carriage, but it could not move without its plain iron bolts.

Now the reader must know something of the fair Mistress Flanagan, who was left in very comfortable circumstances by a niggardly husband, who did her the favor to die suddenly one day, to the no small satisfaction of the pleasure-loving widow, who married him in an odd sort of a hurry, and got rid of him as quickly. Mr. Flanagan was engaged in supplying the export provision trade, which, every one knows, is considerable in Ireland; and his dealings in beef and butter were extensive. This brought him into contact with the farmers for many miles round, whom he met, not only every market day at every market town in the county, but at their own houses, where a knife and fork were always at the service of the rich buyer. One of these was a certain Mat Riley, who, on small means, managed to live and rear a son and three bouncing, good-looking girls, who helped to make butter, feed calves, and superintend the education of pigs; and on these active and comely lasses Mr. Flanagan often cast an eye of admiration, with a view to making one of them his wife; for though he might have had his pick

and choice of many fine girls in the towns he dealt in, he thought the simple, thrifty, and industrious habits of a plain farmer's daughter more likely to conduce to his happiness and *profit*,—for in that, principally, lay the aforesaid happiness of Mr. Flanagan. Now this intention of honoring one of the three Miss Rileys with promotion he never hinted at in the remotest degree, and even in his own mind the thought was mixed up with fat cattle and prices current; and it was not until a leisure moment, one day, when he was paying Mat Riley for some of his farming produce, that he broached the subject, thus:—

"Mat."

"Sir."

"I'm thinkin' o' marryin'."

"Well, she'll have a snug house, whoever she is, Misther Flanagan."

"Them's fine girls o' your's."

Poor Mat opened his eyes with delight at the prospect of such a match for one of his daughters, and said they were "comely lumps of girls, sure enough; but what was better, they were good."

"That's what I'm thinking," said Flanagan. "There's two ten-poun' notes and a five, and one is six, and one is seven; and three tenpinnies is two and sixpence; that's twenty-seven pound two and sixpence; eightpence ha'penny is the lot; but I haven't copper in my company, Mat."

"Oh, no matter, Mr. Flanagan. And is it one o' my colleens you've been throwin' the eye at, sir?"

"Yes, Mat, it is. You're askin' too much for them firkins."

"Oh, Misther Flanagan, consider it's prime butther. I'll back my girls for making up a bit o' butther agen any girls in Ireland; and my cows is good and the pasture prime."

"'Tis a farthin' a pound too high, Mat, and the market not lively."

"The butther is good, Misther Flanagan, and not decenther girls in Ireland than the same girls, though I am their father."

"I'm thinkin' I'll marry one o' them, Mat."

"Sure an' it's proud I'll be sir—and which o' them is it, maybe?"

"Faith I don't know myself, Mat. What do you think, yourself?"

"Throth, myself doesn't know—they're all good. Nance is nice, and Biddy's biddable, and Kitty's cute."

"Your a snug man, Mat: you ought to be able to give a husband a thrifle with them."

"Nothing worth *your* while, anyhow, Misther Flanagan. But sure one o' my girls without a rag on her back, or a tack to her feet, would be better help to an honest industerin' man than one o' your showy latherumswash divils out of a town, that would spend more than she'd bring wid her."

"That's thrue, Mat. I'll marry one of your girls, I think."

"You'll have my blessin', sir; and proud I'll be—and proud the girl ought to be—that I'll say. And suppose now you'd come over on Sunday, and take share of a

plain man's dinner, and take your pick o' the girls—there's a fine bull goose that Nance towld me she'd have ready afther last mass, for Father Ulick said he'd come and dine with us."

"I can't, Mat; I must be in the canal boat on Sunday, but I'll go and breakfast with you to-morrow, on my way to Billy Mooney's, who has a fine lot of pigs to sell—remarkable fine pigs."

"Well, we'll expect you to breakfast, sir."

"Mat, there must be no nonsense about the wedding."

"As you plase, sir."

"Just marry her off, and take her home. Short reckonings make long friends."

"Thru for you, sir."

"Nothing to give the girl, you say?"

"My blessin' only, sir."

"Well, you must throw in that butther, Mat, and take the farthin' off."

"It's yours, sir," said Mat, delighted, loading Flanagan with "good byes" and "God save yous," until they should meet next morning at breakfast.

Mat rode home in great glee at the prospect of providing so well for one of his girls, and told them a man would be there the next morning to make choice of one of them for his wife. The girls, very naturally, inquired who the man was; to which Mat, in the plenitude of patriarchal power, replied, "that was nothing to them;" and his daughters had sufficient experience of his temper to know there was no use in asking more questions after such an answer. He only added she would be "well off that should get him." Now, their father being such a bug-a-boo, it is no wonder the girls were willing to take the chance of a good-humored husband instead of an iron-handed father; so they set to work to make themselves as smart as possible for the approaching trial of their charms, and a battle royal ensued between the sisters as to the right and title to certain pieces of dress which were hitherto considered a sort of common property amongst them, and which the occasion of a fair, or a pattern,\* or market-day, was enough to establish the possession of, by whichever of the girls went to the public place; but now, when a husband was to be won, privilege of all sorts was pleaded, in which discussion there was more noise than sound reason, and so many violent measures to secure the envied *morceaux*, that some destruction of finery took place, where there was none to spare; and, at last, seniority was agreed upon to decide the question of possession; so that, when Nance had the first plunder of the chest which held all their clothes in common, and Biddy made the second grab, poor Kitty had little left but her ordinary rags to appear in. But as in the famous judgment on Ida's mount it is hinted that Venus carried the day by her scarcity of drapery, so did Kitty conquer by want of clothes; not that Love sat in judgment; it was Plutus turned the scale. But, to leave metaphor and classic illustration, and go back to

Mat Riley's cabin; the girls were washing, and starching, and ironing all night; and the morning saw them arrayed for conquest; Flanagan came and breakfasted, and saw the three girls. A flashy silk handkerchief which Nancy wore put her *hors du combat* very soon; she was set down at once, in his mind, as extravagant. Biddy might have had a chance if she had made anything like a fair division with her youngest sister; but Kitty had been so plundered that her shabbiness won an easy victory over the niggard's heart; he saw in her "the making of a thrifty wife;" besides which, she was possibly the best looking, and certainly the youngest of the three; and there is no knowing how far old Flanagan might have been influenced by these considerations.

He spoke very little to any of the girls; but when he was leaving the house he said to the father, as he was shaking hands with him, "Mat, I'll do it:" and pointing at Kitty, he added, "That's the one I'll have."

Great was the rage of the other sisters, for Flanagan was notoriously a wealthy man, and when he quitted the house Kitty set up such a shout of laughter that her father and sisters told her several times "not to make a fool of herself." Still she laughed, and throughout the day sometimes broke out into sudden roars; and while her sides shook with merriment, she would throw herself into a chair against the wall, to rest herself after the fatigue of her uproarious mirth. Now Kitty, while she laughed at the discomfiture of her greedy sisters, also laughed at the mistake into which Mr. Flanagan had fallen; for, as her father said of her, she was "cute," and she more than suspected the cause of Flanagan's choice, and enjoyed the anticipation of his disappointment, for she was fonder of dress than either Nancy or Biddy, and revelled in the notion of astonishing "the old niggard," as she called him; and this she did "many a time and oft." In vain did Flanagan try to keep her extravagance within bounds. She would either wheedle, or reason, or bully, or shame him into doing what she said "was right and proper for a snug man like him." His house was soon well furnished: she made him get her a jaunting car. She sometimes *would* go to parties, and no one was better dressed than the woman he chose for her rags. He got enraged now and then; but Kitty pacified him by soft words or daring inventions of her own fertile fancy. Once, when he caught her in the act of wearing a costly crimson silk gown, and stormed—she soothed him by telling him it was her old black one she had dyed; and this bouncer, to the great amusement of her female friends, he loved to repeat as a proof of what a careful, contriving creature he had in Kitty. She was naturally quick-witted. She managed him admirably, deceived him into being more comfortable than ever he had been before, and had the laudable ambition of endeavoring to improve both his and her own condition in every way. She set about educating herself, too, as far as her notions of education went; and in a few years after her marriage by judiciously using the means which her husband's wealth afforded her of advancing her position in society, no one could have rec-

\* A half-holy, half-merry meeting held at some certain place on the day dedicated to the saint who is supposed to be the patron of the spot:—hence the name "patterns."



ognised in the lively and well dressed Mrs. Flanagan the gawky daughter of a middling farmer. She was very good-natured, too, towards her sisters, whose condition she took care to improve with her own; and a very fair match for the eldest was made through her means. The younger one was often staying in her house, dividing her time nearly between the town and her father's house, and no party which Mrs. Flanagan gave or appeared at went off without giving Biddy a chance to "settle herself in the world." This was not done without a battle now and then with old Flanagan, whose stinginess would exhibit itself upon occasion; but at last all let and hindrance to the merry lady ceased by the sudden death of her old husband, who left her the entire of his property, so that, for the first time, his will was her pleasure.

After the funeral of the old man the "disconsolate widow" was withdrawn from her own house by her brother and sister to the farm, which grew to be a much more comfortable place than when Kitty left it, for to have remained in her own house after the loss of "her good man" would have been too hard on "the lone woman." So said her sister and her brother, though to judge from the widow's eyes, she was not very heart-broken; she cried as much, no doubt, as young widows generally do after old husbands—and could Kitty be expected to do more?

She had not been many days in her widowhood when Biddy asked her to drive into the town, where Biddy had to do a little shopping—that great business of ladies' lives.

"Oh, Biddy, dear, I must not go out so soon."

"Twill do you good, Kitty."

"I mustn't be seen, you know—'twouldn't be right, and poor dear Flanagan not buried a week!"

"Sure, who'll see you? We'll go in the covered car, and draw the curtains close, and who'll be the wiser?"

"If I thought no one would see me!" said the widow.

"Ah, who'll see you?" exclaimed Biddy. "Come along; the drive will do you good."

The widow agreed; but when Biddy asked for a horse to put to the car, her brother refused, for the only horse not at work he was going to yoke in a cart that moment to send a lamb to the town. Biddy vowed she would have a horse, and her brother swore the lamb should be served first, till Biddy made a compromise, and agreed to take the lamb under the seat of the car, and thus accommodate all parties.

Matters being thus accommodated, off the ladies set, the lamb tied neck and heels, and crammed under the seat, and the curtains of the car ready to be drawn at a moment's notice, in case they should meet any one on the road; for "why should not the poor widow enjoy the fresh air as they drove along?" About half way to the town, however, the widow suddenly exclaimed.

"Biddy, draw the curtain!"

"What's the matter?" says Biddy.

"I see him coming after us round the turn o' the road!" and the widow looked so horrified, and plucked at the curtains so furiously, that Biddy, who was superstitious, thought nothing but old Flanagan's ghost could

have produced such an effect; and began to scream and utter holy ejaculations, until the sight of Tom Durfy riding after them showed her the cause of her sister's alarm.

"If that divil Tom Durfy sees me, he'll tell it all over the country, he's such a quiz; shove yourself well before the door there, Biddy, that he can't peep into the car. Oh, why did I come out this day!—I wish your tongue was cut out, Biddy, that asked me!"

In the meantime Tom Durfy closed on them fast, and began telegraphing Biddy, who, according to the widow's desire, had shoved herself well before the door.

"Pull up, Tim, pull up," said the widow, from the inside of the car, to the driver, whom she thumped in the back at the same time, to impress upon him her meaning,—*"turn about, and pretend to drive back!—We'll let that fellow ride on,"* said she quietly to Biddy.

Just as this manœuvre was executed, up came Tom Durfy.

"How are you, Miss Riley?" said he, as he drew rein.

"Pretty well, thank you," said Biddy, putting her head and shoulders through the window, while the widow shrunk back into the corner of the car.

"How very sudden poor Mr. Flanagan's death was! I was quite surprised."

"Yes, indeed," says Biddy, "I was just taking a little drive; good-bye."

"I was very much shocked to hear of it," said Tom.

"Twas dreadful," said Biddy.

"How is poor Mrs. Flanagan?" said Tom.

"As well as can be expected, poor thing!—good bye!" said Biddy, manifestly anxious to cut short the conference.

This anxiety was so obvious to Tom, who, for the sake of fun, loved cross-purposes dearly, that he determined to push his conversation further, just because he saw it was unwelcome.

"To be sure," continued he, "at his time of life—"

"Very true," said Biddy. "Good morning!"

"And the season has been very unhealthy."

"Doctor Growling told me so yesterday," said Biddy;—"I wonder you're not afraid of stopping in this east wind: colds are very prevalent.—Good bye!"

Just now the genius of farce, who presides so particularly over all Irish affairs, put it into the lamb's head to bleat. The sound at first did not strike Tom Durfy as singular, they being near a high hedge, within which it was likely enough a lamb might bleat; but Biddy, shocked at the thought of being discovered in the fact of making her jaunting car a market car, reddened up to the eyes, while the widow squeezed herself closer into the corner.

Tom, seeing the increasing embarrassment of Biddy, and her desire to be off, still *would* talk to her, for the love of mischief.

"I beg your pardon," he continued, "just one moment more,—I wanted to ask was it not apoplexy, for I heard an odd report about the death?"

"Oh, yes," says Biddy,—*"apoplexy—good bye."*

"Did he speak at all?" asked Tom.

"Baa!" says the lamb.

Tom cocked his ears, Biddy grew redder, and the widow crammed her handkerchief into her mouth to endeavor to smother her laughter.

"I hope poor Mrs. Flanagan bears it well," says Tom.

"Poor thing!" says Biddy, "she's inconsolable."

"Baa-a!" says the lamb.

Biddy spoke louder and faster, the widow kicked with laughing, and Tom then suspected whence the sound proceeded.

"She does nothing but cry all day," says Biddy.

"Baa-a-a!" says the lamb.

The widow could stand it no longer, and a peal of laughter followed the lamb's bleat.

"What is all this?" said Tom, laying hold of the curtains with relentless hand, and spite of Biddy's screams, rudely unveiling the sanctuary of sorrowing widowhood. Oh! what a sight for the rising—I beg their pardon—the sinking generation of old gentlemen who take young wives, did Tom behold!—There was the widow, lying back in the corner,—she who was represented as inconsolable and crying all day, shaking with laughter, and tears, not of sorrow, but irrepressible mirth, rolling down a cheek rosy enough for a bride.

Biddy, of course, joined the shout. Tom roared in an agony of delight. The very driver's risibility rebelled against the habits of respect, and strengthened the chorus, while the lamb, as if conscious of the authorship of the joke, put in a longer and louder *baa-a-a-a!!!*

Tom, with all his devilment, had good taste enough to feel it was not a scene to linger on; so merely giving a merry nod to each of the ladies, he turned about his horse as fast as he could, and rode away in roars of laughter.

When in due coarse of time, the widow again appeared in company, she and Tom Durfy could never meet without smiling at each other. What a pleasant influence lies in mutual smiles—we love the lips which welcome us without words! Such sympathetic influence it was that led the widow and Tom to get better and better acquainted, and like each other more and more, until she thought him the pleasantest fellow in the county, and he thought her the handsomest woman—besides, she had a good fortune.

The widow, conscious of her charms and her money, did not let Tom, however, lead the quietest life in the world. She liked, with the unfailing propensity of her sex, to vex the man she loved now and then, and assert her sway over a good-looking fellow. He, in his turn, played off the widow very well; and one unfailing source of a mirthful reconciliation on Tom's part, whenever the widow was angry, and that he wanted to bring her back to good humor, was to steal behind her chair, and coaxingly putting his head over her fair shoulder, to pat her gently on her peachy cheek, and cry "*Baa!*"

## CHAPTER IX.

ANDY was in sad disgrace for some days with his mother; but, like all mothers, she soon forgave the blunders of her son,—and indeed mothers are well off who have not more than blunders to forgive. Andy did all in his power to make himself useful at home, now that he was out of place and dependent on his mother, and got a day's work here and there when he could. Fortunately the season afforded him more employment than winter months would have done. But the farmers had soon all their crops made up, and when Andy could find no work to be paid for, he set-to to cut the "scrap o' meadow," as he called it, on a small field of his mother's. Indeed, it was but a "scrap," for the place where it grew was one of those broken bits of ground, so common in the vicinity of mountain ranges, where rocks, protruding through the soil, give the notion of a very fine crop of stones. Now, this locality gave to Andy the opportunity of exercising a bit of his characteristic ingenuity; for when the hay was ready for "cocking," he selected a good thumping rock as the foundation for his haystack, and the superstructure consequently cut a more respectable figure than one could have anticipated from the appearance of the little crop as it lay on the ground; and as no vestige of the rock was visible, the widow, when she came out to see the work completed, wondered and rejoiced at the size of her haystack, and said, "God bless you, Andy, but you're the natest hand for puttin' up a bit o' hay I ever seen: throth, I didn't think there was the half of it in it!" Little did the widow know that the cock of hay was as great a cheat as a bottle of champagne—more than half bottom. It was all very well for the widow to admire her hay; but at last she came to sell it, and such sales are generally effected in Ireland by the purchaser buying "in the lump," as it is called, that is, calculating the value of the hay from the appearance of the stack, as it stands, and drawing it away upon his own cars. Now, as luck would have it, it was Andy's early acquaintance, Owny na Coppal, bought the hay; and in consideration of the *lone woman*, gave her as good a price as he could afford, for Owny was an honest, open-hearted fellow, though he was a horse-dealer; so he paid the widow the price of her hay on the spot, and said he would draw it away at his convenience.

In a few days Owny's cars and men were sent for this purpose; but when they came to take the haystack to pieces, the solidity of its centre rather astonished them,—and instead of the cars going back loaded, two had their journey for nothing, and went home empty. Previously to his men leaving the widow's field they spoke to her on the subject, and said,

"Pon my conscience, ma'am, the centre o' your haystack was mighty heavy."

"Oh, indeed, it's powerful hay," said she.

"Maybe so," said they; "but there's not much nourishment in that part of it."

"Not finer hay in Ireland," said she.

"What's of it, ma'am," said they. "Faix, we think



Mr. Doyle will be talkin' to you about it." And they were quite right; for Owny became indignant at being overreached, as he thought, and lost no time in going to the widow to tell her so. When he arrived at her cabin, Andy happened to be in the house; and when the widow raised her voice through the storm of Owny's rage, in protestations that she knew nothing about it, but that "Andy, the darlin', put the cock up with his own hands," then did Owny's passion gather strength.

"Oh! it's you, you vagabone, is it?" said he, shaking his whip at Andy, with whom he never had had the honor of a conversation since the memorable day when his horse was nearly killed. "So this is more o' your purty work! Bad cess on you! wasn't it enough for you to nighband kill one o' my horses, without plottin' to chate the rest o' them?"

"Is it *me* chate them?" said Andy. "Throth, I wouldn't wrong a dumb baste for the world."

"Not he, indeed, Misther Doyle," said the widow.

"Arrah, woman, don't be talkin' your balderdash to me," said Doyle; "sure, you took my good money for your hay?"

"And sure I gave all I had to you,—what more could I do?"

"Tare an ouny, woman! who ever heerd of sich a thing as coverin' up a rock wid hay, and sellin' it as the rale thing!"

"Twas Andy done it, Mr. Doyle; hand, act, or part, I hadn't in it."

"Why, then, arn't you ashamed o' yourself?" said Owny Doyle, addressing Andy.

"Why would I be ashamed?" said Andy.

"For chatin'—that's the word, sinse you provoke me."

"What I done is no chatin'," said Andy; "I had a blessed example for it."

"Oh! do you hear this?" shouted Owny, nearly provoked to take the worth of his money out of Andy's ribs.

"Yes, I say a blessed example," said Andy. "Sure didn't the blessed Pether build his church upon a rock, and why shouldn't I build my cock o' hay on a rock?"

Owny, with all his rage, could not help laughing at the ridiculous conceit. "By this and that, Andy," said he, "you're always sayin' or doin' the quarest things in the country, bad cess to you!" So he laid his whip upon his little hack instead of Andy, and galloped off.

Andy went over next day to the neighboring town, where Owny Doyle kept a little inn and a couple of post-chaises (such as they were), and expressed much sorrow that Owny had been deceived by the appearance of the hay,—“But I'll pay you the differ out o' my wages, Misther Doyle,—in throth I will,—that is, whenever I have any wages to get, for the squire turned me off you see, and I'm out of place for this present.”

"Oh, never mind it," said Owny. "Sure it was the widow woman got the money, and I don't begrudge it; and now that it's all past and gone, I forgive you. But tell me, Andy, what put sich a quare thing in your head?"

"Why, you see," said Andy, "I don't like the poor mother's pride should be let down in the eyes o' the

neighbors; and so I made the weeshy bit o' hay look as dacent as I could—but at the same time I wouldn't chate any one for the world, Misther Doyle."

"Troth, I b'lieve you wouldn't, Andy; but, 'pon my sowl, the next time I go buy hay I'll take care that Saint Pether hasn't any hand in it."

Owny turned on his heel, and was walking away with that air of satisfaction which men so commonly assume after fancying they have said a good thing, when Andy interrupted his retreat by an interjectional "Misther Doyle."

"Well," said Owny, looking over his shoulder.

"I was thinkin', sir," said Andy.

"For the first time in your life, I b'lieve," said Owny; "and what was it you wor thinkin'?"

"I was thinkin' o' dhrivin' a chay, sir."

"And what's that to me?" said Owny.

"Sure, I might dhrive one o' your chaises."

"And kill more o' my horses, Andy,—eh? No, no, faix; I'm afeerd o' you, Andy."

"Not a boy in Ireland knows dhrivin' betther nor me, any way," said Andy.

"Faix, it's any way and every way but the way you ought, you'd dhrive, sure enough, I b'lieve: but at all events, I don't want a post-boy, Andy,—I have Micky Doolin, and his brother Pether, and them's enough for me."

"Maybe you'd be wantin' a helper in the stable, Misther Doyle?"

"No, Andy; but the first time I want to make hay to advantage I'll send for you," said Owny, laughing as he entered his house, and nodding at Andy, who returned a capacious grin to Owny's shrewd smile, like the exaggerated reflection of a concave mirror. But the grin soon subsided, for men seldom prolong the laugh that is raised at their expense; and the corners of Andy's mouth turned down as his hand turned up to the back of his head, which he rubbed as he sauntered down the street from Owny Doyle's.

It was some miles to Andy's home, and night overtook him on the way. As he trudged along in the middle of the road, he was looking up at a waning moon and some few stars twinkling through the gloom, absorbed in many sublime thoughts as to their existence, and wondering what they were made of, when his cogitations were cut short by tumbling over something which lay in the middle of the highway; and on scrambling to his legs again, and seeking to investigate the cause of his fall, he was rather surprised to find a man lying in such a state of insensibility that all Andy's efforts could not rouse him. While he was standing over him, undecided as to what he should do, the sound of approaching wheels, and the rapid steps of galloping horses, attracted his attention; and it became evident that unless the chaise and pair which he now saw in advance were brought to a pull up, the cares of the man in the middle of the road would be very soon over. Andy shouted lustily, but to every "Halloo there!" he gave, the crack of a whip replied, and accelerated speed, instead of halt, was the consequence; at last, in desperation, Andy planted him-

self in the middle of the road, and with outspread arms before the horses, succeeded in arresting their progress, while he shouted "Stop!" at the top of his voice.

A pistol shot from the chase was the consequence of Andy's summons, for a certain Mr. Furlong, a foppish young gentleman, travelling from the castle of Dublin, never dreamed that a humane purpose could produce the cry of "Stop" on a *horrid Irish* road; and as he was reared in the ridiculous belief that every man ran a great risk of his life who ventured outside the city of Dublin, he travelled with a brace of loaded pistols beside him; and as he had been anticipating murder and robbery ever since night-fall, he did not await the demand for his "money or his life," to defend both, but fired away the instant he heard the word "Stop;" and fortunate it was for Andy that the traveller's hurry impaired his aim. Before he could discharge a second pistol, Andy had screened himself under the horses' heads, and recognizing in the postilion his friend Micky Doolin, he shouted out, "Micky, jewel, don't let them be shootin' me!"

Now Micky's cares were quite enough engaged on his own account; for the first pistol shot made the horses plunge violently, and the second time Furlong blazed away, set the saddle-horse kicking at such a rate that all Micky's horsemanship was required to preserve his seat. Added to which, the dread of being shot came over him; and he crouched low on the grey's neck, holding fast by the mane, and shouting for mercy as well as Andy, who still kept roaring to Micky, "not to let them be shootin' him," while he held his hat above him, in the fashion of a shield, as if that would have proved any protection against a bullet.

"Who are you at all?" said Micky.

"Andy Rooney, sure."

"And what do you want?"

"To save the man's life."

The last words only caught the ear of the frightened Furlong; and as the phrase "his life" seemed a personal threat to himself, he swore a trembling oath at

the postilion that he would shoot him if he did not *dwive* on, for he abjured the use of that rough letter, R, which the Irish so much rejoice in.

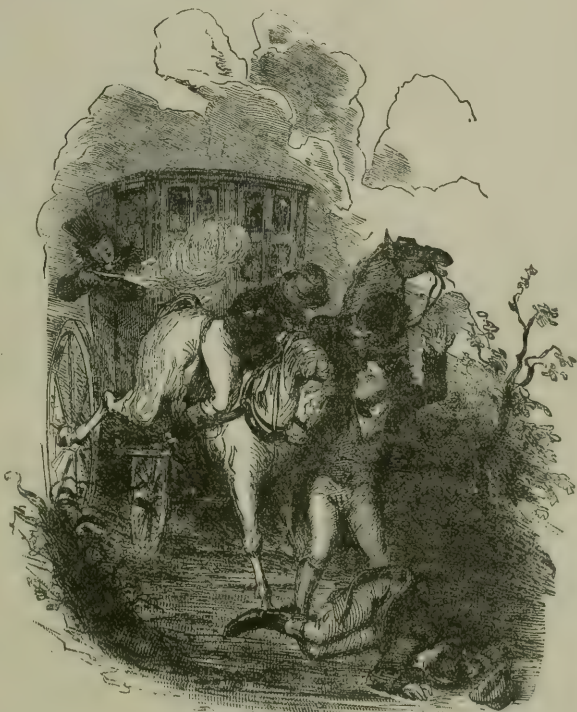
"Dwive on, you wascal, dwive on!" exclaimed Mr. Furlong.

"There's no fear o' you sir," said Micky, "it's a friend o' my own."

Mr. Furlong was not quite satisfied that he was therefore the safer.

"And what is it all, Andy?" continued Micky

"I tell you there's a man lying dead in the road there, and sure you'll kill him if you dhrive over him: 'light will you and help me to rise him."



The Reward of Humanity.

Micky dismounted and assisted Andy in lifting the prostrate man from the centre of the road to the slope of which bordered its side. They judged he was not dead, from the warmth of the body, but that he should still sleep seemed astonishing, considering the quantity of shaking and kicking they gave him.

"I b'lieve it's drunk he is," said Micky.

"He gave a grunt that time," said Andy — "shake him again and he'll spake."

To a fresh shaking the drunken man at last gave some tokens of returning consciousness by making several windingblows at his benefactors, and uttering some half intelligent maledictions.

"Bad luck to you, do you know where

you are?" said Micky.

"Well!" was the drunken ejaculation.

"By this and that it's my brother Pether!" said Micky. "We wondhered what had kept him so late with the return shay, and this is the way, is it? he tumbled off his horses, dhruunk: and where's the shay, I wonder? Oh, murder! What will Misther Doyle say?"

"What's the weason you don't dwive on?" said Mr. Furlong, putting his head out of the chaise.

"It's one on the road here, your honor, a'most killed."

"Was it wobbers?" asked Mr. Furlong.

"Maybe you'd take him into the shay wid you, sir."

"What a wequest!—dwive on, sir!"



"Sure I can't lave my brother on the road, sir."

"Your bwother!—and you pwesume to put your brother to wide with me? You'll put me in the debdest wage if you don't dwive on."

"Faith, then, I won't dhrive on and lave my brother here on the road."

"You wascally wappawee!" exclaimed Furlong,

"See, Andy," said Micky Doolin, "will you get up and dhrive him, while I stay with Pether?"

"To be sure I will," said Andy. "Where is he goin'?"

"To the Squire's" said Mick; "and when you lave him there, make haste back, and I'll dhrive Pether home."

Andy mounted into Mick's saddle; and although the traveller "pwotested" against it, and threatened "pwceedings" and "magistwates," Mick was unmoved in his brotherly love. As a last remonstrance, Furlong exclaimed, "And pwehaps this fellow can't wide, and don't know the woad."

"Is it not know the road to the Squire's?—wow! wow!" said Andy. "It's I that'll rattle you there in no time, your honor."

"Well, wattle away then!" said the enraged traveller, as he threw himself back in the chaise, cursing all the postilions in Ireland.

Now it was to Squire O'Grady's that Mr. Furlong wanted to go; but in the confusion of the moment the name of O'Grady never once was mentioned; and with the title of "Squire" Andy never associated another idea than that of his late master, Mr. Egan.

Mr. Furlong, it has been stated, was an official of Dublin Castle, and had been dispatched on electioneering business, to the county. He was related to a gentleman of the same name, who held a lucrative post under government, and was well known as an active agent in all affairs requiring what in Ireland was called "Castle influence;" and this, his relative, was now despatched, for the first time, on a similar employment. By the way, while his name is before one, a little anecdote may be appropriately introduced, illustrative of the wild wagwery prevailing in the streets of Dublin in those days.

Those days were the good old days of true virtue!—When a bishop, who had daughters to marry, would advance a deserving young curate to a good living; and not content with that manifestation of his regard, would give him *one of his own children* for a wife! Those were the days, when, the country being in danger, fathers were willing to sacrifice, not only their sons, but their daughters, on the altar of patriotism! Do you doubt it?—unbelieving and selfish creatures of these degenerate times! Listen! A certain father waited upon the Irish Secretary one fine morning, and in that peculiar strain which secretaries of state must be pretty well used, desecanted at some length on the devotion he had always shown to the government, and yet they had given him *no proof of their confidence*. The Secretary declared they had the highest sense of his merits, and that they had given him their entire confidence.

"But you have given me nothing else, my lord," was the answer.

"My dear sir, of late we have not had any proof of sufficient weight in our gift to convince you."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, my lord; there's a majority of the — Dragoons vacant."

"Very true, my dear sir; and if you *had* a child to devote to the service of your country, no one should have it sooner."

"Thank you, my lord!!!" said the worthy man, with a low bow,—*"then I have a child."*

"Bless me, sir! I never heard you had a son."

"No, my lord; but I have a daughter."

"A daughter!" said my Lord Secretary, with a look of surprise; 'but you forget, sir,—this is a regiment;—a *dragoon* regiment."

"Oh, she rides elegant!" said her father.

"But, my dear sir, a woman?"

"Why shouldn't a woman do her duty, my lord, as well as a man, when the country is in danger? I'm ready to sacrifice my daughter," said the heroic man, with an air worthy of Virginus.

"My dear sir, this is really impossible; you *know* it's impossible."

"I know no such thing, my lord. But I'll tell you what I know: there's a bill coming on next week,—and there are *ten friends of mine* who have not made up their minds yet."

"My dear sir," said the Lord Secretary, squeezing his hand with vehement friendship, "why place us in this dreadful difficulty? It would be impossible even to draw up the commission;—fancy '*Major Maria*,' or *Major Margery*!'"

"Oh, my lord," said the father, quickly; "I have fancied all that long ago, and got a cure ready for it. My wife, not having been blessed with boys, we thought it wise to make the girls ready for any chance that might turn up, and so we christened the eldest George, the second Jack, and the third Tom; which enables us to call them Georgina, Jacqueline and Thomasine, in company, while the secret of their real names rest between ourselves and the parish register. Now, my lord, what do you say? I have George, Jack and Tom—think of your *bill*." The argument was conclusive, and the patriotic man got the majority of a cavalry corps, with perpetual leave of absence for his daughter Jack, who would much rather have joined the regiment.

Such were the days in which our Furlong flourished, and in such days it will not be wondered at that a secretary, when he had no place to give away—invented one. The old saying has it that "Necessity is the mother of invention;" but an Irish Secretary can beat Necessity hollow. For example:

A commission was issued, with a handsome salary to the commissioner, to make a measurement through all the streets of Dublin, ascertaining exact distances from the Castle, from a furlong upwards; and for many a year did the commission work, inserting handsome stone stabs into the walls of most ignorant houses, till then unconscious of their precise proximity or remote-

ness from the seat of government. Ever after that, if you saw some portly building, blushing in the pride of red brick, and perfumed with fresh paint, and saw the tablet recording the interesting fact, thus:

FROM THE CASTLE,  
ONE FURLONG.

Fancy might suggest that the house rejoiced, as it were, in its honored position, and did

—"look so well and smell so sweet,"

because it was under the nose of Viceroyalty, while the suburbs revealed poor tatterdemalion tenements, dropping their slates like tears, and uttering their hollow sighs through empty casements, merely because they were "one mile two furlongs from the Castle." But the new stone tablet which told you so seemed to mock their misery, and looked like a fresh stab into their poor old sides, as if the rapier of a king had killed a beggar.

This very original measure of measurement was provocative of ridicule or indignation, as the impatient might happen to be infected; but while the affair was in full blow, Mr. Furlong, who was the commissioner, while walking in Sackville street one day had a goodly sheet of paper pinned to his back by some

—"delicate Roman hand,"

bearing in large letters the inversion of one of his own tablets:

ONE FURLONG  
FROM THE CASTLE.

And he swaggered along in conscious dignity, he wondered at the shouts of laughter ringing behind him, and turned round occasionally to see the cause; but ever as he turned, faces were screwed up into seriousness, while the laughter rang again in his rear. Furlong was bewildered; and much as he was used to the mirthfulness of an Irish populace, he certainly *did* wonder what fiend of fun possessed them that day, until the hall-porter of the Secretary's Office solved the enigma by respectfully asking would he not take the placard from his back before he presented himself. The Mister Furlong who is engaged in our story was the nephew of the man of measurement memory; and his mother, a vulgar woman, sent her son to England to be educated, that he might "pick up the ax'nt; 'twas so jinteel, the English ax'nt!" And accordingly, the youth endeavored all he could to become *un*-Irish in everything, and was taught to believe that all the virtue and wisdom in Ireland was vested in the Castle and hangers-on thereof, and that the mere people were worse than savages.

With such feelings it was that this English Irishman, employed to open negotiations between the government and Squire O'Grady, visited the wilds of Ireland; and the circumstances attendant on the stopping of the chaise, afforded the peculiar genius of Handy Andy an opportunity of making a glorious confusion, by driving the political enemy of the sitting member

into his house, where, by a curious coincidence, a strange gentlemen was expected every day, on a short visit. After Andy had driven sometime, he turned round and spoke to Mr. Furlong through the pane of glass with which the front window-frame of the chaise was not furnished.

"Faix, you wor nigh shootin' me, your honor," said Andy.

"I should not wepwoach myself, if I had," said Mr. Furlong, "when you quied stop on the woad: wobbers always qui stop, and I took you for a wobber."

"Faix, the robbers here, your honor, never axes you to stop at all, but they stop you without axin', or by your lave, or wid your lave. Sure I was only afeerd you'd dhrive over the man in the road."

"What was that man in the woad doing?"

"Nothin' at all, faith, for he wasn't able; he was dhruunk, sir."

"The postilion said he was his bwother."

"Yis, your honor, and he's a postilion himself—only he lost his horses and the shay—he got dhruunk, and fell off."

"Those wascally postilions often get dwunk, I suppose."

"Oh, common enough, sir, particlar now about the 'lection time; for the gentlem'n is dhrievin' over the country like mad, right and left, and gives the boys money to dhrink their health, till they are killed a'most with the falls they get."

"Then postilions often fall on the woads here?"

"Troth the roads is covered with them sometimes, when the 'lections comes an."

"What howwid immowality? I hope you're not dwunk?"

"Faix, I wish I was," said Andy. "It's a great while since I had a dhrop; but it won't be long so, when your honor gives me something to dhrink your health."

"Well, don't talk, but dwive on."

All Andy's further endeavors to get "his honor" into conversation were unavailing; so he whipped on in silence till his arrival at the gatehouse of Merryvale demanded his call for entrance.

"What are you shouting there for?" said the traveller; "cawn't you wing?"

"Oh, they undherstand the *shilloo* as well, sir;" and in confirmation of Andy's assurance, the bars of the entrance gate were withdrawn, and the post-chaise rattled up the avenue to the house.

Andy alighted and gave a thundering tantara-ra at the door. The servant who opened it was surprised at the sight of Andy, and could not repress a shout of wonder.

Here Dick Dawson came into the hall, and seeing Andy at the door, gave a loud halloo, and clapped his hands in delight—for he had not seen him since the day of the chase—"An' is it there you are again, you unlucky vagabone?" said Dick; "and what brings you here?"

"I come with a jintleman to the mather, misther Dick."

"Oh! it's the visitor, I suppose," said Dick, as he



himself went out with that unceremonious readiness, so characteristic of the wild fellow he was, to open the door of the chaise for his brother-in-law's guest. "You're welcome," said Dick;—"come, step in,—the servants will look to your luggage. James, get in Mr. ——— I beg your pardon, but 'pon my soul I forgot your name, though Moriarty told me."

"Mr. Furlong," gently uttered the youth.

"Get in the luggage, James. Come, sir, walk into the dinner-room; we haven't finished our wine yet." With these words Dick ushered in Furlong to the apartment where Squire Egan sat, who rose as they entered.

"Mr. Furlong, Ned," said Dick.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Furlong," said the hearty Squire, who shook Furlong's hand in what Furlong considered a most savage manner. "You seem fatigued."

"Vewy," was the languid reply of the traveller, as he threw himself into a chair.

"Ring the bell for more claret, Dick," said Squire Egan.

"I neveh dwink."

Dick and the Squire both looked at him with amazement, for in the friend of Moriarty they expected to find a hearty fellow.

"A cool bottle wouldn't do a child any harm," said the Squire. "Ring, Dick. And now, Mr. Furlong, tell us how you like the country."

"Not much, I pwotest."

"What do you think of the people?"

"Oh, I don't know; you'll pawdon me, but—a—in short, there are so many wags."

"Oh, there are wags enough, I grant; not funnier d—ls in the world."

"But I mean wags—tatters, I mean."

"Oh, rags. Oh, yes—why indeed they've not much clothes to spare."

"And yet these wetches are fweeholders, I'm told."

"Ay, and stout voters too."

"Well, that's all we require. By the by, how goes on the canvass, Squire?"

"Famously."

"Oh, wait till I explain to you our plan of opewations from headquarters. You'll see how famously we shall wally at the hustings. These *Irish* have no idea of tactics: we'll intwodnce the English mode—take them by suprise. We *must* unseat him."

"Unseat who?" said the Squire.

"That—a—Egan, I think you call him."

The Squire opened his eyes; but Dick, with the ready devilment that was always about him, saw how the land lay in an instant, and making a signal to his brother-in-law, chimed in with an immediate assent to Furlong's assertion, and swore that Egan would be unseated to a certainty. "Come, sir," added Dick, "fill one bumper at least to a toast I propose.—Here's 'Confusion to Egan, and success to O'Grady.'"

"Success to O'Gwady," faintly echoed Furlong, as he sipped his claret. "These *Irish* are so wild—so un-

cultivated," continued he; "you'll see how I'll supwise them with some of my plans."

"Oh, they're poor ignorant brutes," said Dick, "that know nothing: a man of the world like you would buy and sell them."

"You see they've no finesse; they have a certain degwee of weadiness, but no depth—no weal finesse."

"Not as much as would physic a snipe," said Dick, who swallowed a glass of claret to conceal a smile.

"What's that you say about snipes and physic?" said Furlong; "what queer things you *Irish* do say."

"Oh, we've plenty o' queer fellows here," said Dick; "but you are not taking your claret."

"The twuth is, I am fatigued—vewy—and if you'd allow me, Mr. O'Gwady, I should like to go to my room; we'll talk over business to-morrow."

"Certainly," said the Squire, who was glad to get rid of him, for the scene was becoming too much for his gravity. So Dick Dawson lighted Furlong to his room, and after heaping civilities upon him, left him to sleep in the camp of his enemies, and then returned to the dining-room to enjoy with the Squire the laugh they were so long obliged to repress, and to drink another bottle of claret on the strength of the joke.

"What shall we do with him, Dick?" said the Squire.

"Pump him as dry as a lime-kiln," said Dick, "and then send him off to O'Grady—all's fair in war."

"To be sure," said the Squire. "Unseat me, indeed! he was near it, it, sure enough, for I thought I'd have dropped off my chair with surprise when he said it."

"And the conceit and impudence of the fellow," said Dick. "The ignorant *Irish*—nothing will serve him but abusing his own countrymen!—'The ignorant Irish.'—Oh, is that all you learned in Oxford, my boy?—just wait, my buck—if I don't astonish your weak mind, it's no matter!"

"Faith he has brought his pigs to a pretty market here," said the squire; "but how *did* he come here? how was the mistake made?"

"The way every mistake in the country is made," said Dick; "Handy Andy drove him here."

"More power to you, Andy," said the squire. "Come, Dick, we'll drink Andy's health—this is a mistake on the right side."

And Andy's health *was* drunk, as well as several other healths. In short, the Squire and Dick the Devil were in high glee—the dining-room rang with laughter to a late hour; and the next morning a great many empty claret bottles were on the table—and a few on the floor.

## CHAPTER X.

NOTWITHSTANDING the deep potations of the Squire and Dick Dawson the night before, both were too much excited by the arrival of Furlong to permit their being laggards in the morning; they were up and in consultation at an early hour, for the purpose of carrying on

prosperously the mystification so well begun on the Castle agent.

"Now, first of all, Dick," said the Squire, "is it fair, do you think?"

"Fair!" said Dick, opening his eyes in astonishment. "Why, who ever heard of any one questioning anything being fair in love, war or electioneering;—to be sure, it's fair—and more particularly when the conceited coxcomb has been telling us how he'll astonish with his plans the poor ignorant Irish, whom he holds in such contempt. Now let me alone, and I'll get all his plans out of him—turn him inside out like a glove, pump him as dry as a pond in the summer, squeeze him like a lemon—and let him see whether the poor ignorant *Irish*, as he softly calls us, are not an overmatch for him, at the finesse upon which he seems so much to pride himself."

"Egad! I believe you're right, Dick," said the Squire, whose qualms were quite overcome by the argument last advanced; for if one thing more than another provoked him, it was the impertinent self-conceit of presuming and shallow strangers, who fancied their hackneyed and cut-and-dry knowledge of the common places of the world gave them a mental elevation above an intelligent people of primitive habits, whose simplicity of life is so often set down to stupidity, whose contentment under privation is frequently attributed to laziness, and whose poverty is constantly coupled with the epithet "ignorant." "A *poor* ignorant creature," indeed is a common term of reproach, as if poverty and ignorance must be inseparable. If a list could be obtained of the *rich* ignorant people, it would be no flattering document to stick on the door of the temple of Mammon.

"Well, Ned," said Dick, "as you agree to *do* the Englishman, Murphy will be a grand help to us; it is the very thing he will have his heart in. Murtough will be worth his weight in gold to us: I will ride over to him and bring him back with me to spend the day here; and you in the mean time can put every one about the house on their guard not to spoil the fun by letting the cat out of the bag too soon; we'll *shake her* ourselves in good time, and maybe we won't have fun in the hunt!"

"You're right, Dick. Murphy is the very man for our money. Do you be off for him, and I will take care that all shall be right at home here."

In ten minutes more Dick was in his saddle, and riding hard for Murtough Murphy's. A good horse and a sharp pair of spurs were not long in placing him *vis-à-vis* with the merry attorney, whom he found in his stable-yard up to his eyes in business with some ragged country fellows, the majority of whom were loud in vociferating their praises of certain dogs; while Murtough drew from one of them, from time to time, a solemn assurance, given with many significant shakes of the head and uplifting of hands and eyes, "that it was the finest badger in the world!" Murtough turned his head on hearing the rattle of the horse's feet, as Dick the Devil dashed into the stable-yard, and with a view-halloo welcomed him.

"You're just in time, Dick. By the powers, we'll have the finest day's sport you've seen for some time."

"I think we will," said Dick, "if you will come with me."

"No; but you come with me," said Murtough. "The grandest badger-fight, sir."

"Pooh!" said Dick; "I've better fun for you." He then told him of the accident that conveyed their political enemy into their toils. "And the beauty of it is," said Dick, "that he has not the remotest suspicion of the condition he's in, and fancies himself able to buy and sell all Ireland—horse-dealers and attorneys included."

"That's elegant," said Murphy.

"He's come to enlighten us, Murtough," said Dick.

"And maybe we won't return the compliment," said Murtough: "just let me put on my boots. Hilloa, you Larry! saddle the grey. Don't cut the pup's ears till I come home; and if Mr. Ferguson sends over for the draft of the lease tell him it won't be ready till tomorrow. Molly! Molly!—where are you, you old devil? Sew on that button for me—I forgot to tell you yesterday—make haste! I won't delay you a moment, Dick. Stop a minute, though. I say, Lanty Houligan—mind, on your peril, you old vagabond, don't let them fight that badger without me. Now, Dick, I'll be with you in the twinkling of a bedpost, and *do* the Englishman, and that smart! Bad luck to their conceit!—they think we can do nothing regular in Ireland."

On his arrival, and hearing how matters stood, Murtough Murphy was in a perfect agony of delight in anticipating the mystification of the kidnapped agent. Dick's intention had been to take him along with them on their canvass, and openly engage him in all their electioneering movements; but to this Murphy objected, as running too great a risk of discovery. He recommended rather to engage Furlong in amusements which would detain him from O'Grady and his party and gain time for their side; to get out of him all the electioneering plot of the other party, *indirectly*; but to have as little *real* electioneering business as possible. "If you do, Dick," said Murphy, "take my word we shall betray ourselves somehow or other—he could not be so soft as not to see it; but let us be content to amuse him with all sorts of absurd stories of Ireland and the Irish—tell him magnificent lies—astonish him with grand materials for a note-book, and work him up to publish—that's the plan, sir!"

The three conspirators now joined the formerly party, which had just sat down to breakfast. Dick, in his own jolly way; hoped Furlong had slept well.

"Vewy," said Furlong, as he sipped his tea with an air of peculiar *nonchalance* which was meant to fascinate Fanny Dawson, who, when Furlong addressed to her his first silly commonplace, with his peculiar *non-pronunciation* of the letter R, established a lisp directly, and it was as much as her sister Mrs. Egan could do to keep her countenance as Fanny went on Slaughtering S's as fast as Furlong ruined R's.

"I'll twouble you for a little mo' queam," said he, holding forth his cup and saucer with an affected air.



"Perhaps you'd like them more thegar," lisped Fanny, lifting the sugar-tongs with an exquisite curl of her little finger.

"I'm glad to hear you slept well," said Dick to Furlong.

"To be sure he slept well," said Murphy; "this is the sleepest air in the world."

"The sleepest air?" returned Furlong somewhat surprised. "That's vewy odd."

"Not at all, sir," said Murphy,—*"well-known fact."* When I first came to this part of the country, I used to sleep for two days together sometimes. Whenever I wanted to rise early I was always obliged to get up the night before."

This was said by the brazen attorney, from his seat at a side table, which was amply provided with a large dish of boiled potatoes, capacious jugs of milk, a quantity of cold meat and game. Murphy had his mouth half filled with potatoes as he spoke, and swallowed a large draught of milk as the stranger swallowed Murphy's lie.

"You don't eat potatoes, I perceive, sir," said Murphy.

"Not for breakfast," said Furlong.

"Do you for thupper?" lisped Fanny.

"Never in England," he replied.

"Finest things in the world, sir, for the intellect," said Murphy. "I attribute the natural intelligence of the Irish entirely to their eating potatoes."

"That's a singular theowry," said Furlong; "for it is generally attributed to the potatoe, that it detewiwates the wace of man. Cobbett said that any nation feeding exclusively on the potatoe, must inevitably be fools in thwee genewations."

"By the powers, sir!" said Murphy, they'd be fools if they *didn't* eat them in Ireland; for they've nothing else to eat. Why, sir, the very pigs that we feed on potatoes are as superior——"

"I beg your pawdon," smiled Furlong; "daiwy-fed po'ke is vewy superior."

"Oh, as far as the eating of it goes, I grant you?" said Murphy; "but I'm talking of the intelligence of the animal. Now, I have seen them in England killing your daiwy-fed pork, as you call it, and to see the simplicity—the sucking simplicity, I will call it—of your milk-fed pigs,—sir, the fellow lets himself be killed with the greatest ease,—whereas, look to the potatoe-fed pig. He makes a struggle for his life;—he shouts, he kicks, he plunges,—he squeals murder to the last gasp, as if he were sensible of the blessing of existence and potatoes!"

This was pronounced by Murphy with a certain degree of energy and oratorical style that made Furlong stare: he turned to Dick Dawson, and said, in an under tone, "How vewy odd your fwend is!"

"Very," said Dick; "but that's only on the surface: he's a prodigiously clever fellow: you'll be delighted with him when you know more of him—he's our solicitor, and as an electioneering agent his talent is tremendous, as you'll find out when you come to talk with him about business."

"Well, I should neve' ha' thought it," said Furlong; "I'm glad you told me."

"Are you fond of sporting, Mr. Furlong?" said the Squire.

"Vewy," said Furlong.

"I'll give you some capital hunting."

"I pwefer fishing."

"Oh!" returned the Squire, rather contemptuously.

"Have you good twout stweams here?" asked the exquisite.

"Yeth," said Fanny, and *thuck* a thamon fithshery!"

"Indeed!"

"Finest salmon in the world, sir," said Murphy. "I'll show you some sport, if you like."

"I've seen some famous spo't in Scotland," said Furlong.

"Nothing to what we can show here," said Murphy. "Why, sir, I remember once at the mouth of our river here, when the salmon were coming up one morning before the tide was in, there was such a crowd of them, that they were obliged to wait till there was water enough to cross the bar, and an English sloop that had not a pilot aboard, whose captain did not know the peculiar nature of the river, struck on the bank of salmon and went down."

"You don't mean to say," said Furlong, in astonishment, "that—a——"

"I mean to say, sir," said Murphy, with an unruffled countenance, "that the river was so thick with salmon the vessel was wrecked upon them. By the by, she was loaded with salt, and several of the salmon were pickled in consequence, and saved by the poor people for the next winter. But I'll show you such fishing!" said Murphy,—*"you'll say you never saw the like."*

"Well, that is the *wichest* thing I've heard for sometime," said the dandy confidentially to Dick.

"I assure you," said Dick, with great gravity, "Murphy swears he saw it himself. But here's the post,—let's see what's the news."

The post-bag was opened, and letters and newspapers delivered. "Here's one for you, Fan," said Dick, throwing the letter across the table to his sister.

"I thee by the theal ith from my couthin Thophy," said Fanny, who invented the entire sentence, cousinship and all, for the sake of the lisp.

"None fo' me?" asked furlong.

"Not one," said Dick.

"I welied on weceiving some fwom the Ca-astle."

"Oh, they are thometimes tho thelepy at the Cathlie," said Fanny.

"Weally!" said the exquisite, with the utmost simplicity.

"Fanny is very provoking, Mr. Furlong," said Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to say something with a smile, to avoid the laugh which continued silence would have forced upon her.

"Oh, no!" said the dandy, looking tenderly at Fanny; "only vewy agweable,—fond of a little wepa'tee."

"They call me thatirial here," said Fanny,—*"only fanthy;"* and she cast down her eyes with an exquisite affection of innocence.

"By the by, when does your post awrive here—the mail, I mean?" said Furlong.

"About nine in the morning," said the Squire.

"And when does it go out?"

"About one in the afternoon."

"And how far is the post-town fwom your house?"

"About eight or nine miles."

"Then you can answer your letters by wetu'n of post."

"Oh dear, no!" said the Squire; "the boy takes any letters that may be for the post the following morning, as he goes to the town to look for letters."

"But you lose a post by that," said Furlong.

"And what matter?" said the Squire.

The official's notions of regularity were somewhat startled by the Squire's answer; so he pushed him with a few more questions. In reply to one of the last, the Squire represented that the post-boy was saved going twice a-day by the present arrangement.

"Ay, but you lose a post, my dear sir," said Furlong, who still clung with pertinacity to the fitness of saving a post. "Don't you see that you might weceive your letter at half-past ten; well, then you'll have a full hour to wite you' wanser; that's quite enough time, I should think, for you' wetu'ing an answer."

"But, my dear sir," said Murtough Murphy, "our grand object in Ireland is *not* to answer letters."

"Oh!—ah!—hum!—indeed!—well, that's odd;—how weally odd you Irish are!"

"Sure that's what makes us such pleasant fellows," said Murtough. "If we were like the rest of the world, there would be nothing remarkable about us; and who'd care for us?"

"Well, Mr. Muffy, you say such queer things—weally."

"Ay, and I *do* queer things sometimes,—don't I, Squire?"

"There's no denying it, Murphy."

"Now, Mr. O'Gwady," said Furlong, "had we not better talk over our election business?"

"Oh! hang business to-day," said Murphy; "let's have some fishing: I'll show you such a salmon fishing as you never saw in your life."

"What do you say, Mr. O'Gwady?" said Furlong.

"Faith, I think we might as well amuse ourselves."

"But the election in weally of such consequence; I should think it would be a wema'kly close contest, and we have no time to lose; I should think—with submission—"

"My dear sir," said Murphy, "we'll beat them hollow; your canvass has not been prosperous; there's only one thing I a'm afraid of—"

"What's that?" said Furlong.

"That Eagan has money; and I'm afraid he'll bribe high."

"As for bwibewy, neve' mind that," said Furlong with a very wise nod of his head and a sagacious wink. *We'll spend money too.* We're prepared for that; plenty of money will be advanced, for the gov'nment is weally anxious that Mr. Scatte'bwain should come in."

"Oh, then, all's right!" said Murphy. But—whisper—Mr. Furlong—be cautious how you mention *money*, for there are sharp fellows about here, and there's no knowing how the wind of the word might put the other party on their guard, and maybe, help to unseat our man upon a petition."

"Oh, let me alone," said Furlong. "I know a twick too many for that: let them catch me betwaying a secwet! No, no,—*wather* too sharp for that."

"Oh! don't suppose, my dear sir," said Murphy, "that I doubt your caution for a moment. I see, sir, in the twinkling of an eye, a man's character—always did—always could, since I was the height o' that,"—and Murphy stooped down and extended his hand about two feet above the floor, while he looked up in the face of the man he was humbugging with the most unblushing impudence,—“since I was the height o' that, sir, I had a natural quickness for discerning character; and I see you're a young gentleman of superior acuteness and discretion; but at the same time, don't be angry with me for just hinting to you that some of these Irish chaps are d-d rogues. I beg your pardon, Mrs. O'Grady, for saying d-n before a lady,—and he made a low bow to Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to leave the room to hide her laughter.

"Now," said Furlong, "suppose befo'e the opening of the poll we should pwopose, as it were, with a view to save time, that the bwibewy oath should not be administe'd on either side."

"That's an eligant idea," said Murphy. "By the wig o' the chief justice—and that's a big oath—you're a janius, Mistor Furlong, and I admire you. Sir, you're worth your weight in gold to us!"

"Oh, you flatte' me!—weally," said Furlong, with affected modesty, while he ran his fingers through his Macassar-oiled ringlets.

"Well, now for a start to the river, and won't we have sport! You English-taught gentlemen have only one fault on the face of the earth,—you're too fond of business,—you make yourselves slaves to propriety,—there's no fun in you."

"I beg pawdon—there," said Furlong, "we like fun in good time."

"Ay; but there's where we beat you," said Murphy, triumphantly; "the genuine home-bred Paddy makes time for fun sooner than anything else,—we take our own way and live longer."

"Ah! you lose your time—though—excuse me; you lose your time, indeed."

"Well, 'devil may care,' as Punch said when he lost mass, 'there's more churches nor one,' says he,—and that's the way with us," said Murphy. "Come, Dick, get the fishing-lines ready; heigh for the salmon fishery! You must know, Mistor Furlong, we fish for salmon with line here."

"I don't see how you could fish any other way," said the dandy, smiling at Murphy as if he had caught him in saying something absurd.

"Ah, now rogue," said Murphy, affecting to be hit; "you're too sharp for us poor Irish fellows; but you know the old saying, 'An Irishman has leave to speak



twice;' and after all, it's no great mistake I've made; for, when I say we fish for salmon with a line, I mean we don't use a rod, but a leaded line, the same as in sea-fishing.'

"How vewy extraordinary! why, I should think that impossible."

"And why should it be impossible?" said Murphy, with the most unabashed impudence. "Have not all nations habits and customs peculiar to themselves? Don't the Indians catch their fish by striking them under water with a long rough stick, and a little cur-whibble of a bone at the end of it?"

"Speawing them, you mean," said Furlong.

"Ay, you know the right name, of course: but isn't that quite as odd, or more so, than our way here?"

"That's vewy twue indeed; but your sea line-fishing in a wiver, and for salmon, strikes me as vewy singular."

"Well, sir, the older we grow the more we learn. You'll see what fine sport it is; but don't lose any more time; let us be off to the river at once."

"I'll make a slight change in my dress, if you please, —I'll be down immediately;" and Furlong left the room.

During his absence, the Squire, Dick, and Murphy, enjoyed a hearty laugh, and ran over the future proceedings of the day.

"But what do you mean by this salmon-fishing, Murphy?" said Dick, "you know there never was a salmon in the river."

"But there will be to-day," said Murphy; and a magnificent Gudgeon shall see him caught. What a spoon that fellow is! we've got the brbiery out of him already."

"You did that well, Murphy," said the Squire.

"Be at him again when he comes down," said Dick.

"No, no, said Murphy, "let him alone; he is so conceited about his talent for business, that he will be talking of it without our pushing him: just give him rope enough, and he'll hang himself; *we'll have the whole plan of their campaign out before the day's over.*"

## CHAPTER XI.

ALL men love to gain their ends; most men are contented with the shortest road to them, while others like by-paths. Some carry an innate love of triumph to a pitch of epicurism, and are not content unless the triumph be achieved in a certain way, making collateral passions accessories before or after the fact; and Murphy was of the number. To him, a triumph without *fun* was beef without mustard, lamb without salad, tarbot without lobster sauce. Now, to entangle Furlong in their meshes was not sufficient for him; to detain him from his friends, every moment betraying something of their electioneering movements, though sufficiently ludicrous in itself, was not enough for Murtough;—he would make his captive a source of

ridicule as well as profit, and while plenty of real amusements might have served his end, to divert the stranger for the day, this mock fishing party was planned to brighten with fresh beams the halo of the ridiculous which already encircled the magnanimous Furlong.

"I'm still in the dark," said Dick, "about the salmon. As I said before, there never was a salmon in the river."

"But, as I said before," replied Murphy, "there will be to-day; and you must help me in playing off the trick."

"But what *is* this trick? Confound you, you're as mysterious as a chancery suit."

"I wish I was likely to last half as long," said Murphy.

"The trick!" said Dick. "Bad luck to you, tell me the trick, and don't keep me waiting, like a poor relation."

"You have two boats on the river," said Murphy.

"Yes."

"Well, you must get into one with our victim: and I will get into the other with the salmon."

"But where's the salmon, Murphy?"

"In the house, for I sent one over this morning, a present to Mrs. Egan. You must keep away about thirty yards or so, when we get afloat, that our dear friend may not perceive the trick,—and in proper time I will hook my dead salmon on one of my lines, drop him over the off side of the boat, pass him round to the gunwhale within view of our intelligent castle customer, make a great outcry, swear I have a noble bite, haul up my fish with an enormous splash, and, after affecting to kill him in the boat, hold up my salmon in triumph."

"It's a capital notion, Murphy, if he doesn't smoke the trick."

"He'll smoke the salmon sooner. Never mind if I don't hoax him: I'll bet you what you like he's done."

"I hear him coming down stairs," said the squire.

"Then send off the salmon in a basket by one of the boys, Dick," said Murphy; "and you, Squire, may go about your canvass, and leave us in care of the enemy."

All was done as Murphy proposed, and in something less than an hour, Furlong and Dick in one boat, and Murphy and his attendant *gossoon* in another, were afloat on the river, to initiate the Dublin citizen into the mysteries of this new mode of salmon fishing.

The sport at first was slack, and no wonder; and Furlong began to grow tired, when Murphy hooked on his salmon, and gently brought it round under the water within range of his victim's observation.

"This is wather dull work," said Furlong.

"Wait awhile, my dear sir; they are never lively in biting so early as this—they're not set about feeding in earnest yet. Hilloa! by the Hokey I have him!" shouted Murphy. Furlong looked on with great anxiety as Murphy made a well-feigned struggle with a heavy fish.

"By this and that he's a whopper!" cried Murphy in

ecstasy. "He's kicking like a two-year-old. I have him, though, as fast as the rock of Dunamase. Come up, you thief!" cried he, with an exulting shout, as he pulled up the salmon with all the splash he could produce; and suddenly whipping the fish over the side into the boat, he began flopping it about as if it were plunging in the death struggle. As soon as he had affected to kill it, he held it up in triumph before the castle conjuror, who was quite taken by the feint, and protested his surprise loudly.

"Oh! that's nothing to what we'll do yet. If the day should become a little more overcast, we'd have a splendid sport, sir."

"Well, I could not have believed it, if I hadn't seen it," said Furlong.

"Oh! you'll see more than that, my boy, before we've done with them."

"But I haven't got even a bite yet."

"Nor I, either," said Dick: "you're no worse off than I am."

"But how extraordinary it is that I have not seen a fish wise since I have been on the wiver."

"That's because they see us watching them," said Dick. "The d—! such cunning brutes I ever met with as the fish in this river; now, if you were at a distance from the bank you'd see them jumping as lively as grasshoppers. Whisht! I think I had a nibble."

"You don't seem to have good sport there," shouted Murphy.

"Very poor, indeed," said Furlong, dolefully.

"Play your line a little," said Murphy; "keep the bait lively—you're not up to the way of fascinating them yet."

"Why, no; it's rather *noo* to me."

"Faith!" said Murphy to himself, "it's new to all of us. It's a brand new invention in the fishing line. Billy," said he to the *gossoon* who was in the boat with him, "we must catch a salmon again to *divart* that strange gentleman; hook him on, my buck."

"Yis, sir," said Billy, with delighted eagerness; for the boy entered into the fun of the thing heart and soul, and as he hooked on the salmon for a second haul, he interlarded his labors with such ejaculations as,

"Oh, Misther Murphy, sir, but you're the funny jintleman. Oh, Misther Murphy, sir, how soft the stranger is, sir. The salmon's ready for ketchin' now, sir. Will you ketch him yet, sir?"

"Coax him round, Billy," said Murphy.

The young imp executed the manœuvre with adroitness; and Murphy was preparing for another haul, as Furlong's weariness began to manifest itself.

"Do you intend remaining here all day?—do you know, I think I've no chance of any sport."

"Oh, wait till you hook *one* fish, at all events," said Murphy; "just have it to say you killed a salmon in the new style. The day is promising better. I'm sure we'll have sport yet. Hillos! I've another!" and Murphy began hauling in the salmon. "Billy, you rascal, get ready: watch him—that's it—mind him now!" Billy put out his gaff to seize the prize, and making a grand swoop, affected to miss the fish.

"Gaff him, you thief, gaff him!" shouted Murphy; "gaff him, or he'll be off."

"Oh, he's so lively, sir!" roared Billy; "he's a rogue, sir—he won't let me put the gaff undher him, sir—ow, he slipp'd away agin."

"Make haste, Billy, or I can't hold him."

"Oh, the thief!" said Billy; "one would think he was cotch'd before, he's so up to it. Ha!—hurroo!—I have him now, sir!"

Billy made all the splash he could in the water as Murphy lifted the fish to the surface and swung him into the boat. Again there was the flopping and the riot, and Billy screeching, "kill him, sir!—kill him, sir! or he'll be off out o' my hands!" In proper time the *was* killed, and shown up in triumph, and the imposture completed.

And now Furlong began to experience that peculiar longing for catching a fish, which always possesses men who see fish taken by others; and the desire to have a salmon of his own killing induced him to remain on the river. In the long intervals of idleness which occurred between the occasional hooking up of the salmon, which Murphy *did* every now and then, Furlong *would be talking* about business to Dick Dawson, so that they had not been very long on the water until Dick became enlightened on some more very important points connected with the election. Murphy now pushed his boat towards the shore.

"You're not going yet?" said the anxious fisherman;—"do wa't till I catch a fish."

"Certainly," said Murphy; "I'm only going to put Billy ashore and send home what we've already caught. Mrs. O'Grady is passionately fond of salmon."

Billy was landed, and a large basket in which the salmon had been brought down to the boat was landed also—*empty*; and Murphy, lifting the basket as if it contained a considerable weight, placed it on Billy's head, and the sly young rascal bent beneath it, as if all the fish Murphy had pretended to take were really in it; and he went on his homeward way, with a tottering step, as if the load were too much for him.

"That boy," said Furlong, "will never be able to cawwy all those fish to the house."

"Oh, they won't be too much for him," said Dick.

"Curse the fish; I wish they'd bite. That thief, Murphy, has had all the sport; but he's the best fisherman in the county, I'll own that."

The two boats all this time had been drifting down the river, and on opening a new reach of the stream a somewhat extraordinary scene of fishing presented itself. It was not like Murphy's fishing, the result of a fertile invention, but the consequence of the evil destiny which presided over all the proceedings of Handy Andy.

The fishing party in the boats beheld another fishing party on the shores, with this difference in the nature of what they sought to catch, that, while they in the boats were looking for salmon, those on the shore were seeking for a post-chaise, and as about a third part of a vehicle so called was apparent above the water, Furlong exclaimed with supreme surprise:



"Well! if it ain't a post-chaise!"

"Oh! that's nothing extraordinary," said Dick—"common enough here."

"What do you mean?"

"We've a custom here of running steeplechases in post-chaises."

"Oh, thank you," said Furlong; "come, that's *too* good."

"You don't believe it, I see," said Dick; "but you did not believe the salmon fishing till you saw it."

"Oh, come now! How the deuce could you leap a ditch in a post-chaise?"

"I never said we leaped ditches; I only said we rode steeplechases. The system is this: you go for a given point, taking-high-road, by-road, plain or lane, as the case may be, making the best of your way how you can. Now our horses in this country are celebrated for being good swimmers, so it's a favorite plan to shirk a bridge sometimes by swimming a river."

"But no post-chaise will float," said Furlong, regularly arguing against Dick's mendacious absurdity.

"Oh! we're prepared for that here. The chaises are made light, have cork bottoms, and all the solid work is made hollow; the doors are made water-tight, and if the stream runs strong the passenger jumps out and swims."

"But that's not fair," said Furlong; "it alters the weight."

"Oh! it's allowed on both sides," said Dick, "so it's all the same. It's as good for the goose as the gander."

"I wather imagine it is much fitter for geese and ganders than human beings— I know I should wather be a goose on the occasion."

All this time they were nearing the party on shore, and as the post-chaise became more developed, so did the personages on the bank of the river; and amongst these Dick Dawson saw Handy Andy in the custody of two men, and Squire O'Grady shaking his fist in his face and storming at him. How all this party came there it is not necessary to explain. When Handy Andy had deposited Furlong at Merryvale, he drove back to pick up the fallen postilion and his brother on the road; but before he reached them he had to pass a public-house—I say *had* to pass—but he didn't. Andy stopped, as every honorable postilion is bound to do, to drink the health of the gentleman who gives him the last half-crown; and he was so intent on "doing that same," as they say in Ireland, that Andy's driving became very equivocal afterwards. In short, he drove the post-chaise into the river; the horses got disentangled by kicking the traces, which were very willing to break into pieces; and Andy, by sticking to the neck of the horse he rode, got out of the water. The horses got home without the post-chaise, and the other post-chaise and pair got home without a postilion, so that Owney Doyle was roused from his bed by the neighing of the horses at the gate of the inn. Great was his surprise at the event, as, half clad and a candle in his hand, he saw two pair of horses, one chaise, and no driver, at his door. The next morning the plot thickened; Squire O'Grady came to know if a gentleman

had arrived at the town on his way to Neck-or-Nothing Hall. The answer was in the affirmative. Then "where was he?" became a question. Then the report arrived of the post-chaise being upset in the river. Then came stories of postilions falling off, of postilions being changed, of Handy Andy being employed to take the gentleman to the place; and out of these materials the story became current that "an English gentleman was drowned in the river in a post-chaise." O'Grady set off directly with a party to have the river dragged, and near the spot, encountering Handy Andy, he ordered him to be seized, and accused him of murdering his friend.

It was in this state of things that the boats approached the party on the land, and the moment Dick Dawson saw Handy Andy, he put out his oars, and pulled away as hard as he could. At the moment he did so, Andy caught sight of him, and pointing out Furlong and Dick to O'Grady, he shouted, "There he is!—there he is! I never murdered him! There he is!—stop him!—Misther Dick, stop, for the love o' God!" "What is all this about?" said Furlong in great amazement.

"Oh, he's a process-server," said Dick; "the people are going to drown him, maybe."

"To drown him!" said Furlong in horror.

"If he has luck," said Dick, "they'll only give him a good ducking; but we had better have nothing to do with it. I would not like you to be engaged in one of these popular riots."

"I shouldn't wellish it, myself," said Furlong.

"Pull away, Dick," said Murphy; "let them kill the blackguard, if they like."

"But will they kill him weally?" inquired Furlong, somewhat horrified.

"Faith, it's just as the whim takes them," said Murphy; "but as we wish to be popular on the hustings, we must let them kill as many as they please."

Andy still shouted loud enough to be heard. "Misther Dick, they're goin' to murder me!"

"Poor wretch!" said Furlong, with a very uneasy shudder.

"Maybe you'd think it right for us to land and rescue him," said Murphy, affecting to put about the boat.

"Oh, by no means," said Furlong. "You're better acquainted with the customs of the country than I am."

"Then we'll row back to dinner as fast as we can," said Murphy. "Pull away my hearties!" and, as he bent to his oars, he began bellowing the Canadian Boat-Song, to drown Andy's roars; and when he howled,

"Our voices keep tune—"

there never was a more practical burlesque upon the words; but as he added—

"Our oars keep time,"

he seemed to have such a pleasure in pulling, and looked so lively and florid, that Furlong, chilled by his inactivity on the water, and whose subsequent horror at the thought of seeing a real, regular Irish drowning

of a process-server before his face, had produced a shivering fit, requested Murtough to let him have an oar, to restore circulation by exercise. Murtough complied; but the novice had not pulled many strokes, before his awkward handling of the oar produced that peculiar effect called "catching a crab," and a small blow upon his chest sent him heels over head under the thwart of the boat.

"Wha-wha-a-t's that?" gasped Furlong, as he scrambled up again.

"You only caught a crab," said Murtough.

"Good Heaven!" said Furlong, "you don't mean to say there are crabs as well as salmon in the river."

"Just as many crabs as salmon," said Murtough; "pull away, my hearty"

"Row, brothers, row—the stream runs fast—  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past!"

## CHAPTER XII.

THE boats doubled round an angle in the river, and Andy was left in the hands of Squire O'Grady, still threatening vengeance; but Andy, as long as the boats remained in sight, heard nothing but his own sweet voice, shouting at the top of its pitch, "They're going to murder me!—Misther Dick, Misther Dick, come back for the love o' God!"

"What are you roaring like a bull for?" said the Squire.

"Why wouldn't I roar, sir? A bull would roar if he had as much rayson."

"A bull has more reason than ever you had, you calf" said the Squire.

"Sure there he is, and can explain it all to you," said Andy, pointing after the boats.

"Who is there?" asked the Squire.

"Misther Dick, and the jintleman himself that I dhruv there."

"Drove where?"

"To the Squire's."

"What Squire's?"

"Squire Egan's, to be sure."

"Hold your tongue, you rascal; you're either drunk still, or telling lies. The gentleman I mean wouldn't go to Mister Egan's: he was coming to me."

"That's the gentleman I dhruv—that's all I know. He was in the shay, and was nigh shootin' me; and Micky Doolin stopped on the road, when his brother was nigh killed, and towld me to get up, for he wouldn't go no farther, when the gintlemen objected—"

"What did the gentleman object to?"

"He objected to Pether goin' into the shay."

"Who is Peter?"

"Pether Doolin, to be sure."

"And what brought Peter Doolin there?"

"He fell off the horse's—"

"Wasn't it Mick Doolin you said was driving, but a moment ago?"

"Ay, sir; but that was th' other shay."

"What other chaise, you vagabond?"

"Th' other shay, your honor, that I never seen at all good or bad—only Pether."

"What diabolical confusion you are making of the story, to be sure!—there's no use in talking to you here, I see. Bring him after me," said the Squire to some of his people standing by. "I must keep him in custody till something more satisfactory is made out about the matter."

"Sure it's not makin' a presner of me you'd be?" said Andy.

"You shall be kept in confinement, you scoundrel, till something is heard of this strange gentleman. I'm afraid he's drowned."

"D—l a dhrown'd. I dhruv him to Squire Egan's, I'll take my book oath."

"That's downright nonsense, sir. He would as soon go into Squire Egan's house as go to Fiddler's Green."

"Faith, then, there's worse places than Fiddler's Green," said Andy, "as some people may find out one o' these days."

"I think, boys," said O'Grady to the surrounding countrymen, "we must drag the river."

"Dhrag the river, if you please," said Andy; "but for the tender mercy o' heaven, don't dhrag me to jail! By all the crosses in a yard o' check, I dhruv the jintleman to Squire Egan's!—and there he was in that boat I showed you five minutes agone."

"Bring him after me," said O'Grady. "The fellow is drunk still, or forgets all about it; I must examine him again. Take him over to the hall, and lock him up in the justice-room till I go home."

"Arrah, sure, your honor—" said Andy, commencing an appeal.

"If you say another word, you scoundrel," said the Squire, shaking his whip at him, "I'll commit you to jail this minute. Keep a sharp eye after him, Molloy," were the last words of the Squire to a stout-built peasant who took Andy in charge as the Squire mounted his horse and rode away.

Andy was marched off to Neck-or-Nothing Hall; and, in compliance with the Squire's orders, locked up in the justice-room. This was an apartment where the Squire in his magisterial capacity dispensed what he called justice, and what he possibly meant to be such; but poor Justice, coming out of Squire O'Grady's hands, was something like the little woman in the song, who, having her petticoats cut short while she was asleep, exclaimed on her waking,

"As sure as I'm a little woman, this is none of I."

Only that Justice in the present instance doubted her identity, not from her nakedness, but from the peculiar dressing Squire O'Grady bestowed upon her. She was so muffled up in O'Gradyism, that her own mother, who by the same token was Themis, wouldn't know her. Indeed, if I remember, Justice is worse off than mortals respecting her parentage; for while there are many people who do not know who were their fathers, poets are uncertain who was Justice's mother;—some say Aurora, some say Themis. Now, if I might indulge



at this moment in a bit of reverie, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that it is the classic disposition of Ireland, which is known to be a very ancient country, that tends to make the operations of Justice assimilate with the uncertainty of her birth; for her dispensations they are as distinct as if they were the offspring of two different influences. One man's justice is not another man's justice;—which I suppose must arise from the difference of opinion as to who or what Justice is. Perhaps the rich people, who incline to power, may venerate Justice more as the child of Jupiter and Themis; while the unruly worship her as the daughter of Titan and Aurora; for undoubtedly the offspring of *Aurora* must be most welcome to "*Peep-o-day-boys*."

Well,—not to indulge further in reverie,—Andy, I say, was looked up in the justice-room; and as I have been making all these observations about Justice, a few words will not be thrown away about the room which she was suppose to inhabit. Then I must say Squire O'Grady did not use her well. The room was a cold, comfortless apartment, with a plastered wall and an earthen floor, save at one end, where a raised platform of boards sustained a desk and one high office-chair.

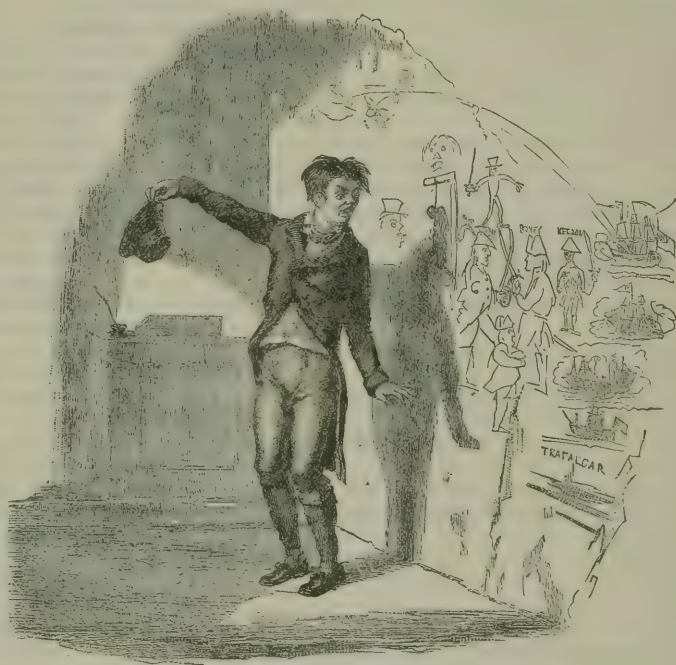
No other seat was in the room, nor was there any lateral window, the room being lighted from the top, so that Justice could be no way interested with the county outside—she could only contemplate her native heaven through the sky-light. Behind the desk were placed a rude shelf, where some "modern instances," and old ones too, were lying covered with dust—and a gunrack, where some carbines with fixed bayonets were paraded in show of authority; so that, to an imaginative mind, the aspect of the books and the fire-arms gave the notion of JUSTICE on the shelf, and the LAW on the rack.

But Andy thought not of those things; he had not the imagination which sometimes gives the prisoner a passing pleasure in catching a whimsical conceit from his situation, and, in the midst of his anxiety, anticipating

the satisfaction he shall have in saying a good thing, even at the expense of his own suffering. Andy only knew that he was locked up in the justice-room for something he never did. He had only sense enough to feel that he was wronged, without the spirit to wish himself righted; and he sauntered up and down the cold, miserable room, anxiously awaiting the arrival of "his honor, Squire O'Grady," to know what would be done with him, and wondering if they could hang him for upsetting a post-chaise in which a gentleman *had been* riding, rather than brooding future means of redress for his false imprisonment.

There was no window to look out of—he had not the comfort of seeing a passing fellow-creature; for the sight

of one's kind is a comfort. He could not even see the green earth and the freshness of nature, which, though all unconsciously, has still a soothing influence on the most uncultivated mind; he had nothing but the walls to look at, which were blank, save here and there that a burnt stick, in the hand of one of the young O'Grady's, emulated the art of a Sandwich Islander, and sketched faces as grotesque as any pagan could desire for his idol; or figures after the old established



Andy Forebodes his Destiny

school-boy manner, which in the present day is called Persian painting, "warranted to be taught in three lessons." Now, this bespeaks degeneracy in the arts; for in the time we write of, boys and girls acquired the art without any lessons at all, and abundant proofs of this intuitive talent existed on the aforesaid walls. Napoleon and Wellington were fighting a duel, while Nelson stood by to see fair play, he having nothing better to do, as the battle of Trafalgar, representing in the distance, could, of course, go on without him. The anachronism of jumbling Bonaparte, Wellington, and Nelson together, was a trifle amongst the O'Grady's, as they were nearly as great proficient in history, ancient and modern, as in the fine arts. Amidst these efforts of genius appeared many an old rhyme, scratched with

rusty nails by rustier policemen while lounging in the justice-room during the legal decisions of the great O'Grady; and all these were gone over again and again by Andy, till they were worn out, all but one—a rough representation of a man hanging.

This possessed a sort of fascination for poor Andy; for at last, relinquishing all others, he stood riveted before it, and muttered to himself, "I wondher can they hang me—sure it's no murdher I done—but who knows what witnesses they might get? and these time they sware mighty hard; and Squire O'Grady has such a pack o' blackguards about him sure he could get anything swore he liked. Oh! wirra! wirra! what'll I do at all, at all—faix, I wouldn't like to be hanged—oh! look at him there—just the last kick in him—and a disgrace to my poor mother into the bargain. Augh!—but it's a dirty death to die—to be hung up, like a dog over a gate, or an ould hat on a peg, just that-a-way,"—and he extended his arm as he spoke, suspending his *carben*, while he looked with disgust at the effigy. "But sure they *can't* hang me—though now I remember Squire Egan towld me long ago I'd be hanged some day or other. I wondher does my mother know I'm tuk away—and Oonah too; the craythur would be sorry for me. Maybe if the mother spoke to Squire Egan, his honor would say a good word for me. Though that wouldn't do; for him and Squire O'Grady's bitter inimies now, though they woe once good frinds. Och hone!—sure that's the way o' the world, and a cruel hard world it is—so it is. Sure 'twould be well to be out of it a'most, and in a betther world. I hope there's no po'-chaises in heaven!"

The soliloquy of poor Andy was interrupted by a low measured sound of thumping, which his accustomed ear at once distinguished to be the result of churning; the room in which he was confined being one of a range of offices stretching backward from the principal building, and next door the dairy. Andy had grown tired by this time of his repeated contemplation of the rhymes and sketches, his own thoughts thereon, and his long confinement; and the monotonous sound of the churn-dash falling on his ear acted as a sort of *husho*,\* and the worried and wearied Andy at last lay down on the platform and fell asleep to the bumping lullaby,

### CHAPTER XIII.

THE sportsmen having returned from their fishing excursion to dinner, were seated round the hospitable board of Squire Egan; Murphy and Dick in high glee, at still successfully hoodwinking Furlong, and carrying on their mystification with infinite frolic.

The soup had been removed, and they were in the act of enjoying the salmon, which had already given so much enjoyment, when a loud rapping at the door announced the arrival of some fresh guest.

"Did you ask any one to dinner, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Egan of her good-humored lord, who was the very

man to invite any friend he met in the course of the day, and forget it after.

"No, my dear," answered the Squire. "Did you, Dick?" said he.

Dick replied in the negative, and said he had better go and see who it was; for looks of alarm had been exchanged between him, the Squire, and Murphy, lest any stranger should enter the room without being apprised of the hoax going forward; and Dawson had just reached the door, on his cautionary mission, when it was suddenly thrown wide open, and in walked, with a rapid and blustering air, an active little gentleman dressed in black, who was at Mrs. Egan's side in a moment, exclaiming, with a very audible voice and much *empressment* of manner:

"My dear Mrs. Egan, how do you do? I'm delighted to see you. Took a friend's privilege, you see, and have come unbidden to claim the hospitality of your table. The fact is, I was making a sick visit to this side of my parish, and, finding it impossible to get home in time to my own dinner, I had no scruple in laying yours under contribution."

Now this was the Protestant clergyman of the parish, whose political views were in opposition to those of Mr. Egan; but the good hearts of both men prevented political feeling from interfering, as in Ireland it too often does, with the social intercourse of life. Still, however, even if Dick Dawson had got out of the room in time, this was not the man to assist them in covering their hoax on Furlong, and the scene became excessively ludicrous the moment the reverend gentleman made his appearance. Dick, the Squire, and Murphy, opened their eyes at each other, while Mrs. Egan grew as red as scarlet when Furlong stared at her in astonishment as the new-comer mentioned her name,—she stammered out welcome as well as she could, and called for a chair for Mr. Bermingham, with all sorts of inquires for Mrs. Bermingham and the little Berminghams—for the Bermingham manufactory in that line was extensive.

While the reverend doctor was taking his seat, spreading his napkin, and addressing a word to each round the table, Furlong turned to Fannie Dawson, beside whom he was sitting (and who, by the by, could not resist a fit of laughter on the occasion), and said, with a bewildered look:

"Did he not address *Madame* as Mistwess Egan?"

"Yeth," said Fanny, with admirable readiness; "but withtper." And as Furlong inclined his head towards her, she whispered in his ear, "You mutn't mind him—he's mad, poor man!—that is, a *little* inthane,—and thinks every lady is Mrs. Egan.—An unhappy patshion, poor fellow!—but *quite* harmleth."

Furlong uttered a very prolonged, "Oh!" at Fanny's answer to his inquiry, and looked sharply round the table; for there was an indefinable something in the conduct of every one at the moment of Mr. Bermingham's entrance that attracted his attention; and the name "Egan," and everybody's *fidgityness*, (which is the only word I can apply,) roused his suspicion. Fanny's answer only half satisfied him; and looking at

\* The *nrees*' song for setting a child to sleep, which they pronounce as "*huzzho*."



Mrs. Eagan, who could not conquer her confusion, he remarked,—“How *vevy* wed Mistress O’Gwady gwew!”

“Oh, tshe can’t help blutching, poor thoul! when he thays ‘Egan’ to her, and thinks her his *furth* love.”

“How *vevy* widiculous, to be sure,” said Furlong.

“Haven’t you innothent mad people thumtimes in England?” said Fanny.

“Vevy,” said Furlong; “but this appea’s to me so wema’kably stwange an abbewation.”

“Oh,” returned Fanny with quickness, “I thuppose people go mad on their ruling patshion, and the ruling patshion of the Irish, you know, is love.”

The conversation all this time was going on in other quarters, and Furlong heard Mr. Bermingham talking of his having preached last Sunday in his new church.

“Suwely,” said he too Fanny, “they would not pe’mit an insane cle’gyman to pweach?”

“Oh,” said Fanny, almost suffocating with laughter, “he only *thinkth* he’s a clergyman.”

“How vevy droll you are!” said Furlong.

“Now you’re only quithing me,” said Fanny, looking with affected innocence in the face of the unfortunate young gentleman she had been quizzing most unmercifully the whole day.

“Oh, Miste’ o’Gwady,” said Furlong, “we saw them going to ddown a man to-day.”

“Indeed!” said the squire, reddening, as he saw Mr. Bermingham stare at his being called O’Grady; so, to cover the blot, and stop Furlong, he asked him to take wine.

“Do they often ddown people here?” continued Furlong, after he had bowed.

“Not that I know of,” said the Squire.

“But are not the lowe’ o’ders wather given to what Lo’d Bacon calls—”

“Who cares about Lord Bacon?” said Murphy.

“My dear sir, you supwise me!” said Furlong, in utter amazement. “Lo’d Bacon’s sayings—”

“By my sowl,” said Murphy, “both himself and his sayings are very *rusty* by this time.”

“Oh, I see, Miste’ Muffy.—You neve will be sew-ious.”

“God forbid!” said Murphy,—“at dinner, at least,—or after. Seriousness is only a morning amusement;—it makes a very poor figure in the evening.”

“By the by,” said Mr. Bermingham, “talking of drowning, I heard a very odd story to-day from O’Grady. You and he, I believe,” said the cleryman, addressing Egan, “are not on as good terms as you were.”

At this speech Furlong did *rather* open his eyes, the Squire hummed and hawed, Murphy coughed, Mrs. Egan looked into her plate, and Dick, making a desperate dash to the rescue, asked Furlong which he preferred, a single or a double-barrelled gun.

Mr. Bermingham, perceiving the sensation his question created, thought he had touched upon forbidden ground, and therefore did not repeat his question, and Fanny whispered Furlong that one of the stranger’s mad peculiarities was mistaking one person for another; but all this did not satisfy Furlong, whose misgivings

as to the real name of his host were growing stronger every moment. At last Mr. Bermingham, without alluding to the broken friendship between Egan and O’Grady, returned to the “old story” he had heard that morning about drowning.

“Tis a very strange affair,” said he, “and our side of the cuntry is all alive about it! A gentleman who was expected from Dublin last night at Neck-or-Nothing Hall, arrived, as it is ascertained, at the village, and thence took a post-chaise, since which time he has not been heard of; and as a post-chaise was discovered this morning sunk in the river close by Ballyslough-gutthery bridge, it is suspected the gentleman has been drowned either by accident or design. The postillion is in confinement on suspicion, and O’Grady has written to the Castle about it to-day, for the gentleman was a government officer.”

“Why, sir,” said Furlong, “that must be me.”

“You, sir!” said Mr. Bermingham, whose turn it was to be surprised now.

“Yes, sir,” said Furlong, “I took a post-chaise at the village last night,—and I’m an office’ of the gove’ment.”

“But you’re not drowned, sir,—and he was,” said Bermingham.

“Quite impossible, sir,” said Mr. Bermingham. “You can’t be the person.”

“Why, sir, do you expect to pe’swade me out of my own identity?”

“Oh,” said Murphy, “there will be no occasion to prove identity till the body is found, and the coroner’s inquest sits;—that’s the law, sir,—at least, in Ireland.”

Furlong’s bewildered look at the unblushing impudence of Murphy was worth anything. While he was dumb from astonishment, Mr. Bermingham, with marked politeness, said,

“Allow me, sir, for a moment to explain to you. You see, it could not be you, for the gentleman was going to Mr. O’Grady’s.

“Well, sir,” said Furlong, “and here I am.”

The wide stare of the two men as they looked at each other was killing; and while Furlong’s face was turned towards Mr. Bermingham, Fanny caught the clergyman’s eye, tapped her forehead with the forefinger of her right hand, shook her head, and turned up her eyes with an expression of piety, to indicate that Furlong was not quite right in his mind.

“Oh, I beg pardon, sir,” said Mr. Bermingham. “I see it’s a mistake of mine.”

“There certainly is a very gweat mistake somewhere,” said Furlong, who was now bent on a very direct question. “Pway, Miste’ O’Gwady,” said he, addressing Egan,—“that is, if you *are* Miste’ O’Gwady,—will you tell me *are* you Miste’ O’Gwady?”

“Sir,” said the Squire, “you have chosen to call me O’Grady ever since you came here,—but my name is Egan.”

“What!—the member for the county?” cried Furlong, horrified.

“Yes,” said the Squire, laughing, “do you want a frank?”

"'Twill save your friends postage," said Dick, 'when you write to them to say you're safe.'

"Miste' Wegan," said Furlong, with an attempt at offended dignity, "I considere' myself vewy ill used."

"You're the first man I ever heard of being ill used in Merryvale House," said Murphy.

"Sir, it is a gwievous w'ong!"

"What is all this about?" asked Mr. Bermingham.

"My dear friend," said the Squire, laughing,—though, indeed, that was not peculiar to him, for every one round the table, save the victim, was doing the same thing, (as for Fanny, she *shouted*,)—"My dear friend, this gentleman came to my house last night, and I took him for a friend of Moriarty's, whom I have been expecting for some days. He thought, it appears, this was Neck-or-Nothing Hall, and thus a mutual mistake has arisen. All I can say is, that you are most welcome, Mr. Furlong, to the hospitality of this house as long as you please."

"But, sir, you should not have allowed me to remain in your house," said Furlong.

"That's a doctrine," said the Squire, "in which you will find it difficult to make an Irish host coincide."

"But you must have known, sir, that it was not my intention to come to your house."

"How could I know that, sir?" said the Squire jocularly.

"Why, Miste' Wegan—you know—that is—in fact—d—n it, sir," said Furlong at last, losing his temper, "you know I told you all about our electioneering tactics."

A loud laugh was all the response Furlong received to this outbreak.

"Well, sir," repeated he, "I pwotest it is extremely unfair!"

"You know, my dear sir," said Dick, "we Irish are such *poor ignorant creatures*, according to your own account, that we can make no use of the knowledge with which you have so generously supplied us."

"You know," said the Squire, "we have no *real finesse*."

"Sir," said Furlong, growing sulky, "there is a certain finesse that is *fair* and another that is *unfair*—and I pwotest against—"

"Pooh! pooh!" said Murphy. "Never mind trifles. Just wait till to-morrow, and I'll show you even better salmon-fishing than you had to-day."

"Sir, no consideration would make me remain another wower in this house."

Murphy, screwing his lips together, puffed out something from a whistle and the blowing out of a candle, and ventured to suggest to Furlong he had better wait even a couple of hours till he had got his allowance of claret. "Remember the adage, sir—'*In vino veritas*,' and we'll tell you all our electioneering secrets after we've had enough wine."

"As soon, Miste' Wegan," said Furlong, quite chaf-fallen, "as you can tell me how to get to the house to which I intended to go, I will be ready to bid you good evening."

"If you are determined, Mr. Furlong, to remain here

no longer, I shall not press my hospitality upon you; whenever you decide on going, my carriage shall be at your service."

"The soone' the bette', sir," said Furlong, retreating still further into a cold and sulky manner.

The Squire made no further attempt to conciliate him; he merely said, "Dick, ring the bell. Pass the claret, Murphy."

The bell was rung—the claret passed—a servant entered, and orders were given by the Squire that the carriage should be at the door as soon as possible. In the interim, Dick Dawson, the Squire and Murphy laughed as if nothing had happened, and Mrs. Egan conversed in an under-tone with Mr. Bermingham. Fanny looked mischievous, and Furlong kept his hand on the foot of his glass, and shoved it about something in the fashion of an uncertain chess-player, who does not know where to put the piece on which he has laid his finger.

The carriage was soon announced, and Mrs. Egan, as Furlong seemed so anxious to go, rose from the table, and as she retired he made her a cold and formal bow. He attempted a tender look and soft word to Fanny—for Furlong, who thought himself a *beau garcon*, had been playing off his attractions upon her all day, but the mischievously merry Fanny Dawson, when she caught the sheepish eye, and heard the mumbled gallantry of the Castle Adonis, could not resist a titter, which obliged her to hide her dimpling cheek and pearly teeth in her handkerchief as she passed the door. The ladies being gone, the Squire asked Furlong would he not have some more wine before he went.

"No, thank you, Miste' Wegan," replied he, "after being twicked in the manner that a——"

"Mr. Furlong," said the Squire, "you have said quite enough about that. When you came into my house last night, sir, I had no intention of practising any joke upon you. You should have had the hospitality of an Irishman's house, without the consequence that has followed, had you not indulged in sneering at the Irishman's country, which, to your shame be it spoken, is *your own*. You vaunted your own superior intelligence and finesse over us, sir; and told us you came down to overthrow poor Pat in the trickery of electioneering movements. Under those circumstances, sir, I think what we have done is quite fair. We have shown you that you are no match for us in the finesse upon which you pride yourself so much; and the next time you talk of your countrymen, and attempt to undervalue them, just remember how you have been outwitted at Merryvale House. Good evening, Mr. Furlong. I hope we part without owing each other any ill-will." The Squire offered his hand, but Furlong drew up, and amidst such expletives as "weally," and "I must say," he at last made use of the word "atwocious."

"What's that you say?" said Dick. "You don't speak very plain, and I'd like to be sure of the last word you used."

"I mean to say that a——" and Furlong, not much liking the *tone* of Dick's question, was humming and



hawing a sort of explanation of what "he meant to say," when Dick thus interrupted him,—

"I tell you this, Mr. Furlong,—all that has been done is my doing—I've humbugged you, sir—*humbugged*. I've sold you—dead. I've pump'd you, sir—all your electioneering bag of tricks, *bribery*, and all, exposed; and, now go off to O'Grady, and tell him how the poor ignorant Irish have *done* you; and, see, Mr. Furlong," added Dick in a quiet under-tone, "if there's anything that either he or you don't like about the business, you shall have any satisfaction you like, and as often as you please."

"I shall *conside*' of that, sir," said Furlong, as he left the house, and entered the carriage, where he threw himself back in offended dignity, and soliloquized vows of vengeance. But the bumping of the carriage over a rough road disturbed the pleasing reveries of revenge, to awaken him to the more probable and less agreeable consequences likely to occur to himself for the blunder he had made; for, with all the puppy's self-sufficiency and conceit, he could not by any process of mental delusion conceal from himself the fact that he had been most tremendously *done*, and how his party would take it was a serious consideration. O'Grady, another horrid Irish squire—how should he face him? For a moment he thought it better to go back to Dublin, and he pulled the check-string—he carriage stopped—down went the front glass. "I say, coachman."

"I'm not the coachman, sir."

"Well, whoever you are—"

"I'm the groom only, sir; for the coachman was—"

"D—n it, I don't want to know who you are, or about your affairs; I want you to listen to me—*caon't* you listen."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then—dwive to the village."

"I thought it was to the Hall I was to dhrive, sir."

"Do what you're told, sir,—the village!"

"What village, sir?" asked Mat, the groom—who knew well enough, but from Furlong's impertinence did not choose to understand anything gratuitously.

"Why the village I came fwom yeste'day."

"What village was that, sir?"

"How stoopid you are!—the village the mail goes to."

"Sure, the mail goes to all the villages in Ireland, sir."

"You pwovoking blockhead!—Good heavens, how *stoopid* you Iwish are!—the village that leads to Dublin."

"Faith, they all lead to Dublin, sir."

"Confound you—you must know!—the posting village, you know—that is, not the post town, if you know what a post town is."

"To be sure I do, sir—where they sell blankets, you mane."

"No!—no!—no!—I want to go to the village where they keep postchaises—now you know."

"Faix, they have po'chaysses in all the villages here; there's no better accommodation for man or baste in the world than here, sir."

Furlong was mute from downright vexation, till his rage got vent in an oath, another denunciation of Irish stupidity, and at last a declaration that the driver *must* know the village.

"How would I know it, sir, when you don't know it yourself?" asked the groom; "I suppose it has a name to it, and if you tell me that, I'll drive you there fast enough."

"I cannot wemember your howid names here—it is a Bal, or Bally, or some such gibbewish—"

Mat would not be enlightened.

"Is there not Bal or Bally something?"

"Oh a power o' Ballies, sir; there's Ballygash, and Ballyslash, and Ballysmish, and Ballysmash, and"—so went on Mat, inventing a string of Ballies till he was stopped by the enraged Furlong.

"None o' them! none o' them!" exclaimed he in a fury; "'tis something about 'dirt,' or 'mud.'"

"Maybe 'twould be *gutther*, sir," said Mat, who saw Furlong was near the mark, and he thought he might as well make a virtue of telling him.

"I believe you're right," said Furlong.

"Then it is Ballysloughgutthery you want to go to, sir."

"That's the name!" said Furlong, snappishly; "dwive *there!*" and, hastily pulling up the glass, he threw himself back again in the carriage. Another troubled vision of what the secretary would say came across him, and, after ten minutes' balancing the question, and trembling at the thoughts of an official blowing up, he thought he had better even venture on an Irish squire; so the check-string was again pulled, and the glass hastily let down.

Mat halted. "Yis, sir," said Mat.

"I think I've changed my mind—dwive to the Hall!"

"I wish you towld me, sir, before I took the last turn—we're nigh a mile towards the village now."

"No matte', sir!" said Furlong; "dwive where I tell you."

Up went the glass again, and Mat turned round the horses and carriage with some difficulty in a narrow by-road.

Another vision came across the bewildered fancy of Furlong—the certainty of the fury of O'Grady—the immediate contempt, as well as anger, attendant on his being bamboozled; and the result, at last, being the same, in drawing down the secretary's anger. This produced another change of intention and he let down the glass for the third time—once more changed his orders as concisely as possible, and pulled it up again. All this time Mat was laughing internally at the bewilderment of the stranger, and as he turned round the carriage again he exclaimed: "By this and that, you're as hard to dhrive as a pig; for you'll neither go one road or th'other." He had not proceeded far when Furlong determined to face O'Grady instead of the Castle, and the last and final order for another turnabout was given. Mat hardly suppressed an oath, but respect for his master's carriage and horses stopped him. The glass of the carriage was not pulled up this time, and Mat was asked a few questions about the Hall,

and at last about the Squire. Now, Mat had acuteness enough to fathom the cause of Furlong's indecision, and determined to make him as unhappy as he could; therefore, to the question of "What sort of a man the Squire was," Mat, re-echoing the question, replied: "What sort of a man, sir?—faith, he's not a man at all, sir; he's the devil."

Furlong pulled up the glass, and employed the interval between Mat's answer and reaching the Hall in making up his mind as to how he should "face the devil."

The carriage, after skirting a high and ruinous wall for some time, stopped before a gateway that had once been handsome; and Furlong was startled by the sound of a most thundering bell, which the vigorous pull of Mat stimulated to its utmost pitch; the baying of dogs which followed was terrific. A savage-looking gate-keeper made his appearance with a light—not in a lantern, but shaded with his tattered hat: many questions and answers ensued, and at last the gate was opened. The carriage proceeded up a very rough avenue, and stopped before a large, rambling sort of building, which even moonlight could exhibit to be very much out of repair. After repeated knocking at the door (for Mat knew *his* squire and the other squire were not friends now, and that he might be impudent) the door was unchined and unbarred, and Furlong deposited in Neck-or-Nothing Hall.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"Such is the custom of Branksome Hall."—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

### NECK-OR-NOTHING HALL.

#### CANTO I.

Ten good nights and ten good days  
It would take to tell the ways,  
Various, many, and amazing,  
Neck-or-nothing bungs all praising;  
Wonders great and wonders small  
Are found in Neck-or-Nothing Hall.

Racing rascals of ten a twain  
Who care not a rush for hall nor rain,  
Messengers swiftly to go or to come,  
Or duck a taxman or hurry a bun,\*  
Or "clip a server"†‡ did blithely lie  
In the stable parlor next to the sky.§  
Dinner, save chance ones, seldom had they,  
Unless they could nibble their beds of hay.  
But the less they got, they were harder all—  
'Twas the custom of Neck-or-Nothing Hall.

One lord there sat in that terrible hall;  
Two ladies came at his terrible call,—  
One his mother, and one his wife,  
Each afraid of her separate life;  
Three girls who trembled—Four boys who shook  
Five times a-day at his lowering look;  
Six blunderbusses in goodly show,  
Seven horse-pistols were ranged below;  
Eight domestics, great and small,  
In idleness, did nothing but curse them all;  
Nine state-beds, where no one slept—  
Ten for family use were kept;  
Dogs Eleven with bums to make free,  
With a bold Thirteen§ in the treasury I  
Such its numerical strength, I guess;  
It can't be more, but it may be less.

\* A factious phrase for bailiff; so often kicked.

† Cutting off the ears of a process-server.

‡ Heyditi.

§ A shilling, so called from its being worth thirteen pence in those days.

Tar-barrels new, and feathers old,  
Are ready, I trow, for the califf hold  
Who dares to invade  
The stormy shade  
Of the grim O'Grade,  
In his hunting hold.

When the iron-tongue of the old gate bell  
Summons the growing groom from his cell  
Through cranny and crook,  
They peer and they look,  
With guns to send intruders to heaven.\*  
But when the passwords pass  
That might "sarve a mass,"†  
Then bars are drawn and chains let fall,  
And you get into Neck-or-Nothing Hall.

#### CANTO II.

And never a doubt  
But when you are in,  
If you love a whole skin,  
I'll wager and win,  
You'll be glad to get out.

*Doctor Grouching's Metrical Romance.*

The bird's-eye view which the doctor's peep from Parnassus has afforded, may furnish the imagination of the reader with materials to create in his own mind a vague, yet not unjust, notion of Neck-or-Nothing Hall; but certain details of the hall itself, its inmates, and its customs, may be desired by the matter-of-fact reader or the more minutely curious, and as an author has the difficult task before him of trying to please all tastes, something more definite is required.

The hall itself was, as we have said, a rambling sort of structure. Ramifying from a solid centre, which gave the notion of a founder well to do in the world, additions, without any architectural pretensions to fitness, were *stuck* on here and there, as whim or necessity suggested or demanded, and a most incongruous mass of gables, roofs, and chimneys, odd windows and blank walls, was the consequence. According to the circumstances of the occupants who inherited the property, the building was either increased or neglected. A certain old bachelor, for example, who in the course of events inherited the property, had no necessity for nurses, nursery-maids, and their consequent suite of apartments; and as he never aspired to the honor of matrimony, the ball-room, the drawing-room, and extra bed-chambers were neglected: while, he being a fox-hunter, a new kennel and range of stables were built, the dining-room enlarged, and all the ready-money he could get at spent in augmenting the plate, to keep pace with the racing-cups he won, and proudly displayed at his drinking bouts; and when he died suddenly (broke his neck), the plate was seized at the suit of his wine-merchant; and as the heir next in succession got the property in a ruinous condition, it was impossible to keep a stud of horses along with a wife and a large family, so the stables and kennel went to decay, while the lady's and family apartments could only be patched up. When the house was dilapidated, the grounds about it, of course, were ill kept. Fine old trees were there, originally intended to afford shade to walks which were so neglected as to be no more walkable than any other part of the grounds—the vista of aspiring stems indicated where an avenue had been, but neither hoe nor rolling-stone had, for many a year,

\* This is not the word in the MS.

† Serving mass occupies about twenty-five minutes.



checked the growth of grass or weed.—So much for the outside of the house: now for the inside.

That had witnessed many a thoughtless, expensive, headlong, and irascible master, but never one more so than the present owner, added to which, he had the misfortune to be unpopular. Other men, thoughtless, and headlong, and irritable as he, have lived and had friends, but there was something about O'Grady that was felt, perhaps, more than it could be defined, which made him unpleasant:—perhaps the homely phrase "cross-grained may best express it," and O'Grady was, essentially, a cross-grained man. The estate, when he got it, was pretty heavily saddled, and the "galled jade" did not "wince" the less for his riding.

A good jointure to his mother was chargeable on the property, and this was an excuse on all occasions for the Squire's dilatory payment in other quarters. "Sir," he would say, "my mother's jointure is sacred—it is more than the estate can well bear, it is true—but it is a sacred claim, and I would sooner sacrifice my life—my *honor*, sir, than see that claim neglected!—" Now all this sounded mighty fine, but his mother could never get her jointure regularly paid, and was obliged to live in the house with him: she was somewhat of an *oddity*, and had apartments to herself, and, as long as she was let alone, and allowed to read romances in quiet, did not complain; and whenever a stray ten pound note *did* fall into her hands, she gave the greater part of it to her young grand-daughter, who was fond of flowers and plants, and supported a little conservatory on her grandmother's bounty, she paying the tribute of a bouquet to the old lady when the state of her botanical prosperity could afford it. The eldest girl was a favorite of an uncle, and *her* passion being dogs, all the presents her uncle made her in money were converted into canine curiosities; while the youngest girl took an interest in the rearing of poultry. Now the boys, varying in age from eight to fourteen, had their separate favorites too:—one loved bull dogs and terriers, another game cocks, the third ferrets, and the fourth rabbits and pigeons. These multifarious tastes produced strange results.—In the house, flowers and plants, indicating refinement of taste and costliness, were strongly contrasted with broken plaster, soiled hangings, and faded paint; an expensive dog might be seen lapping cream out of a shabby broken plate; a never-ending sequence of wars raged among the dependent favorites; the bull dogs and terriers chopping up the ferrets, the ferrets killing the game cocks, the game cocks killing the tame poultry and rabbits, and the rabbits destroying the garden, assisted by the flying reserve of pigeons. It was a sort of Irish retaliation, so amusingly exemplified in the nursery jingle:

The water began to quench the fire,  
The fire began to burn the stick,  
The stick began to heat the dog,  
The dog began to bite the kid.

In the midst of these distinct and clashing tastes, that of Mrs. O'Grady (the wife) must not be forgotten; her weak point was a feather bed. Good soul! anxious that whoever slept under roof should lie softly, she

would go to the farthest corner of the county to secure an accession to her favorite property—and such a collection of luxurious feather-beds never was seen in company with such rickety bedsteads, and tattered and mildewed curtains, in rooms uncarpeted, whose paper was dropping off the wall: well might it be called paper-hanging, indeed!—whose washing-tables were of deal, and whose delft was of the plainest ware, and even that minus sundry handles and spouts. Nor was the renowned O'Grady without his hobby, too. While the various members of his family were thwarting each other, his master mischief was thwarting them all; like some wicked giant looking down on a squabble of dwarfs, and ending the fight by kicking them all right and left. Then he had his troop of pets, too—idle blackguards who were slinging\* about the place eternally, keeping up a sort of "cordon sanitaire" to prevent the pestilential presence of a bailiff, which is so catching, and turns to jail fever:—a disease which had been fatal in the family. O'Grady never ventured beyond his domain, except on the back of a fleet horse—there he felt secure: indeed, the place he most dreaded legal assault in, was his own house, where he apprehended trickery might invade him: a carriage might be but a feint, and hence the great circumspection in the opening of doors.

From the nature of the establishment, thus hastily sketched, the reader will see what an ill-regulated jumble it was. The master, in difficulties, had disorderly people hanging about his place for his personal security; from these very people his boys picked up the love of dog-fights, cock-fights, &c.; and they, from the fights of their pets, fought amongst themselves, and were always fighting with their sisters; so the reader will see the "metrical romance" was not overcharged in its rhymes on Neck-or-Nothing Hall.

When Furlong entered the hall he gave his name to a queer-looking servant, with wild scrubby hair, a dirty face, a tawdry livery, worse for wear, which had manifestly been made for a larger man, and hung upon its present possessor like a coat upon a clothes-horse; his cotton stockings, meant to be white, and clumsy shoes, meant to be black, met each other half-way, and split the difference in a pleasing neutral tint. Leaving Furlong standing in the hall, he clattered up stairs, and a dialogue ensued between master and man, so loud that Furlong could hear the half of it, and his own name in a tone of doubt, with that of "Egan" in a tone of surprise, and that of his "sable majesty" in a tone of anger, rapidly succeeded one another; then such broken words and sentences as these ensued,—"fudge! humbug!—rascally trick!—eh!—by the hokee, they'd better take care!—put the scoundrel under the pump!"

Furlong more than half suspected it was to him this delicate attention was intended, and began to feel uncomfortable; he sharpened his ears to their keenest hearing, but there was a lull in the conversation, and he could ascertain one of the gentler sex was engaged in it, by the ogre-like voice uttering,—"Fudge, woman!—fiddle-de-dee!" Then he caught the words, "per-

\* Au Hibernaicus, expressive of lounging laziness.

haps" and "gentleman," in a lady's voice,—then out thundered "that rascal's carriage!—why come in that?—friend!—humbug!—rascal's carriage!—tar and feather him, by this and that!"

Furlong began to feel very uncomfortable; the conversation ended; down came the servant, to whom Furlong was about to address himself, when the man said, "he would be with him in a minit," and vanished; a sort of reconnoitering party, one by one, then passed through the hall, eying the stranger very suspiciously, any of them to whom Furlong ventured a word, scurrying off in double quick time. For an instant he meditated a retreat, and looking to the door saw a heavy chain across it, the pattern of which must have been had from Newgate. He attempted to unfasten it, and as it clanked heavily, the ogre's voice from up stairs belowered "Who the d—l's that opening the door?" Furlong's hand dropped from the chain, and a low growling went on up the stair-case. The servant whom he first saw returned.

"I fear," said Furlong, "there is some misapprehension."

"A what, sir?"

"A misapprehension."

"Oh no, sir! It's only a mistake the master thought you might be making; he thinks you mistuk the house, may be, sir."

"Oh, no—I wather think he mistakes me; will you do me the favo',"—and he produced a packet of papers as he spoke,— "the favo' to take my cwedentials to Mr. O'Gwady, and if he throws his eye over these pape's—"

At the word "papers," there was a shout from above, "Don't touch them, you thief, don't touch them!—another blister,—ha, ha!—by the ternal this and that, I'll have him in the horse-pond!" A heavy stamping overhead ensued, and furious ringing of bells; in the midst of the dim a very pale lady came down stairs, and, pointing the way to a small room, beckoned Furlong to follow her. For a moment he hesitated, for his heart misgave him; but shame at the thought of doubting or refusing the summons of a lady overcame his fear, and he followed to a little parlor, where mutual explanations between Mrs. O'Grady and himself, and many messages, questions, and answers, which she carried up and down stairs, at length set Furlong's mind at ease respecting his personal safety, and finally admitted him into the presence of the truculent lord of the castle,—who, when he heard that Furlong had been staying in the enemy's camp, was not, it may be supposed, in a sweet state of temper to receive him. O'Grady looked thunder as Furlong entered: and eyeing him keenly for some seconds, as if he were taking a mental as well as an ocular measurement of him; he saluted him with:

"Well, sir,—a pretty kettle of fish you've made of this. I hope you have not blabbed much about our affairs."

"Why, I weally don't know—I'm not sure—that is, I won't be positive, because when one is thwown off his guard, you know—"

"Pooh, sir! a man should never be off his guard in an election. But, how the d—l, sir, could you make

such a thundering mistake as to go to the wrong house?"

"It was a howwid postilion, Miste' O'Gwady."

"The scoundrel," exclaimed O'Grady, stamping up and down the room.

At this moment a tremendous crash was heard; the ladies jumped from their seats; O'Grady paused in his rage, and his poor pale wife exclaimed "Tis in the conservatory."

A universal rush was now made to the spot, and there was Handy Andy buried in the ruins of flower-pots and exotics, directly under an enormous breach in the glass-roof of the building. How this occurred, a few words will explain. Andy, when he went to sleep in the justice-room, slept soundly for some hours, but awoke in the horrors of a dream, in which he fancied he was about to be hanged. So impressed was he by the vision, that he determined on making his escape if he could, and to this end piled the chair upon the desk, and the volumes of law books on the chair; and being an active fellow, contrived to scramble up high enough to lay his hand on the frame of the sky-light, and thus make his way out on the roof. Then walking, as well as the darkness would permit him, along the coping of the wall, he approached, as it chanced, the conservatory, but the coping being loose, one of the flags turned under Andy's foot, and bang he went through the glass-roof, carrying down in his fall some score of flower-pots, and finally stuck in a tub, with his legs upwards, and embowered in the branches of crushed geraniums and hydrangias.

He was dragged out of the tub, amidst a shower of curses from O'Grady; but the moment Andy recovered the few senses he had, and saw Furlong, regardless of the anathemas of the Squire, he shouted out, "There he is!—there he is!" and, rushing towards him, exclaimed, "Now, did I dhrownd you, sir,—did I? Sure, I never murdered you!"

'Twas as much as could be done to keep O'Grady's hands off Andy, for smashing the conservatory, when Furlong's presence made him no longer liable to imprisonment.

"Maybe he has a vote!" said Furlong, anxious to display how much he was on the *qui vive* in election matters.

"Have you a vote, you rascal?" said O'Grady.

"You may sarche me, if you like, your honor," said Andy, who thought a vote was some sort of property de was suspected of stealing.

"You are either the biggest rogue, or the biggest fool, I ever met," said O'Grady. "Which are you now?"

"Whichever your honor plazes," said Andy.

"If I forgive you, will you stand by me at the election?"

"I'll stand anywhere your honor bids me," said Andy humbly.

"That's a thoroughgoing rogue, I'm inclined to think," said O'Grady aside, to Furlong.

"He looks more like a fool, in my appwehension," was the reply.



"Oh, these fellows conceal the deepest roguery sometimes under an assumed simplicity.—You don't understand the Irish."

"Unde'stand!" exclaimed Furlong; "I pwnounce the whole countwy quite incomprehensible!"

"Well!" growled O'Grady to Andy, after a moment's consideration, "go down to the kitchen, you house-breaking-vagabond, and get your supper!"

Now, considering the "fee, faw, fum," qualities of O'Grady, the reader may be surprised at the easy manner in which Andy slipped through his fingers, after having slipped through the roof of his conservatory; but as between two stools folks fall to the ground, so

between two rages people sometimes tumble into safety. O'Grady was in a divided passion—first, his wrath was excited against Furlong for his blunder, and just as that was about to explode, the crash of Andy's sudden appearance amidst the flower-pots (like a practical parody on "Love among the roses") called off the gathering storm in a new direction, and the fury sufficient to annihilate one, was, by dispersion, harmless to two. But on the return of the party from the conservatory, after Andy's descent to the kitchen, O'Grady's rage against Furlong, though moderated, had settled down into a very substantial dissatisfaction, which he evinced by poking his nose between his forefinger and thumb, as if he meditated the abstraction of that salient feature from his face, shuffling his feet about, throwing his right leg over his left knee, and then suddenly, as if that were a mistake, throwing his left over the right, thrumming on the arm of his chair with his clenched hand, inhaling the air very audibly through his protruded lips, as if he were supping hot soup, and all the time fixing his eyes on the fire with a portentous gaze, as if he would have evoked from it a salamander.

Mrs. O'Grady, in such a state of affairs, wishing to speak to the stranger, yet anxious she should say nothing that could bear upon immediate circumstances, lest she might rouse her awful lord and master, racked her

invention for what she should say; and at last, with "bated breath" and a very worn-out smile, faltered forth—

"Pray, Mr. Furlong, are you fond of shuttlecock?"

Furlong stared, and began a reply of "Weally, I *caront* say that—"

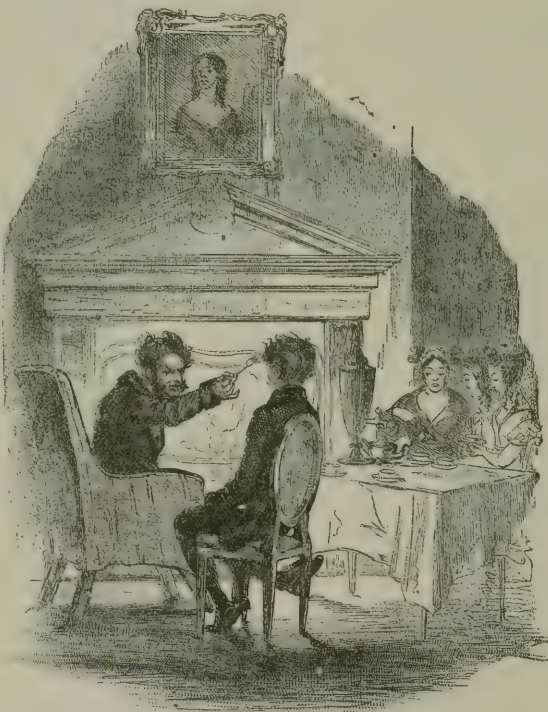
When O'Grady gruffly broke in with "You'd better ask him, does he love teetotum."

"I thought you could recommend me the best establishment in the metropolis, Mr. Furlong, for buying shuttlecocks," continued the lady, unmindful of the interruption.

"You had better ask him where you could get mouse-traps," growled O'Grady.

Mrs. O'Grady was silent, and O'Grady, whose rage had now assumed its absurd form of tagging changes, continued, increasing his growl, like a *crescendo* on the double-bass, as he proceeded: "You'd better ask, I think—mouse-traps—steel-traps—clap-traps—rat-traps—rattle-traps—rattle-snakes!"

Furlong stared, — Mrs. O'Grady was silent,—and the Misses O'Grady cast fearful sidelong glances at "Pa," whose strange iteration always bespoke his not being in what good people call a "sweet state of mind;" he laid hold of a tea-spoon, and began beating a tattoo on the mantelpiece to a low smothered whistle of some very obscure tune, which was suddenly stopped to say



*Do you see that?*

Furlong, very abruptly,

"So, Egan diddled you?"

"Why, he certainly, as I conceive, pwactised, or I might say, in short—he—a—in fact—"

"Oh, yes," said O'Grady, cutting short Furlong's humming and hawing; "oh yes, I know,—diddled you."

Bang went the spoon again, keeping time with another string of nonsense.—"Diddled you—diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon,—who was there?"

"A Mister Dawson."

"Phew!" ejaculated O'Grady, with a doleful whistle;

"Dick the Divil! You were in nice hands! All up with us,—up with us,—

Up, up, up,  
And here we go down, down, down, Derry down

Oh, murther!" and the spoon went faster than before. "Any one else?"

"Mister Bermingham."

"Bermingham!" exclaimed O'Grady.

"A clergyman, I think," drawled Furlong.

"Bermingham?" reiterated O'Grady. "What business has he there, and be——!" O'Grady swallowed a curse when he remembered he was a clergyman. "The enemy's camp—not his principles! Oh, Bermingham, Bermingham—Brimmagem, Brummagem, Sheffield, Wolverhampton—Murther! Any one else? Was Durfy there?"

"No," said Furlong; "but there was an odd pe'son, whose name wymes to his—as you seem fond of wymes, Mister O'Gwady."

"What!" said O'Grady, quickly, and fixing his eye on Furlong; "Murphy?"

"Yes. Miste' Muffy."

O'Grady gave me a more doleful whistle than before, and, banging the spoon faster than ever, exclaimed again, "Murphy!—then I'll tell you what it is; do you see that?" And he held up the spoon before Furlong, who, being asked the same question several times, confessed he *did* see the spoon. "Then I'll tell you what it is," said O'Grady again; "I wouldn't give you *that* for the election;" and with a disdainful jerk, he threw the spoon into the fire. After which he threw himself back in his chair, with an appearance of repose, while he glanced fiercely up at the ceiling and indulged in a very low whistle indeed. One of the girls stole softly round to the fire and gently took up the tongs to recover the spoon; it made a slight rattle, and her father turned smartly round, and said, "Can't you let the fire alone?—there's coal enough on it; the devil burn 'em all,—Egan, Murphy, and all o' them! What do you stand there for, with the tongs in your hands, like a hairdresser or a stuck pig? I tell you I'm as hot as a lime kiln; go out o' that!"

The daughter retired and the spoon was left to its fate; the ladies did not dare to utter a word; O'Grady continued his gaze on the ceiling, and his whistle; and Furlong, very uncomfortable and much more astonished, after sitting in silence for some time, thought a retreat the best move he could make, and intimated his wish to retire.

Mrs. O'Grady gently suggested it was yet early; which Furlong acknowledged, but pleaded his extreme fatigue after a day of great exertion.

"I suppose you were canvassing," said O'Grady, with a wicked grin.

"Ce'tainly not: they could ha'dly pwesume on such a twick as that, I should think, in *my* pwesence."

"Then what fatigued you?—eh?"

"Salmon fishing, sir."

"What!" exclaimed O'Grady, opening his fierce eyes and turning suddenly round. "Salmon fishing! Where the d—l were you salmon-fishing?"

"In the wiver, close by here."

The ladies now all stared; but Furlong advanced a vehement assurance, in answer to their looks of wonder, that he had taken some very fine salmon indeed.

The girls could not suppress their laughter; and O'Grady, casting a look of mingled rage and contempt on the fisherman, merely uttered the ejaculation, "Oh Moses!" and threw himself back in his chair; but starting up a moment after, he rang the bell violently. "What do you want, my dear?" said his poor wife, venturing to lift her eyes, and speaking in the humblest tone—"what do you want?"

"Some broiled bones!" said O'Grady, very much like an ogre; "I want something to settle my stomach after what I've heard, for by the powers of ipecacuanha, 'tis enough to make a horse sick—sick, by the powers!—shivering all over like a dog in a wet sack. I must have broiled bones and hot punch!"

The servant entered, and O'Grady swore at him for not coming sooner, though he was really expeditious in his answer to the bell.

"Confound your lazy bones; you're never in time."

"Deed, sir; I came the minit I heerd the bell."

"Hold your tongue! who bid you talk? The devil fly away with you! and you'll never go fast till he does. Make haste now—go to the cook—"

"Yes, sir—"

"Curse you, can't you wait till you get your message—go to the devil with you!—get some broiled bones—hot water and tumblers—don't forget the whisky—and pepper them well. Mind, hot—everything hot—screeching hot. Be off, now, and make haste—mind!—make haste!—"

"Yes sir," said the servant, whipping out of the room with celerity, and thanking Heaven when he had the door between him and his savage master. When he got to the kitchen, he told the cook to make haste, if ever she made haste in her life, "for there's owld Danger, up stairs, in the divil's timper, God bless us!" said Mick.

"Faix, he's always that," said the cook, scurrying across the kitchen for the gridiron.

"Oh, but he's beyant all to-night," said Mick; "I think he'll murther that chap up stairs, before he stops."

"Oh, wirra! wirra!" cried the cook; "there's the fire not bright, bad luck to it, and he wantin' a brile!"

"Bright or not bright," said Mick, "make haste, I'd advise you, or he'll have your life."

The bell rang violently.

"There, do you hear him tatterin!" said Mick, rushing up stairs—

"I thought it was tay they wor takin'," said Larry Hogan, who was sitting in the chimney corner, smoking.

"So they are," said the cook.

"Then I suppose briled bones is ginteel with tay!" said Larry.

"Oh, no! it's not for tay at all they want them; it's only owld Danger himself. Whenever he's in a rage, he ates briled bones."



"Faith, they're a brave cure for anger," said Larry; "I wouldn't be angry myself if I had one."

Down rushed Mick, to hurry the cook—bang, twang! went the bell as he spoke. "Oh, listen to him!" said Mick; "for the tendher mercy o' Heaven, make haste!"

The cook transferred the bones from the gridiron to a hot dish.

"Oh, murther, but they're smoked!" said Mick.

"No matter," said the cook, shaking her red elbow furiously; "I'll smother the smoke with the pepper—there!—give them a good dab o' musthard now, and serve them hot!"

Away rushed Mick, as the bell was rattled into fits again.

While the cook had been broiling bones for O'Grady below, he had been grilling Furlong for himself above. In one of the pauses of the storm, the victim ventured to suggest to his tormentor that all the mischances that had arisen might have been avoided if O'Grady had met him at the village, as he requested of him in one of his letters. O'Grady denied all knowledge of such a request, and after some queries about certain portions of the letter, it became manifest it had miscarried.

"There!" said O'Grady—"there's a second letter astray; I'm certain they put my letters astray on purpose. There's a plot in the post-office against me; by this and that, I'll have an inquiry. I wish all the post-offices in the world were blown up, and all the postmasters hanged, postmaster-general and all—I do—by the 'ternal war, I do—and all the mail coaches in the world ground to powder, and the roads they go on into the bargain—devil a use in them, but to carry bad news over the universe—for all the letters with any good in them are lost; and if there's a money enclosure in one, that's sure to be robbed. Blow the post-office! say I—blow it and sink it!"

It was at this moment that Mick entered with the broiled bones, and while he was in the room, placing glasses on the table and making the necessary arrangements for making "screeching hot punch," he heard O'Grady and Furlong talking about the two lost letters. On his descent to the kitchen the cook was spreading a bit of supper there, in which Andy was to join, Andy having just completed some applications of brown pepper and vinegar to the bruises received in his fall. Larry Hogan, too, was invited to share in the repast; and it was not the first time, by many, that Larry quartered on the Squire. Indeed, many a good larder was open to Larry Hogan; he held a very deep interest in the regards of all the female domestics over the country, not on the strength of his personal charms, for Larry had a hanging lip, a snubb nose, a low forehead, a large ugly head, whose scrubby grizzled hair grew round the crown somewhat in the form of a priest's tonsure. Not on the strength of his gallantry, for Larry was always talking morality and making sage reflections while he supplied the womankind with bits of lace, rolls of ribbon, and now and then silk stockings. He always had some plausible

story of how they happened to come in his way, for Larry was not a regular pedlar;—carrying no box, he drew his chance treasures from the recesses of very deep pockets, contrived in various parts of his attire. No one asked Larry how he came by such a continued supply of natty articles, and if he had, Larry would not have told them, for he was a very "close" man, as well as "civil spoken," under which character he was first introduced to the reader on the memorable night of Andy's destructive adventure in his mother's cabin. Larry Hogan was about as shrewd a fellow as any in the whole country, and while no one could exactly make out what he was, or how he made the two ends of his year meet, he knew nearly as much of every one's affairs as they did themselves; in the phrase of the country, he was "as cute as a fox, as close as wax, and as deep as a draw-well."

The supper party sat down in the kitchen, and between every three mouthfuls poor Mick could get, he was obliged to canter up stairs at the call of the fiercely-rung bell. Ever and anon, as he returned, he bolted his allowance with an ejaculation, sometimes pious, and sometimes the reverse, on the hard fate of attending such a "born divil," as he called the Squire.

"Why, he's worse nor ever, to night," says the cook. "What ails him, at all—what is it all about?"

"Oh, he's blowin' and blastin' away, about that quare slink-lookin' chap, up stairs, goin' to Squire Egan's instead of comin' here."

"That was a bit o' your handy work," said Larry with a grim smile at Andy.

"And then," said Mick, "he's swarin' all the murthers in the world agen the whole country, about some letthers was stole out of the post-office by somebody."

Andy's hand was in the act of raising a mouthful to his lips, when these words were uttered; his hand fell, and his mouth remained open. Larry Hogan had his eye on him at the moment.

"He swares he'll have some one in the body o' the jail," said Mick; "and he'll never stop till he sees them swing."

Andy thought of the effigy on the wall, and his dream and grew pale.

"By the hokey," said Mick, "I never see him in sitch a tatherin' rage!"—bang went the bell again—"Ow! ow!" cried Mick, bolting a piece of fat bacon, wiping his mouth in the sleeve of his livery, and running up stairs.

"Missis Cook, ma'am," said Andy, shoving back his chair from the table; "thank you, ma'am, for your good supper. I think I'll be goin' now."

"Sure, you're not done yet, man alive."

"Enough is as good as a feast, ma'am," replied Andy.

"Augh! sure the morsel you took is more like a fast than a feast," said the cook; "and it's not Lent."

"It's not lent, sure enough," said Larry Hogan, with a sly grin; "it's not *lent*, for you *gave* it to him."

"Ah, Misther Hogan, you're always goin' on with your conundrums," said the cook; "sure, that's not the lent I mane, at all—I mane, Good Friday Lent."

"Faix, every Friday is good Friday that a man gets his supper," said Larry.

"Well, you *will* be goin' on, Misther Hogan," said the cook. "Oh, but you're a witty man, but I'd rather have a yard of your lace, any day, than a mile o' your discourse."

"Sure, you oughtn't to mind my goin' on, when you're lettin' another man go *off*, that-a-way," said Larry, pointing to Andy, who, hat in hand was quitting the kitchen.

"Faix, an' he mustn't go," said the cook; "there's two twords to that bargain," and she closed the door and put her back against it.

"My mother's expectin' me, ma'am," said Andy.

"Throth, if it was your wife was expectin' you, she must wait a bit," said the cook; "sure, you wouldn't leave the thirsty curse on my kitchen?—you must take a dhrop before you go; besides, the dogs about the place would ate you, onless there was some one they knew along wid you; and sure, if a dog bit you, you couldn't dhrink wather afther, let alone a dhrop o' beer, or a thrife o' sper'ts: isn't that thrue, Misther Hogan?"

"Indeed, an' it is ma'am," answered Larry; "no one can dhrink afther a dog bites them, and that's the rayson that the larn'd fackleties calls the disaise high-dhry—"

"High-dhry what?" asked the cook.

"That's what I'm thinkin' of," said Larry. "High-dhry—high-dhry—something."

"There's high-dhry snuff," said the cook.

"Oh, no—no, no, ma'am!" said Larry, waving his hand and shaking his head, as if unwilling to be interrupted in endeavoring to recall

Some fleeting remembrance,

"high-dhry—po—po—something about po; faith, it's not unlike popery," said Larry.

"Don't say popery," cried the cook; "it's a dirty word! Say Roman Catholic, when you spake of the faith."

"Do you think I would undhervalue the faith?" said Larry, casting up his eyes. "Oh, Missis Mulligan, you know little of me; d'you think I would undhervalue what is my hope past, present, and to come?—*what* makes our hearts light when our lot is heavy?—*what* makes us love our neighbors as ourselves?"

"Indeed, Misther Hogan," broke in the cook—"I never knew any one fonder of calling in on a neighbor than yourself, particularly about dinner-time—"

"What makes us," said Larry, who would *not* let the cook interrupt his outpouring of pious eloquence; "what makes us fierce in prosperity to our friends, and meek in adversity to our inimes?"

"Oh! Misther Hogan!" said the cook, blessing herself.

"What puts the leg under you when you are in throuble? why, your faith: what makes you below deceit, and above reproach, and on neither side of nothin'?" Larry slapped the table like a prime minister, and there was no opposition. "Oh, Missis Mulligan, do you think I would desaise or bethray my fel-

low-creature? Oh, no—I would not wrong the child unborn,"—and this favorite phrase of Larry (and other rascals) was and is, unconsciously, true:—for people, most generally, must be born before they *can* be much wronged.

"Oh, Missis Mulligan," said Larry, with a devotional appeal of his eyes to the ceiling, "be at war with sin, and you'll be at paise with yourself!"

Just as Larry wound up his pious peroration, Mick shoved in the door against which the cook supported herself, and told Andy the Squire said he should not leave the hall that night.

Andy looked aghast.

Again Larry Hogan's eye was on him.

"Sure I can come back here in the morning," said Andy, who at the moment he spoke was conscious of the intention of being some forty miles out the place before dawn if he could get away.

"When the Squire says a thing, it must be done," said Mick. "You must sleep here."

"And pleasant dhrames to you," said Larry, who saw Andy wince under his kindly-worded stab.

"And where must I sleep?" asked Andy, dolefully.

"Out in the big loft," said Mick.

"I'll show you the way," said Larry; "I'm goin' to sleep there myself to-night, for it would be too far to go home. Good night, Mrs. Mulligan—good night, Micky—come along, Andy."

Andy followed Hogan; they had to cross a yard to reach the stables; the night was clear, and the waning moon shed a steady though not a bright light on the enclosure. Hogan cast a lynx eye around him to see if the coast was clear; and satisfying himself it was, he laid his hand impressively on Andy's arm as they reached the middle of the yard, and setting Andy's face against the moonlight, so that he might watch the slightest expression, he paused for a moment before he spoke; and when he spoke, it was in a low, mysterious whisper,—low, as if he feared the night breeze might hear:—and the words were few, but potent, which he uttered; they were these,—"*Who robbed the post office?*"

The result quite satisfied Hogan; and he knew how to turn his knowledge to account.—O'Grady and Egan were no longer friends; a political contest was pending; letters were missing; Andy had been Egan's servant; and Larry Hogan had enough of that mental chemical power, which, from a few raw facts, unimportant separately, could make a combination of great value.

Soon after breakfast at Merryvale, the following morning, Mrs. Egan wanted to see the squire. She went to his sitting-room—it was bolted. He told her, from the inside, he was engaged just then, but would see her by and by. She retired to the drawing-room, where Fanny was singing. "Oh, Fanny," said her sister, "sing me that dear, new song of 'the voices' 'tis so sweet, and must be felt by those who, like me, have a happy home."

Fanny struck a few notes of a wild and peculiar symphony, and sang her sister's favorite.



## THE VOICE WITHIN.

## I.

You ask the dearest place on earth,  
Whose simple joys can never die;  
'Tis the holy pale of the happy hearth,  
Where love doth light each beaming eye !  
With snowy shroud  
Let tempests loud  
Around my tower raise their din;—  
What boots the shout  
Of storms without,  
While voices sweet resound within ?  
O ! dearer sound  
For the tempest sound,  
The voices sweet within !

## II.

I ask not wealth, I ask not power;  
But, gracious Heaven, oh, grant to me  
That, when the storm of Fate may lower,  
My heart just like my home may be !  
When in the gale  
Poor Hope's white sail  
No haven can for shelter win,  
Fate's darkest skies  
The heart defies  
Whose still small voice is sweet within !  
Oh heavenly sound !  
'Mid the tempest round,  
That voice so sweet within !

Egan had entered as Fanny was singing the second verse; he wore a troubled air, which his wife, at first, did not remark. "Is not that a sweet song, Edward?" said she. "No one ought to like it more than you, for your home is your happiness, and no one has a clearer conscience."

Egan kissed her gently, thanked her for her good opinion—and asked what she wished to say to him: they left the room.

Fanny remarked Egan's unusually troubled air, and it marred her music: leaving the piano, and walking to the window, she saw Larry Hogan walking from the house, down the avenue.

## CHAPTER XV.

IF the morning brought uneasiness and distrust to Merrydale, it dawned not more brightly on Neck-or-Nothing Hall. The discord of the former night was not preparatory to a harmony on the morrow, and the parties separating in ill-humor from the drawing-room, were not likely to look forward with much pleasure to the breakfast-parlor. But before breakfast, sleep was to intervene—that is, for those who could get it, and the unfortunate Furlong was not amongst the number. Despite the very best feather-bed Mrs. O'Grady had selected for him from amongst her treasures, it was long before slumber weighed down his feverish eye-lids; and even then, it was only to have them opened again in some convulsive start of a troubled dream. All his adventures of the last four-and-twenty hours were jumbled together in strange confusion:—now on a lonely road, while dreading the assaults of robbers, his course was interrupted not by a highwayman, but a river, whereon embarking, he began to catch salmon in a most surprisingly rapid manner, but just as he was about to haul in his fish, it escaped the hook, and the

salmon, making wry faces at him, very impertinently exclaimed, "Sure, you would'n't catch a poor ignorant Irish salmon?"—he then snapped his pistols at the insolent fish, and then his carriage breaks down, and he is suddenly transferred from the river to the road;—thieves seize upon him and bind his hands, but a charming young lady with pearly teeth cuts his bonds, and conducts him to a castle where a party are engaged in playing cards;—he is invited to join, and as his cards are dealt to him, he anticipates triumph in the game, but by some malicious fortune his trumps are transformed into things of no value as they touch the board;—he loses his money, and is kicked out when his purse has been emptied, and he escapes along a dark road, pursued by his spoilers, who would take his life, and a horrid cry of "broiled bones" rings in his ears as he flies;—he is seized and thrown into a river, where, as he sinks, the salmon raise a chorus of rejoicing, and he wakes, in the agonies of drowning, to find himself nearly suffocated by sinking into the feathery depths of Mrs. O'Grady's pet bed. After a night passed in such troubled visions, poor Furlong awoke unrefreshed, and, with bitter recollections of the past and mournful anticipations of the future, arose, and prepared to descend to the parlor, where a servant told him breakfast was ready.

His morning greeting by the family was not of that hearty and cheerful character which generally distinguishes the house of an Irish squire: for though O'Grady was not so savage as on the preceding evening, he was rather gruff, and the ladies dreaded being agreeable when the master's temper blew from a stormy point. Furlong could not keep regretting at this moment the lively breakfast-table of Merryvale, nor avoid contrasting to disadvantage the two Miss O'Gradys with Fanny Dawson. Augusta, the eldest, inherited the prominent nose of her father, and something of his upper lip, too, beard included; and these, unfortunately, were all she was ever likely to inherit from him: and Charlotte, the younger, had the same traits in a moderated degree. Altogether, he thought the girls the plainest he had ever seen, and the house more horrible than anything that was ever imagined; and he sighed a faint fashionable sigh, to think his political duties had expelled him from a paradise to send him

"The other way—the other way!"

Four boys and a little girl sat at a side-table, where a capacious jug of milk, large bowls, and a lusty loaf, were laid under contribution amidst a suppressed but continuous wrangle, which was going forward amongst the juniors; and a snappish "I will," or "I won't," a "Let me alone," or a "Behave yourself," occasionally was distinguishable above the murmur of dissatisfaction. A little squall from the little girl at last made O'Grady turn round and swear that if they did not behave themselves, he'd turn them all out.

"It is all Goggy, sir," said the girl.

"No, it's not, you dirty little thing," cried George, whose name was thus euphoniously abbreviated.

"He's putting—" said the girl with excitement. "Ah, you dirty little"—interrupted Goggy, in a low contemptuous tone.

He's putting, sir,"—

"Whist! you young devils, will you!" cried O'Grady, and a momentary silence prevailed; but the little girl snivelled, and put up her bib\* to wipe her eyes, while Goggy put out his tongue at her. Many minutes had not elapsed when the girl again whimpered:

Call to Goggy, papa; he's putting some mouse's tails into my milk, sir."

"Ah, you dirty little tell-tale!" cried Goggy reproachfully; "a tell-tale is worse than a mouse's-tail."

O'Grady jumped up, gave Master Goggy a box on the ear, and then caught him by the aforesaid appendage to his head, and as he led him to the door by the same, Goggy bellowed lustily, and when ejected from the room howled down the passage more like a dog than a human being. O'Grady, on resuming his seat, told Polshée† (the little girl) she was always getting Goggy a beating, and she was a little cantankerous cat and a dirty tell-tale as Goggy said. Amongst the ladies and Furlong the breakfast went forward with coldness and constraint, and all were glad when it was nearly over. At this period, Mrs. O'Grady half filled a large bowl from the tea-urn, and then added to it some weak tea and Miss O'Grady collected all the broken bread about the table on a plate. Just then Furlong ventured to "touble" Mrs. O'Grady for a *teetle* more tea, and before he handed her his cup, he would have emptied the sediment in the slop-basin, but by mistake he popped it into the large bowl of miserable Mrs. O'Grady had prepared. Furlong begged a thousand apologies, but Mrs. O'Grady assured him it was of no consequence, as it was only for the tutor.

O'Grady, having swallowed his breakfast as fast as possible, left the room; the whole party soon followed, and on arriving in the drawing-room, the young ladies became more agreeable when no longer under the constraint of their ogre father. Furlong talked slip-slop commonplaces with them; they spoke of the country and the weather, and he of the city; they assured him that the dews were heavy in the evening, and that the grass was so green in that part of the country; he obliged them with the interesting information that the Liffy ran through Dublin, but that the two sides of the city communicated by means of bridges—that the houses were built of red brick generally, and that the hall-doors were painted in imitation of mahogany; to which the young ladies responded, "La, how odd!" and added, that in the country people mostly painted their hall-doors green, to match the grass. Furlong admitted the propriety of the proceeding, and said he liked uniformity. The young ladies quite coincided in his opinion, declared they were all so fond of uniformity! and added, that one of their carriage horses was blind.

Furlong admitted the excellence of the observation, and said, in a very soft voice, that Love was blind also.

"Exactly," said Miss O'Grady, "and that's the reason we call our horse 'Cupid!'"

"How clever!" replied Furlong.

"And the mare that goes in harness with him—she's an ugly creature, to be sure—but we call her 'Venus.'"

"How dwoll!" said Furlong.

"That's for uniformity," said Miss O'Grady.

"How good!" was the rejoinder.

Mrs. O'Grady, who had left the room for a few minutes, now returned, and told Furlong she would show him over the house, if he pleased. He assented, of course, and under her guidance went through many apartments:—those on the basement story were hurried through rapidly, but when Mrs. O'Grady got him up stairs, amongst the bed-rooms, she dwelt on the excellence of every apartment. "This I need not show you, Mr. Furlong,—'tis your own; I hope you slept well last night."—This was the twentieth time the question had been asked. "Now, here is another, Mr. Furlong; the window looks out on the lawn;—so nice to look out on a lawn, I think, in the morning, when one gets up!—so refreshing and wholesome! Oh! you are looking at the stain in the ceiling, but we couldn't get the roof repaired in time before the winter set in last year, and Mr. O'Grady thought we might as well have the painters and slaters together in the summer—and the house does want paint indeed—but we all hate the smell of paint. See here, Mister Furlong," and she turned up a quilt as she spoke, "just put your hand into that bed; did you ever feel a finer bed?"

Furlong declared he never did.

"Oh, you don't know how to feel a bed!—put your hand into it—well that way"—and Mrs. O'Grady plunged her arm up to the elbow into the object of her admiration.

Furlong poked the bed, and was all admiration.

"Isn't it beautiful?"

"Cha'ming!" replied Furlong, trying to pick off the bits of down which clung to his coat.

"Oh, never mind the down,—you shall be brushed after; I always show my beds, Mr. Furlong. Now, here's another;"—and so she went on, dragging poor Furlong up and down the house, and he did not get out of her clutches till he had poked all the beds in the establishment.

As soon as that ceremony was over, and that his coat had undergone the process of brushing, he wished to take a stroll, and was going forth, when Mrs. O'Grady interrupted him, with the assurance that it would not be safe unless some one of the family became his escort, for the dogs were so fierce—Mr. O'Grady was so fond of dogs, and so proud of a particular breed of dogs he had, so remarkable for their courage,—he had better wait till the boys had done their Latin lesson. So Furlong was marched back to the drawing-room.

There the younger daughter addressed him with a message from her grandmama, who wished to have the pleasure of making his acquaintance, and hoped he would pay her a visit. Furlong, of course, was "quite delighted" and "too happy," and the young lady, thereupon, led him to the old lady's apartment.

\* Pinafore.

† Mary.



The old dowager had been a beauty in her youth, and one of the belles of the Irish court, and when she heard "a gentleman from Dublin Castle" was in the house, she desired to see him. To see any one from that seat of her juvenile joys and triumphs would have given her delight, were it only the coachman that had driven a carriage to the levee or a drawing-room; she could ask him about the sentinels at the gate, the entrance-porch, and if the long range of windows yet glittered with lights on St. Patrick's night; but to have a conversation with an official from that seat of government and courtly pleasure, was, indeed, something to make her happy.

On Furlong being introduced, the old lady received him very courteously, at the same time with a certain air that betokened she was accustomed to deference. Her commanding figure was habited in a loose morning wrapper, made of grey flannel; but while this gave evidence she studied her personal comfort rather than appearance, a bit of pretty silk handkerchief about the neck, very knowingly displayed, and a becoming ribbon in her cap, showed she did not quite neglect her good looks; it did not require a very quick eye to see, besides, a small touch of rouge on the cheek which age had depressed, and the assistance of Indian ink to the eye-brow which time had thinned and faded. A glass filled with flowers stood on the table before her, and a quantity of books lay scattered about; a guitar—not the Spanish instrument now in fashion, but the English one of some eighty years ago, strung with wire and tuned in thirds—hung, by a blue ribbon, beside her; a corner-cup-board, fantastically carved, bore some curious specimens of China, on one side of the room; while, in strange discord with what was really scarce and beautiful, the commonest Dutch cuckoo-clock was suspended on the opposite wall; close beside her chair stood a very pretty little Japan table, bearing a looking-glass with numerous drawers, framed in the same material; and while Furlong seated himself, the old lady cast a sidelong glance at the mirror, and her withered fingers played with the fresh ribbon.

"You have recently arrived from the Castle, sir, I understand."

"Quite recently, madam,—arrived last night."

"I hope his Excellency is well—not that I have the honor of his acquaintance, but I love the Lord Lieutenant—and the aides-de-camps are so nice, and the little pages!—put marker in that book," said she, in an under tone, to her granddaughter, "page seventy-four;—ah," she resumed in a higher tone, "that reminds me of the Honorable Captain Wriggle, who commanded a seventy-four, and danced with me at the Castle the evening Lady Legge sprained her ankle.—By the bye, are there any seventy-fours in Dublin now?"

"I wather think," said Furlong, "the bay is not sufficiently deep for line-of-battle ships."

"Oh dear, yes! I have seen quantities of seventy-fours there—though, indeed, I am not quite sure if it were *Splithead*. Give me the smelling salts, Charlotte, love; mine does ache indeed! How subject the

dear duchess of Rutland was to headaches; you did not know the duchess of Rutland?—no, to be sure, what am I thinking of—you're too young; but those were the charming days! You have heard, of course, the duchess's *bon mot* in reply to the compliment of Lord—, but I must not mention his name, because there was some scandal about them; but the gentleman said to the duchess—I must tell you she was Isabella, duchess of Rutland—and he said, 'Isabelle is a belle,' to which the duchess replied, 'Isabelle was a belle.'"

"Very neat, indeed!" said Furlong.

"Ah! poor thing," said the dowager, with a sigh, "she was beginning to be a little *passee*, then;"—she looked in the glass herself, and added,—"Dear me, how pale I am this morning!" and pulling out one of the little drawers from the Japan looking-glass, she took out a pot of rouge and heightened her own color, but that of the witness—of Furlong, particularly, who was quite surprised. "Why am I so very pale this morning, Charlotte, love?" continued the old lady.

"You sit up so late reading, grandmama."

"Ah, who can resist the fascination of the muses? You are fond of literature, I hope, sir?"

"Extremely," replied Furlong.

"As a statesman," continued the old lady,—to whom Furlong made a deep obeisance, at the word 'statesman,'—"as a statesman, of course your reading lies in the more solid department; but if you ever *do* condescend to read a romance, there is the sweetest thing I ever met, I am just now engaged in;—it is called 'The Blue Robber of the Pink Mountrin.' I have not come to the pink mountain yet, but the blue robber is the most perfect character. The author, however, is guilty of a strange forgetfulness—he begins by speaking of the robber as of the middle age, and soon after describes him as a young man. Now, how could a young man be of the middle age?"

"It seems a swange inaccuwaay," lisped Furlong. "But poets sometimes pwesume on the pwivelege they have of doing what they please with their hewoes."

"Quite true, sir. And talking of heroes, I hope the Knights of St. Patrick are well—I do admire them so much!—'tis so interesting to see their banners and helmets hanging up in St. Patrick's Cathedral, that venerable pile!—with the loud peal of the organ—sublime—isn't it?—the banners almost tremble in the vibration of the air to the loud swell of the—'A-a-a-men!'—the very banners seem to wave 'Amen.' Oh, that swell is fine!—I think they are fond of swells in the quire; they have a good effect, and some of the young men are so good-looking!—and the little boys, too—I suppose they are the choristers' children?"

The old lady made a halt, and Furlong filled up the pause by declaring "he weally couldn't say."

"I hope you admire the service at St. Patrick's" continued the old lady.

"Ye-s—I think St. Paytwick's a vewy amusing place of wo'ship."

"Amusing!" said the old lady, half offended. "Inspiring, you mean; not that I think the sermon interesting, but the anthem!—oh! the anthem, it is so fine!—

and the old banners, those are my delight—the dear banners, covered with dust!”

“Oh, as far as that goes,” said Furlong, “they have improved the cathedral vewy much, for they have whitewashed it inside, and put up *noo* banners.”

“Whitewash and new banners!” exclaimed the indignant dowager, “the Goths! to remove an atom of the romantic dust! I would not have let a housemaid in the place for the world! But they have left the anthem, I hope?”

“Oh, yes! the anthem is continued, but with a small difference—they used to sing the anthem befo’ the se’mon, and the bishop, who is pwoud of his pweaching, orde’ed the anthem to be postponed till afte’ the se’mon.”

“Oh, yes,” said the old lady, “I remember now hearing of that, and some of the wags in Dublin saying the bishop was jealous of old Spray,\* and didn’t somebody write something called ‘Pulpit versus Organloft?’”

“I cawnt say.”

“Well, I am glad you like the cathedral, sir; but I wish they had not dusted the banners; I used to look at them all the time the service went on—they were so romantic! I suppose you go there every Sunday?”

“I go in the summe’,” said Furlong, “the place is so cold in winter.”

“That’s true, indeed,” responded the dowager, “and it’s quite funny, when your teeth are chattering with cold, to hear Spray singing, ‘Comfort ye, my people;’ but, to be sure, *that* almost is enough to warm you. You are fond of music, I perceive?”

“Vewy.”

“I play the guitar—citra—cithra, or lute, as it is called by the poets. I sometimes sing, too. Do you know ‘The lass with the delicate air?’ a sweet ballad of the old school—my instrument once belonged to Dolly Bland, the celebrated Mrs. Jordan now—ah, there, sir, is a brilliant specimen of Irish mirthfulness—what a creature she is! Hand me my lute, child,”

she said to her granddaughter, and having adjusted the blue ribbon over her shoulder, and twisted the tuning-pegs, and thrummed upon the wires for some time, she made a prelude, and cleared her throat to sing “The lass with the delicate air,” when the loud whirling of the clock-wheels interrupted her, and she looked up with great delight at a little door in the top of the clock, which suddenly sprang open, and out popped a wooden bird.

“Listen to my bird, sir,” said the old lady.

The sound of “cuckoo” was repeated twelve times, the bird popped in again, the little door closed, and the monotonous tick of the clock continued.

“That’s my little bird, sir, that tells me secrets; and now, sir, you must leave me; I never receive visits after twelve. I can’t sing you ‘The lass with the delicate air’ to-day, for who would compete with the feathered songsters of the grove? and after my sweet warblers there I dare not venture; but I will sing it for you to-morrow. Good morning, sir. I am happy to have had the honor of making your acquaintance.” She

bowed Furlong out very politely, and as her granddaughter was following, she said. “My love, you must not forget some seeds for my little bird.” Furlong looked *rather* surprised, for he saw no bird but the one in the clock; the young lady marked his expression, and as she closed the door, she said, “You must not mind grandmama, you know; she is sometimes a little queer.”

Furlong was now handed over to the boys, to show him over the domain; and they, young imps as they were, knowing he was in no favor with their father yet, they might treat him as ill as they pleased, and quiz him with impunity. The first portion of Furlong’s penance consisted in being dragged through dirty stable-yards and out-houses, and shown the various pets of all the parties; dogs, pigeons, rabbits, weasels, &c. were paraded, and their qualities expatiated upon, till Furlong was quite weary of them, and expressed a desire to see the domain. Horatio, the second boy, whose name was abbreviated to Ratty, told him they must wait for Gusty, who was mending his spear. “We’re going to spear for eels,” said the boy; “did you ever spear for eels?”

“I should think not,” said Furlong, with a knowing smile, who suspected this was intended to be a second edition of quizzing *a la mode de saumon*.

“You think I am joking,” said the boy, “put it’s famous sport, I can tell you; but if you’re tired of waiting here, come along with me to the milliner’s, and we can wait for Gusty there.”

While following the boy, who jumped along to the tune of a jig he was whistling, now and then changing the whistle into a song to the same tune, with very odd words indeed, and a burden of gibberish ending with “riddle-diddle-dow,” Furlong wondered what a milliner could have to do in such an establishment, and his wonder was not lessened when his guide added, “The milliner is a queer chap, and maybe he’ll tell us something funny.”

“Then the milline’ is a man?” said Furlong.

“Yes,” said the boy laughing, “and he does not work with needle and thread, either.”

They approached a small out-house as he spoke, and the sharp clinking of a hammer fell on their ears. Shoving open a rickety door, the boy cried, “Well, Fogy, I’ve brought a gentleman to see you. This is Fogy, the milliner, sir,” said he to Furlong, whose surprise was further increased, when, in the person of the man called the milliner, he beheld a tinker. “What a strange pack of people I have got amongst,” thought Furlong.

The old tinker saw his surprise, and grinned at him. “I suppose it was a nate young woman you thought you’d see when he towld you he’d bring you to the milliner—ha! ha! ha! Oh, they’re nate lads, the Masther O’Gradys; divil a thing they call by the proper name, at all.”

“Yes, we do,” said the boy, sharply, “we call ourselves by our proper name—ha, Fogy, I have you there!”

“Divil a taste, as smart as you think yourself, Master

\* The first tenor of the last century.



Ratty; you call yourselves gentlemen, and that's not your proper name."

Ratty, who was scraping triangles on the door with a bit of broken brick, at once converted his pencil into a missile, and let fly at the head of the tinker, who seemed quite prepared for such a result, for, raising the kettle he was mending, he caught the shot adroitly, and the brick rattled harmlessly on the tin.

"Ha!" said the tinker, mockingly, "you missed me, like your mammy's blessin';" and he pursued his work.

"What a very odd name he calls you," said Furlong, addressing young O'Grady.

"Ratty," said the boy. "Oh, yes, they call me Ratty, short for Horatio. I was called Horatio after Lord Nelson, because Lord Nelson's father was a clergyman, and papa intends me for the Church."

"And a nate clargy you'll make," said the tinker.

"And why do they call you milline'?" inquired Furlong.

The old man looked up and grinned, but said nothing.

"You'll know before long, I'll engage," said Ratty,—"won't he, Fogy? You were with old Gran' to-day, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Did she sing you 'The lass with the delicate air'?" said the boy, putting himself in the attitude of a person playing the guitar, throwing up his eyes, and mimicking the voice of an old woman,—

"So they call'd her, they call'd her,  
The lass—the lass  
With a delicate air,  
De—lick-it—lick-it—lick-it,  
The lass with a de—lick-it air!"

The young rascal made frightful mouths, and put out his tongue every time he said "lick it," and when he had finished, asked Furlong, "wasn't that the thing?" Furlong told him his grandmama had been going to sing it, but his pleasure had been deferred till to-morrow.

"Then you did not hear it?" said Ratty.

Furlong answered in the negative.

"Oh, murder! murder! I'm sorry I told you," said the boy.

"Is it so *very* pa'ticula' then?" inquired Furlong.

"Oh, you'll find that out, and more, if you live long enough," was the answer. Then turning to the tinker, he said, "Have you any milliner work on hand, Fogy?"

"To be sure I have," answered the tinker; "who has so good a right to know that as yourself?—throth, you've little to do, I'm thinkin', when you ax that idle question.—Oh, you're nate lads! And would nothin' sarve you but breakin' the weather-cock?"

"Oh, 'twas such a nice cock-shot, 'twas impossible not to have a shot at it," said Ratty, chuckling.

"Oh, you're nice lads!" still chimed in the tinker.

"Besides," said Ratty, "Gusty bet me a bull-dog pup against a rabbit, I could not smash it in three goes."

"Faix, an' he ought to know you better than that," said the tinker, "for you'd make a fair offer\* at anything, I think, but an answer to your schoolmaster.

Oh, a nate lad you are—a nate lad!—a nice clergy you'll be, your *rivirince*. Oh, if you hit off the ten commandments as fast as you hit off the tin weather-cock, it's a good man you'll be—an' if I never had a head-ache 'till then, sure it's happy I'd be!"

"Hold your prate, old Growly," said Ratty; "and why don't you mend the weather-cock?"

"I must mend the kittle first,—and a purtty kittle you made of it!—and would nothing sarve you but the best kittle in the house to tie to the dog's tail? Ah, Masther Ratty, you're terrible boys, so yiz are!"

"Hold your prate, you old thief!—why wouldn't we amuse ourselves?"

"And huntin' the poor dog, too."

"Well, what matter?—he was a strange dog."

"That makes no differ in the *cruelty*."

"Ah, bother! you old humbug!—who was it blackened the rag-woman's eye?—ha! Fogy, ha! Fogy—dirty Fogy!"

"Go away, Masther Ratty, you're too good, so you are, your Rivirince. Faix, I wonder his honor, the Squire, doesn't murder you sometimes."

"He would, if he could catch us," replied Ratty, "but we run too fast for him, so divil thank him!—and you, too, Fogy—ha! old Growly! Come along, Mr. Furlong, here's Gusty,—bad scan to you, Fogy!" and he slapped the door as he quitted the tinker.

Gustavus, followed by two younger brothers, Theodore and Godfrey, (for O'Grady loved high-sounding names in baptism, though they got twisted into such queer shapes in family use,) now led the way over the park towards the river. Some fine timber they passed occasionally, but the axe had manifestly been busy, and the wood seemed thinned rather from necessity than for improvement; the paths were choked with weeds and fallen leaves, and the rank moss added its evidence of neglect. The boys pointed out anything they thought worthy of observation, by the way, such as the best places to find a hare, the most covered approach to the river to get a shot at wild ducks, or where the best young wood was to be found from whence to cut a stick. On reaching their point of destination, which was where the river was less rapid, and its banks sedgy and thickly grown with flaggers and bullrushes, the sport of spearing for eels commenced. Gusty first undertook the task, and after some vigorous plunges of his implement into the water, he brought up the prey wriggling between its barbed prongs. Furlong was amazed, for he thought this, like the salmon fishing, was intended as a quiz, and after a few more examples of Gusty's prowess, he undertook the sport; a short time, however, fatigued his unpractised arm, and he relinquished the spear to Theodore or Tay, as they called him, and Tay shortly brought up his fish, and thus, one after another, the boys, successful in their sport, soon made the basket heavy.

Then, and not till then, they desired Furlong to carry it; he declared he had no curiosity whatever in the line, but the boys would not let him off so easy, and told him the practice there was, that every one should take his share in the day's sport, and as he could not

\*A "fair offer" is a phrase amongst the Irish peasantry, meaning a successful aim.

catch the fish, he should carry it. He attempted a parley, and suggested he was only a visitor, but they only laughed at him—said that might be a very good Dublin joke, but it would not pass in the country. He then attempted laughingly to decline the honor, but Ratty, turning round to a monstrous dog, which hitherto had followed them quietly; said, "Here! Bloody-bones; here! boy! at him, sir!—make him do his work, boy!" The bristling savage gave a low growl, and fixed his fierce eyes on Furlong, who attempted to remonstrate, but he very soon gave *that* up, for another word from the boys urged the dog to a howl and a crouch, preparatory to a spring, and Furlong made no further resistance, but took up the basket amid the uproarious laughter of the boys, who continued their sport, adding every now and then to the weight of Furlong's load, and whenever he lagged behind, they cried out, "Come along, man-Jack!" which was the complimentary name they called him for the rest of the day. Furlong thought spearing for eels worst sport than fishing for salmon, and was rejoiced when a turn homeward was taken by the party; but his annoyances were not ended. On their return, their route lay across a plank of considerable length, which spanned a small branch of the river; it had no central support, and consequently sprang considerably to the foot of the passenger, who was afforded no protection from handrail or even a swinging rope, and thus rendered its passage difficult to an unpractised person. When Furlong was told to make his way across, he hesitated, and after many assurances on his part that he could not attempt it, Gusty said he would lead him over in security, and took his hand for the purpose; but when he had him just in the centre, he loosed himself from Furlong's hold, and ran to the opposite side. While Furlong was praying him to return, Ratty stole behind him sufficiently far to have purchase enough on the plank, and began jumping till he made it spring too high for poor Furlong to hold his footing any longer; so squatting on the plank, he got astride upon it, and held on with his hands, every descending vibration of the board dipping his dandy boots in the water.

"Well done, Ratty!" shouted all the boys.

"Splash him, Tay!" cried Gusty. "Pull away, Goggy."

The three boys now began pelting large stones into the river close beside Furlong, splashing him so thoroughly, that he was wringing wet in five minutes. In vain Furlong shouted, "Young gentlemen! young gentlemen!" and, at last, when he threatened to complain to their father, they recommenced worse than before, and vowed they'd throw him into the stream if he did not promise to be silent on the subject, for, to use their own words, if they *were* to be beaten, they might as well duck him at once, and have the "worth of their licking." At last, a compromise being effected, Furlong stood up to walk off the plank. "Remember," said Ratty, "you won't tell we hoised you."

"I won't, indeed," said Furlong; and he got safe to land.

"But I will!" cried a voice from the neighboring

wood; and Miss O'Grady appeared, surrounded by a crowd of little pet-dogs. She shook her hand in a threatening manner at the offenders, and all the little dogs set up a yelping bark, as if to enforce their mistress's anger.

The snappish barking of the pets was answered by one hoarse bay from Bloody-bones, which silenced the little dogs, as a broadside from a seventy-four would scatter a flock of privateers, and the boys returned the sister's threat by a universal shout of "Tell-tale!"

"Go home, tell-tale!" they cried, all at once, and with an action equally simultaneous, they stooped one and all for pebbles, and pelted Miss Augusta so vigorously, that she and her dogs were obliged to run for it.

## CHAPTER XVI.

HAVING recounted Furlong's out-door adventures, it is necessary to say something of what was passing at Neck-or-Nothing-Hall in his absence.

O'Grady, on leaving the breakfast-table, retired to his justice-room to transact business, a principal feature in which was the examination of Handy Andy touching the occurrences of the evening he drove Furlong to Merryvale; for though Andy was clear of the charge for which he had been taken into custody, namely, the murder of Furlong, O'Grady thought he might have been a party to some conspiracy to drive the stranger to the enemy's camp, and therefore put him to the question very sharply. This examination he had set his heart upon; and reserving it as a *bon bouche*, dismissed all preliminary cases in a very off-hand manner, just as men carelessly swallow a few oysters preparatory to dinner.

As for Andy, when he was summoned to the justice-room, he made sure it was for the purpose of being charged with robbing the post-office, and cast a side-glance at the effigy of the man hanging on the wall, as he was marched up to the desk where O'Grady sat in magisterial dignity; and, therefore, when he found it was only for driving a gentleman to a wrong house all the pother was made, his heart was lightened of a heavy load, and he answered briskly enough. The string of question and reply was certainly an entangled one, and left O'Grady as much puzzled as before, whether Andy was stupid and innocent, or too knowing to let himself be caught,—and to this opinion he clung at last. In the course of the inquiry he found Andy had been in service at Merryvale; and Andy, telling him he knew all about waiting at table, and so forth, and O'Grady being in want of an additional manservant in the house, while his honorable guest Sackville Scatterbrain should be on a visit with him, Andy was told he should be taken on trial for a month. Indeed, a month was as long as most servants could stay in the house—they came and went as fast as figures in a magic lantern.

Andy was installed in his new place, and set to work immediately scrubbing up extras of all sorts to make



the reception of the honorable candidate for the county as brilliant as possible, not only for the honor of the house, but to make a favorable impression on the coming guest; for Augusta, the eldest girl, was marriageable, and, to her father's ears, "The Honorable Mrs. Sackville Scatterbrain" would have sounded much more agreeably than "Miss O'Grady."

"Well—who knows?" said O'Grady to his wife; "such things have come to pass. Furbish her up, and make her look smart at dinner—he has a good fortune, and will be a peer one of these days—worth catching. Tell her so."

Leaving these laconic observations and directions behind him, he set off to the neighboring town to meet Scatterbrain, and to make a blow-up at the post-office about the missing letters; this he was the more anxious to do as the post-office was kept by the brother of M'Garry, the apothecary; and since O'Grady had been made to pay so dearly for thrashing him, he swore eternal vengeance against the whole family. The post-master could give no satisfactory answer to the charge made against him, and O'Grady threatened a complaint to headquarters, and prophesied the postmaster's dismissal. Satisfied, for the present, with this piece of prospective vengeance, he proceeded to the inn, and waited the arrival of his guest.

In the interim, at the hall, Mrs. O'Grady gave Augusta the necessary hints, and recommended a short walk to improve her color; and it was in the execution of this order that Miss O'Grady's perambulation was cut short by the pelting her dear brothers gave her.

The internal bustle of the establishment caught the attention of the dowager, who contrived to become acquainted with its cause, and set about making herself as fascinating as possible; for though, in the ordinary routine of family affairs, she kept herself generally secluded in her own apartments, whenever any affair of an interesting nature was pending, nothing could make her refrain from joining any company which might be in the house—nothing—not even O'Grady himself. At such times, too, she became strangely excited, and invariably executed one piece of farcical absurdity, of which, however, the family contrived to confine the exercise to her own room. It was wearing on her head a tin concern, something like a chimney-pot, ornamented by a small weathercock, after the fashion of those which surrounded church-steeple; this, she declared, influenced her health wonderfully, by indicating the variation of wind in her stomach, which she maintained to be the grand ruling principle of human existence. She would have worn this head-dress in any company, had she been permitted, but the terrors of her son had sufficient influence over her to have this laid aside for a more seemly *coiffure* when she appeared at dinner or in the drawing-room; but while she yielded readily through fear, she affected to be influenced through tenderness to her son's infirmity of temper.

"It is very absurd," she would say, that Gustavus should interfere with my toilette; but, poor fellow, he's very queer, and I honor him."

It will not be wondered at that the family carefully

excluded the old lady from the knowledge of any exciting subject; but those who know what a talkative race children and servants are, will not be surprised that the dowager sometimes got scent of proceedings which were meant to be kept secret. The pending election, and the approaching visit of the candidate, some how or other, came to her knowledge, and of course she put on her chimney-pot. Thus attired, she sat watching the avenue all day, and when she saw O'Grady return in a handsome traveling carriage with a stranger she was quite happy, and began to attire herself in some ancient finery, rather the worse for wear, and which might have been interesting to an antiquary.

The house soon rang with bustle—bells rang, and footsteps rapidly paced passages, and pattered up and down stairs. Andy was the nimblest at the hall-door at the first summons of the bell; and, in a livery too short in the arms and two wide in the shoulders, he bustled here and there, his anxiety to be useful only putting him in every body's way, and ending in getting him a hearty cursing from O'Grady.

The carriage was unpacked, and letter-boxes, parcels, and portmanteaus strewn the hall. Andy was desired to carry the letter to "the gentleman's room;" and, throwing it over his shoulder, he ran up stairs.

It was just after the commotion created by the arrival of the *Honorable* Mr. Scatterbain, that Furlong returned to the house, wet and weary.

He retired to his room to change his clothes, and fancied he was now safe from further molestation, with an inward protestation that the next time the Master O'Gradys caught him in their company they might bless themselves; when he heard a loud sound of hustling near his door, and Miss Augusta's voice audibly exclaiming, "Behave yourself, Ratty!—Gusty, let me go!"—when, as the words were uttered, the door of his room was shoved open, and Miss Augusta thrust in, and the door locked outside.

Furlong had not half his clothes on. Augusta exclaimed, "Gracious me!"—first put up her hands to her eyes, and then turned her face to the door.

Furlong hid himself in the bed-curtains, while Ratty, the vicious little rascal, with a malicious laugh, said, "Now, promise you'll not tell papa, or I'll bring him up here—and then how will you be?"

"Ratty, you wretch!" cried Augusta, kicking at the door, "let me out!"

"Not a bit, till you promise."

"Oh, fie, Maste' O'Gwady!" said Furlong.

"I'll scream, Ratty, if you don't let me out!" cried Augusta.

"If you screech, papa will hear you, and then he'll come up, and kill that fellow there."

"Oh, don't squeam, Miss O'Gwady!" said Furlong, very vivaciously, from the bed-curtains; "Don't squeam, pway!"

"I'm not squeamish, sir," said Miss Augusta; "but it's dreadful to be shut up with a man who has no clothes on him. Let me out, Ratty, let me out!"

"Well, will you tell on us!"

"No."

"'Pon your honor."

"'Pon my honor, no!—Make haste!—Oh, if papa knew of this!"

Scarcely had the words been uttered, when the heavy tramp and gruff voice of O'Grady resounded in the passage, and the boys scampered off in a fright, leaving the door locked.

"Oh, what will become of me!" said the poor girl, with the extremity of terror in her look—a terror so excessive, that she was quite heedless of the dishabille of Furlong, who jumped from the curtains when he heard O'Grady coming.

"Don't be frightened, Miss O'Grady," said Furlong, half frightened to death himself. "When we explain the affair——"

"Explain!" said the girl, gasping. "Oh, you don't know papa!"

As she spoke, the heavy tramp ceased at the door—a sharp tap succeeded, and Furlong's name was called in the gruff voice of the Squire.

Furlong could scarcely articulate a response.

"Let me in," said O'Grady.

"I'm not dwees'd, sir," answered Furlong.

"No matter," said the squire; "you're not a woman."

Augusta wrung her hands.

"I'll be down with you as soon as I'm dress'd, sir,"

replied Furlong.

"I want to speak to you immediately—and here are letters for you—open the door."

Augusta signified by signs, to Furlong, that resistance would be vain; and hid herself under the bed.

"Come in, sir," said Furlong, when she was secreted.

"The door is fastened," said O'Grady.

"Turn the key, sir," said Furlong.

O'Grady unlocked the door, and was so inconsequent a person, that he never thought of the impossibility of Furlong's having locked it, but, in the richest spirit of bulls, asked him if he always fastened his door on the outside.

Furlong said he always did.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired O'Grady.

"You're as white as the sheet there." And he pointed to the bed as he spoke.

Furlong grew whiter as he pointed to that quarter.

"What ails you, man?—Ar'n't you well?"

"Wather fatigued—but I'll be bette' pwesently.

What do you wish with me, sir?"

"Here are letters for you—I want to know what's in them—Scatterbrain's come—do you know that?"

"No—I did not."

"Don't stand there in the cold—go on dressing yourself; I'll sit down here till you can open your letters: I want to tell you something besides." O'Grady took a chair as he spoke.

Furlong assumed all the composure he could, and the girl began to hope she should remain undiscovered, and most likely she would have been so lucky, had not the Genius of Disaster, with aspect malign, waved her sable wand and called her chosen servant Handy Andy to her aid. He, her faithful and unflinching minister,

obeyed the call, and at that critical juncture of time gave a loud knock at the chamber door.

"Come in," said O'Grady.

And opened the door and popped in his head.—"I beg your pardon, sir, but I kem for the jintleman's portmante."

"What gentleman?" asked O'Grady.

"The Honourable, sir; I tuk his portmante to the wrong room, sir, and I'm come for it now bekase he wants it."

"There's no po'tmanteau here," said Furlong.

"O yis, sir," said Andy; "I put it undher the bed."

"Well, take it and be off," said O'Grady.

"No—no—no—" said Furlong, "don't distu'b my woom, if you please, till I have done dressing."

"But the honourable is dhressing too, sir; and that's why he wants the portmante."

"Take it, then," said the Squire.

Furlong was paralyzed, and could offer no further resistance: Andy stooped, and lifting the valance of the bed to withdraw the portmanteau, dropped it suddenly and exclaimed, "O Lord!"

"What's the matter?" said the Squire.

"Nothin', sir," said Andy, looking scared.

"Then take the portmanteau and be hang to you."

"Oh, I'll wait till the jintleman's done, sir," said Andy, retiring.

"What the devil is all this about?" said the Squire, seeing the bewilderment of Furlong and Andy; "what is it, at all?" and he stooped as he spoke and lifted the valance. But here description must end, and imagination supply the scene of fury and confusion which succeeded. At the first fierce volley of imprecation O'Grady gave vent to, Andy ran off and alarmed the family, Augusta screamed, and Furlong held for support by the bed post, while, between every hurricane of oaths, O'Grady ran to the door and shouted for his pistols, and anon returned to the chamber to vent every abusive epithet which could be showered on man and woman. The prodigious uproar soon brought the whole house to the spot; Mrs. O'Grady and the two spare girls amongst the first; Mat, and the cook, and the scullion, and all the housemaids in rapid succession; and Scatterbrain himself at last; O'Grady all the time foaming at the mouth, stamping up and down the room, shaking his fist at Furlong, and after a volley of names impossible to remember or print, always concluding with the phrase, "Wait till I get my pistols!"

"Gusty, dear," said his trembling wife, "what is it all about?"

He glared upon her with his flashing eyes, and said, "Fine education you give your children, ma'am. Where have you brought up your daughters to go to, eh?"

"To church, my dear," said Mrs. O'Grady, meekly; for she being a Roman Catholic, O'Grady was very jealous of his daughters being reared staunch Protestants, and she, poor simple woman, thought that was the drift of his question.

"Church my eye! woman!—Church, indeed!—'faith, she ought to have gone there before she came where I



found her, Thunderanouns! where are my pistols?" "Where *has* she gone to, my love?" asked the wife in a tremor.

"To the devil, ma'am.—Is that all you know about it?" said O'Grady; "And you'd wish to know where she is?"

"Yes, love," said his wife.

"Then look under that bed, ma'am, and you'll see her without spectacles."

Mrs. O'Grady now gave a scream, and the girls and the housemaids joined in the chorus. Augusta bel-  
lowed from under the bed, "Mama! mama! indeed it's all Ratty—I never did it."

At this moment, to help the confusion, a fresh appearance made its way into the room; it was that of the Dowager O'Grady—arrayed in all the by-gone finery of faded full dress, and the tin chimney-pot on her head.

"What is all this about?" she exclaimed, with an air of authority; "though my weathercock tells me the wind is Nor'-west, I did not expect such a storm. Is anyone killed?"

"No," said O'Grady, "but somebody will be soon. Where are my pistols? Blood and fire, will nobody bring me pistols?"

"Here they are, sir," said Handy Andy, running in.

O'Grady made a rush for the pistols, but his mother and his wife threw themselves before him, and Scatter-  
brain shoved Andy outside the room.

"Confound you, you numscull, would you give pistols into the hands of a frantic man?"

"Sure, he ax'd for them, sir!"

"Go out o' this, you blockhead! go and hide them somewhere, where your master won't find them."

Andy retired, muttering something about the hardness of a servant's case in being scolded and called names for doing his master's bidding. Scatterbrain returned to the room where the confusion was still in full bloom; O'Grady swearing between his mother and wife, while Furlong endeavored to explain how the

young lady happened to be in his room; and she kicking in hysterics amidst the maids and her sisters, while Scatterbrain ran to and fro between all the parties, giving an ear to Furlong, an eye to O'Grady, and smelling salts to his daughter.

The case was a hard one to a milder man than O'Grady—his speculation about Scatterbrain all knocked on the head, for it could not be expected *he* would marry the lady who had been found under another man's bed. To hush the thing up would be impossible after the publicity his own fury had given to the affair. "Would she ever be married after such an affair was *eclate*?" The question rushed into his head at one side, and the answer rushed in at the other, and

met it with a plump

"No,"—the question and answer then joined hands in O'Grady's mind, and danced down the middle to the tune of "Haste to the wedding."

"Yes," he said, slapping his forehead, "she must be married at once." Then, turning to Furlong, he said, "You're not married, I hope?"

Furlong acknowledged he was not, though he regretted the moment he made the admission.

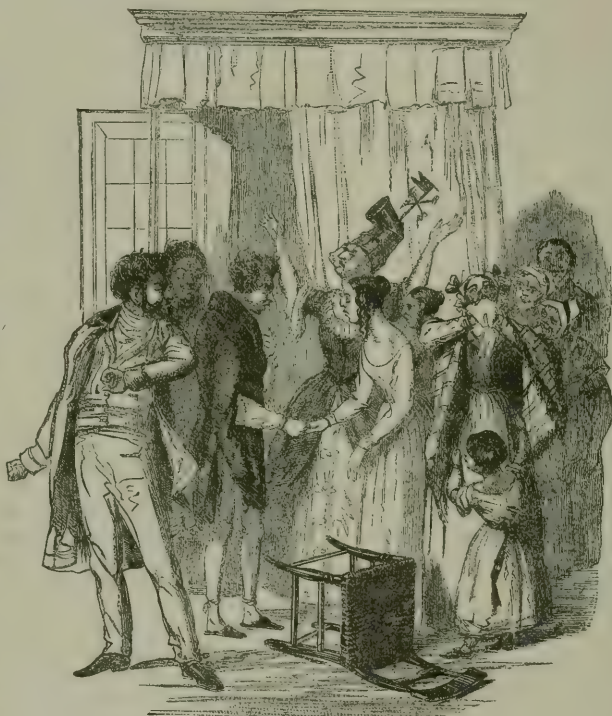
"Tis well for you," said O'Grady, "for it has saved your life. You shall marry her then!"

He never thought of asking Furlong's acquiescence in the measure.

"Come here! you baggage!" he cried

to Augusta, as he laid hold of her hand and pulled her up from the chair: "come here! I intended you for a better man, but since you *have* such a hang-dog taste, why go to him!"—and he shoved her over to Furlong.

"There!" he said, addressing *him*, "take her, since you *will* have her. We'll speak of her fortune after." The poor girl stood abashed, sobbing aloud, and tears pouring from her downcast eyes. Furlong was so utterly taken by surprise, that he was rivetted to the spot where he stood, and could not advance a step towards his droop-



*The Benediction.*

ing intended. At this awkward moment, the glorious old dowager came to the rescue; she advanced, tin chimney-pot and all, and taking a hand of each of the principals in hers, she joined them together in a theatrical manner, and ejaculated with a benignant air, "Bless you, my children!"

In the midst of the mingled rage, confusion, fright, and astonishment of the various parties present, there was something so exquisitely absurd in the old woman's proceedings, that nearly every one felt inclined to laugh, but the terror of O'Grady kept their risible faculties in check. Fate, however, decreed the finale should be comic; for the cook, suddenly recollecting herself, exclaimed, "Oh, murder! the goose will be burned," and ran out of the room; a smothered burst of laughter succeeded, which roused the ire of O'Grady, who, making a charge right and left amongst the delinquents, the room was soon cleared, and the party dispersed in various directions, O'Grady's voice rising loud above the general confusion, as he swore his way down stairs, kicking his mother's tin turban before him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

CANVASSING before an election resembles skirmishing before a battle;—the skirmishing was over, and the arrival of the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain was like the first gun that commences an engagement;—and now both parties were to enter on the final struggle.

A jolly group sat in Murphy's dining parlor on the eve of the day fixed for the nomination. Hitting points of speeches were discussed—plans for bringing up voters—tricks to interrupt the business of the opposite party—certain allusions on the hustings that would make the enemy lose temper; and, above all, every thing that could cheer and amuse the people, and make them rejoice in their cause.

"Oh, let me alone for *that* much," said Murtough. "I have engaged every piper and fiddler within twenty miles round, and divil a screech of a chanter,\* or a scrape of catgut, Scatterbrain can have for love or money—that's one grand point."

"But," said Tom Durfy, "he has engaged the yeomanry band."

"What of that?" asked Dick Dawson. "A band is all very well for making a splash in the first procession to the hustings, but what good is it in working out the details?"

"What do you call details?" said Durfy.

"Why, the popular tunes in the public houses, and in the tally rooms, while the fellows are waiting to go up. Then the dances in the evening—Wow!—won't Scatterbrain's lads look mighty shy when they know the Eganites are kicking their heels to 'Moll in the Wad,' while they haven't a lilt to shake their bones to?"

"To be sure," said Murphy; "we'll have deserters to

\* The principal tube of a bag-pipe.

our cause from the enemy's camp before the first night is over;—wait till the girls know where the fiddles are—and won't they make the lads join us!"

"I believe a woman would do a great deal for a dance," said Doctor Growling; they are immensely fond of salutory motion: I remember, once in my life, I used to flirt with a little actress who was a great favorite in a provincial town where I lived, and she was invited to a ball there, and confided to me she had no silk stockings to appear in, and without them, her presence at the ball was out of the question."

"That was a hint to you to buy the stockings," said Dick.

"No—you're out," said Growling. "She knew I was as poor as herself; but though she could not rely on my purse, she had every confidence in my taste and judgment, and consulted me on a plan she formed for going to the ball in proper twig. Now, what do you think it was?"

"To go in cotton, I suppose," returned Dick.

"Out again, sir—you'd never guess it; and only a woman could have hit on the expedient: it was the fashion in those days for ladies in full dress to wear pink stockings, and she proposed *painting her legs!*"

"Painting her legs!" they all exclaimed.

"Fact, sir," said the doctor; "and she relied on me for telling her if the cheat was successful—"

"And was it?" asked Durfy.

"Don't be in a hurry, Tom.—I complied on one condition—namely—that *I* should be the painter."

"Oh, you old rascal!" cried Dick.

"A capital bargain," said Tom Durfy.

"But not a safe covenant," added the attorney.

"Don't interrupt me, gentlemen," said the doctor: "I got some rose-pink, accordingly; and I defy all the hosiers in Nottingham to make a tighter fit than I did on little Jinney; and a prettier pair of stockings I never saw."

"And she went to the ball?" said Dick.

"She did."

"And the trick succeeded?" added Durfy.

"So completely," said the doctor, "that several ladies asked her to recommend her dyer to them—so you see what a woman will do to go to a dance. Poor little Jinney!—she was a merry minx:—by-the-bye, she boxed my ears that night for a joke I made about the stockings. 'Jinney,' said I, 'for fear your stockings should fall down when you're dancing, hadn't you better let me paint a pair of garters on them?'"

The fellows laughed at the doctor's quaint conceit about the garters, but Murphy called them back to the business of the election.

"What next?" he said; "public-houses and tally-rooms to have pipers and fiddlers—ay—and we'll get up as good a march, too, as Scatterbrain, with all his yeomanry band:—I think a cart-full of fiddlers would have a fine effect!"

"If we could only get a double-bass amongst them!" said Dick.

"Talking of double-basses," said the doctor, "did

† In those times elections often lasted many days.



you ever hear the story of the sailor in an admiral's ship, who, when some fine concert was to be given on board—"

"Hang your concerts and stories!" said Murphy; "let us go on with the election!"

"Oh, the doctor's story!" cried Tom Durfy and Dick Dawson together.

"Well, sir," continued the doctor; "a sailor was handing in, over the side, from a boat which bore the instruments from shore, a great lot of fiddles. When some tenors came into his hand, he said those were real good-sized fiddles; and when a violoncello appeared, Jack, supposing it was to be held between the hand and the shoulder, like a violin, declared, 'He must be a strapping chap that fiddle belonged to!' But when the double-bass made its appearance,—'My eyes and limbs!' cried Jack, 'I *would* like to see the chap as plays that!!!'"

"Well, doctor, are you done?" cried Murphy; "for if you are, now for the election.—You say, Dick, Major Dawson is to propose your brother-in-law?"

"Yes."

And he'll do it well, too: the Major makes a good straight-forward speech."

"Yes," said Dick; "the old cock is not a bad hand at it; but I have a suspicion he's going to make a greater oration than usual, and read some long rigmarolish old records."

"That will never do," said Murphy; "as long as a man looks Pat in the face, and makes a good rattling speech 'out o' the face,' Pat will listen to him; but when a lad takes to heavy readings, Pat grows tired:—we must persuade the Major to give up reading."

"Persuade *my* father," cried Dick,—"*when* did you ever hear of his giving up his own opinion?"

"If he could be prevailed on even to shorten," said Murphy.

"Oh, leave him to me," said Dick, laughing; "I'll take care he'll not read a word."

"Manage that, Dick, and you're a jewel!"

"I will," said Dick; "I'll take the glasses out of his spectacles the morning of the nomination, and then let him read, if he can."

"Capital, Dick; and now the next point of discussion is—"

"Supper, ready to come up, sir," said a servant, opening the door.

"Then, that's the best thing we could discuss, boys," said Murphy to his friends—"*so up with the supper, Dan. Up with the supper!—Up with the Egans! Down with the Scatterbrains—hurra!—we'll beat them gayly.*"

"Hollow!" said Durfy.

"Not hollow," said Dick; "we'll have a tussle for it."

"So much the better," cried Murphy; "I would not give a fig for an easy victory—there's no fun in it. Give me the election that is like a race—now one a-head, and then the other; the closeness calling out all the energies of both parties, and developing their tact and invention, and at last, the return secured by a small majority."

"But think of the glory of a large one," said Dick.

"Ay," added Durfy, "besides crushing the hope of a petition on the part of your enemy, to pull down the majority."

"But think of Murphy's enjoyment," said the doctor, "in defending the seat, to say nothing of the bill of costs."

"You have me there, doctor," said Murphy, "a fair hit, I grant you; but see, the supper is on the table. To it, my lads; to it! and then a jolly glass to drink success to our friend Egan."

And glass after glass they did drink in all sorts and shapes of well-wishing toasts:—in short, to have seen the deep interest those men took in the success of their friend, might have gladdened the heart of a philanthropist; though there is no knowing what Father Mathew, had he flourished in those times, might have said to their overflowing benevolence.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE morning of the nomination which dawned on Neck-or-Nothing Hall saw a motly group of O'Grady's retainers assembling in the stableyard, and the out-offices rang to laugh and joke over a rude, but plentiful breakfast,—tea and coffee, there, had no place,—but meat, potatoes, milk, beer, and whisky, were at the option of the body-guard, which was selected for the honor of escorting the wild chief and his friend, the candidate, into the town. Of this party was the yeomanry-band, of which Tom Durfy spoke, though, to say the truth, considering Tom's apprehension on the subject, it was of slender force. One trumpet, one clarionet, a fife, a big drum, and a pair of cymbals, with a "*real nigger*" to play them, were all they could muster.

After clearing off everything in the shape of breakfast, the "musicianers" amused the retainers, from time to time, with a tune on the clarionet, fife, or trumpet while they waited the appearance of the party from the house. Uproarious mirth and noisy joking rang round the dwelling, to which none contributed more largely than the trumpeter, who fancied himself a immensely clever fellow, and had a heap of cut and dry jokes at his command, and practical drolleries, in which he indulged to the great entertainment of all, but of none more than Andy, who was in the thick of the row, and in a divided ecstasy between the "*blackymoor's*" turban and cymbals and the trumpeters' jokes and music, the latter articles having a certain resemblance, by-the-bye, to the former in clumsiness and noise, and therefore suited to Andy's taste. Whenever occasion offered, Andy got near the big drum, too, and gave it a thump, delighted with the result of his ambitious achievement.

Andy was not lost on the trumpeter:—"Arrah, may be you'd like to have a touch at these?" inquired the joker, holding up the cymbals.

"Is it hard to play them, sir?" inquired Andy.

"Hard!" said the trumpeter; "sure they're not hard at all—but as soft and smooth as satin inside—just feel them—rub your finger inside."

Andy obeyed; and his finger was chopped between the two brazen plates. Andy roared, the by-standers laughed, and the trumpeter triumphed in his wit; sometimes he would come behind an unsuspecting, boor, and give, close to his ear, a discordant Bray from his trumpet, like the note of a jackass, which made him jump, and the crowd roar with merriment;—or perhaps, when the clarionet or the fife was engaged in giving the people a tune, he would drown either, or both of them in a wild yell of his instrument. As they could not make reprisals upon him, he had his own way of playing whatever he liked for his audience; and in doing so indulged in all the airs of a great artist—pulling out one crook from another—blowing through them softly, and shaking the moisture from them in a tasty style—rearranging them with a fastidious nicety—then, after the final adjustment of the mouth-piece, lippping the instrument with an affectation exquisitely grotesque; but, before he began, he always asked for another drink.

"It's not for myself," he would say, "but for the thrumpet, the crayther, the devil a note she can blow without a dhrop."

Then taking a mug of drink, he would present it to the bell of the trumpet, and afterwards transfer it to his own lips, always bowing to the instrument first, and saying, "Your health, ma'am!"

This was another piece of delight to the mob, and Andy thought him the funniest fellow he ever met, though he *did* chop his finger.

"Faix, sir, an' it is dhry work I'm sure, playing the thing."

"Dhry!" said the trumpeter, "’pon my ruffles and tuckers, and that’s a cambrie oath, its worse nor lime burnin’, so it is—it makes a man’s throat as parched as pays."

"Who dar say pays?" cried the drummer.

"Howld your prate!" said the trumpeter elegantly, and silenced all reply by playing a tune. As soon as it was ended, he turned to Andy and asked for a cork.

Andy gave it to him.

The man of jokes affected to put it into the trumpeter.

"What’s that for, sir," asked Andy.

"To bottle up the music," said the trumpeter—"sure all the music would run about the place if I didn’t do that."

Andy gave a vague sort of "ha, ha!" as if he were not quite sure whether the trumpeter was in jest or earnest, and thought at the moment that to play the trumpet and practical jokes must be the happiest life in the world. Filled with this idea, Andy was on the watch how he could possess himself of the trumpet, for could he get one blast on it, he would be happy: a chance at last opened to him; after some time, the lively owner of the treasure laid down his instrument to handle a handsome blackthorn which one of the retainers was displaying, and he made some flourishes with the weapon to show that music was not his only accomplishment. Andy seized the opportunity and the trumpet and made off to one of the sheds where they had been regaling; and

shutting the door to secure himself from observation, he put the trumpet to his mouth, and distended his cheeks near to bursting with the violence of his efforts to produce a sound; but all his puffing was unavailing for some minutes. At last a faint cracked squeak answered a more desperate blast than before, and Andy was delighted. "Everything must have a beginning," thought Andy, "and maybe I'll get a tune out of it yet." He tried again, and increased in power; for a sort of strangled screech was the result. Andy was in ecstasy, and began to indulge visions of being one day a trumpeter, he strutted up and down the shed like the original he so envied, and repeated some of the drolleries he heard him utter. He also imitated his action of giving a drink to the trumpet, and was more generous to the instrument than



*Andy's First Attempt at Music.*

the owner, for he really poured about half a pint of beer down its throat: he then drank its health, and finished by "bottling up the music," absolutely cramming a cork into the trumpet. Now Andy, having no idea the trumpeter made a sham of the action, made a vigorous plunge of a goodly cork into the throat of the instrument, and in so doing, the cork went farther than he intended;—he tried to withdraw it, but his clumsy fingers, instead of extracting only drove it in deeper—he became alarmed—and seizing a fork, strove with its assistance to remedy the mischief he had done, but the more he poked, the worse;—and in his fright, he thought the safest thing he could do was to cram the cork out of sight altogether, and having soon done that, he returned to the yard, and laid down the trumpet unobserved.

Immediately after, the procession of the town started. O'Grady gave orders that the party should not be



throwing away their powder and shot, as he called it, in untimely huzzas and premature music. "Wait till you come to the town, boys," said he, "and then you may smash away as hard as you can; blow your heads off and split the sky."

The party from Merryvale was in motion for the place of action about the same time, and a merrier pack of rascals never were on the march. Murphy, in accordance with his preconceived notion of a fine "effect," had literally "a cart full of fiddlers;"—but the fiddlers hadn't it all to themselves, for there was another cart full of pipers; and, by way of mockery to the grandeur of Scatterbrain's band, he had four or five boys with gridirons, which they played upon with pokers, and half a dozen strapping fellows carrying large iron tea trays, which the whopped after the manner of a Chinese gong.

It so happened, that the two roads from Merryvale and Neck-or-Nothing Hall met at an acute angle, at the same end of the town, and it changed that the rival candidates and their retinues arrived at this point about the same time.

"There they are!" said Murphy, who presided in the cart full of fiddlers like a leader in an orchestra, with a shilelah for his *baton*, which he flourished over his head as he shouted, "Now give it to them, your sows!—rasp and lilt away, boys! slate the gridirons, Mick!—smadder the tay-tray, Tom!"

The uproar of strange sounds that followed, shouting included, may be easier imagined than described; and O'Grady, answering the war cry, sung out to his band: "What are you at there, you lazy rascals; don't you hear them blackguards beginning?—fire away and be hanged to you!"

His rascals shouted, bang went the drum, and clang went the cymbals, the clarionet squeaked, and the fife tootled, but the trumpet—ah!—the trumpet—their great reliance; where was the trumpet? O'Grady inquired in the precise words, with a diabolical addition of his own. "Where the d—— is the trumpet?" said he; he looked over the side of the carriage, as he spoke, and saw the trumpeter spitting out a mouthful of beer, which had ran from the instrument as he lifted it to his mouth.

"Bad luck to you, what are you wasting your time there for," thundered O'Grady in a rage; "why didn't you spit out when you were young, and you'd be a clean old man?—Blow and be d—— to you!"

The trumpeter filled his lungs for a great blast, and put the trumpet to his lips—but in vain; Andy had bottled his music. O'Grady, seeing the inflated cheeks and protruding eyes of the musician, whose visage was crimson with exertion, and yet no sound produced, thought the fellow was practising one of his jokes upon him, and became excessively indignant; he thundered anathemas at him, but his voice was drowned in the din of the drum and cymbals, which were plied so vigorously, that the clarionet and fife shared the same fate as O'Grady's voice. The trumpeter could judge of O'Grady's rage from the fierceness of his actions only, and answered him in pantomimic expression, holding up

his trumpet and pointing into the bell, with a grin of vexation on his phiz, meant to express that something was wrong; but this was all mistaken by the fierce O'Grady, who only saw in the trumpeter's grins the insolent intention of gibing him.

"Blow, you blackguard; blow!" shouted the Squire.

Bang went the drum.

"Blow—or I'll break your neck."

Crash went the symbols.

"Stop your banging there, you ruffians, and let me be heard!" roared the excited man; but as he was standing up on the seat of the carriage, and flung his arms about wildly as he spoke, the drummer thought his action was meant to stimulate him to further exertion, and he banged away louder than before.

"By the hokey, I'll murder some o' ye!" shouted the Squire, who, ordering the carriage to pull up, flung open the door and jumped out, made a rush at the drummer, seized his principal drumstick, and giving him a bang over the head with it, cursed him for a rascal, for not stopping when he told him: this silenced all the instruments together, and O'Grady, seizing the trumpeter by the back of the neck, shook him violently, while he denounced with fierce imprecations his insolence in daring to practice a joke on him. The trumpeter protested his innocence, and O'Grady called him a lying rascal, finishing his abuse by clenching his fist in a menacing attitude, and telling him to play.

"I can't, your honor."

"You lie, you scoundrel."

"There's something in the thrummet, sir."

"Yes, there's music in it; and if you don't blow it out of it—"

"I can't blow it out of it, sir."

"Hold your prate, you ruffian; blow, this minute."

"Arrah, try it yourself, sir," said the frightened man, handing the instrument to the Squire.

"D—n your impudence, you rascal; do you think I'd blow anything that was in your dirty mouth; blow, I tell you, or it will be worse for you."

"By the virtue o' my oath, your honor."

"Blow, I tell you!"

"By the seven blessed candles."

"Blow, I tell you!"

"The thrummet is choked, sir."

"There will be a trumpeter choked, soon," said O'Grady, gripping him by the neck-handkerchief, with his knuckles ready to twist into his throat. "By this and that I'll strangle you, if you don't play this minute, you humbugger."

"By the blessed Vargin, I'm not humbuggin', your honor;" stammered the trumpeter with the little breath O'Grady left him.

Scatterbrain, seeing O'Grady's fury, and fearful of its consequences, had alighted from the carriage, and came to the rescue, suggesting to the infuriated Squire, that what the man said might be true. O'Grady said he knew better, that the blackguard was a notorious joker, and having indulged in a jest in the first instance, was now only lying to save himself from punish-

ment; furthermore, swearing that if he did not play that minute, he'd throw him into the ditch.

With great difficulty O'Grady was prevailed upon to give up his grip of the trumpeter's throat; and the poor breathless wretch, handing his instrument to the clarionet-player, appealed to him if it were possible to play on it. The clarionet-player said he could not tell, for he did not understand the trumpet.

"You see there!" cried O'Grady. "You see he's humbugging, and the clarionet-player is an honest man."

"An honest man!" exclaimed the trumpeter, turning fiercely on the clarionet-player. "He's the biggest *villian* unhauged, for sthrivin' to get me murdered, and refusin' the evidence for me!" The man's eyes flashed fury as he spoke; and throwing his trumpet down, he exclaimed, "Mooney!—by jakers, you're no man!" And clenching his fists, as he spoke, he made a rush on the clarionet-player, and planted a hit on his mouth with such vigor, that he rolled in the dust; and when he rose, it was with such an upper lip that his clarionet-playing was evidently finished for the next week certainly.

Now the fifer was the clarionet-player's brother; and he, turning on the trumpeter, roared—

"Bad luck to you!—you did not sthrek him fair!"

But while in the very act of reproaching the fowl blow, he let fly a hit under the ear of the trumpeter, who was quite unprepared for it,—and he, too, measured his length on the road. On recovering his legs, he rushed on the fifer for revenge, and a regular scuffle ensued amongst "the musicianers," to the great delight of the crowd of retainers, who were so well primed with whisky that a fight was just the thing to their taste.

In vain O'Grady swore at them, and went amongst them, striving to restore order, but they would not be quiet till several black eyes and damaged noses bore evidence of a very busy five minutes having passed. In the course of "the scrimmage," Fate was unkind to the fifer, whose mouth-piece was considerably impaired; and "the boys" remarked, that the worst stick you could have in a crowd was a "whistling stick," by which name they designated the fifer's instrument.

At last, however, peace was restored, and the trumpeter again ordered to play by O'Grady.

He protested, again, it was impossible.

The fifer, in revenge, declared he was only humbugging the Squire.

Hereupon O'Grady, seizing the unfortunate trumpeter, gave him a more sublime kicking than ever fell to the lot even of a piper or fiddler, whose pay\* is proverbially oftener in that article than the coin of the realm.

Having tired himself, and considerably rubbed down the toe of his boot with his gentlemanly exercise, O'Grady dragged the trumpeter to the ditch, and rolled him into it, there to cool the fever which burned in his seat of honor.

O'Grady then re-entered the carriage with Scatterbrain, and the party proceeded; but the clarionet-player

could not blow a note, the fifer was not in good playing condition, and tootled with some difficulty; the drummer was obliged now and then to relax his efforts in making a noise, that he might lift his right arm to his nose, which had got damaged in the fray, and the process of wiping his face with his cuff changed the white facings of his jacket to red. The negro cymbal-player was the only one whose damages were not to be ascertained, as a black eye would not tell on him, and his lips could not be more swollen than nature had made them. On the procession went, however, but the rival mob, the Eganites, profiting by the delay caused by the row, got a-head, and entered the town first, with their pipers and fiddlers, hurrahing their way in good humor down the street, and occupying the best places in the court-house, before the arrival of the opposite party, whose band, instead of being a source of triumph, was only a thing of jeering merriment to the Eganites, who received them with mockery and laughter. All this by no means sweetened O'Grady's temper, who looked thunder as he entered the court-house with his candidate, who was, though a good-humored fellow, a little put out by the accidents of the morning; and Furlong looked more sheepish than ever, as he followed his leaders.

The business of the day was opened by the high-sheriff, and Major Dawson lost no time in rising to propose, that Edward Egan, Esquire, of the Merryvale, was a fit and proper person to represent the county in parliament.

The proposition was received with cheers by "the boys" in the body of the court-house; the Major proceeded, full sail, in his speech—his course aided by being on the popular current, and the "sweet voices" of the multitude blowing in his favor. On concluding (as "the boys" thought) his address, which was straightforward, and to the point, a voice in the crowd proposed, "Three cheers for the owl Major."

Three deafening peals followed the hint.

"And now," said the Major, "I will read a few extracts here from some documents, in support of what I have had the honor of addressing to you." And he pulled out a bundle of papers as he spoke, and laid them down before him.

The movement was not favored by "the boys," as it indicated a tedious reference to facts, by no means to their taste, and the same voice which suggested the three cheers, now sung out—

"Never mind, Major—sure, we'll take your word for it!"

Cries of "Order!" and "Silence!" ensued; and were followed by murmurs, coughs, and sneezes, in the crowd, with a considerable shuffling of hobnailed shoes on the pavement.

"Order!" cried a voice in authority.

"Order any thing you plaze, sir!" said the voice in the crowd.

"Whisky!" cried one.

"Porther!" shouted another.

"Tabakky!" roared a third.

"I must insist on silence!" cried the sheriff, in a very

\*Fiddlers' fare, or pipers' pay—more kicks than halfpence.



husky voice. "Silence—or I'll have the court-house cleared!"

"Faith, if you would clear your own throat it would be better," said the wag in the crowd.

A laugh followed. The sheriff felt the hit, and was silent.

The Major all this time had been adjusting his spectacles on his nose, unconscious, poor old gentleman, that Dick, according to promise, had abstracted the glasses from them that morning. He took up his documents to read, made sundry wry faces, turned the papers up to the light,—now on this side, and now on that,—but could make out nothing; while Dick gave a knowing wink at Murphy. The old gentleman took off his spectacles to wipe the glasses.

The voice in the crowd cried, "Thank you, Major!"

The Major pulled out his handkerchief, and his fingers met where he expected to find a lens:—he looked very angry, cast a suspicious eye at Dick, who met it with the composure of an anchorite, and quietly asked what was the matter.

"I shall not trouble you, gentlemen, with the extracts," said the Major.

"Hear, hear," responded the genteel part of the auditory.

"I told you we'd take your word, Major," cried the voice in the crowd.

Egan's seconder followed the Major, and the crowd shouted again. O'Grady now came forward to propose the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, as a fit and proper person to represent the county in parliament. He was received by his own set of vagabonds with uproarious cheers, and "O'Grady for ever!" made the walls ring. "Egan for ever!" and hurras were returned from the Merryvalians. O'Grady thus commenced his address:—

"In coming forward to support my honorable friend, the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, it is from the conviction—the conviction—"

"Who got the conviction agén the potteen last sishin?" said the voice in the crowd.

Loud groans followed this allusion to the prosecution of a few little private stills, in which O'Grady had shown some unnecessary severity that made him unpopular. Cries of "Order" and "Silence" ensued.

"I say the conviction," repeated O'Grady fiercely, looking towards the quarter whence the interruption took place,—“and if there is any blackguard here who dares to interrupt me, I'll order him to be taken out by the ears. I say, I propose my honorable friend, the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, from the conviction that there is a necessity in this county—"

"Faith, there is plenty of necessity," said the tormentor in the crowd.

"Take that man out," said the sheriff.

"Don't hurry yourself, sir," returned the delinquent, amidst the laughter of "the boys," in proportion to whose merriment rose O'Grady's ill humor.

"I say there is a necessity for a vigorous member to represent this county in parliament, and support the

laws, the constitution, the crown, and the—the interests of the country!"

"Who made the new road?" was a question that now rose from the crowd—a laugh followed—and some groans at this allusion to a bit of jobbing on the part of O'Grady, who got a grand jury presentment to make a road which served nobody's interest but his own.

"The frequent interruptions I meet here from the lawless and disaffected, show too plainly that we stand in need of men who will support the arm of the law in purging the country."

"Who killed the 'pothecary?" said a fellow, in a voice so deep that it seemed suited to issue from the jaws of death.

The question, and the extraordinary voice in which it was uttered, produced one of those roars of laughter which sometimes shake public meetings in Ireland; and O'Grady grew furious.

"If I knew who that gentlemen was, I'd pay him!" said he.

"You'd better pay *them you know*," was the answer; and this allusion to O'Grady's notorious character of a bad pay, was relished by the crowd, and again raised the laugh against him.

"Sir," said O'Grady, addressing the sheriff, "I hold this ruffianism in contempt. I treat it, and the authors of it, those who no doubt have instructed them, with contempt." He looked over to where Egan and his friends stood, as he spoke of the crowd having had instruction to interrupt him.

"If you mean, sir," said Egan, "that I have given any such instruction, I deny, in the most unqualified terms, the truth of such an assertion."

"Keep yourself cool, Ned," said Dick Dawson, close to his ear.

"Never fear me," said Egan, "but I won't let him bully."

The two former friends now exchanged rather fierce looks at each other.

"Then why am I interrupted?" asked O'Grady.

"It is no business of mine to answer that," replied Egan; "but I repeat the unqualified denial of your assertion."

The crowd ceased its noise when the Squires were seen engaged in exchanging smart words, in the hope of catching what they said.

"It is a disgraceful uproar," said the sheriff.

"Then it is your business, Mister Sheriff," returned Egan, "to suppress it—not mine; they are quiet enough now."

"Yes, but they'll make a wow again," said Furlong, "when Mister O'Gwady begins."

"You seem to know all about it," said Dick; "maybe you have instructed them."

"No, sir, I didn't instwuct them," said Furlong, very angry at being twitted by Dick.

Dick laughed in his face, and said, "Maybe that's one of your electioneering tactics—eh?"

Furlong got very angry, while Dick and Murphy shouted with laughter at him.—"No, sir," said Furlong, "I don't welish the pwactice of such dirty twicks."

"Do you apply the word 'dirty' to me, sir?" said Dick the Devil, ruffling up like a game-cock.—"I'll tell you what, sir, if you make use of the word 'dirty' again, I'd think very little of kicking you—ay, or eight like you—I'd kick eight Furlongs one mile."

"Who's talking of kicking?" asked O'Grady.

"I am," said Dick; "do you want any?"

"Gentlemen! gentlemen!" cried the sheriff, "order! pray, order! do proceed with the business of the day."

"I'll talk to you after about this!" said O'Grady, in a threatening tone.

"Very well," said Dick, "we've time enough, the day's young yet."

O'Grady then proceeded to find fault with Egan, censuring his politics, and endeavoring to justify his defection from the same cause: he concluded thus, "Sir, I shall pursue my course of duty: I have chalked out my own line of conduct, sir, and I am convinced no other line is the right line. Our opponents are wrong, sir,—totally wrong—all wrong, and, as I have said, I have chalked out my own line, sir, and I propose the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain as a fit and proper person to sit in parliament for the representation of this county."

"The O'Gradyites shouted as their chief concluded; and the Merryvalians returned some groans, and a cry of 'Go home, turncoat!'"

Egan now presented himself, and was received with deafening and long-continued cheers, for he was really beloved by the people at large; his frank and easy nature, the amiable character he bore in all his social relations, the merciful and conciliatory tendency of his conduct as a magistrate, won him the solid respect as well as affection of the country.

He had been for some days in low spirits in consequence of Larry Hogan's visit and mysterious communication with him; but this, its cause, was unknown to all but himself, and therefore more difficult to support; for none but those whom sad experience has taught can tell the agony of enduring in secret and in silence the pang that gnaws a proud heart, which, Spartan like, will let the tooth destroy, without complaint or murmur.

His depression, however, was apparent, and Dick told Murphy he feared Ned would not be up to the mark at the election; but Murphy, with a better knowledge of human nature, and the excitement of such a cause, said, "Never fear him—ambition is a long spur, my boy, and will stir the blood of a thicker-skinned fellow than your brother-in-law. When he comes to stand up and assert his claims before the world, he'll be all right!"

Murphy was a true prophet, for Egan presented himself with confidence, brightness, and good-humor on his open countenance.

"The first thing I have to ask of you, boys," said Egan, addressing the assembled throng, "is a fair hearing for the other candidate."

"Hear, hear!" followed from the gentlemen in the gallery.

"And as he is a stranger amongst us, let him have the privilege of first addressing you."

With these words he bowed courteously to Scatterbrain, who thanked him very much like a gentleman, and accepting his offer, advanced to address the electors. O'Grady waved his hand in signal to his body-guard, and Scatterbrain had three cheers from the ragamuffins.

He was no great things of a speaker, but he was a good-humored fellow, and this won the Paddies; and although coming before them under the disadvantage of being proposed by O'Grady, they heard him with good temper:—to this, however, Egan's good word considerably contributed.

He went very much over the ground his proposer had taken, so that, bating the bad temper, the pith of his speech was much the same, quite as much depreciating the political views of his opponent, and harping on O'Grady's worn-out catch-word of "Having chalked out a line for himself," &c. &c. &c.

Egan now stood forward, and was greeted with fresh cheers. He began in a very Irish fashion; for, being an unaffected, frank, and free-hearted fellow himself, he knew how to touch the feelings of those who possess such qualities themselves. He waited till the last echo of the uproarious greeting died away, and the first simple words he uttered were—

"Here I am, boys!"

Simple as the words were, they produced "one cheer more."

"Here I am, boys,—*the same I ever was.*"

"Loud huzzas," and "Long life to you!" answered the last pithy words, which were sore ones to O'Grady; who, as a renegade, felt the hit.

"Fellow countrymen, I come forward to represent you, and, however I may be unequal to *that* task, at least, I will never *mis*represent you."

Another cheer followed.

"My past life is evidence enough on *that* point; God forbid I were of the mongrel breed of Irishmen, who speak ill of their own country. I never did it, boys, and I never will! Some think they get on by it, and so they do, indeed;—they get on as sweeps and shoe-blacks get on,—they drive a dirty trade, and find employment; but are they respected?"

Shouts of "No—no."

"You're right!—No!—they are not respected,—even by their very employers. Your political sweep and boot-black is no more respected than he who cleans our chimneys or cleans our shoes. The honorable gentleman who has addressed you last, confesses he is a stranger amongst you; and is a stranger to be your representative? You may be civil to a stranger—it is a pleasing duty; but he is not the man to whom you would give your confidence. You might share a hearty glass with a stranger, but you would not enter into a joint lease of a farm without knowing a little more of him; and if you would not trust a single farm with a stranger, will you give a whole county into his hands? When a stranger comes to these parts, I'm sure he'll get a civil answer from every man I see here,



—he will get a civil 'yes,' or a civil 'no,' to his question;—and if he seeks his way, you will show him his road. And to the honorable gentleman, who has done you the favor to come and ask you civilly, will you give him the county, you as civilly may answer 'no,' and *show him his road home again*. As for the gentleman who proposed him, he has chosen to make certain strictures upon my views, and opinions, and conduct. As for views—there was a certain heathen God the Romans worshipped, called Janus; he was a fellow with two heads—and, by-the-bye, boys, he would have been just the fellow to live amongst us; for when one of his heads was broken, he would have had the other for use. Well, this Janus was called 'double face,' and could see before and behind him. Now, *I'm no double-face*, boys; and as for seeing before and behind me, I can look back on the past, and forward to the future, and *both* the roads are *straight ones*. (*Cheers.*) I wish every one could say as much. As for my opinions, all I shall say is, *I never changed mine*; Mister O'Grady can't say as much."

"Sure there's a weathercock in the family," said the voice in the crowd.

A loud laugh followed this sally, for the old dowager's eccentricity was not *quite* a secret.—O'Grady looked as if he could have eaten the whole crowd at a mouthful.

"Much has been said," continued Egan, "about gentlemen chalking out lines for themselves:—now, the plain English of this very determined chalking of *their own* line, is *rubbing out every other man's line*. Some of these chalking gentlemen have lines chalked up against them, and might find it difficult to pay the score if they were called to account. To such—rubbing out other men's lines, and their own, too, may be convenient; but I don't like the practice. Boys, I have no more to say than this, *We know and can trust each other!*"

Egan's address was received with acclamation, and when silence was restored, the sheriff demanded a show of hands; and a very fine show of hands there was, and every hand had a stick in it.

The show of hands was declared to be in favor of Egan, whereupon a poll was demanded on the part of Scatterbrain, after which every one began to move from the court-house.

O'Grady, in very ill-humor, was endeavoring to shove past a herculean fellow, rather ragged, and very saucy, who did not seem inclined to give place to the savage elbowing of the Squire.

"What brings such a ragged rascal as you here?" said O'Grady, brutally; "you're not an elector."

"Yis, I am," replied the fellow, sturdily.

"Why, *you* can't have a lease, you beggar."

"No, but maybe I have an article."

"What is your article?"

"What is it?" retorted the fellow, with a fierce look at O'Grady. "Faith, it's a fine brass blunderbuss; and *I'd like to see the man would dispute the title.*"

\* A name given to a written engagement between landlord and tenant, promising to grant a lease, on which registration is allowed in Ireland.

O'Grady had met his master, and could not reply; the crowd shouted for the ragamuffin, and all parties separated, to gird up their loins for the next day's poll.

## CHAPTER XIX.

AFTER the angry words exchanged at the nomination, the most peaceable reader must have anticipated the probability of a duel;—but when the inflammable stuff of which Irishmen are made is considered, together with the excitement and pugnacious spirit attendant upon elections in all places, the certainty of a hostile meeting must have been apparent.—The sheriff might have put the gentlemen under arrest, it is true, but that officer was a weak, thoughtless, and irresolute person, and took no such precaution;—though, to do the poor fellow justice, it is only fair to say, that such an intervention of authority at such a time and place would have been considered on all hands as a very impertinent, unjustifiable and discourteous interference with the private pleasure and privilege of gentlemen.

Dick Dawson had a message conveyed to him from O'Grady, requesting the honor of his company the next morning to "grass before breakfast;" to which, of course, Dick returned an answer expressive of the utmost readiness to oblige the squire with his presence; and, as the business of the election was of importance, it was agreed they should meet at a given spot on the way to the town, and so lose as little time as possible.

The next morning, accordingly, the parties met at the appointed place, Dick attended by Edward O'Connor and Egan—the former in the capacity of his friend; and O'Grady, with Scatterbrain for his second, and Furlong a looker-on: there were some straggling spectators besides, to witness the affair.

"O'Grady looks savage, Dick," said Edward.

"Yes," answered Dick, with a smile of as much unconcern as if he were going to lead off a country dance. "He looks as pleasant as a bull in a pound."

"Take care of yourself, my dear Dick," said Edward, seriously.

"My dear boy, don't make yourself uneasy," replied Dick, laughing.—"I'll bet you two to one he misses me."

Edward made no reply, but to his sensitive and more thoughtful nature, betting at such a moment savored too much of levity, so, leaving his friend, he advanced to Scatterbrain, and they commenced making the preliminary preparations.

During the period which this required, O'Grady was looking down sulkily or looking up fiercely, and striking his heel with vehemence into the sod, while Dick Dawson was whistling a planxty, and eyeing his man.

The arrangements were soon made, the men placed on their ground, and Dick saw by the intent look with which O'Grady marked him, that he meant mischief; they were handed their pistols—the seconds retired—the word was given, and as O'Grady raised his pistol,

Dick saw he was completely covered, and suddenly exclaimed, throwing up his arm, "I beg your pardon for a moment."

O'Grady involuntarily lowered his weapon, and seeing Dick standing perfectly erect, and nothing following his sudden request for this suspension of hostilities, asked, in a very angry tone, why he had interrupted him. "Because I saw you had me covered," said Dick, "and you'd have hit me if you had fired that time: now fire away as soon as you like!" added he, at the same moment rapidly bringing up his own pistol to the level.

O'Grady was taken by surprise, and fancying Dick was going to blaze at him, fired hastily and missed his adversary.

Dick made him a low bow, and fired in the air.

O'Grady wanted another shot, saying Dawson had tricked him, but Scatterbrain felt the propriety of Edward O'Connor's objection to further fighting, after Dawson receiving O'Grady's fire; so the gentlemen were removed from the ground, and the affair terminated.

O'Grady, having fully determined to pink Dick, was excessively savage at being overreached, and went off to the election with a temper by no means sweetened by the morning's adventure, while Dick roared with laughing, exclaiming at intervals to Edward O'Connor, as he was putting up the pistols, "Did not I do him neatly?"

Off they cantered gayly to the high road, exchanging merry and cheering salutations with the electors, who were thronging towards the town in great numbers and all variety of manner, group, and costume. Some on foot, some on horseback, and some on cars; the gayest attire of holiday costume, contrasting with the everyday rags of wretchedness; the fresh cheek of health and beauty making gaunt misery look more appalling, and the elastic step of vigorous youth outstripping the tardy pace of feeble age. Pedestrians were hurrying on in detachments of five or six—the equestrians in companies less numerous; sometimes the cavalier who could boast a saddle carrying a woman on a pillion behind him.\* But saddle or pillion were not an indispensable accompaniment to this equestrian duo, for many a "bare back" *garren* carried his couple, his only harness being a halter made of a hay-rope, which in time of need sometimes proves a substitute for rack and manger; for it is not uncommon in Ireland to see the *garren* nibbling the end of his bridle when opportunity offers.—The cars were in great variety: some bore small kishes\* in which a woman and some children might be seen—others had a shake down of clean straw to serve for cushions; while the better sort spread a feather bed for greater comfort, covered by a patchwork quilt, the work of the "good woman" herself, whose own quilted petticoat vied in brightness with the calico roses on which she was sitting.—The most luxurious indulged still further in some arched branches of hazel, which, bent above the car in the fashion of a booth, bore another coverlid, by way of

awning, and served for protection against the weather; but few there were who could indulge in such a luxury as this of the "*chaise marine*," which is the name the contrivance bears, but why Heaven only knows.

The street of the town had its centre occupied at the broadest place with a long row of cars, covered in a similar manner to the *chaise marine*, a door or a shutter laid across underneath the awning, after the fashion of a counter, on which various articles were displayed for sale; for the occasion of the election was good as a fair to the small dealers, and the public were therefore favored with usual opportunity of purchasing uneatable gingerbread, knives that would not cut, spectacles to increase blindness, and other articles of equal usefulness.

While the dealers here displayed their ware, and were vociferous in declaring its excellence, noisy groups passed up and down on either side of these ambulatory shops, discussing the merits of the candidates, predicting the result of the election, or giving an occasional cheer for their respective parties, with a twirl of a stick or the throwing up of a hat; while from the houses on both sides of the street the scraping of fiddles, and the lilting of pipes increased the mingled den.

But the crowd was thickest and the uproar greatest in front of the inn where Scatterbrain's committee sat, and before the house of Murphy, who gave up all his establishment to the service of the election, and whose stable-yard made a capital place of mustering for the tallies of Egan's electors to assemble ere they marched to the poll.—At last the hour for opening the poll struck, the inn poured forth the Scatterbrains, and Murphy's stable-yard the Eganites, the two bodies of electors uttering thundering shouts of defiance, as with rival banners flying, they joined in one common stream, rushing to give their votes,—for as for their *voices*, they were giving *them* most liberally and strenuously already. The dense crowd soon surrounded the hustings in front of the court-house, and the throes and heavings of this living mass resembled a turbulent sea lashed by a tempest:—but what sea is more unruly than an excited crowd?—what tempest fiercer than the breath of political excitement?

Conspicuous amongst those on the hustings were both the candidates and their aiders and abettors on either side; O'Grady and Furlong, Dick Dawson and Tom Durfy for work, and Growling to laugh at them all. Edward O'Connor was addressing the populace in a spirit-stirring appeal to their pride and affections, stimulating them to support their tried and trusty friend, and not yield the honor of their county either to fear or favors of a stranger, nor copy the bad example which some (who ought to blush) had set them, of betraying old friends and abandoning old principles. Edward's address was cheered by those who heard it:—but being heard is not essential to the applause attendant on political addresses, for those who do not hear cheer quite as much as those who do. The old adage hath it, "Show me your company, and I'll tell you who you are;"—and, in the spirit of the adage, one

\* A large basket of coarse wicker-work, used mostly for carrying turf, *Anglice*, *peat*.



might say, "Let me see the speech-maker, and I'll tell you what he says." So, when Edward O'Connor spoke, the boys welcomed him with the shout of "Ned of the Hill for ever,"—and knowing to what tune his mouth would be opened, they cheered accordingly when he concluded.—O'Grady, on evincing a desire to address them, was not so successful;—the moment he showed himself taunts were flung at him, but spite of this, attempting to frown down their dissatisfaction, he began to speak; but he had not uttered six words when his voice was drowned in the discordant yells of a trumpet. It is scarcely necessary to tell the reader that the performer was the identical trumpeter of the preceding day, whom O'Grady had kicked so unmercifully, who, in indignation at his words, had gone over to the enemy; and having, after a night's hard work, disengaged the cork which Andy had crammed into his trumpet, appeared in the crowd ready to do battle in the popular cause. "Wait," he cried, "till that savage of a baste of a Squire dares for to go for to spake!—won't I smother him!" Then he would put his instrument of vengeance to his lips, and produce a yell that made his auditors put their hands to their ears. Thus armed, he waited near the platform for O'Grady's speech, and put his threat effectually into execution. O'Grady saw whence the annoyance proceeded, and shook his fist at the delinquent, with protestations that the police should drag him from the crowd, if he dared to continue—but every threat was blighted in the bud by a withering blast of the trumpet, which was regularly followed by a peal of laughter from the crowd. O'Grady stamped and swore with rage, and calling Furlong, sent him to inform the sheriff how riotous the crowd were, and requested him to have the trumpeter seized.

Furlong hurried off on his mission, and after a long search for the potential functionary, saw him in a distant corner engaged in what appeared to be an urgent discussion between him and Murtough Murphy, who was talking in the most jocular manner to the sheriff, who seemed anything but amused with his argumentative merriment. The fact was, Murphy, while pushing the interests of Egan with an energy unsurpassed, did it all with the utmost mirthfulness, and gave his opponents a laugh in exchange for the point gained against them, and while he defeated, amused them. Furlong, after shoving and elbowing his way through the crowd, suffering from heat and exertion, came *fussing* up to the sheriff, wiping his face with a scented cambric pocket handkerchief. The sheriff and Murphy were standing close beside one of the polling desks, and on Furlong's lisping out "Miste' Shewiff," Murphy, recognizing the voice and manner, turned suddenly round, and with the most provoking cordiality addressed him thus, with a smile and a nod:

"Ah! Mister Furlong, how d'ye do? delighted to see you—here we are at it, sir, hammer and tongs—of course you are come to vote for Egan."

Furlong, who intended to annihilate Murphy with an indignant repetition of the provoking question put to him, threw as much of defiance as he could into his namby pamby manner, and exclaimed—

"I vote for Egan?"

"Thank you, sir," said Murphy. "Record the vote," added he to the clerk.

There was loud laughter on one side, and anger as loud on the other, at the way in which Murphy had entrapped Furlong, and cheated him into voting against his own party. In vain poor gull protested he never *meant* to vote for Egan.

"But you did it," cried Murphy.

"What the deuce have you done?" cried Scatterbrain's agent, in a rage.

"Of course, they know I wouldn't vote that way," said Furlong. "*I couldn't* vote that way—it's a mistake, and I protest against the trick."

"We've got the trick, and we'll keep it, however," said Murphy.

Scatterbrain's agent said 'twas unfair, and desired the polling-clerk not to record the vote.

"Didn't every one hear him say, '*I vote for Egan*'?" asked Murphy.

"But he didn't mean it, sir," said the agent.

"I don't care what he meant, but I know he said it," retorted Murphy; "and every one round knows he said it; and as I mean what I say myself, I suppose, every other gentleman does the same—down with the vote, Mister polling-clerk."

A regular wrangle now took place between the two agents, amidst the laughter of the bystanders, whose merriment was increased by Furlong's vehement assurances he did not mean to vote as Murphy wanted to make it appear he had; but the more he protested the more the people laughed. This increased his energy in fighting out the point, until Scatterbrain's agent recommended him to desist, for that he was only interrupting their own voters from coming up. "Never mind now, sir," said the agent, "I'll appeal to the assessor about that vote."

"Appeal as much as you like," said Murtough; "that vote is as dead as a herring to you."

Furlong finding further remonstrance unavailing, as regarded his vote, delivered to the sheriff the message of O'Grady, who was boiling over with impatience, in the meantime, at the delay of his messenger, and anxiously expecting the arrival of sheriff and police to coerce the villanous trumpeter and chastise the applauding crowd, which became worse and worse every minute.

They exhibited a new source of provocation to O'Grady, by exposing a rat-trap hung at the end of a pole, with the caged vermin within, and vociferated "Rat, rat," in the pauses of the trumpet. Scatterbrain remembering the hearing they gave him the previous day, hoped to silence them, and begged O'Grady to permit *him* to address them; but the whim of the mob was up, and could not be easily diverted, and Scatterbrain himself was hailed with the name of "Rat-catcher."

"You catch him—and I wish you joy of him!" cried one.

"How much did you give for him?" shouted another.

"What did you bait your thrap with?" roared a third.

"A bit o' *treasury bacon*," was the answer from a stentorian voice amidst the multitude, who shouted with laughter at the apt rejoinder, which they reiterated from one end of the crowd to the other, and the cry of "*treasury bacon*" rang far and wide.

Scatterbrain and O'Grady consulted together on the hustings what was to be done, while Dick the Devil was throwing jokes to the crowd, and inflaming their mischievous merriment, and Growling looking on with an expression of internal delight at the fun, uproar, and vexation around him. It was just a dish to his taste, and he devoured it with silent satisfaction.

"What the deuce keeps that sneaking dandy?" cried O'Grady to Scatterbrain. "He should have returned long ago."—Oh! could he have only known at that moment, that his sweet son-in-law elect was voting against them, what would have been the consequence!

Another exhibition, insulting to O'Grady, now appeared in the crowd,—a chimney-pot and weathercock, after the fashion of his mother's, was stuck on a pole, and underneath was suspended an old coat turned inside out; this double indication of his change, so peculiarly insulting, was elevated before the hustings amidst the jeers and laughter of the people. O'Grady was nearly frantic—he rushed to the front of the platform, he shook his fist at the mockery, poured every abusive epithet on its perpetrators, and swore he would head the police himself and clear the crowd. In reply, the crowd hooted, the rat-trap and weathercock were danced together after the fashion of Punch and Judy, to the music of the trumpet; and another pole made its appearance, with a piece of bacon on it, and a placard bearing the inscription of "*Treasury bacon*," all which Tom Durfy had run off to procure at a huckster's shop the moment he heard the waggish answer which he thus turned to account.

"The military must be called out!" said O'Grady; and with these words he left the platform to seek the sheriff.

Edward O'Conner, the moment he heard O'Grady's

threat, quitted the hustings also, in company with old Growling.

"What a savage and dangerous temper that man has!" said Edward; "calling for the military when the people have committed no outrage to require such interference."

"They have poked up the bear with their poles, sir, and it is likely he'll give them a hug before he's done with them," answered the doctor.

"But what need of military?" indignantly exclaimed Edward; "The people are only going on with the noise and disturbance common to any election, and the chances are, that savage man may influence the sheriff to pro-

vocate the people, by the presence of soldiers, to some act which would not have taken place but for their interference, and thus they themselves originate the offence which they are fore-armed with power to chastise. In England such extreme measures are never resorted to, until necessity compels them. How I have envied Englishmen, when on the occasion of assizes every soldier is marched from the town while the judge is sitting; in Ireland the place of trial bristles with bayonets! How much more must a people respect and love the laws, whose own purity and justice are their best safeguard! whose inherent majesty is sufficient for their own protection! The sword of justice should never need the assistance of the swords of dragoons, and in the election of



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their representatives, as well as at judicial sittings, a people should be free from military despotism."

"But, as an historian, my dear young friend," said the doctor, "I need not remind you that dragoons have been considered 'good lookers-on' in Ireland since the days of Stafford."

"Ay!" said Edward; and scandalous it is, that the abuses of the seventeenth century should be perpetuated in the nineteenth.\* While those who govern show, by the means they adopt for supporting their authority, that their rule requires undue force to uphold it, they

\* When Stafford's infamous project of the wholesale robbery of Connaught was put in practice, not being quite certain of his juries, he writes that he will send 300 horse to the provinces during the proceedings, "as good lookers on."



tacitly teach resistance to the people, and their practices imply that the resistance is righteous."

"My dear Master Ned," said the doctor, "you're a patriot, and I'm sorry for you; you inherit the free opinions of your namesake 'of the hill' of blessed memory; with such sentiments you may make a very good Irish barrister, but you'll never be an Irish judge—and as for a silk gown, 'faith you may leave the wearing of *that* to your wife, for stuff is all that will ever adorn your shoulders."

"Well, I would rather have stuff there, than in my head," answered Edward.

"Very epigrammatic, indeed, Master Ned," said the doctor. "Let us make a distich of it," added he, with a chuckle; "for, of a verity, some of the K. O.'s of our times are but dunces.—Let's see—how will it go?"

Edward dashed off this couplet in a moment—

"Of modern king's counsel this truth might besaid,  
They have *stuff* on their shoulders, but *stuff* in their head."

"Neat enough," said the doctor; "but you might contrive more stinging in it;—something to the tune of the impossibility of making 'a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' but the facility of manufacturing silk gown's out of *bores*' head."

"That's out of your bitter pill-box, Doctor," said Ned, smiling.

"Put it into rhyme, Ned—and set it to music—and dedicate it to the bar mess, and see how you'll rise in your profession!—Good-bye—I will be back again to see the fun as soon as I can, but I must go now and visit an old woman who is in doubt whether she stands most in need of me or the priest.—It's wonderful, how little people think of the other world till they are going to leave this; and with all their praises of heaven, how very anxious they are to stay out as long as they can!"

With this bit of characteristic sarcasm, the doctor and Edward separated. Edward had hardly left the hustings, when Murphy hurried on the platform and asked for him.

"He left, a few minutes ago," said Tom Durfy.

"Well, I dare say he's doing good, wherever he is," said Murtough; "I wanted to speak to him, but when he comes back send him to me.—In the meantime, Tom, run down and bring up a good batch of voters—we're getting a little a-head, I think, with the bothering I'm giving them up there, and now I want to push them with good strong tallies—run down to the yard, like a good fellow, and march them up."

Off posted Tom Durfy on his mission, and Murphy returned to the court-house.

Tom, on reaching Murphy's house, found a strong posse of O'Grady's party hanging round the place, and one of the fellows had backed a car against the yard gate which opened on the street, and was the outlet for Egan's voters. By way of excuse for this, the car was piled with cabbages for sale, and a couple of very unruly pigs were tethered to the shafts, and the strapping fellow who owned all, kept guard over them. Tom immediately told him he should leave that place, and an altercation commenced; but even an election-

earing dispute could not but savor of fun and repartee between Paddies.

"Be off," said Tom.

"Sure I can't be off till the market's over," was the answer.

"Well, you must take your car out of this."

"Indeed now, you'll let me stay, Misther Durfy."

"Indeed I won't."

"Arrah! what harm?"

"You're stopping up the gate on purpose, and you must go."

"Sure your honor wouldn't spile my stand!"

"Faith, I'll spoil more than your stand, if you don't leave that."

"Not finer cabbage in the world."

"Go out o' that now, 'while your shoes are good,'"\* said Tom, seeing he had none; for in speaking of shoes, he had no intention of alluding to the word *choux*, and thus making a French pun upon the *cabbage*,—for Tom did not understand French, but rather despised it as a jack-a-dandy acquirement.

"Sure, you wouldn't ruin my market, Misther Durfy!"

"None of your humbugging—but be off at once," said Tom, whose tone indicated he was *very much in earnest*.

"Not a nicer slip of a pig in the market than the same pigs—I'm expectin' thirty shillin's a piece for them."

"Faith, you'll get more than thirty shillings," cried Tom, "in less than thirty seconds, if you don't take your dirty cabbages and blackguard pigs out o' that!"

"Dirty cabbages!" echoed the fellow, in a tone of surprise.

The order to depart was renewed.

"Blackguard pigs!" cried Paddy, in affected wonder. "Ah, Masther Tom, one would think it was afther dinner you wor."

"What do you mean, you rap?—do you intend to say I'm drunk?"

"Oh, no, sir!—But if it's not afther dinner wid you, I think you wouldn't turn up your nose at bacon and greens."

"Oh, with all your joking," said Tom, laughing, "you won't find me a chicken to pluck for your bacon and greens, my boy; so, start!—vanish!—disperse!—my bacon merchant!—"

While this dialogue was going forward, several cars were gathered round the place, with a seeming view to hem in Egan's voters, and interrupt their progress to the poll; but the gate of the yard suddenly opened, and the fellows within soon upset the car which impeded their egress, gave freedom to the pigs who used their liberty in eating the cabbages, while their owner was making cause with his party of O'Gradyites against the outbreak of Egan's men. The affair was not one of importance; the number were not sufficient to constitute a good row—it was but a hustling affair, after all, and a slight scrim-

\* A saying among the Irish peasantry—meaning, there is danger in delay.

mage enabled Tom Durfy to head his men in a rush to the poll.

The polling was now prosecuted vigorously on both sides, each party anxious to establish a majority on the first day; and of course the usual practices for facilitating their own, and retarding their opponent's progress, were resorted to.

Scatterbrain's party, to counteract the energetic movement of the enemy's voters, and Murphy's activity, got up a mode of interruption seldom made use of but of which they made use of on the present occasion. It was determined to put the oath of allegiance to all the Roman Catholics, by which some loss of time to the Eganite party was effected.

This gave rise to odd scenes and answers, occasionally;—some of the fellows did not know what the oath of allegiance meant; some did not know whether there might not be a scruple of conscience against taking it; others, indignant at what they felt to be an insulting mode of address, on the part of the person who said to them, in a tone savoring of supremacy,—“*You're a Roman Catholic,*”—would not answer immediately, and gave dogged looks, and sometimes dogged answers; and it required address on the part of Egan's agents to make them overcome such feelings, and expedite the work of voting. At last, the same herculean fellow who gave O'Grady the fierce answer about the *blunderbuss tenure* he enjoyed, came up to vote, and fairly bothered the querist with his ready replies, which, purposely, were never to the purpose;—the examination ran nearly thus:

“You're a Roman Catholic?”

“Am I?” said the fellow.

“Are you not?” demanded the agent.

“You say I am,” was the answer.

“Come, sir, answer—What's your religion?”

“The thrue religion.”

“What religion is that?”

“My religion.”

“And what's *your* religion?”

“My mother's religion.”

“And what was your mother's religion?”

“*She tuk whiskey in her toy.*”

“Come, now, I'll find you out, as cunning as you are,” said the agent, piqued into an encounter of the wits with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd.

“You bless yourself, don't you?”

“When I'm done with you, I think I ought.”

“What place of worship do you go to?”

“The most convaynient.”

“But of what persuasion are you?”

“My persuasion is that you won't find it out.”

“What is your belief?”

“My belief is that *you're* puzzled.”

“Do you confess?”

“Not to you.”

“Come! now I have you. Why would you send for if you were likely to die?”

“Docthor Growlin'.”

“Not for the priest?”

“I must first get a messenger.”

“Confound you're quibbling!—tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions, I mean?”

“They are the same as my landlord's.”

“And what are your landlord's opinions?”

“Faix, his opinion is, that I won't pay him the last half-year's rent; and I'm of the same opinion myself.”

A roar of laughter followed this answer, and dumb-founded the agent for a time; but, angered at the successful quibbling of the sturdy and wily fellow before him, he at last declared, with much severity of manner, that he *must* have a direct reply. “I insist, sir, on your answering, at once, *are you a Roman Catholic?*”

“I am,” said the fellow.

“And could you not say so at once?” repeated the officer.

“You never axed me?” returned the other.

“I did,” said the officer.

“Indeed, you didn't. You said I was a great many things, but you never *axed* me—you wor *dhruvin'* *crass* words and *cruked* questions at me, and I gev you answers to match them, for sure I thought it was manners to cut out my *behavior* on your own patthorn.”

“Take the oath, sir!”

“Where am I to take it to?” inquired the provoking blackguard.

The clerk was desired to “swear him” without further notice being taken of his impertinent answer.

“I hope the oath is not *woughty*, sir, for my conscience is tindhier since the last *alibi* I swore.”

The business of the interior was now suspended for a time by the sounds of fierce tumult which arose from without. Some rushed from the court-house to the platform outside, and beheld the crowd in a state of great excitement, beating back the police, who had been engaged in endeavoring to seize the person and things which had offended O'Grady; and the police falling back for support on a party of military which O'Grady had prevailed on the sheriff to call out. The sheriff was a weak, irresolute man and was over-persuaded by such words as “mob” and “riot,” and breaches of peace being *about to be* committed, if the ruffians were not checked before-hand. The wisdom of *preventive measures* was preached, and the rest of the hacknied phrases were paraded, which brazen-faced and iron-handed oppressors are only too familiar with.

The people were now roused, and thoroughly defeated the police, who were forced to fly to the lines of the military party for protection; having effected this object, the crowd retained their position, and did not attempt to assault the soldiers, though a very firm and lowering front was presented to them, and shouts of defiance against the “Peelers”<sup>\*</sup> rose loud and long.

“A round of ball cartridge would cool their courage,” said O'Grady.

The English officer in command of the party, looking with wonder and reproach upon him, asked if he had the command of the party.

<sup>\*</sup> The name given to the police by the people—the force being first established by Sir Robert Peel, then Mr. Peel, Secretary of Ireland.



"No, sir;—the sheriff, of course;—but if I were in his place, I'd soon disperse the rascals."

"Did you ever witness the *effect* of a fusillade, sir?" inquired the officer.

"No, sir," said O'Grady, gruffly; "but I suppose I know pretty well what it is."

"For the sake of humanity, sir, I hope you do not, or I am willing to believe you would not talk so lightly of it; but it is singular how much fonder civilians are of urging measures that end in blood, than those whose profession is arms, and who know how disastrous is their use."

The police were ordered to advance again and seize the "ringleaders;" they obeyed, unwillingly; but being saluted with some stones, their individual wrath was excited, and they advanced to chastise the mob, who again drove them back; and a nearer approach to the soldiers was made by the crowd in the scuffle which ensued.

"Now, will you fire?" said O'Grady to the sheriff.

The sheriff, who was a miserable coward, was filled with dread at the threatening aspect of the mob, and wished to have his precious person under shelter before hostilities commenced; so, with pallid lips, and his teeth chattering with fear, he exclaimed:

"No! no! no!—don't fire—don't be precipitate; besides, I hav'n't read the Riot Act."

"There's no necessity for firing, sir, I should say," said the captain.

"I thought not, captain—I hope not, captain," said the sheriff, who now assumed a humane tone. "Think of the effusion of blood, my dear sir!" said he to O'Grady, who was grinning like a fiend all the time—"the sacrifice of human life—I couldn't, sir—I can't, sir—besides, the Riot Act—hav'n't it about me—must be read, you know, Mister O'Grady."

"Not always," said O'Grady, fiercely.

"But the inquiry is always very strict after, if it is not, sir—I should not like the effusion of human blood, sir, unless the Riot Act was read, and the thing done regularly—don't think I care for the d—d rascals, a button, sir,—only the regularity, you know; and the effusion of human blood is serious, and the inquiry, too, without the Riot Act.—Captain, would you oblige me to fall back a little closer round the court-house, and maintain the freedom of election.—Besides, the Riot Act is up stairs, in my desk.—The court-house must be protected, you know, and I just want to run up stairs for the Riot Act; I'll be down again in a moment.—Captain, do oblige me—draw your men a *leetle* closer round the court-house."

"I'm in a better position here, sir," said the captain.

"I thought, sir, you were under my command, sir," said the sheriff.

"Under your command to fire, sir, but the choice of position rests with me; and we are stronger where we are, the court-house is completely covered, and while my men are under arms here, you may rely on it the crowd is completely in check without firing a shot."

Off ran the sheriff to the court-house.

"You're saving of your gunpowder, I see, sir," said O'Grady to the captain, with a sardonic grin.

"You seem to be equally sparing of your humanity, sir," returned the captain.

"God forbid I should be afraid of a pack of ruffians," said O'Grady.

"Or I of a single one," returned the captain, with a look of stern contempt.

There is no knowing what this bitter bandying of hard words might have led to had it not been interrupted by the appearance of the sheriff at one of the windows of the court-house; there, with the Riot Act in his hand, he called out:—

"Now I've read it—fire away, boys—fire away!" and all his compunction about the effusion of blood vanished the moment his own miserable carcass was safe from harm. Again he waived the Riot Act from the window, and vociferated, "Fire away, boys," as loud as his frog-like voice permitted.

"Now, sir, you're ordered to fire," said O'Grady to the captain.

"I'll not obey that order, sir," said the captain; "the man is out of his senses with fear, and I'll not obey such a serious command from a madman."

"Do you dare disobey the orders of the sheriff, sir?" thundered O'Grady.

"I am responsible for my act, sir," said the captain—"seriously responsible; but I will not slaughter unarmed people until I see further and fitter cause."

The sheriff had vanished—he was nowhere to be seen—and O'Grady as a magistrate had now the command. Seeing the cool and courageous man he had to deal with in the military chief, he determined to push matters to such an extremity that he should be forced, in self-defence, to fire. With this object in view he ordered a fresh advance of the police upon the people, and in this third affair matters assumed a more serious aspect; sticks and stones were used with more effect, and the two parties being nearer to each other, the missiles meant only for the police, overshot their mark and struck the soldiers, who bore their painful situation with admirable patience.

"Now will you fire, sir?" said O'Grady to the officer.

"If I fire now, sir, I am as likely to kill the police as the people, withdraw your police first, sir, and then I will fire."

This was but reasonable—so reasonable, that even O'Grady, engaged almost to madness, as he was, could not gainsay it; and he went forward himself to withdraw the police force.—O'Grady's presence increased the rage of the mob, whose blood was now thoroughly up, and as the police fell back they were pressed by the infuriated people, who now began almost to disregard the presence of the military, and poured down in a resistless stream upon them.

O'Grady repeated his command to the captain, who, finding matters thus driven to extremity, saw no longer the possibility of avoiding bloodshed; and the first preparatory word of the fatal order was given, the second on his lips, and the long file of bright muskets flashed in the sun ere they should quench its light for

ever to some, and carry darkness to many a heart and hearth, when a young and handsome man, mounted on a noble horse, came plunging and ploughing his way through the crowd, and, rushing between the half-levelled muskets and those who in another instant would have fallen their victims, he shouted in a voice whose noble tones carried to its hearers involuntary obedience, "Stop!—for God's sake, stop!" Then wheeling his horse suddenly round, he charged along the advancing front of the people, plunging his horse fiercely upon them, and waving them back with his hand, enforcing his commands with words as well as actions. The crowd fell back as he pressed upon them with a fiery horsemanship unsurpassable by an Arab; and as his dark clustering hair streamed about his noble face, pale from excitement, and with flashing eyes, he was a model worthy of the best days of Grecian art—ay, and he had a soul worthy of the most glorious times of Grecian liberty!

It was Edward O'Connor.

"Fire!" cried O'Grady, again.

The gallant soldier, touched by the heroism of O'Connor, and roused by the brutality of O'Grady beyond his patience, in the excitement of the moment, was urged beyond the habitual parlance of a gentleman, and swore vehemently, "I'll be *darned* if I do! I wouldn't run the risk of shooting that noble fellow for all the magistrates in your county."

O'Connor had again turned round, and rode up to the military party, having heard the word "fire!" repeated.

"For mercy sake, sir, don't fire, and I pledge you my soul the crowd shall disperse."

"Ay!" cried O'Grady, "they won't obey the laws nor the magistrates; but they'll listen fast enough to a d—d rebel like you."

"Liar and ruffian!" exclaimed Edward, "I'm a better and more loyal subject than you, who provoke resistance to the laws you should make honored."

At the word liar, O'Grady, now quite frenzied, attempted to seize a musket from a soldier beside him; and had he succeeded in obtaining possession of it, Edward O'Connor's days had been numbered; but the soldier would not give up his firelock, and O'Grady, intent on immediate vengeance, then rushed upon Edward, and, seizing him by the leg, attempted to unhorse him, but Edward was too firm in his seat for this, and a struggle ensued.

The crowd, fearing Edward was about to fall a victim, raised a fierce shout, and were about to advance, when the captain, with admirable presence of mind, seized O'Grady, dragged him away from his hold, and gave freedom to Edward, who instantly used it again to charge the advancing line of the mob, and drive them back.

"Back, boys, back!" he cried, "don't give your enemies a triumph by being disorderly. Disperse—retire into houses, let nothing tempt you to riot—collect round your tally-rooms, and come up quietly to the polling—and you will yet have a peaceful triumph."

The crowd, obeying, gave three cheers for "Ned-o'-

the-Hill," and the dense mass, which could not be awed, and dreaded not the engines of war, melted away before the breath of peace.

As they retired on one side, the soldiers were ordered to their quarters on the other, while their captain and Edward O'Connor stood in their midst; but ere they separated, these two, with charity in their souls, waved their hands towards each other in token of amity, and parted, verily, in friendship.

## CHAPTER XX.

AFTER the incidents just recorded, of course great confusion and excitement existed, during which O'Grady was forced back into the court-house, in a state bordering on insanity. Inflamed as his furious passions had been to the top of their bent, and his thirst of revenge still remaining unslaked, foiled in all his movements, and flung back, as it were, into the seething cauldron of his own bellish temper, he was a pitiable sight, foaming at the mouth like a wild animal, and uttering the most horrid imprecations. On Edward O'Connor principally his curses fell, with denunciations of immediate vengeance, and the punishment of dismissal from the service was prophesied on oath for the English captain. The terrors of a court-martial gleamed fitfully through the frenzied mind of the raving squire for the soldier; and for O'Connor, instant death at his own hand was his momentary cry.

"Find the rascal for me," he exclaimed, "that I may call him out and shoot him like a dog—yes, by—, a dog—a dog; I'm disgraced while he lives—I wish the villain had three lives, that I might take them all at once—all—all!—" and he stretched out his hands as he spoke, and gasped at the air as if in imagination he clutched the visionary lives his bloodthirsty wishes conjured up.

Edward, as soon as he saw the crowd dispersed, returned to the hustings, and sought Dick Dawson, that he might be in readiness to undertake, on his part, the arrangement of the hostile meeting, to which he knew he should be immediately called. "Let it be over, my dear Dick, as soon as possible," said Edward; "it is not a case in which delay can be of any service; the insult was mortal between us, and the sooner expiated by a meeting the better."

"Don't be so agitated, Ned," said Dick; "fair and easy, man, fair and easy—keep yourself cool."

"Dear Dick—I'll be cool on the ground, but not till then,—I want the meeting over before my father hears of the quarrel—I'm his only child, Dick, and you know how he loves me!"

He wrung Dick's hand as he spoke, and his eyes glistered with tenderness, but with the lightning quickness of thought all gentle feelings vanished, as he saw Scatterbrain struggling his way towards him, and read in his eye the purport of his approach. He communicated to Edward his object in seeking him, and was at once referred to Dawson, who instantly



retired with him, and arranged an immediate meeting. This was easily done, as they had their pistols with them since the duel in the morning; and if there be those who think it a little too much of a good thing to have two duels in one day, pray let them remember it was election time, and even in sober England, that period often gives rise to personalities which call for the intervention of the code of honor. Only in Ireland, the thing is sooner over. We seldom have three columns of a newspaper filled with notes on the subject, numbered from 1 to 25. Gentlemen don't consider whether it is too soon or too late to fight, or whether a gentleman is perfectly entitled to call him out or not. The title in Ireland is generally considered sufficient in the *will* to do it, and few there would wait for the poising of a very delicately balanced scale of etiquette before going to the ground; they would be more likely to fight first, and leave the world to argue about the niceties after.

In the present instance, a duel was unavoidable, and it was to be feared a mortal one, for deadly insult had been given on both sides.

The rumor of the hostile meeting flew like wildfire through the town; and when the parties met in a field about a quarter of a mile beyond the bridge, an anxious crowd was present. The police were obliged to be in strong force on the ground, to keep back the people, who were not now, as an hour before, in the town, in uproarious noise and action, but still as death;—not a murmur was amongst them—the excitement of love for the noble young champion, whose life was in danger for his care of *them*, held them spell-bound in a tranquility almost fearful.

The aspect of the two principals was in singular contrast;—on the one side, a man burning for revenge, who, to use a common, but terrible parlance, desired to "wash out the dishonor put upon him in blood." The other was there, regretting that cause existed for the awful arbitrement, and only anxious to defend his own, not take another's life. To sensitive minds the reaction is always painful of having insulted another, when the excitement is over which prompted it: when the hot blood which inflamed the brain runs in cooler currents, the man of feeling always regrets, if he does not reproach himself, with having urged his fellow-man to break the commandments of the Most High, and deface, perhaps annihilate, the form that was moulded in His image. The words "liar and ruffian" haunted Edward's mind reproachfully;—but then the provocation—"Rebel!"—No gentleman could brook it. Because his commiseration for a people had endeared him to them, was he to be called "*rebel*?" Because, at the risk of his own life, he had preserved perhaps scores, and prevented an infraction of the law, was he to be called "*rebel*?" He stood acquitted before his own conscience—after all, the most terrible bar before which we can be called.

The men were placed upon their ground, and the word to fire given. O'Grady, in his desire for vengeance, raised his pistol deliberately, with deadly aim, and Edward was thus enabled to fire first, and with such

cool precision that his shot took effect as he intended; O'Grady's pistol arm was ripped up from the wrist to the elbow; but so determined was his will, and so firm his aim, that the wound, severe as it was, produced but a slight twitch in his hand, which threw it up slightly, and saved Edward's life, for the ball passed through his hat *just* above his head.

O'Grady's arm instantly after dropped to his side, the pistol fell from his hand, and he staggered, for the pain of the wound was extreme. His second ran to his assistance.

"It is only in the arm," said O'Grady, firmly, though his voice was changed by the agony he suffered; "give me another pistol."

Dick at the same moment was beside Edward.

"You're not touched," he said.

Edward coolly pointed to his hat.

"Too much powder," said Dick; "I thought so when his pistols were loaded."

"No," said Edward, "it was my shot; I saw his hand twitch."

Scatterbrain demanded of Dick another shot on the part of O'Grady.

"By all means," was the answer, and he handed a fresh pistol to Edward.—"To give the devil his due," said Dick, "he has great pluck, for you hit him hard—see how pale he looks—I don't think he can hurt you much this time—but watch him well, my dear Ned."

The seconds withdrew, but with all O'Grady's desperate courage, he could not lift the pistol with his right arm, which, though hastily bound in a handkerchief, was bleeding profusely, and racked with torture. On finding his right hand powerless, such was his unflinching courage, that he took the pistol in his left; this of course impaired his power of aim, and his nerve was so shattered by his bodily suffering, that his pistol was discharged before coming to the level, and Edward saw the sod torn up close beside his foot. He then, of course, fired into the air. O'Grady would have fallen but for the immediate assistance of his friends, he was led from the ground and placed in a carriage, and it was not until Edward O'Connor mounted his horse to ride away, that the crowd manifested their feelings. Then three tremendous cheers arose; and the shouts of their triumph and joy reached the wounded man as he was driven slowly from the ground.

## CHAPTER XXI.

THE widow Flanagan had long ago determined that, whenever the election should take place, she would take advantage of the great influx of visitors that event would produce, and give a grand party. Her preparations were all made to secure a good muster of her country friends, when once the day of nomination was fixed; and after the election begun, she threw out all her hooks and lines in every direction to catch every straggler worth having whom the election brought into

the town. It required some days to do this; and it was not until the eve of the fifth, that her house was turned upside down and inside out for the reception of the numerous guests whose company she expected.

The toil of the day's election was over: the gentlemen had dined and refreshed themselves with creature comforts; the vicissitudes, and tricks, and chances of the last twelve hours were canvassed,—when the striking of many a clock, or the consultation of the pocket-dial, warned those who were invited to Mrs. Flanagan's party, that it was time to wash off the dust of the battlefield from their faces, and mount fresh linen and cambric. Those who were pleased to call themselves "good fellows" declared for "another battle;" the faint-hearted swore that an autograph invitation from Venus herself to the heathen Olympus, with nectar and ambrosia for tea and bread-and-butter, could not tempt them from the christian enjoyment of a feather-bed after the fag of such a day; but the *preux chevaliers*—those who did deserve to win a fair lady—shook off sloth and their morning trousers, and taking to tights and activity, hurried to the party of the buxom widow.

The widow was in her glory hospitable, she enjoyed receiving her friends,—mirthful, she look forward to a long night of downright sport,—coquettish, she would have good opportunity of letting Tom Durfy see how attractive she was to the men,—while from the women her love of gossip and scandal (was there ever a lady in her position without it?) would have ample gratification in the accumulated news of the county for twenty miles round. She had but one large room at her command, and *that* was given up to the dancing; and being cleared of tables, chairs, and carpet, could not be considered by Mrs. Flanagan as a proper reception-room for her guests, who were, therefore, received in a smaller apartment, where tea and coffee, toast and muffins, ladies and gentlemen, were all smoking hot together, and the candles on the mantel-piece trickling down rivulets of fat in the most sympathetic manner,

under the influence of the gentle sighing of a broken pane of glass, which the head of an inquiring youth in the street had stove in, while flattening his nose against it, in hope of getting a glimpse of the company through the opening in the window curtain.

At last, when the room could hold no more, the company were drafted off to the dancing-room, which had only long deal forms placed against the wall to rest the weary after the exertions of the jig. The aforesaid forms, by-the-by, were borrowed from the chapel: the old wigsby who had the care of them for some time doubted the propriety of the sacred property being put to such a profane use, until the widow's arguments convinced him it was quite right, after she had given him a ten-penny piece. As the dancing-room could not boast of a lustre, the deficiency was supplied by tin sconces hung against the wall; for ornolu branches are not expected to be plenty in county towns. But let the widow be heard for herself, as she bustled through her guests, and caught a critical glance at her arrangements: "What's that you're faulting now? —is it my deal seats without cushions? Ah! you're a lazy Larry, Bob Larkin. Cock you up with a cushion indeed!



*The Widow Flanagan's Party.*

if you sit the less, you'll dance the more. Ah! Matty, I see you're eyeing my tin sconces there; well, sure they have them at the county ball, when candlesticks are scarce, and what would you expect grander from a poor lone woman? besides, we must have plenty of lights, or how could the beaux see the girls?—though I see, Harry Cassidy, by your sly look, that you think they look as well in the dark—ah! you devil!"—and she slapped his shoulder as she ran past.

"Ah! Mister Murphy, I'm delighted to see you; what kept you so late?—the election, to be sure. Well, we're beating them, ain't we? Ah! the old country for ever. I hope Edward O'Connor will be here. Come, begin the dance; there's the piper and the fiddler in the corner as idle as a milestone without-a



number. Tom Durfy, don't ask me to dance, for I'm engaged for the next four sets."

"Oh! but the first to me," said Tom.

"Ah! yis, Tom, I was; but then you know, I couldn't refuse the stranger from Dublin, and the English captain that will be here by-and-by; he's a nice man too, and long life to him, wouldn't fire on the people the other day; I vow to the Virgin, all the women in the room ought to kiss him when he comes in. Ah, doctor! there you are; there's Mrs. Gubbins in the corner dying to have a chat with you; go over to her. Who's that *taazing* the piano there? Ah! James Reddy, it's *you* I see. I hope it's in tune; 'tis only four months since the tuner was here. I hope you've a new song for us, James, the tuner is so scarce, Mrs. Riley, in the country—not like Dublin; but we poor country people, you know, must put up with what we can get; not like you citizens, who has lashings of luxuries as easy as peas." Then, in a confidential whisper, she said, "I hope your daughter has practised the new piece well to-day, for I couldn't be looking after her, you know, to-day, being in such a bustle; with my party I was just like a dog in a fair, in and out everywhere; but I *hope* she's *perfect* in the piece;" then, still more confidentially, she added: "for *he's* here—ah! *I wish it was*, Mrs. Riley;" then, with a nod and a wink, off she rattled through the room with a word for everybody.

The Mrs. Riley, to whom she was so confidential, was a friend from Dublin, an atrociously vulgar woman, with a more vulgar daughter, who were on a visit with Mrs. Flanagan. The widow and the mother thought Murtough Murphy would be a good speculation for the daughter to "cock her cap at" (to use their own phrase), and with this view the visit to the country was projected. But matters did not prosper; Murphy was not much of a marrying man; and even if he might be caught in the toils of Hymen, some frank, joyous, unaffected, dashing girl would have been the only one likely to serve a writ on the jovial attorney's heart. Now, Miss Riley was, to use Murtough Murphy's own phrase, "a batch of brass and a stack of affectation," and the airs she attempted to play off on the country folk, Murphy in particular, only made her an object for his mischievous merriment: as an example, we may as well touch up one little incident *en passant*.

The widow had planned one day a walking party to a picturesque ruin, not very far from the town, and determined that Murphy should give his arm to Miss Riley; for the party was arranged in couples, with a most deadly design on the liberty of the attorney. At the appointed hour all had arrived but Murphy; the widow thought it a happy chance, so she hurried off the party, leaving Miss Riley to wait and follow under his escort. In about a quarter of an hour he came, having met the widow in the street, who sent him back for Miss Riley. Now, Murtough saw the trap which was intended for him, and thought it fair to make what fun he could out of the affair, and, being already sickened by the various disgusting exhibitions of the damsel's affectation, he had the less scruple of "taking her down a peg," as he said himself.

When Murtough reached the house and asked for Miss Riley, he was ushered into the little drawing-room; and there was that very full-blown young lady on a chair before the fire, her left foot resting on the fender, her right crossed over it, and her body thrown back in a reclining attitude, with a sentimental droop of the head over a greasy novel; her figure was *rather* developed by her posture, indeed, more so than Miss Riley quite intended, for her ankles were not exceptionable, and the position of her feet revealed rather more. A bonnet and green veil lay on the hearth-rug, and her shawl hung over the handle of the fire-shovel. When Murphy entered he was received with a faint "How d' do?"

"Pretty well, I thank you; how are you?" said Murphy, in his rollicking tone.

"Oh! Miste' Murphy, you are so odd."

"Odd, am I, how am I odd?"

"Oh! so odd."

"Well you'd better put on your bonnet and come walk, and we can talk of my oddity after."

"Oh, indeed, I *cawn't* walk."

"Can't walk!" exclaimed Murphy. "Why can't you walk? I was sent for you."

"'Deed I cawn't."

"Ah now!" said Murphy, giving her a little tender poke of his forefinger on the shoulder.

"Don't, Mister Murphy, *pray* don't."

"But why won't you walk?"

"I'm too delicate."

Murphy uttered a very long Oh!!!!

"'Deed I am, Miste' Murphy, though you may disbelieve it."

"Well—a nice walk is the best thing in the world for the health.—Come along!"

"Cawn't indeed; a gentle walk on a terrace, or a shadowy avenue, is all very well—the Rotunda Gardens, for instance."

"Not forgetting the military bands that play there," said Murphy "together with the officers of all the barracks in Dublin, clinking their sabres at their heels along the gravel walks, all for the small charge of a fi'penny bit."

Miss Riley gave a reproachful look and shrug at the vulgar mention of a "fi'penny bit," which Murphy purposely said to shock her "Brummagem gentility." "How can you be so odd, Miste' Murphy?" she said. "I don't joke, indeed; a gentle walk—I repeat it—is all very well; but these horrid rough country walks—these *masculine* walks, I may say—are not consistent with a delicate frame like mine."

"A delicate frame!" said Murtough. "Faith, I'll tell you what it is, Miss Riley," said he, standing bolt upright before her, plunging his hands into his pockets, and fixing his eyes on her feet, which still maintained their original position on the fender—"I'll tell you what it is, Miss Riley; by the *virtue* of my oath, if your *other* leg is a match for the one I see, the *devil* a harm a trot from this to Dublin would do you."

Miss Riley gave a faint scream, and popped her legs under her chair, while Murphy ran off in a shout of

laughter and joined the party, to whom he made no secret of his joke.

But all this did not damp Miss Riley's hopes of winning him. She changed her plan; and seeing he did not bow to what she considered the supremacy of her very elegant manners, she set about feigning at once admiration and dread of him. She would sometimes lift her eyes to Murtough with a languishing expression, and declare she never knew any one she was so afraid of; but even this double attack on his vanity could not turn Murphy's flank, and so a very laughable flirtation went on between them, he letting her employ all the enginery of her sex against him, with a mischievous enjoyment in her blindness at not seeing she was throwing away her powder and shot.

But, to return to the party, a rattling country dance was called out at once the energies of the piper, the fiddler, and the ladies and gentlemen; and left those who had more activity in their heads than their heels, to sit on the forms in the back ground, and exercise their tongues in open scandal of their mutual friends and acquaintances under cover of the music, which prevented the most vigorous talker from being heard further than this or her next-door neighbor. Doctor Growling had gone over to Mrs. Gubbins's, as desired, and was buried deep in gossip.

"What an extraordinary affair that was about Miss O'Grady, doctor."

"Very, ma'am."

"In the man's bed she was, I hear."

"So the story goes, ma'm."

"And they tell me, doctor, that when her father—that immaculate madman, God keep us from harm!—said to poor Mrs. O'Grady, in a great rage, 'Where have you brought up your daughters to go to, ma'am?' says he, —and she, poor woman, says, 'To church, my dear,' thinking it was the different religion the Saracen was after,—so says he, 'Church, indeed! there's the church she is gone to, ma'am,' says he, turning down a quilted counterpane!"

"Are you sure it wasn't Marseilles, ma'am?" said the doctor.

"Well, whatever it was—'There's the church she is in,' says he, pulling her out of the bed."

"Out of the bed!" repeated the doctor.

"Out of the bed, sir."

"Then her church was in the diocese of *Down*," said the doctor.

"That's good, docthor; indeed, that's good. She was caught in bed, says I—and it's the diocese of *Down*, says you; faith, that's good. I wish the diocese was your own—for you're funny enough to be a bishop, docthor—you lay howld of everything."

"That's a great qualification for a mitre, ma'am," said the doctor.

"And the poor young man that has got her is not worth a farthing, I hear, docthor."

"Then he must be a curate, ma'am—though I don't think it's a chapel of ease he has got into."

"Oh! what a tongue you have, docthor," said she, laughing; "faith, you'll kill me."

"That's my profession, ma'am. I'm a licentiate of the Royal College; but, unfortunately for me, my humanity is an overmatch for my science. Phrenologically speaking, my benevolence is large, and my destructiveness and acquisitiveness small."

"Ah, there you go off on another tack—and what a funny new thing that is you talk of!—that free-knowledge, or crow-knowledge, or whatever sort of knowledge you call it. And there's one thing I wish to ask you about—there's a bump the ladies have, the gentlemen always laugh at, I remark."

"That's very rude of them, ma'am," said the doctor, drily. "Is it in the anterior region, or the—"

"Docthor, don't talk queer."

"I'm only speaking scientifically, ma'am."

"Well, I think your scientific discourse is only an excuse for saying impudent things; I mean the back of their heads."

"I thought so, ma'am."

"They call it—dear me, I forget—something—motive—motive—it's Latin—but I am no *scholar*, docthor."

"That's manifest, ma'am."

"But a lady is not bound to know Latin, docthor."

"Certainly not, ma'am—nor any other language, except that of the eyes."

Now, this was a wicked hit of the doctor's, for Mrs. Gubbins squinted frightfully; but Mrs. Gubbins did not know that,—so she went on.

"The bump, I mean, docthor—is motive something—motive—motive—I have it!—motive-ness."

"Now, I know what you mean," said the doctor, "amativeness."

"That's it," said Mrs. Gubbins; "they call it number one, sometimes; I suppose amativeness is Latin for number one. Now, what does that bump mean?"

"Ah, madam," said the doctor, puzzled for a moment to give an explanation; but in a few seconds he answered, "That's a beautiful provision of nature. That, ma'am, is the organ which makes your sex take compassion on ours."

"Wonderful!" said Mrs. Gubbins; "but how good nature is in giving us provisions! and I don't think there is a finer provision county in Ireland than this."

"Certainly not, ma'am," said the doctor;—but the moment Mrs. Gubbins began to speak of provisions, he was sure she would get into a very solid discourse about her farms; so he left his seat beside her and went over to Mrs. Riley, to see what fun could be had in that quarter.

Her daughter was cutting all sorts of bare-faced capers about the room, "astonishing the natives," as she was pleased to say; and Growling was looking on in amused wonder, at this specimen of vulgar effrontery, whom he had christened "The Brazen Baggage," the first time he saw her.

"You are looking at my daughter, sir," said the delighted mother.

"Yes, ma'am," said the doctor, profoundly.

"She's very young, sir."

\* This very ingenious answer was really given by an Irish professor to an over-inquisitive lady.



"She'll mend of that, ma'am. We were young once ourselves."

This was not very agreeable to the mother, who dressed rather in a juvenile style.

"I mean, sir, that you must excuse any little awkwardness about her—that all rises out of timidity—she was lost with bashfulness till I roused her out of it—but now I think she is beginning to have a little self-possession."

The doctor was amused, and took a large pinch of snuff; he enjoyed the phrase "*beginning* to have a *little* self-possession" being applied to the most brazen baggage he ever saw.

"She's very accomplished, sir," continued the mother. "Misther Jew-val (Duval) taatches her dancin', and Musha Dunny-ai, (Mons. Du Noyer\*) French. Misther Low-jeer (Logier) hasn't the like of her in his academy on the piana, and as for the harp, you'd think she wouldn't lave a strhing in it."

"She must be a treasure to her teachers, ma'am," said the doctor.

"Faith, you may well say *she* treasure,—it costs handfuls o' money; but sure, while there's room for improvement, every apartment must be attended to, and the vocal apartment is filled by Sir John,—fifteen shillin's a lesson, no less."

"What silvery tones she ought to bring out, ma'am, at that rate!"

"Faith, you may say that, sir. It's coining, so it is, with them tip-top men, and ruins one a'most to have a daughter; every shake I get out of her is to the tune of a ten-poun' note, at least. You shall hear her by-and-by; the minit the dancin' is over, she shall sing you the 'Bewildhered Maid.' Do you know the 'Bewildhered Maid,' sir?"

"I havn't the honor of her acquaintance, ma'am," said the doctor.

The dancing *was* soon over, and the mother's threat put into execution. Miss Riley was led over to the piano by the widow, with the usual protestations that she was hoarse. It took some time to get the piano ready, for an extensive clearance was to be made from it of cups and saucers, and half-empty glasses of negus, before it could be opened; then, after various thrummings, and hummings, and hawkings, the "Bewildhered Maid" made her appearance in the wildest possible manner, and the final shriek was quite worthy of a maniac. Loud applause followed, and the wriggling Miss Riley was led from the piano by James Reddy, who had stood at the back of her chair, swaying backward and forward to the music, with a mandlin expression of sentiment on his face, and a suppressed exclamation of "B-u-tiful" after every extra shout from the young lady.

Growling listened with an expression of as much dissatisfaction as if he had been drinking weak punch.

"I see you don't like that," said the widow to him, under her breath; "ah, you're too hard, doctor—consider, she sung out of good-nature."

\* My own worthy and excellent master,—the best in Ireland.

"I don't know if it was out of good-nature," said he; "but I'm sure it was out of tune."

James Reddy led back Miss Riley to her mama, who was much delighted with the open manifestation of "the poet's" admiration.

"She ought to be proud, sir, of your *conjunction*, I'm sure. A poet like you, sir!—what beautiful rhymes them were you did on the 'lection."

"A trifle, ma'am—a mere trifle—a little occasional thing."

"Oh! but them two beautiful lines—

'We tread the land that bore us,  
Our green flag glitters o'er us!'

"They are only a quotation, ma'am," said Reddy.

"Oh, like every man of true genius, sir, you try and undervalue your own work; but call them lines what you like, to my taste they are the most beautiful lines in the thing you done."

Reddy did not know what to answer, and his confusion was increased by catching old Growling's eye, who was chuckling at the *mal-a-propos* speech of the flourishing Mrs. Riley.

"Don't you sing yourself, sir?" said that lady.

"To be sure he does," cried the widow Flanagan; "and he must give us one of his own."

"Oh!"

"No excuses; now, James!"

"Where's Duggan?" inquired the poetaster, affectedly; "I told him to be here to accompany me."

"I attend your muse, sir," said a miserable structure of skin and bones, advancing with a low bow and obsequious smile;—this was the poor music-master, who set Reddy's rhymes in music as bad, and danced attendance on him everywhere.

The music-master fumbled over a hackneyed prelude, to show his command of the instrument.

Miss Riley whispered to her mama, that it was out of one of her first books of lessons.

Mrs. Flanagan, with a seductive smirk, asked, "what he was going to give them." The poet replied, "a little thing of his own,—*Rosalie*; or, the Broken Heart,"—sentimental, but rather sad."

The musical skeleton rattled his bones against the ivory, in a very one, two, three, four, symphony; the poet ran his fingers through his hair, pulled up his collar, gave his head a jaunty nod, and commenced.

#### ROSALIE;

##### OR, THE BROKEN HEART.

Fare thee—fare thee well—alas,

Fare—farewell to thee!

On pleasure's wings, as dew-drops fade,

Or honey stings the bee,

My heart is as sad as a black stone

Under the blue sea.

Oh, Rosalie! Oh, Rosalie!

As ruder rocks with envy glow,

Thy coral lips to see,

So the weeping waves more briny grow

With my salt tears for thee!

My heart is as sad as a black stone

Under the blue sea.

Oh, Rosalie! Oh, Rosalie!

After this brilliant specimen of the mysteriously-sentimental and imaginative school was sufficiently

applauded, dancing was recommenced, and Reddy seated himself beside Mrs. Riley, the incense of whose praise was sweet in his nostrils. "Oh, you *have* a soul for poetry indeed, sir," said the lady. "I was bewildered with all your beautiful *idays*; that 'honey stings the bee' is a beautiful *iday*—so expressive of the pains and pleasures of love. Ah! I was the most romantic creature myself once, Mister Reddy, though you wouldn't think it now; but the cares of the world and a family takes the shine out of us. I remember when the men used to be making hats in my father's establishment—for my father was the most extensive hatter in Dublin—I don't know if you knew my father was a hatter; but you know, sir, manufactures must be followed, and that's no reason why people shouldn't enjoy poetry and refinement. Well, I was going to tell you how romantic I was, and when the men were making the hats—I don't know whether you ever saw them making hats—"

Reddy declared he never did.

"Well, it's like the witches round the iron-pot in Macbeth; did you ever see Kemble in Macbeth? Oh! he'd make your blood freeze, though the pit is so hot you wouldn't have a dwyrag on you. But to come to the hats. When they're making them, they have hardly any crown to them at all; well, the moment I clapt my eyes on one of them I thought of a Spanish nobleman directly, with his slouched hat and black feathers like a hearse. Yes, I assure you, the broad hat always brought to my mind a Spanish noble or an Italian noble (that would do as well, you know), or a robber or a murderer, which is all the same thing."

Reddy could not conceive a hat manufactory as a favorable nursery for romance, but as the lady praised *his* song, he listened complacently to her hatting.

"And that's another beautiful *iday*, sir," continued the lady, "where you make the rocks jealous of each other—that's so beautiful to bring in a bit of nature into a metaphysic that way."

"You flatter me, ma'am," said Reddy; "but if I might speak of my own work—that is, if a man may *ever* speak of his own work,—"

"And why not, sir?" asked Mrs. Riley, with a business-like air; "who has as good a right to speak of the work as the man who *done* it, and knows what's in it?"

"That's a very sensible remark of yours, ma'am, and I will therefore take leave to say, that the idea *I* am proudest of is, the *dark* and *heavy* grief of the heart being compared to a *black* stone, and its *depth* of misery implied by the *sea*."

"True for you," said Mrs. Riley; "and the *blue* sea—ah! that didn't escape me; that's an elegant touch—the *black* stone and the *blue* sea; and the *black* and *blue*, such a beautiful contrast!"

"I own," said Reddy, "I attempted in that the bold and daring style of expression which Byron has introduced."

"Oh he's a fine *pote* certainly, but he's not moral, sir; and I'm afraid to let my daughter read such combustibles."

"But he's grand," said Reddy; "for instance:

"She walks in beauty like the night."

How fine."

"But how wicked!" said Mrs. Riley. "I don't like that night-walking style of poetry at all; so say no more about it; we'll talk of something else. You admire music, I'm sure."

"I adore it, ma'am."

"Do you like the piano?"

"Oh, ma'am, I could live under a piano."

"My daughter plays the piano beautiful."

"Charming!"

"Oh, but if you heard her play the harp, you'd think she wouldn't lave a sthring on it (this was Mrs. Riley's favorite bit of praise); and a beautiful harp it is; one of Egan's double action, all over gold, and cost eighty guineas; Miss Cheese chuse it for her. Do you know Miss Cheese? she's as plump as a partridge, with a voice like a lark; she sings elegant duets—do you ever sing duets?"

"**Not** often."

"Ah! if you could hear Pether Dowling sing duets with my daughter! he'd made the hair stand straight on your head with the delight. Oh, he's a powerful singer! you never heard the like, he runs up and down as fast as a lamplighter;—and the beautiful turns he gives; oh! I never heard any one sing a second like Pether. I declare he sings a *second* to that degree that you'd think it was the *first*, and never at a loss for a shake; and then off he goes in a run, that you'd think he'd never come back; but he *does* bring it back into the tune again with as nate a fit as a Limerick glove. Oh! I never heard a singer like Pether!!"

There is no knowing how much more Mrs. Riley would have said about "Pether," if the end of the dance had not cut her eloquence short, by permitting the groups of dancers as they promenaded to throw in their desultory discourse right and left, and so break up anything like a consecutive conversation.

But let it not be supposed that all Mrs. Flannigan's guests were of the Gubbins and Riley stamp. There were some of the better class of the country people present; intelligence and courtesy in the one sex and gentleness and natural grace in the other, making a society not to be ridiculed in the mass, though individual instances of folly and ignorance and purse-proud effrontery were amongst it.

But to Growling every phase of society afforded gratification; and while no one had a keener relish for such scenes as the one in which we have just witnessed him, the learned and the courteous could be met with equal weapons by the doctor when he liked.

Quitting the dancing-room, he went into a little drawing room, where a party of a very different stamp were engaged in conversation. Edward O'Connor and the "dear English captain," as Mrs. Flannigan called him, were deep in an interesting discussion about the relative practices in Ireland and England on the occasions of elections and trials, and most other public events; and O'Connor, and two or three listeners,—amongst whom was a Mr. Monk, whose daughters, remarkable nice girls, were of the party,—were delighted with the



feeling tone in which the Englishman spoke of the poorer classes of Irish, and how often the excesses into which they sometimes fell were viewed through an exaggerated or distorted medium, and what was frequently mere exuberance of spirit pronounced and punished as riot.

"I never saw a people over whom those in authority require more good temper," remarked the captain.

"Gentleness goes a long way with them," said Edward.

"And violence never succeeds," added Mr. Munk.

"You are of opinion, then," said the soldier, "they are not to be forced."

"Except to do what they like," chimed in Growling.

"That's a very *Irish* sort of coercion," said the captain smiling.

"And therefore fit for Irishmen," said Growling; "and I never knew an intelligent Englishman yet, who came to Ireland, who did not find it out. Paddy has a touch of the pig in him—he won't be *driven*; but you may *coax* him a long way; or if you appeal to his reason,—for he happens to *have* such a thing about him,—you may persuade him into what is right if you take the trouble."

"By Jove," said the captain, "it is not easy to argue with Paddy; the rascals are so ready with quip, and equivocal, and queer answers, that they generally get the best of it in talk, however fallacious may be their argument; and when you think you have Pat in a corner, and escape is inevitable, he's off without your knowing how he slipped through your fingers."

When the doctor joined the conversation, Edward, knowing his powers, gave up the captain into his hands and sat down by the side of Miss Monk, who had just entered from the dancing-room, and threw herself into a chair in the corner.

She and Edward soon got engaged in a conversation particularly interesting to him. She spoke of having lately met Fanny Dawson, and was praising her in such terms of affectionate admiration, that Edward hung upon every word with delight. I know not if Miss Monk was aware of Edward's devotion in that quarter before, but she could not look upon the bland, though somewhat sad smile, which arched his expressive mouth, and the dilated eye which beamed as her praises were uttered, without being then conscious that Fanny Dawson had made him captive.

She was pleased, and continued the conversation with that inherent pleasure a woman has in touching a man's heart, even though it be not on her own account; and it was done with that tact and delicacy which only women possess, and which is so refined that the rougher nature of man is insensible of its drift and influence, and he is betrayed by a net whose meshes are too fine for his perception. Edward O'Connor never dreamt that Miss Monk saw he was in love with the subject of their discourse. While they were talking, the merry hostess entered, and the last words the captain uttered fell upon her ear, and then followed a reply from Growling, saying that Irishmen were as hard to catch as quicksilver. "Ay, and as hard to keep as any other silver,"

said the widow; "don't believe what these wild Irish fellows tell you of themselves, they are all mad devils alike—you steady Englishmen are the safe men—and the girls know it. And faith, if you try them," added she, laughing, "I don't know any one more likely to have luck with them than yourself; for, 'pon my conscience, captain, we all doat on you since you would not shoot the people, the other day."

There was a titter among the girls at this open avowal.

"Ah, why wouldn't I say it?" exclaimed she laughing. "I'm not a mealy-mouthed miss; sure, I may tell truth; and I wouldn't trust one o' ye," she added, with a very significant nod of the head toward the gentlemen, "except the captain. Yes—I'd trust one more—I'd trust Mister O'Connor; I think he really could be true to a woman."

The words fell sweetly upon his ear: the expression of trust in his faith at that moment, even from the laughing widow, was pleasing; for his heart was full of the woman he adored, and it was only by long waiting and untiring fidelity she could ever become his.

He bowed courteously to the compliment the hostess paid him; and she, immediately taking advantage of his acknowledgment, said that, after having paid him such a pretty compliment, he couldn't refuse her to sing a song. Edward never liked to sing in mixed companies, and was about making some objection, when the widow interrupted him with one of those Irish "Ah, now's" so hard to resist. "Besides, all the noisy pack are in the dancing-room, or indeed I wouldn't ask you; and here there's not one won't be charmed with you. Ah, look at Miss Monk, there—I know she's dying to hear you; and see all the ladies *hanging on your tips*, absolutely.—Can you refuse me after that, now?"

It was true that, in the small room where they sat, there were only those who were worthy of better things than Edward would have ventured on to the many; and filled with the tender and passionate sentiment his conversation with Miss Monk had awakened, one of those effusions of deep, and earnest, and poetic feeling which love had prompted to his muse, rose to his lips, and he began to sing.

All were silent, for the poet singer was a favorite, and all knew with what touching expression he gave his compositions; but now the mellow tones of his voice seemed to vibrate with a feeling in more than common unison with the words, and his dark earnest eyes beamed with a devotion of which she who was the object might be proud.

#### A LEAF THAT REMINDS OF THEE.

##### I.

How sweet is the hour we give,  
When fancy may wander free,  
To the friends who in memory live:—  
For then I remember thee!  
Then, wing'd, like the dove from the ark,  
My heart, o'er a stormy sea,  
Brings back to my lonely bark  
A leaf that reminds of thee!

## II.

But still does the sky look dark,  
The waters still deep and wide;  
Oh! when may my lonely bark  
In peace on the shore abide?  
But through the future far,  
Dark though my course may be,  
Thou art my guiding star!  
My heart still turns to thee!

## III.

When I see thy friends I smile,  
I sigh when I hear thy name;  
But they cannot tell the while  
Whence the smile or the sadness came.  
Vainly the world may deem  
The cause of my sighs they know:  
The breeze that ruffles the stream  
Knows not the depth below.

Before the first verse of the song was over, the entrance to the room was filled with eager listeners, and, at its conclusion, a large proportion of the company from the dancing-room had crowded round the door, attracted by the rich voice of the singer, and fascinated into silence by the charm of his song. Perhaps, after mental qualities, the most valuable gift a man can have is a fine voice; it at once commands attention, and may, therefore, be ranked in a man's possession as highly as beauty in a woman's.

In speaking thus of voice, I do not allude to the power of singing but the mere physical quality of a fine voice, which, in the bare utterance of the simplest words, is pleasing, but, becoming the medium for the interchange of higher thoughts, is irresistible. Super-added to this gift, which Edward possessed, the song he sang had meaning in it which could reach the hearts of all his auditory, though its poetry might be appreciated but by few: its imagery grew upon a stem whose root was in every bosom, and the song that possesses this quality, whatever may be its defects, contains not only the elements of future fame, but of immediate popularity. Startling was the contrast between the silence the song had produced and the simultaneous clapping of hands outside the door when it was over; not the poor plaudits of a fashionable assembly, whose "bravo" is an attenuated note of admiration, struggling into a sickly existence, and expiring in a sigh; applause of so suspicious a character that no one seems desirous of owning it,—a feeble forgery of satisfaction which people think it disgraceful to be caught uttering. The clapping was not the plaudits of high-bred hands, whose sound is like the fluttering of small wings, just enough to stir gossamer,—but not the heart. No;—such was not the applause which followed Edward's song;—he had the outburst of heart-warm and unsophisticated satisfaction, unfettered by chilling convention. Most of his hearers did not know that it was disgraceful to admit being too well pleased, and the poor innocents really opened their mouths and clapped their hands. Oh, fie! tell it not in Grosvenor-square.

And now James Reddy contrived to be asked to sing; the coxcomb, not content with his luck in being listened to before, panted for such another burst of applause as greeted Edward, whose song he had no notion was any better than his own; the puppy fancied his rub-

bish of the "black stone under the blue sea" partook of a grander character of composition, and that while Edward's "breeze" but "ruffled the stream," he had fathomed the ocean. But a "heavy blow and great discouragement was in store for Master James, for as he commenced a love ditty which he called by the fascinating title of "The Rose of Silence," and verily believed would have enraptured every woman in the room, a powerful voice, richly flavored with the brogue, shouted forth outside the door, "*Ma'am, if you please, supper's served!*" The effect was magical; a rush was made to supper by the crowd in the doorway, and every gentleman in the little drawing-room offered his arm to a lady, and led her off without the smallest regard to Reddy's singing.

His look was worth anything, as he saw himself thus unceremoniously deserted, and likely soon to be left in sole possession of the room; the old doctor was enchanted at his vexation; and when James ceased to sing, as the last couple were going, the doctor interposed his request that the song should be finished.

"Don't stop, my dear fellow," said the doctor; "that's the best song I have heard a long time, and you must indulge me by finishing it—that's a gem."

"Why, you see, doctor, they have all gone to supper."

"Yes, and the devil choke them with it," said Growling, "for their want of taste; but never mind that; one judicious listener is worth a crowd of such fools, you'll admit; so sit down again, and sing for me."

The doctor seated himself as he spoke, and there he kept Reddy, whom he knew was very fond of a good supper, singing away for the bare life, with only one person for audience, and that one humbugging him. The scene was rich; the gravity with which the doctor carried on the quiz was admirable, and the gullibility of the coxcomb who was held captive by his affected admiration, exquisitely absurd, and almost past belief; even Growling himself was amazed as he threw in a rapturous "charming" or "bravissimo" at the egregious folly of his dupe, who still continued singing, while the laughter of the supper-room, and the inviting clatter of its knives and forks, were ringing in his ear. When Reddy concluded, the doctor asked, might he venture to request the last verse again; "for," continued he, "there is a singular beauty of thought and felicity of expression in its numbers, leaving the mind unsatisfied with but one hearing; once more, if you please."

Poor Reddy repeated the last verse.

"Very charming, indeed!" said the doctor.

"You really like it?" said Reddy.

"Like?" said the doctor—"sir, *like* is a faint expression of what I think of that song.—Moore had better look to his laurels sir!"

"Oh, doctor!"

"Ah, you know yourself," said Growling.

"Then that last doctor—" said Reddy, inquiringly.

"Is your most successful achievement, sir; there is a mysterious shadowing forth of something in it which is very fine."



"You like it better than the 'Black Stone'?"

"Pooh! sir;—the 'Black Stone,' if I may be allowed an image, is but ordinary paving, while that 'Rose of Silence' of yours might strew the path to Parnassus."

"And is it not strange, doctor," said Reddy, in a reproachful tone, "that *then* people should be insensible to that song, and leave the room while I was singing it?"

"Too good for them, sir—above their comprehensions."

"Besides, so rude!" said Reddy.

"Oh, my dear friend," said the doctor, "when you know more of the world, you'll find out that an appeal from the lower house to the upper," and he changed his hand from the region of his waistcoat to his head as he spoke, "is most influential."

"True, doctor," said Reddy, with a smile; "and suppose *we* go to supper now."

"Wait a moment," said Growling, holding his button. "Did you ever try your hand at an epic?"

"No, I can't say that I did."

"I wish you would."

"You flatter me doctor; but don't you think we had better go to supper?"

"Ha!" said the doctor, "your own house of commons is sending up an appeal—eh?"

"Decidedly, doctor."

"Then you see, my dear friend, you can't wonder at those poor inferior beings hurrying off to indulge their appetites, when a man of genius like you is not insensible to the same call. Never wonder again at people leaving your song for supper, Master James," said the doctor, resting his arm on Reddy, and sauntering from the room. "Never wonder again at the triumph of supper over song, for the Swan of Avon himself would have no chance against roast ducks."

Reddy smacked his lips at the word ducks, and the savoury odor of the supper-room which they approached heightened his anticipation of an onslaught on one of the aforesaid tempting birds; but, ah! when he entered the room, skeletons of ducks there were, but nothing more; the work of demolition had been in able hands, and the doctor's lachrymose exclamation of "the devil a duck!" found a hollow echo under Reddy's waistcoat. Round the room that deluded minstrel went, seeking what he might devour, but his voyage of discovery for any hot fowl was profitless; and Growling in silent delight witnessed his disappointment.

"Come, sir," said the doctor, "there's plenty of punch, left, however—I'll take a glass with you, and drink success to your next song, for the last is all I could wish;" and so indeed it was, for it enabled him to laugh at the poetaster, and cheat him out of his supper.

"Ho, ho!" said Murtough Murphy, who approached the door; "you have found out the punch is good, eh? 'faith it is that same, and I'll take another glass of it with you before I go, for the night is cold."

"Are you going so soon?" asked Growling, as he clinked his glass against the attorney's.

"Whist!" said Murphy; "not a word I'm slipping away after Dick the Devil; we have a trifle of work in hand, quite in his line, and it is time to set about it. Good bye, you'll hear more of it to-morrow—snug's the word!"

Murphy stole away, for the open departure of so merry a blade would not have been permitted, and in the hall he found Dick mounting a large top-coat, and muffling up.

"Good people are scarce, you think, Dick," said Murphy.

"I'd recommend you to follow the example, for the night is bitter cold, I can tell you."

"And as dark as a coal-hole," said Murphy, as he opened the door and looked out.

"No matter, I got a dark lanthorn," said Dick, "which we can use when required; make haste, the gig is round the coroner, and the little black mare will roll us over in no time."

They left the house quietly, as he spoke, and started on a bit of mischief, which demands a separate chapter.

## CHAPTER XXII.

THE night was pitch dark, and on rounding the adjacent corner, no vehicle could be seen; but a peculiar whistle from Dick was answered by the sound of approaching wheels, and the rapid footfalls of a horse, mingled with the light rattle of a smart gig. On the vehicle coming up, Dick took the little mare, that was blacker than the night, by the head, the apron of the gig was thrown down, and out jumped a smart servant boy.

"You have the horse ready too, Billy?"

"Yis sir," said Billy, touching his hat.

"Then follow; and keep up with me, remember."

"Yis, sir."

"Come to her head, here," and he patted the little mare's neck as he spoke with a caressing 'whoa,' which was answered by a low neigh of satisfaction, while the impatient pawing of her fore foot showed the animal's desire to start. "What an impatient little devil she is," said Dick, as he mounted the gig; "I'll get in first, Murphy, as I'm going to drive,—now up with you—hook on the apron—that's it—are you all right?"

"Quite," said Murphy.

"Then you be into your saddle and after us, Billy," said Dick; "and now let her go."

Billy gave the little black mare her head, and away she went, at a slapping pace, the fire from the road answering the rapid strokes of her nimble feet. The servant then mounted a horse, which was tied to a neighboring palisade, and had to gallop for it to come up with his master, who was driving with a swiftness almost fearful, considering the darkness of the night and the narrowness of the roads he had to traverse, for he was making the best of his course by cross ways to an adjacent road-side inn, where some non-resident

electors were expected to arrive that night by a coach from Dublin, for the county town had every nook and cranny occupied, and this inn was the nearest point where they could get any accommodation.

Now don't suppose that they were electors whom Murphy and Dick, in their zeal for their party, were going over to greet with hearty welcomes, and bring up to the poll the next day. By no means. They were the friends of the opposite party, and it was with the design of retarding their movements that this night's excursion was undertaken. These electors were a batch of plain citizens from Dublin, whom the Scat-brain interest had induced to leave the peace and quiet of the city to tempt the wilds of the country at that wildest of times—during a contested election: and a night coach was freighted inside and out with the worthy cits, whose aggregate voices would be of immense importance the next day; for the contest was close, the county nearly polled out, and but two days more for the struggle. Now, to interrupt these plain unsuspecting men was the object of Murphy, whose well-supplied information had discovered to him this plan of the enemy, which he set about countermining. As they rattled over the rough bye-roads, many a laugh did the merry attorney and the untameable Dick the Divil exchange, as the probable success of their scheme was canvassed, and fresh expedients devised to meet the possible impediments which might interrupt them. As they topped a hill, Murphy pointed out to his companion a moving light in the plain beneath.

"That's the coach, Dick—there are the lamps, we're just in time—spin down the hill, my boy—let me get in as they're at supper, and faith they'll want it, after coming off a coach such a night as this, to say nothing of some of them being aldermen in expectancy, I suppose, and of course obliged to play trencher-men as often as they can, as a requisite rehearsal for the parts they must hereafter fill."

In fifteen minutes more, Dick pulled up before a small cabin within a quarter of a mile of the inn, and the mounted servant tapped at the door, which was immediately opened, and a peasant advancing to the gig, returned the civil salutation with which Dick greeted his approach.

"I wanted to be sure you were ready, Barny."

"Oh, do you think I'd fail you, misther Dick, your honor?"

"I thought you might be asleep, Barny."

"Not when you bid me wake, sir—and there's a nice fire ready for you, and as fine a dhrop o' *potteen* as ever tickled your tongue, sir."

"You're the lad, Barny!—good fellow—I'll be back with you by and by—" and off whipped Dick again.

After going about a quarter of a mile further, he pulled up, alighted with Murphy from the gig, unharnessed the little black mare, and then overturned the gig into the ditch.

"That's as natural as life," said Dick.

"What an escape of my neck I've had!" said Murphy.

"Are you much hurt?" said Dick.

"A trifle, lame only," said Murphy, laughing and limping.

"There was a great *bocceagh*\* lost in you, Murphy; wait; let me rub a handful of mud on your face—there—you have a very upset look, 'pon my soul," said Dick, as he flashed the light of his lantern on him for a moment, and laughed at Murphy scooping the mud out of his eye, where Dick had purposely planted it.

"Divil take you," said Murtough; "that's too natural."

"There's nothing like looking your part," said Dick.

"Well, I may as well complete my attire," said Murtough, so he lay down in the road and took a roll in the mud; that will do, said he and now, Dick, go back to Barney and the mountain dew, while I storm the camp of the Philistines; I think in a couple of hours you may be on the look-out for me; I'll signal you from the window, so now good-bye;" and Murphy, leading the mare, proceeded to the inn, while Dick, with a parting "Luck to you my boy," turned back to the cottage of Barney.

The coach had set down six inside and ten out passengers (all voters) about ten minutes before Murphy marched up to the inn door, leading the black mare, and calling "ostler" most lustily. His call being answered for the "beast," "the man" next demanded attention; and the landlord wondered all the wonders he could cram into a short speech, at seeing Mither Murphy, sure, at such a time; and the soney landlady, too, was all lamentations for his iligant coat and his poor eye sure, all ruined with the mud:—and what was it at all? an upset, was it? oh, virra! and wasn't it lucky he wasn't killed, and they without a spare bed to lay him out decent if he was,—sure wouldn't it be horrid for his body to be only on sthraw in the barn, instead of the best teather-bed in the house; and, indeed, he'd be welcome to it, only the gentlemen from town had them all engaged.

"Well, dead or alive, I must stay here to-night, Mrs. Kelly, at all events."

"And what will you do for a bed?"

"A shake down in the parlor or a stretch on a sofa will do; my gig is stuck fast in a ditch—my mare tired—ten miles from home—cold night, and my knee hurt." Murphy limped as he spoke.

"Oh! your poor knee," said Mrs. Kelly; "I'll put a dhrop o' whisky and brown paper on it sure—"

"And what gentlemen are these, Mrs. Kelly, who have so filled your house?"

"Gentleman that came by the coach a while ago, and supping in the parlor now, sure."

"Would you give my compliments, and ask would they allow me, under the present peculiar circumstances, to join them; and in the mean time, send somebody down the road to take the cushions out of my gig; for there is no use in attempting to get the gig out till morning."

"Sartinly, Mither Murphy, we'll send for the cushions, but as for the gentlemen, they are all on the other side."

\* Lame Banger.



"What other side?"

"The Honorable's voters, sure."

"Pooh! is that all?" said Murphy,—"I don't mind that, I've no objection on that account; besides, *they* need not know who *I* am," and he gave the landlord a knowing wink, to which the landlord as knowingly returned another.

The message to the gentlemen was delivered, and Murphy was immediately requested to join their party; this was all he wanted, and he played off his powers of diversion on the innocent citizens so successfully, that before supper was half over they thought themselves in luck to have fallen in with such a chance acquaintance. Murphy fired away jokes, repartees, anecdotes, and country gossip, to their delight; and when the eatables were disposed of, he started them on the punch-drinking tack afterwards so cleverly, that he hoped to see three parts of them tipsy before they retired to rest.

"Do you feel your knee better now, sir?" asked one of the party, of Murphy.

"Considerably, thank you; whisky punch, sir, is about the best cure for bruises or dislocations a man can take."

"I doubt that, sir," said a little matter-of-fact man, who had now interposed his reasonable doubts for the twentieth time during Murphy's various extravagant declarations, and the interruption only made Murphy romance the more.

"You speak of your fiery *Dublin* stuff, sir—but our country whisky is as mild as milk, and far more wholesome; then, sir, our fine air alone would cure half the complaints without a grain of physic."

"I doubt that, sir," said the little man.

"I assure you, sir, a friend of my own from town came down here last spring on crutches, and from merely following a light whisky diet, and sleeping with his window open, he was able to dance at the race ball in a fortnight; as for this knee of mine, it's a trifle, though it was a bad upset too."

"How did it happen, sir? Was it your horse—or your harness—or your gig—or—"

"None o' them, sir—it was a *Banshee*."

"A Banshee," said the little man, "what's that?"

"A peculiar sort of supernatural creatures, that are common here, sir; she was squatted down on one side of the road, and my mare shied at her, and being a spirited little thing, she attempted to jump the ditch, and missed it in the dark."

"Jump a ditch, with a gig after her. sir?" said the little man.

"Oh, common enough to do that here, sir—she'd have done it easy in the daylight, but she could not measure her distance in the dark, and bang she went into the ditch: but it's a trifle, after all. I am generally run over four or five times a year."

"And you live to tell it!" said the little man, incredulously.

"It's hard to kill us here, sir; we are use to accidents."

"Well, the worst accident I ever heard of," said one of the citizens, "happened to a friend of mine, who went

to visit a friend of his on a Sunday, and all the family happened to be at church; so on driving into the yard there was no one to take his horse, therefore he undertook the office of ostler himself; but being unused to the duty, he most incautiously took off the horse's bridle before unyoking him from his gig, and the animal, making a furious plunge forward—my friend being before him at the time—the shaft of the gig was driven through his body, and into the coach-house gate behind him, and stuck so fast that the horse could not drag it out after; and in this dreadful situation they remained until the family returned from church, and saw the awful occurrence. A servant was dispatched for a doctor, and the shaft was disengaged, and drawn out of the man's body—just at the pit of the stomach; he was laid on a bed, and every one thought of course he must die at once; but he didn't—and the doctor came next day, and he wasn't dead—did what he could for him—and, to make a long story short, sir, the man recovered."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the diminutive doubter.

"It's true," said the narrator.

"I make no doubt of it, sir," said Murphy; "I know a more extraordinary case of recovery myself."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the cit; "I have not finished my story yet, for the most extraordinary part of the story remains to be told: my friend, sir, was a very sickly man before the accident happened—a *very* sickly man, and after that accident he became a hale, healthy man—what do you think of that, sir?"

"It does not surprise me in the least, sir," said Murphy—"I can account for it readily."

"Well, sir, I never heard it accounted for, though I knew it to be true; I should like to hear how you account for it."

"Very simply, sir," said Murphy; "don't you perceive the man discovered a *mine* of health by a *shaft* being sunk in the *pit* of his stomach."

Murphy's punning solution of the cause of cure was merrily received by the company, whose critical taste was not of that affected nature which despises a *jeu de mots*, and will not be satisfied under a *jeu d'esprit*; the little doubting man alone refused to be pleased.

"I doubt the value of a pun always, sir. Dr. Johnson said, sir—"

"I know," said Murphy—"that the man who would commit a pun would pick a pocket; that's old, sir—but is dearly remembered by all those who cannot make puns themselves."

"Exactly," said one of the party called Wiggins. "It is the old story of the fox and the grapes. Did you ever hear, sir, the story of the fox and the grapes? The fox one day was—"

"Yes, yes," said Murphy, who, fond of absurdity as he was, could not stand the fox and the grapes by way of something new.

"They're sour," said the fox.

"Yes," said Murphy, "a capital story."

"Oh, them fables is so good," said Wiggins.

"All nonsense!" said the diminutive contradicter.—

"Nonsense, nothing but nonsense; the ridiculous stuff

of birds and beasts speaking! as if any one could believe such stuff."

"I do—firmly—for one," said Murphy.

"You do?" said the little man.

"I do—and do you know why?"

"I cannot indeed conceive," said the little man, with a bitter grin.

"It is, sir, because I myself know a case that occurred in this very country of a similar nature."

"Do you want to make me believe you knew a fox that spoke, sir?" said the mannekin, almost rising into anger.

"Many, sir," said Murphy, "many."

"Well! after that!" said the little man.

"But the case I immediately allude to is not of a fox, but a cat," said Murphy.

"A cat? Oh, yes—to be sure—a cat speak, indeed!" said the little gentleman.

"It is a fact, sir," said Murphy, "and if the company would not object to my relating the story, I will state the particulars."

The proposal was received with acclamation; and Murphy, in great enjoyment of the little man's annoyance, cleared his throat, and made all the preparatory demonstrations of a regular *raconteur*; but, before he began, he recommended the gentlemen to mix fresh tumblers all round, that they might have nothing to do but listen and drink silently. "For of all things in the world," said Murtough, "I hate a song or a story to be interrupted by the rattle of spoons."

They obeyed; and while they are mixing their punch, we will just turn over a fresh page, and devote a new Chapter to the following

### *Marvellous Legend.*

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### MURTOUGH MURPHY'S STORY;

#### BEING

#### *Ye Marvellous Legend of Tom Connor's Cat.*

"THERE was a man in these parts, sir, you must know, called Tom Connor, and he had a cat that was equal to any dozen of rat-traps, and he was proud of the baste, and with rayson; for she was worth her weight in goold to him in saving his sacks of meal from the thievery of the rats and mice; for Tom was an extensive dealer in corn, and influenced the rise and fall of that article in the market, to the extent of a full dozen of sacks at a time, which he either kept or sold, as the spirit of free trade or monopoly came over him. Indeed, at one time, Tom had serious thoughts of applying to the government for a military force to protect his granary, when there was a threatened famine in the county."

"Pooh! pooh! sir," said the matter-of-fact little man, "as if a dozen sacks could be of the smallest consequence in a whole county—pooh! pooh!"

"Well, sir," said Murphy, "I can't help if you don't believe; but it's truth what I am telling you, and pray don't interrupt me, though you may not believe; by the time the story's done you'll have heard more wonderful things than *that*—and besides, remember you're a stranger in these parts, and have no notion of the extraordinary things, physical, metaphysical, and magical, which constitute the idiosyncrasy of rural destiny."

The little man did not know the meaning of Murphy's last sentence—nor Murphy either; but having stopped the little man's throat with the big words, he proceeded.

"This cat, sir, you must know, was a great pet, and was so up to every thing, that Tom swore she was a'most like a Christian, only she couldn't speak, and had so sensible a look in her eyes, that he was sartin sure the cat knew every word that was said to her. Well, she used to sit by him at breakfast every morning, and the eloquent cock of her tail, as she used to rub against his leg, said, 'Give me some milk, Tom Connor,' as plain as print, and the plenitude of her purr afterwards spoke a gratitude beyond language.—Well, one morning, Tom was going to the neighboring town to market, and he had promised the wife to bring home shoes to the childre', out o' the price of the corn; and sure enough, before he sat down to breakfast, there was Tom taking the measure of the children's feet, by cutting notches on a bit of stick; and the wife gave him so many cautions about getting a 'nate fit' for 'Billy's purty feet,' that Tom, in his anxiety to nick the closest possible measure, cut off the child's toe. That disturbed the harmony of the party, and Tom was obliged to breakfast alone, while the mother was endeavoring to cure Billy; in short, trying to make a *heal* of his *toe*. Well, sir, all the time Tom was taking measure for the shoes, the cat was observing him with that luminous peculiarity of eye for which her tribe is remarkable; and when Tom sat down to breakfast the cat rubbed up against him more vigorously than usual, but Tom, being bewildered between his expected gain in corn, and the positive loss of his child's toe, kept never minding her, until the cat, with a sort of caterwauling growl, gave Tom a dab of her claws, that went clean through his leathers, and a little further. 'Wow!' says Tom, with a jump, clapping his hand on the part, and rubbing it, 'by this and that, you drew the blood out o' me,' says Tom, 'you wicked devil—tish!—go along!' says he, making a kick at her. With that the cat gave a reproachful look at him, and her eyes glared just like a pair of mail-coach lamps in a fog. With that, sir, the cat, with a mysterious '*mi-ow*,' fixed a most penetrating glance on Tom, and distinctly uttered his name.

"Tom felt every hair on his head as stiff as a pump-handle—and scarcely crediting his ears, he returned a searching look at the cat, who very quietly proceeded with a sort of nasal twang—

"'Tom Connor,' says she.

"'The Lord be good to me,' says Tom, 'if it isn't spakin', she is.'



"'Tom Connor,' says she, again.

"'Yes, ma'am,' says Tom.

"'Come here,' says she, 'whisper—I want to talk to you, Tom,' says she, 'the last taste in private,' says she—rising on her hams, and beckoning him with her paw out o' the door, with a wink and a toss o' the head aigual to a milliner.

"Well, as you may suppose, Tom didn't know whether he was on his head or his heels, but he followed the cat, and off she went and squatted herself under the hedge of a little paddock at the back of Tom's house; and as he came round the corner, she held up her paw again, and laid it on her mouth, as much as to say, 'Be cautious, Tom.' Well, divil a word Tom could say at all, with the fright, so up he goes to the cat, and says she—

"'Tom,' says she, 'I have a great respect for you, and there's something I must tell you, bekase you're losing character with your neighbors,' says she, 'by your goin's on,' says she; 'and it's out o' the respect that I have for you, that I must tell you,' says she.

"'Thank you, ma'am,' says Tom.

"'You're goin' off to the town,' says she, 'to buy shoes for the childhre,' says she, 'and never thought o' gettin' me a pair.'

"'You!' says Tom.

"'Yis, me, Tom Connor,' says she; 'and the neighbors wondhers that a respectable man like you allows your cat to go about the counthry barefuttet,' says she.

"'Is it a cat to wear shoes?' says Tom.

"'Why not?' says she, 'does'n't horses ware shoes—and I have a prettier foot than a horse, I hope,' says she, with a toss of her head.

"'Faix, she spakes like a woman; so proud of her feet,' says Tom to himself, astonished, as you may suppose, but pretending never to think it remarkable all the time; and so he went discoursin', and says he, 'It's true for you, ma'am,' says he, 'that horses wares shoes—but that stands to rayson, ma'am, you see—seeing the hardship their feet has to go through on the hard roads.'

"'And how do you know what hardship my feet has to go through?' says the cat, mighty sharp.

"'But, ma'am,' says Tom, 'I don't well see how you could fasten a shoe on you,' says he.

"'Lave that to me,' says the cat.

"'Did any one ever stick walnut shells on you, pussey?' says Tom, with a grin.

"'I ax your pard'n, ma'am,' says he, 'but as for the horses you wor spakin' about wearin' shoes, you know their shoes is fastened on with nails, and how would your shoes be fastened on?'

"'Ah, your stupid thief,' says she, 'haven't I iligant nails o' my own?'—and with that she gave him a dab of her claw, that made him roar.

"'Ow! murder!' says he.

"'Now, no more of your palaver, Misther Connor,' says the cat 'just be off and get me the shoes.'

"'Tare an ouns,' says Tom, 'what'll become o' me if I'm to get shoes for my cats?' says he, 'for you increase

'your family four times a year, and you have six or seven every time,' says he, 'and then you must all have two pair apiece—wirra! wirra!—I'll be ruined in shoe leather,' says Tom.

"'No more o' your stuff,' says the cat, 'don't be standin' here undher the hedge talkin', or we'll lose our karacters—for I've remarked your wife is jealous, Tom.'

"'Pon my sowl, that's threw,' says Tom, with a smirk.

"'More fool she,' says the cat, 'for, 'pon my conscience, Tom, you're as ugly as if you wore bespoke.'

"Off ran the cat with these words, leaving Tom in amazement;—he said nothing to the family for fear of fright'ning them, and off he went to the town, as he pretended—for he saw the cat watching him through a hole in the hedge; but when he came to a turn at the end of the road, the dickins a mind he minded the market, good or bad, but he went off to Squire Botherum's, the magisthrit, to sware examinations agen the cat."

"'Pooh! pooh!—nonsense!'"—broke in the little man, who had listened thus far to Murtough with an expression of mingled wonder and contempt, while the rest of the party willingly gave up the reins to nonsense, and enjoyed Murtough's Legend, and their companion's more absurd common sense.

"Don't interrupt him, Goggins," said Mister Wiggins.

"How can you listen to such nonsense?" returned Goggins. "Swear examinations against a cat, indeed! pooh! pooh!"

"My dear sir," said Murtough, "remember this is a fairy story, and that the country all around here is full of enchantment. As I was telling you, Tom went off to swear examinations."

"Ay, ay!" shouted all but Goggins; "go on with the story."

"And when Tom was asked to relate the events of the morning, which brought him before Squire Botherum, his brain was so bewildered between his corn and his cat, and his child's toe, that he made a very confused account of it.

"Begin your story from the beginning," said the magistrate to Tom.

"Well, your honor," says Tom, 'I was goin' to market this mornin', to sell the child's corn—I beg your pard'n—my own toes, I mane, sir.'

"Sell your toes?" said the Squire.

"No, sir, takin' the cat to market, I mane—"

"Take a cat to market?" said the Squire. 'You're drunk, man.

"No, your honor, only confused a little; for when the toes began to spake to me—the cat, I mane—I was bothered clane—"

"The cat speak to you?" said the Squire; 'Phew!—worse than before; you're drunk, Tom!'

"No, your honor; it's on the strength of the cat I came to spake to you—"

"I think it's on the strength of a pint o' whisky, Tom—"

"By the vartue o' my oath, your honor, it's nothin' but the cat.' And so Tom then told him all about the affair, and the Squire was regulary astonished. Just then the bishop of the diocese and the priest of the parish happened to call in, and heard the story, and the bishop and the priest had a tough argument for two hours on the subject; the former swearing she must be a witch—but the priest denying *that*, and maintaining she was *only* enchanted—and that part of the argument was afterwards referred to the primate, and subsequently to the conclave at Rome; but the pope declined interfering about cats, saying he had quite enough to do minding his own bulls.

"In the meantime, what are we to do with the cat?" says Botherum.

"Burn her," says the bishop; 'she's a witch.'

"*Only* enchanted," said the priest—"and the ecclesiastical court main tains that—"

"Bother the ecclesiastical court!" said the magistrate; "I can only proceed on the statutes;" and with that he pulled down all the law-books in his library, and hunted the laws from Queen Elizabeth down, and he found that they made laws against everything in Ireland, *except a cat*. The devil a thing escaped them but a cat, which did *not* come within the meaning of any act of parliament:—*the cats only had escaped*.

"There's the alien act, to be sure," said the magistrate, 'and perhaps she's a French spy in disguise.'

"She spakes like a French spy, sure enough," says Tom; 'and she was missin', I remember, all last Spy-Wednesday.'

"That's suspicious," says the Squire—"but the conviction might be difficult; and I have a fresh idea," says Botherum.

"Faith, it won't keep fresh long, this hot weather," says Tom; 'so your honor had better make use of it at wanst.'

"Right," says Botherum,—"we'll make her subject to the game laws; we'll hunt her," says he.

"Ow!—elegant!" says Tom;—"we'll have a brave run out of her."

"Meet me at the cross-roads," says the squire, 'in the morning, and I'll have the hounds ready.'

"Well, off Tom went home; and he was racking his brain what excuse he should make to the cat for not bringing the shoes; and at last he hit one off just as he saw her cantering up to him, half a mile before he got home.

"Where's the shoes, Tom?" says she.

"I have not got them to-day, ma'am," says he.

"Is that the way you keep your promise, Tom?" says she;—"I'll tell you what it is, Tom—I'll tare the eyes out o' the childre, if you don't get me shoes—"

"Whisht! whisht!" says Tom, frightened out of his life for his children's eyes.—"Don't be in a passion, pussey. The shoemaker said he had not a shoe in his

shop, nor a last that would make one to fit you; and he says, I must bring you into the town for him to take your measure.'

"And when am I to go?" says the cat, looking savage.

"To-morrow," says Tom.

"It's well you said that, Tom," says the cat, 'or the divil an eye I'd lave in your family this night!—and off she hopped.

"Tom thrimbled at the wicked look she gave.

"Remember!" says she, over the hedge, with a bitter caterwaul.

"Never fear," says Tom.

"Well, sure enough, the next mornin' there was the cat at cock-crow, licking herself as nate as a new pin, to go into the town, and out came Tom, with a bag and her his arm, and the cat after him—



Tom Connor's Cat.

"Now git into this, and I'll carry you into the town," says Tom, opening the bag.

"Sure I can walk with you," says the cat.

"Oh, that wouldn't do," says Tom; 'the people in the town is curious and slanderous people, and sure it would rise ugly remarks if I was seen with a cat after me: a dog is a man's companion by nature, but cats does not stand to rayson.'

"Well, the cat seeing there was no use in argument, got into the bag, and off Tom set to the cross-roads with the bag over his shoulder, and he came up, *quite innocent-like*, to the corner, where the squire and his huntsman, and the hounds, and a pack o' people were waitin'. Out came the squire, just as if it was all by accident.



" 'God save you, Tom,' says ne.

" 'What's that bag you have at your back?' says the squire.

" 'Oh, nothin' at all, sir,' says Tom—makin' a face all the time, as much as to say, I have her safe.

" 'Oh, there's something in that bag, I think,' says the squire, 'and you must let me see it.'

" 'If you bethray me, Tom Connor,' says the cat in a low voice, 'by this and that I'll never spake to you again!'

" 'Pon my honor,' says Tom, with a wink and a twitch of his thumb toward the bag—'I haven't any thing in it.'

" 'I have been missing my praties of late,' says the squire, 'and I'd just like to examine that bag,' says he.

" 'Is it doubtin' my charackther, you'd be, sir?' says Tom, pretending to be in a passion.

" 'Tom, your sowl!' says the voice in the sack, '*If you let the cat out of the bag, I'll murder you.*'

" 'An honest man would make no objection to be sarched,' said the squire, 'and I insist on it,' says he, laying hold o' the bag, and Tom purtending to fight all the time; but, my jewel! before two minutes, they shook the cat out o' the bag, sure enough, and off she went with her tail as big as a sweeping brush, and the squire, with a thundering view halloo, after her, clapt the dogs at her heels, and away they went for the bate life. Never was there seen such running as that day—the cat made for a shaking bog, the loneliest place in the whole country—and there the riders were all thrown out, barrin' the huntsman, who had a web-footed horse on purpose for soft places; and the priest, whose horse could go by rayson of the priest's blessing; and sure enough, the huntsman and his rivrence stuck to the hunt like wax; and just as the cat got on the border of the bog, they saw her give a twist as the foremost dog closed with her, for he gave her a nip in the flank. Still she went on, however, and headed them well, towards an old mud cabin in the middle of the bog, and there they saw her jump in at the window, and up came the dogs the next minit, and gathered round the house with the most horrid howling ever was heard.—The huntsman alighted, and went into the house to turn the cat out again—when what should he see but an old hag, lying in bed in a corner—

" 'Did you see a cat come in here?' says he.

" 'Oh, no—o—o—o!' squealed the old hag, in a trembling voice, 'there's no cat here,' says she.

" 'Yelp, yelp, yelp!' went the dogs outside.

" 'Oh, keep the dogs out o' this,' says the old hag—'oh—o—o—o!' and the huntsman saw her eyes glare under the blanket, just like a cat's.

" 'Hillo!' says the huntsman, pulling down the blanket—and what he see but the old hag's flank, all in a gore of blood.

" 'Ow, ow! you old devil—is it you? you old cat!' says he, opening the door.

" 'In rushed the dogs—up jumped the old hag, and changing into an old cat before their eyes, out she darted through the window again, and made another run for it; but she couldn't escape, and the dogs

gobbled her while you could say 'Jack Robinson.' But the most remarkable part of this extraordinary story, gentlemen, is, that the pack was ruined from that day out; for after having eaten the enchanted cat, *the devil a thing they would ever hunt afterwards, but mice.*"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

MURPHY's story was received with acclamation by all but the little man.

"That's all a pack of nonsense," said he.

"Well, you're welcome to it, sir," said Murphy, "and if I had greater nonsense, you should have it; but seriously, sir, I again must beg you to remember, that the country all round here abounds in enchantment; scarcely a night passes without some fairy frolic; but however you may doubt the wonderful fact of the cat speaking, I wonder you are not impressed with the points of moral, in which the story abounds—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said the miniature snarler.

"First, the little touch about the corn monopoly—then maternal vanity chastised by the loss of the child's toe—then Tom's familiarity with the cat, showing the danger arising from a man making too free with his female domestics—the historical point about the penal laws—the fatal results of letting the cat out o' the bag, with the curious final fact in natural history."

"It's all nonsense," said the little man, "and I am ashamed of myself for being such a fool as to sit a-listening to such stuff, instead of going to bed, after the fatigue of my journey, and the necessity of rising early to-morrow, to be in good time at the polling."

"Oh! then you're going to the election, sir?" said Murphy.

"Yes, sir—there's some sense in *that*—and *you*, gentlemen, remember we must be *all* up early—and I recommend you to follow my example."

The little man rang the bell—the bootjack and slippers were called for, and after some delay, a sleepy-looking gossoon entered with a bootjack under his arm, but no slippers.

"Didn't I say slippers?" said the little man.

"You did, sir."

"And where are they, sir?"

"The mather says there isn't any, if you plaze, sir."

"No slippers—and you call this an inn? Oh!—well, 'what can't be cured must be endured'—hold me the bootjack, sir."

The gossoon obeyed—the little man inserted his heel in the cleft, but, on attempting to pull his foot from his boot, he nearly went heels over head backward. Murphy caught him, and put him on his legs again.

"Heads up, soldiers," exclaimed Murtough—"I thought you were drinking too much."

"Sir, I'm not intoxicated," said the mannekin, snappishly—"It is the fault of that vile bootjack—what

sort of thing is that you have brought?" added he, in a rage, to the *gossoon*.

"It's the bootjack, sir; only one o' the horns is gone, you see,"—and he held up to view a rough piece of board, with an angular slit in it, but one of 'the horns,' as he called it, had been broken off at the top, leaving the article useless.

"How dare you bring such a thing as *that*?" said the little man, in a great rage.

"Why, sir, you ax'd for a bootjack, sure, and I brought you the best I had—and it's not my fault it's bruk, so it is, for it wasn't me bruk it, but Biddy batin' the cock."

"Beating the cock!" repeated the little man in surprise—"God bless me!—beat a cock with a bootjack! what savages!"

"Oh it's not the *hen* cock I mane, sir," said the *gossoon*, "but the beer cock—she was batin' the cock into the barrel, sir, wid the bootjack, sir."

"That was decidedly wrong," said Murphy; "a bootjack is better suited to a heel-tap than a full measure."

"She was tapping the beer, you mean," said the little man.

"Faix, she wasn't tappin' it at all, sir, but hittin' it very hard, she was, and that's the way she bruk it—"

"Barbarians!" exclaimed the little man, "using a bootjack instead of a hammer!"

"Sure the hammer was gone to the priest, sir, bekase he wanted it for the crucifixion."

"The crucifixion!" exclaimed the little man, horrified; "is it possible they crucify people?"

"Oh no, sir!" said the *gossoon*, grinning, "it's the *piethur* I mane, sir—an *iligant piethur* that is hung up in the chapel, and he wanted a hammer to dhrive the nails—"

"Oh, a *picture* of the crucifixion," said the little man.

"Yis, sure, sir—the altar piece, that was althered for to fit to the place, for it was too big when it came down from Dublin, so they cut off the sides where the sojers was, bekase it stop't out the windows, and wouldn't lave a bit o' light for his reverence to read mass; and sure the sojers was no loss out o' the alther piece, and mas hung up afther in the vesthrey, and sarve them right, the blackguards. But it was sore agen our will to cut off the ladies at the bottom, that was cryin' and roarin', only, by great good luck, the head o' the blessed Virgin was presarved in the corner, and sure it's beautiful to see the tears runnin' down her face, just over the hole in the wall for the holy wather—which is remarkable."

The *gossoon* was much offended by the laughter that followed his account of the altar-piece, which he had no intention of making irreverential, and suddenly became silent, with a muttered—"More shame for yiz;" and as his bootjack was impracticable, he was sent off with orders for the chambermaid to supply bed candles immediately.

The party soon separated for their various dormitories, the little man leaving sundry charges

to call him early in the morning, and to be sure to have hot water ready for shaving, and without fail, to have their boots polished in time, and left at their room doors;—to all of which injunctions he severally received the answer of—"Certainly, sir;" and as the bed-room doors were slapped to, one by one, the last sound of the retiring party was the snappish voice of the indefatigable little man, shouting, ere he shut his door,—"Early—early—don't forget, Mistress Kelly—*early*!"

A shake-down for Murphy in the parlor was hastily prepared; and, after Mrs. Kelly was assured by Murtough that he was quite comfortable, and perfectly content with his accommodation, for which she made scores of apologies, with lamentations it was not better, &c., &c., the whole household retired to rest, and in about a quarter of an hour the inn was in perfect silence.

Then Murtough cautiously opened his door, and after listening for some minutes, and being satisfied he was the only watcher under the roof, he gently opened one of the parlor windows, and gave the pre-concerted signal which he and Dick had agreed upon. Dick was under the window immediately, and after exchanging a few words with Murtough, the latter withdrew, and taking off his boots, and screening with his hand the light of a candle he carried, he cautiously ascended the stairs, and proceeded stealthily along the corridor of the dormitory, where, from the chambers on each side, a concert of snoring began to be executed, and at all the doors stood the boots and shoes of the inmates, awaiting the aid of Day and Martin in the morning. But, oh!—innocent calf-skins—destined to a far different fate—not Day and Martin, but Dick the Divil and Company were in wait for you. Murphy collected as many as he could carry under his arms, and descended with them to the parlor window, where they were transferred to Dick, who carried them directly to the horse-pond, which lay behind the inn, and there committed them to the deep. After a few journeys up and down stairs, Murtough had left the electors without a morsel of sole or upper leather, and was satisfied that a considerable delay, if not prevention of their appearance at the poll on the morrow, would be the consequence.

"There, Dick," said Murphy, "is the last of them," as he handed the little man's shoes out of the window,—"and now, to save appearances, you must take mine too—for I must be without boots as well as the rest in the morning. What fun I shall have when the uproar begins—don't you envy me, Dick? There, be off now: I say—though; notwithstanding you take away my boots, you need not throw them into the horse-pond."

"Faith, an I will," said Dick, dragging them out of his hands; "twould not be honorable, if I didn't—I'd give two pair of boots for the fun you'll have."

"Nonsense, Dick—Dick, I say—my boots."

"Honor!" cried Dick, as he vanished round the corner.

"That divil will keep his word," muttered Murphy,



as he closed the window—"I may bid good-bye to that pair of boots—bad luck to him." And yet the merry attorney could not help laughing at Dick making him a sufferer by his own trick.

Dick did keep his word; and after, with particular delight, sinking Murphy's boots with the rest, he, as it was preconcerted, returned to the cottage of Barny, and with his assistance, drew the upset gig from the ditch, and with a second set of harness provided for the occasion, yoked the servant's horse to the vehicle, and drove home.

Murphy, meanwhile, was bent on more mischief at the inn; and lest the loss of the boots and shoes might not be productive of sufficient impediment to the movements of the enemy, he determined on venturing a step further. The heavy sleeping of the weary and tipsy travellers enabled him to enter their chambers unobserved, and over the garments they had taken off, he poured the contents of the water-jug and water-bottle he found in each room, and then laying the empty bottle and a tumbler on a chair beside each sleeper's bed, he made it appear as if the drunken men had been dry in the night, and in their endeavors to cool their thirst, had upset the water over their own clothes. The clothes of the little man, in particular, Murphy took especial delight in sousing more profusely than his neighbors', and not content with taking his shoes, burnt his stockings, and left the ashes in the dish of his candle-stick, with just as much unconsumed as would show what they had been. He then retired to the parlor, and with many an internal chuckle at the thought of the morning's hubbub, threw off his clothes, and flinging himself on the shake-down Mrs. Kelly had provided for him, was soon wrapt in the profoundest slumber, from which he never woke until the morning uproar of the inn aroused him. He jumped from his hair, and rushed to the scene of action, to soar in the storm of his own raising, and to make it more apparent that he had been as great a sufferer as the rest, he only threw a quilt over his shoulders, and did not draw on his stockings. In this plight he scaled the stairs and joined the storming party, where the little man was leading the forlorn hope, with his candlestick in one hand, and the remnant of his burnt stocking between the finger and the thumb of the other—

"Look at that, sir!" he cried, as he held it up to the landlord.

The landlord could only stare.

"Bless me!" cried Murphy, "how drunk you must have been, to mistake your stocking for an extinguisher!"

"Drunk, sir!—I wasn't drunk!"

"It looks very like it," said Murphy, who did not wait for an answer, but bustled off to another party, who was wringing out his inexpressibles at the door of his bedroom, and swearing at the gassoon, that he *must* have his boots.

"I never seen them, sir," said the boy.

"I left them at my door," said the man.

"So did I have mine," said Murphy, "and here I am barefooted—it is most extraordinary."

"Has the house been robbed?" said the innocent elector.

"Not a one o' me knows, sir!" said the boy—"but how would it be robbed, and the doors all fast this mornin'?"

The landlady now appeared, and fired at the word "robbed!"

"Robbed, sir!" exclaimed Mrs. Kelly—"no, sir—no one was ever robbed in my house—my house is respectable and responsible, sir—a vartuous house—none o' your rantipole places, sir, I'd have you to know—but decent and well-behaved, and the house was as quiet as a lamb all night."

"Certainly, Mrs. Kelly," said Murphy, "not a more respectable house in Ireland—I'll vouch for that."

"You're a gentleman, Misther Murphy," said Mrs. Kelly, who turned down the passage, uttering indignant ejaculations in a sort of snorting manner, while her words of anger were returned by Murphy with expressions of soothing and condolence, as he followed her down stairs.

The storm still continued above, and while there they shouted, and swore, and complained, Murphy gave his notion of the catastrophe to the landlady below, inferring that the men were drunk, and poured the water over their own clothes. To repeat this idea to themselves, he re-ascended—but the men were incredulous. The little man he found buttoning on a pair of black gaiters, the only serviceable bit of decency he had at his command, which only rendered his denuded state more ludicrous. To him Murphy asserted his belief that the whole affair was enchantment, and ventured to hope the small individual would have more faith in fairy machinations for the future; to which the little abortion only returned his usual "pho! pho!—nonsense!"

Through all this scene of uproar, as Murphy passed to and fro, whenever he encountered the landlord, that individual threw him a knowing look; and the exclamation of "oh Misther Murphy—by dad!" given in a low chuckling tone, insinuated that the landlord not only smoked but enjoyed the joke.

"You must lend me a pair of boots, Kelly!" said Murtough.

"To be sure, sir—ha! ha! ha! but you are the quare man, Misther Murphy."

"Send down the road and get my gig out of the ditch."

"To be sure, sir—the poor divils. Party hands they got into—" and off went the landlord, with a chuckle.

The messengers sent for the gig returned, declaring there was no gig to be seen anywhere.

Murphy affected great surprise at the intelligence—again went among the bamboozled electors, who were all obliged to go to bed for want of clothes; and his bitter lamentations over the loss of his gig almost reconciled them to their minor troubles.

To the fears they expressed that they should not be able to reach the town in time for polling that day, Murphy told them to set their minds at rest, for they would be in time on the next.

He then borrowed a saddle, as well as a pair of boots, from the landlord; and the little black mare bore Murphy triumphantly back to the town, after having securely impounded Scatterbrain's voters, who were anxiously and hourly expected by their friends. Still they came not. At last Handy Andy, who happened to be in town with Scatterbrain, was despatched to hurry them, and his orders were not to come back without them.

Handy, on his arrival at the inn, found the electors in bed, and all the fires in the-house employed in drying their clothes. The little man, wrapped in a blanket, was superintending the cooking of his own before the kitchen grate;—there hung his garments on some cross sticks, suspended from a string, after the fashion of a roasting jack, which the small gentleman turned before a blazing turf fire; and beside this contrivance of his, swung a goodly joint of meat, which a bouncing kitchen wench came over to baste now and then.

Andy was answering some questions of the inquisitive little man, when the kitchen maid, handing the basting-ladle to Andy, begged him to do a good turn, and just to baste the beef for her, for that her heart was broke with all she had to do, cooking dinner for so many.

Andy, always ready to oblige, consented, and plied the ladle actively between the troublesome queries of the little man; but at last, getting confused with some very crabbed questions put to him, Andy became completely bothered, and lifting a brimming ladle of dripping, poured it over the little man's coat instead of the beef.

A roar from the proprietor of the clothes followed, and he implanted a kick at such advantage upon Andy, that he upset him into the dripping pan; and Andy, in his fall, endeavoring to support himself, caught at the suspended articles above him, and the clothes, and the beef, and Andy, all swam in gravy.

## CHAPTER XXV.

WHILE disaster and hubbub were rife below, the electors up stairs were holding a council whether it would not be better to send back the "Honorable's" messenger to town, and request a supply of shoes, which they had no other means of getting. The debate was of an odd sort; they were all in their several beds at the time, and roared at each other through their doors, which were purposely left open, that they might enjoy each other's conversation; number seven replied to number three, and claimed respect to his arguments on the score of seniority; the blue room was completely controverted by the yellow; and the double-bedded room would, of course, have had superior weight in the argument, only that everything it said was lost by the two honorable members speaking together. The French king used to hold a council, called a "bed of justice," in which neither justice nor a bed had anything to do, so that this Irish council better deserved the title than

any council the Bourbon ever assembled. The debate having concluded, and the question being put and carried, the usher of the black counterpane was desired to get out of bed, and, wrapped in the robe of office, whence he derived his title, to go down stairs and call the "Honorable's" messenger to the "bar of the house," and there order him a pint of porter, for refreshment after his ride; and forthwith to send him back again to the town for a supply of shoes.

The house was unanimous in voting the supplies. The usher reached the kitchen, and found Andy in his shirt sleeves, scraping the dripping from his livery with an old knife, whose hackled edge considerably assisted Andy's own ingenuity in the tearing of his coat in many places, while the little man made no effort towards the repair of his garment, but held it up before him, and regarded it with a piteous look.

To the usher of the black counterpane's question, whether Andy was the Honorable's messenger, Andy replied in the affirmative; but to the desire expressed, that he would ride back to the town, Andy returned a decided negative.

"My orders is not to go back without you," said Andy.

"But we have no shoes," said the usher; "and cannot go until we get some."

"My order is not to go back without you."

"But we can't go."

"Well, I can't go back, that's all," said Andy.

The usher, and the landlord, and the landlady, all hammered away at Andy for a long time, in vain trying to convince him he ought to return as he was desired; still Andy stuck to the letter of his orders, and said he often got into trouble for not doing *exactly* what he was bid, and that he was "bid not to go back without them, and he would not—so he wouldn't—devil a fut."

At last, however, Andy was made to understand the propriety of riding back to the town; and was desired to go as fast as his horse could carry him—to gallop every foot of the way: but Andy did no such thing; he had received a good thrashing once for being caught galloping his master's horse on the road, and he had no intention of running the risk a second time because "*the stranger*" told him to do so. "What does he know about it," said Andy to himself; "faith it's fair and aisy I'll go, and not distress the horse, to plaze any one." So he went back his ten miles only at a reasonable pace, and when he appeared without the electors a storm burst on poor Andy.

"There!—I knew how it would be," said he; "and not my fault at all."

"Weren't you told not to return without them?"

"But wait till I tell you how it was, sure;" and then Andy began an account of the condition in which the voters lay at the inn; but between the impatience of those who heard and the confused manner of Andy's recital it was some time before matters were explained:—then Andy was desired to ride back to the inn again, to tell the electors shoes should be forwarded after him in a post-chaise, and requesting their utmost exertions in hastening over to the town, for that the election was



going against them. Andy returned to the inn, and this time, under orders from headquarters, galloped in good earnest, and brought in his horse smoking hot, and indicating lameness. The day was wearing apace, and it was so late when the electors were enabled to start, that the polling booths were closed before they could reach the town, and in many of those booths the requisite number of electors had not been polled that day to keep them open, so that the next day nearly all these out electors, about whom there had been so much trouble and expense, would be of no avail. Thus, Murphy's trick was quite successful, and the poor pickled electors driven back to their inn in dudgeon.

Andy, when he went to the stable to saddle his steed for a return to Neck-or-Nothing Hall, found him dead lame, so that to ride him better than twelve miles home was impossible. Andy was obliged to leave him where he was, and trudge it to the Hall; for all the horses in Kelly's stables were knocked up with their day's work.

As it was shorter by four miles across the country than by the road, Andy pursued the former course, and, as he knew the country well, the shades of evening, which were now closing round, did not deter him in the least. Andy was not very fresh for the journey, to be sure, for he had ridden upwards of thirty miles that day, so the merry whistle, which is

so constantly heard from the lively Irish pedestrian, did not while away the tedium of his walk. It was night when Andy was breasting up a low ridge of hills which lay between him and the end of his journey; and when in silence and darkness he topped the ascent he threw himself on some heather to rest and take breath. His attention was suddenly caught by a small blue flame, which flickered now and then upon the face of the hill, not very far from him; and Andy's fears of fairies and goblins came crowding upon him thick and fast. He wished to rise, but could not; his eye continued to be strained with the fascination of fear in the direction he saw the fire, and sought to pierce the gloom through which, at intervals, the small

point of flame flashed brightly and sunk again, making the darkness seem deeper. Andy lay in perfect stillness, and in the silence which was unbroken, even by his own breathing, he thought he heard voices underground. He trembled from head to foot, for he was certain they were the voices of the fairies, whom he firmly believed to inhabit the hills.

"Oh! murder, what 'll I do," thought Andy to himself; "sure I heerd often, if once you were within the sound of their voices you could never get out o' their power—Oh! if I could only say a *pathar* and *ave*, but I forget my prayers, with the fright—Hail Mary! The king o' the fairies lives in these hills, I know—and his

house is undher me this minit, and I on the roof of it—I'll never get down again—they'll make me slater to the fairies; and sure enough, I remember me, the hill is all covered with flat stones they call fairy slates—Oh! I am ruined—God be praised." Here he blessed himself, and laid his head close to the earth. "Guardian angels—I hear their voices singin' a dhinking song—Oh! if I had a dhrop o' water myself, for my mouth is a dhry as a lime-burner's wig—and I on the top o' their house—see—there's the little blaze again—I wonder is their chimbley a-fire—Oh! murder, I'll die o' thirst—Oh! if I had only one dhrop o' wather—I wish it would rain or hail—Hail,



*Andy's Cooking extraordinary.*

Mary, full o' grace—whisht!—what's that?" Andy couched lower than before, as he saw a figure rise from the earth, and attain a height which Andy computed to be something about twenty feet; his heart shrank to the size of a nut-shell, as he beheld the monster expand to his full dimensions; and at the same moment, a second, equally large, emerged from the ground.

Now, as fairies are notoriously little people, Andy changed his opinion of the parties into whose power he had fallen, and saw clearly they were giants, not fairies, of whom he was about to become the victim. He would have ejaculated a prayer of mercy, had not terror rendered him speechless, as the remembrance of all the giants he had ever heard of from the days of Jack and

the Bean-Stalk down, came into his head; but though his sense of speaking was gone, that of hearing was painfully acute, and he heard one of the giants say—"That pot is not big enough."

"Oh! it howlds as much as we want," replied the other.

"O Lord," thought Andy; "they've got their pot ready for cooking."

"What keeps him?" said the first giant.

"Oh! he's not far off," said the second.

A clammy shivering came over Andy.

"I'm hungry," said the first; and he hiccupped as he spoke.

"It's only a false appetite you have," said the second; "you're drunk."

This was a new light to Andy, for he thought giants were to strong to get drunk.

"I could ate a young child, without parsley and butter," said the drunken giant.

Andy gave a faint spasmodic kick.

"And it's as hot as——down there," said the giant.

Andy trembled at the horrid word he heard.

"No wonder," said the second giant; "for I can see the flame popping out of the top of the chimbley—that's bad—I hope no one will see it, or it might give them warning. Bad luck to that young devil for making the fire so sthrong."

What a dreadful hearing this was for Andy;—young devils to make their fires:—there was no doubt what place they were dwelling in. "Thunder and turf!" said the drunken giant; "I wish I had a slice of—"

Andy did not hear what he wished a slice of, for the night wind swept across the heath at the moment, and carried away the monster's disgusting words on its pure breath.

"Well, I'd rather have——" said the other giant; and again Andy lost what his atrocious desires were—"than all the other slices in the world. What a lovely round shoulder she has—and the nice round ankle of her—"

The word "ankle" showed at once it was a woman of whom he spoke, and Andy shuddered. "The monsters!—to eat a woman."

"What a fool you are to be in love," said the drunken giant, with several hiccups, showing the increase of his inebriation.

"Is that what the brutes can love," thought Andy; "to ate a woman?"

"I wish she was bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh," said the second giant.

Of this speech Andy heard only "bone" and "flesh," and had great difficulty in maintaining the serenity of his diaphragm.

The conversation of the giants was now more frequently interrupted by the wind which was rising, and only broken sentences reached Andy, whose senses became clearer the longer he remained in a state of safety; at last he heard the name of Squire Egan distinctly pass between the giants.

"So they know Squire Egan," thought Andy.

The first giant gave a drunken laugh at the mention of Squire Egan's name, and exclaimed:—

"Don't be afraid of him (*hiccup*), I have him undher my thumb (*hiccup*). I can crush him when I please."

"Oh! my poor owld masther," mentally ejaculated Andy.

Another break in their conversation occurred, and the next name Andy overheard was "O'Grady."

"The big bully!" said the second giant.

"They know the whole country," thought Andy.

"But tell me what was that you said to him at the election?" said the drunken one.

The word "election" recalled Andy to the business of this earth back again; and it struck upon his hitherto bewildered sensorium, that giants could have nothing to do with elections, and he knew he never saw them there; and, as the thought struck him, it seemed as if the giants diminished in size, and did not appear *quite* so big.

"Sure you know," said the second.

"Well, I'd like to hear it again," said the drunken one—(*hiccup*).

"The big bully says to me—'Have you a lease?' says he. 'No,' says I; 'but I have an article!' 'What article?' says he. 'It's a fine brass blunderbuss,' says I, 'and I'd like to see the man would dispute the title!'"

The drunken listener chuckled, and the words broke the spell of supernatural terror which had hung over Andy; he knew, by the words of the speaker, it was the bully joker of the election was present, who brow-beat O'Grady and out-quibbled the agent about the oath of allegiance; and the voice of the other he soon recognized for that of Larry Hogan. So his giants were diminished into mortal men; the pot which had been mentioned to the terror of his soul was for the making of whisky instead of human broth, and the "hell" he thought his giants inhabited was but a private still. Andy felt as if a mountain had been lifted from his heart when he found it was but mortals he had to deal with; for Andy was not deficient in courage when it was but thews and sinews like his own he had to encounter. He still lay concealed, however, for smugglers might not wish their private haunt to be discovered, and it was possible Andy would be voted one too many in the company should he announce himself; and with such odds as two to one against him, he thought he had better be quiet. Besides, his curiosity became excited when he found them speaking of his old master Egan, and his present one O'Grady; and as a woman had been alluded to, and odd words caught up here and there, he became anxious to hear more of their conversation.

"So you're in love," said Larry, with a hiccup, to our friend of the blunderbuss; "ha! ha! ha! you big fool."

"Well, you old thief, don't you like a purty girl yourself?"

"Yis, when I was young and foolish."

"Faith then, you're young and foolish at that rate yet, for you're a rogue with the girls, Larry," said the other, giving him a slap on his back.



"Not I! not I!" said Larry, in a manner expressive of his not being displeased with the charge of gallantry; "he! he! he—how do you know? eh? (*hiccup*).

"Sure I know myself, but, as I was telling you, if I could only lay howd of," here his voice became inaudible to Andy, and the rest of the sentence was lost.

Andy's curiosity was great—"Who could the girl be?"

"And you'd carry her off," said Larry.

"I would," said the other; "I'm only afeard o' Squire Egan."

At this announcement of the intention of "carrying her off," coupled with the fear of "Squire Egan," Andy's anxiety to hear the name of the person became so intense, that he crawled cautiously a little nearer to the speakers.

"I tell you again," said Larry; I can settle *him*, aisy (*hiccup*)—he's undher my thumb (*hiccup*)."

"Be aisy," said the other, contemptuously, who thought this was a mere drunken delusion of Larry's.

"I tell you I'm his masther!" said Larry, with a drunken flourish of his arm; and he continued bragging of his power over the squire in various ejaculations, the exact meaning of which our friend of the blunderbuss could not fathom, but Andy heard enough to show him that the discovery of the Post-office affair was what Larry alluded to.

That Larry, a close, cunning, circumventing rascal, should so far betray the source of his power over Egan, may seem strange; but be it remembered Larry was drunk—a state of weakness which his caution generally guarded him from falling into, but which being in, his foible was bragging of his influence, and so running the risk of losing it.

The men continued to talk together for some time, and the tenor of the conversation was, that Larry assured his companion he might carry off the girl without fear of Egan, but her name Andy could not discover. His own name he heard more than once, and voluptuous raptures poured forth about lovely lips and hips and ankles from the herculean knight of the blunderbuss, amidst the maudlin admiration and hiccups of Larry, who continued to brag of his power, and profess his readiness to stand by his friend in carrying off the girl.

"Then," said the Hercules, with an oath, "I'll soon have you in my arms my lovely——."

The name was lost again.

Their colloquy was now interrupted by the approach of a man and woman, the former being the person for whose appearance Larry made so many inquiries when he first appeared to Andy as the hungry giant; the other one was the sister of the knight of the blunderbuss. Larry having hiccuped his anger against the man for making them wait so long for the bacon, the woman said he should not wait any longer without his supper now, for that she would go down and fry the rashers immediately. She then disappeared through the ground, and the men all followed.

Andy drew his breath freely once more, and with caution raised himself gradually from the ground with

a careful circumspection, lest any of the subterranean community might be watchers on the hill; and when he was satisfied he was free from observation he stole away from the spot, with stealthy steps for about twenty paces, and there, as well as the darkness would permit, after taking such landmarks as would help him to retrace his way to the still, if requisite, he dashed down the hill at the top of his speed. This pace he did not moderate until he had placed nearly a mile between him and the scene of his adventure, he then paced slowly to regain his breath. His head was in a strange whirl;—mischievous was threatened against some one of whose name he was ignorant;—Squire Egan was declared to be in the power of an old rascal; this grieved Andy most of all, for he felt *he* was the cause of his old master's dilemma.

"Oh! to think I should bring him into trouble" said Andy, "he kind and good masther he was to me ever, and I alive to tell it like a blackguard—thrott I'd rather be hanged any day than the masther would come to trouble—maybe if I gave myself up and was hanged like a man at once, that would settle it; faith if I thought it would, I'd do it sooner than Squire Egan should come to trouble!" and poor Andy spoke but what he felt. Or would it do to kill that blackguard Hogan? *sure they could do no more than hang me afther,\** and that would save the masther, and be all one to me, for they often towld me I'd be hanged. But then there's my sowl," said Andy, and he paused at the thought: "if they hanged me for the letthers, it would be only for a mistake, and sure then I'd have a chance o' glory; for sure I might go to glory through a mistake; but if I killed a man on purpose, sure it would be slappin' the gates of heaven in my own face. Faix, I'll spake to Father Blake about it."†

## CHAPTER XXVI.

THE following day was that eventful one which should witness the return of either Edward Egan, Esq., or the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, as member for the county. There was no doubt in any reasonable man's mind, as to the real majority of Egan, but the numbers were sufficiently close to give the sheriff an opportunity of doing a piece of business to oblige his friends, and therefore he declared the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain duly elected. Great was the uproar; the people hissed and hooted and groaned, for

\* How often, has the sanguinary penal code of past years suggested this reflection and provoked the guilt it was meant to awe! Happily now our laws are milder, and more protective from their mildness.

† In the foregoing passage, Andy stumbles on uttering a quaint pleasantry, for it is partly true as well as droll—the notion of a man gaining Paradise through a mistake. Our intentions too seldom lead us there, but rather tend the other way, for a certain place is said to be paved with *good* ones, and surely *bad* ones would not lead us upwards. Then the phrase of a man "slapping the gates of Heaven in his own face," is one of those wild poetic figures of speech in which the Irish peasantry often indulge: the phrase "slapping the door" is every day and common; but when applied to "the gates of heaven" and "in a man's own face," the common phrase becomes fine. But how often the commonest things become poetry by the fitness of their application, though poetsasters and people of small minds think greatness of thought lies in big words.

which the Honorable Sackville very good-naturedly returned his thanks. Murphy snapped his fingers in the sheriff's face, and told him his honorable friend should not long remain member, for that he must be unseated on petition, and that he would prove the return most corrupt, with which words he again snapped his fingers in the sheriff's face.

The sheriff threatened to read the riot act if such conduct were repeated.

Egan took off his hat and thanked him for his *honorable, upright, and impartial* conduct, whereupon all Egan's friends took off their hats also, and made profound bows to the functionary, and then laughed most uproariously. Counter laughs were returned from the opposite party, who begged to remind the Eganites of the old saying, "that they might laugh who win." A cross fire of sarcasms was kept up amidst the two parties as they were crushing forward out of the courthouse; and at the door, before entering his carriage, Scatterbrain very politely addressed Egan, and trusted that though they had met as rivals on the hustings, they nevertheless parted friends, and expressing the highest respect for the squire, offered his hand in amity.

Egan, equally good-hearted as his opponent, shook his hand cordially, declaring he attributed to him none of the blame which attached to other persons. "Besides, my dear sir," said Egan, laughing, "I should be a very ill-natured person to grudge you so small an indulgence as being member of parliament *for a month or so.*"

Scatterbrain returned the laugh good-humoredly, and replied that, "at all events, he *had* the seat."

"Yes, my dear sir," said Egan, "and make the most of it *while* you have it. In short, I shall owe you an obligation when I go over to St. Stephen's, for you will have just *aired my seat* for me—good bye."

They parted with smiles, and drove to their respective homes; but as even doubtful possession is preferable to expectation for the time being, it is certain that Neck-or-Nothing Hall rang with more merriment that night on the reality of the present, than Merryvale did on the hope of the future.

Even O'Grady, as he lay with his wounded arm on the sofa, found more healing in the triumph of the hour than from all the medicaments of the foregoing week, and insisted on going down stairs and joining the party at supper.

"Gusty dear," said his wife, "you know the doctor said—"

"Hang the doctor!"

"Your arm, my love."

"I wish you'd have off pitying my arm and have some compassion on my stomach."

"The doctor said—"

"There are oysters in house—I'll do myself more good by the use of an oyster knife than all the lancets in the College of Surgeons."

"But your wound, dear?"

"Are they Carlingford's or Poldoody?"

"So fresh, love."

"So much better."

"Your wound I mean, dear?"

"Nicely opened."

"Only dressed an hour ago?"

"With some mustard, pepper, and vinegar."

"Indeed Gusty, if you take my advice—"

"I'd rather have oysters any day."

O'Grady sat up on the sofa as he spoke, and requested his wife to say no more about the matter, but put on his cravat. While she was getting it from his wardrobe, his mind wandered from supper to the pension which he looked upon as secure now that Scatterbrain was returned; and oyster banks gave place to the Bank of Ireland, which rose in a pleasing image before O'Grady's imagination. The wife now returned with the cravat, still dreading the result of eating to her husband, and her mind occupied wholly with the thought of supper, while O'Grady was wrapped in visions of a pension."

"You won't take it, Gusty, dear," said his wife, with all the insinuation of manner she could command.

"Won't I faith," said O'Grady. "Maybe you think I don't want it?"

"Indeed I don't, dear."

"Are you mad, woman? Is it taking leave of the few senses you ever had you are?"

"Twon't agree with you."

"Won't it? just wait till I'm tried."

"Well, love—how much do you expect to be allowed?"

"Why I can't expect much just yet—we must begin gently—feel the pulse first; but I should hope by way of a start that six or seven hundred—"

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the wife, dropping the cravat from her hands.

"What the devil is the woman shouting at?" said O'Grady.

"Six or seven hundred!!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Grady; "my dear there's not as much in the house."

"No, nor has not been for many a long day; I know that as well as you, said O'Grady; "but I hope we shall get as much for all that."

"My dear, where could you get them?" asked the wife, timidly, who began to think his head was a little light.

"From the treasury, to be sure."

"The treasury, my dear?" said the wife, still at fault; "how could you get oysters from the treasury?"

"Oysters!" exclaimed O'Grady, whose turn it was now to wonder, "who talks of oysters?"

"My dear, I thought you said you'd eat six or seven hundred of oysters."

"Pooh! pooh! woman; it is of the pension I'm talking—six or seven hundred pounds—pounds—cash—per annum; now I suppose you'll put on my cravat. I think a man may be allowed to eat his supper who expects six hundred a-year."

A great many people besides O'Grady order suppers, and dinners too, on the expectation of less than six hundred a-year. Perhaps there is no more active agent



for sending people into the Insolvent Court than the aforesaid "expectation."

O'Grady went down stairs, and was heartily welcomed by Scatterbrain on his re-appearance from his sick-room; but Mrs. O'Grady suggested, that, for fear any excess would send him back there for a longer time, a very moderate indulgence at the table must suffice. She begged the honorable member to back her argument, which he did; and O'Grady promised temperance, but begged the immediate appearance of the oysters, for he expressed that longing desire which delicate health so often prompts for some particular food.

Andy was laying the table at the time, and was ordered to expedite matters as much as possible.

"Yis, ma'am."

"You're sure the oysters are all good, Andy?"

"Sartin, ma'am."

"Because the last oysters you know—"

"Oh yis, ma'am—were bad, ma'am—bekase they had their mouths all open. I remember, ma'am; but when I'm towld a thing once, I never forget it again; and you told me when they opened their mouths once, they were no good. So you see, ma'am, I'll never bring up bad oysthers again, ma'am."

"Very good, Andy; and you have kept them in a cool place I hope."

"Faix they're cowl'd enough where I put them, ma'am."

"Very wel; bring them up at once."

Off went Andy, and returned with all the haste he be could with a large dish heaped with oysters.

O'Grady rubbed his hands with all the impatience of a true lover of the crustaceous delicacy, and Scatterbrain, eager to help him, flourished his oyster-knife; but before he had time to commence operations, the olfactory nerves of the company gave evidence that the oysters were rather suspicious; every one began sniffing, and a universal "Oh dear!" ran round the table.

"Don't you smell it, Furlong?" said Scatterbrain, who was so lost in looking at Augusta's mustachios that he did not mind anything else.

"Isn't it horrid?" said O'Grady, with a look of disgust.

Furlong thought he alluded to the mustachio, and replied with an assurance that he "liked it of all things."

"Like it?" said O'Grady; "You've a queer taste—What do *you* think of it, Miss," added he to Augusta, "it's just under your nose?"

Furlong thought this rather personal, even from a flourish of the oyster knife, which Furlong thought resembled the preliminary trial of the barber's razor.

Furlong thought this worse than O'Grady; but he hesitated to reply to his chief—and an honorable into the bargain.

In the mean time, Scatterbrain opened an oyster, which Furlong, in his embarrassment and annoyance, did not perceive.

"Cut off the beard," said O'Grady—"I don't like it."

This nearly made Furlong speak, but considering O'Grady's temper and ill health, he hesitated, till he saw Augusta rubbing her eye, in consequence of a small splinter of the oyster-shell having struck it from Scatterbrain's mismanagement of his knife; but Furlong thought she was crying, and then he could be silent no longer; he went over to where she sat, and with a very affectionate demonstration, in action, said—

"Never mind them, dear Gussy—never mind—don't cwy—I love her dear little moustachios—I do." He gave a gentle pat on the back of the neck, as he spoke, and it was returned by an uncommonly smart box on the ear from the young lady, and the whole party looked thunder-struck. "Dear Gussy" cried for spite, and stamped her way out of the room, followed by Furlong.

"Let them go," said O'Grady; "they'll make it up outside."

"These oysters are all bad," said Scatterbrain.

O'Grady began to swear at his disappointment—he had set his heart on oysters. Mrs. O'Grady rang the bell—Andy appeared.

"How dare you bring up such oysters as these?" roared O'Grady.

"The mistris ordered them, sir."

"I told you never to bring up bad oysters," said she.

"Them's not bad, ma'am," said Andy.

"Have you a nose?" cried O'Grady.

"Yis, sir."

"And can't you smell them, then?"

"Faix I smelt them for the last three days, sir."

"And how could you say they were good then?" asked his mistress.

"Sure you told me, ma'am, that if they didn't open their mouths they were good, and I'll be on my book oath them oysters never opened their mouths since I had them, for I laid them on a cool flag in the kitchen, and put the jack weight over them."

Nothwithstanding O'Grady's rage, Scatterbrain could not help roaring with laughter at Andy's novel contrivance for keeping oysters fresh. Andy was desired to take the "ancient and fresh-like smell" out of the room, amidst jeers and abuse; and, as he fumbled his way to the kitchen in the dark, lamenting the hard fate of servants, who can never give satisfaction, though they do everything they are bid, he went head over heels down stairs, which event was reported to the whole house as soon as it happened, by the enormous clatter of the broken dish, the oysters, and Andy, as they all rolled one over the other to the bottom.

O'Grady, having missed the cool supper he intended, and had longed for, was put into a rage by the disappointment; and as hunger with O'Grady was only to be appeased by broiled bones, accordingly, against all the endeavors of everybody, the bells rang violently through the house, and the ogre-like cry of "broiled bones" resounded high and low.

The reader is sufficiently well acquainted with O'Grady by this time to know that, of course, when

once he had determined to have his broiled bone, nothing on the face of the earth could prevent it but the want of anything to broil, or the immediate loss of his teeth; and as his masticators were in order, and something in the house which could carry mustard and pepper, the invalid primed and loaded himself with as much combustible matter as exploded in a fever the next day.

The supper party, however, in the hope of getting him to bed, separated soon; and as Scatterbrain and Furlong were to start early in the morning for Dublin, the necessity of their retiring to rest was pleaded. The honorable member had not been long in his room when he heard a tap at his door, and his order to "come in" was followed by the appearance of Handy Andy.

"I found somethin' on the road nigh the town to-day, sir, and I thought it might be yours, maybe," said Andy, producing a small pocket-book.

The honorable member disavowed the ownership.

"Well, there's something else I want to spake to your honor about."

"What is it, Handy?"

"I want your honor to see the account of the money your honor gave me; I spint at the *shebeen*\* upon the lectors that couldn't be accommodated at Mrs. Fay's."

"Oh! never mind it, Andy—if there's anything over, keep it yourself."

"Thank your honor, but I must make the account all the same, if you plaze, for I'm goin' to Father Blake to my duty† soon, and I must have my conscience as clear as I can, an' I wouldn't like to be keepin' money back."

"But if I give you the money, what matter?"

"I'd rather you'd just look over this little bit of a account, if you plaze," said Andy, producing a dirty piece of paper, with some nearly inscrutable hieroglyphics upon it.

Scatterbrain commenced an examination of this literary phenomenon from sheer curiosity, asking Andy, at the same time, if *he* wrote it.

"Yis, sir," said Andy. "But you see the man wouldn't keep the count of the piper's dhrink at all, it was so confusin', and so I was obliged to pay him for that, every time the piper dhrunk, and keep it separate, and the lectors that got their dinner afther the bill was made out, I put down my myself too, and that's it you see, sir, both ating and dhrinkin'."

To Dhrinkin A blin'd piper every dai wan and tin Pens six dai	0	16	6
To atein four Tin Ililkthurs And Thare horses on 'Chewadai	1	8	8
	8	14	0
Tot til	2	19	4
Lan lord Bil For All Be four	7	27	0½
	10	18	12½

"Then I owe you money, instead of your having a balance in hand, Andy," said the member.

"Oh, no matther, your honor, it's not for that I show-ed you the account."

"It's very like it, though," said Scatterbrain, laughing; "here Andy, here are a couple of pounds, take them, Andy—take it and be off. Your bill is worth the

money," and Scatterbrain closed the door on the great accountant.

Andy next went to Furlong's room, to know if the pocket-book belonged to him; it did not, but Furlong, though he disclaimed the ownership, had that small curiosity which prompts little minds to pry into what does not belong to them; and taking the pocketbook into his hands, he opened it, and fumbled over its leaves; in the doing of which a small piece of folded paper fell from one of the pockets unnoticed by the impertinent inquisitor or Andy, to whom he returned the book when he had gratified his senseless curiosity.

Andy withdrew, Furlong retired to rest, and as it was in the grey of an autumnal morning he dressed himself, the paper still remained unobserved; so that the housemaid, on setting the rooms to rights, found it, and fancying Miss Augusta was the proper person to confide Mister Furlong's stray papers to, she handed that young lady the manuscript which bore the following copy of verses:—

#### I CAN NEVER FORGET THEE.

##### I.

It is the chime, the hour draws near  
When you and I must sever;  
Alas, it must be many a year,  
And it *may* be for ever!  
How long till we shall meet again;  
How short since first I met thee;  
How brief the bliss—how long the pain—  
For I can ne'er forget thee.

##### II.

You said my heart was cold and stern;  
You doubted love when strongest;  
In future days you'll live to learn  
Proud hearts can love the longest,  
Oh! sometimes think, when press'd to hear,  
When flippant tongues heest thee,  
That *all* must love thee, when thou'rt near;  
But *one* will ne'er forget thee!

##### III.

The changeful sand doth only know  
The shallow tide and latest;  
The rocks have mark'd its highest flow,  
The deepest and the greatest;  
And deeper still the flood-marks grow:—  
So, since the hour I've met thee,  
The more the tide of time doth flow,  
The less can I forget thee!

When Augusta saw the lines she was charmed. She discovered her Furlong to be a poet! That the lines were his there was no doubt—they were *found in his room*, and of course they *must* be his, just as partial critics say certain ancient Irish airs must be English, because they are to be found in Queen Elizabeth's music book.

Augusta was so charmed with the lines that she amused herself for a long time in hiding them under the sofa cushion, and making her pet dog find and fetch them. Her pleasure, however, was interrupted by her sister Charlotte remarking, when the lines were shown to her in triumph, that the writing was not Furlong's, but in a lady's hand.

Even as beer is suddenly soured by thunder, so the electric influence of Charlotte's words converted all Augusta had been brewing to acidity; jealousy stung her like a wasp, and she boxed her dog's ears, as he was barking for another run with the verses.

\* Low public-house.

† Confession.



"A lady's hand," said Augusta, snapping the paper from her sister; "I declare if it an't! the wretch—so he receives lines from ladies."

"I think I know the hand, too," said Charlotte.

"You do?" exclaimed Augusta, with flashing eyes.

"Yes—I'm certain it is Fanny Dawson's writing."

"So it is," said Augusta, looking at the paper as if her eyes could have burnt it; "to be sure—he was there before he came here."

"Only for two days," said Charlotte, trying to slake the flame she had raised.

"But I've heard that girl always make conquests at first sight," returned Augusta, half-crying; "and what do I see here? some words in pencil."

The words were so faint as to be scarcely perceptible, but Augusta deciphered them; they were written on the margin, beside a circumflex which embraced the last four lines of the second verse, so that it stood thus:—

Oh, sometimes think, when, pressed to hear,	} <i>Dearest, I will.</i>
When flippant tongues beset thee,	
That <i>all</i> must love thee when thou'rt near,	
But one will ne'er forget thee.	

"Will you indeed!" said Augusta, crushing the paper in her hand, and biting it; "but I must not destroy it—I must keep it to prove his treachery to his face." She threw herself on the sofa as she spoke, and gave vent to an outpour of spiteful tears.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

How many chapters have been written about love verses—and how many more might be written!—might, would, could, should, or ought to be written—I will venture to say, *will* be written! I have a mind to fulfil my own prophecy, and write one myself; but no—my story must go on. However I *will* say, that it is quite curious in how many ways the same little bit of paper may influence different people: the poem whose literary merit may be small, becomes precious when some valued hand has transcribed the lines; and the verses, whose measure and meaning viewed in type might win favor and yield pleasure, shoot poison from their very sweetness, when read in some particular hand, and under particular circumstances. It was so with the copy of verses Augusta had just read—they were Fanny Dawson's manuscript—that was certain—and found in the room of Augusta's lover; therefore Augusta was wretched. But these same lines had given exquisite pleasure to another person, who was now nearly as miserable as Augusta in having lost them: It is possible the reader guesses that person to be Edward O'Connor, for it was he who had lost the pocket-book in which those (to him) precious lines were contained; and if the little case had held all the bank-notes he ever owned in his life, their loss would have been regarded less than that bit of manuscript, which had often yielded him the most exquisite pleasure, and was now inflicting on Augusta the bitterest anguish.

To make this intelligible to the reader, it is necessary to explain under what circumstances the lines were written. At one time, Edward, doubting the likelihood of making his way at home, was about to go to India, and push his fortunes there; and at that period, those lines, breathing of farewell—implying the dread of rivals during absence—and imploring remembrance of his eternal love, were written, and given to Fanny; and she, with that delicacy of contrivance, so peculiarly a woman's, hit upon the expedient of copying his own verses, and sending them to him in her writing, as an indication that the spirit of the lines was her own.

But Edward saw that his father, who was advanced in years, looked upon a separation from his son as an eternal one, and the thought gave so much pain, that Edward gave up the idea of expatriation. Shortly after, however, the misunderstanding with Major Dawson took place, and Fanny and Edward were as much severed as if dwelling in different zones. Under such circumstances, those lines were peculiarly precious, and many a kiss had Edward impressed upon them, though Augusta thought them fitter for the exercise of her teeth than her lips. In fact, Edward did little else than think of Fanny; and it is possible his passion might have degenerated into mere love-sickness, and enfeebled him, had not his desire of proving himself worthy of his mistress spurred him to exertion, in the hope of future distinction. But still the tone of tender lament pervaded all his poems, and the same pocketbook, whence the verses which caused so much commotion fell, contained the following also, showing how entirely Fanny possessed his heart and occupied his thoughts:—

### WHEN THE SUN SINKS TO REST.

#### I.

When the sun sinks to rest,  
And the star of the west  
Sheds its soft silver light o'er the sea,  
What sweet thoughts arise,  
As the dim twilight dies—  
For then I am thinking of thee!  
Oh! then crowding fast  
Come the joys of the past,  
Through the dimness of days long gone by,  
Like the stars peeping out,  
Through the darkness about,  
From the soft silent depth of the sky.

#### II.

And thus, as the night  
Grows more lovely and bright,  
With the clustering of planet and star,  
So this darkness of mine  
Wins a radiance divine  
From the light that still lingers afar.  
Then welcome the night,  
With its soft holy light!  
In its silence my heart is more free  
The rude world to forget,  
Where no pleasure I've met  
Since the hour that I parted from thee.

But we must leave love verses, and ask pardon for the few remarks into which the subject tempted us, and pursue our story.

The first prompting of Augusta's anger, when she had recovered her burst of passion, was to write "*such a letter*" to Furlong—and she spent half a day at the work, but she could not please herself—she tore twenty at least, and determined, at last, not to write it all, but

just wait till he returned, and overwhelm him with reproaches. But though she could not compose a letter, she composed herself by the endeavor, which acted as a sort of safety-valve to let off the superabundant steam; and it is wonderful how general is this result of sitting down to write angry letters: people vent themselves of their spleen on the uncomplaining paper, which silently receives words a listener would not. With a pen for our second, desperate satisfaction is obtained with only an effusion of ink, and, when once the pent-up bitterness has oozed out in all the blackness of that fluid—most appropriately made of the best galls—the time so spent, and the “letting off words,” if I may use the phrase, has cooled our judgment and our passion together—and the first letter is torn:—’tis *too* severe; we write a second—we blot and interline, till it is nearly illegible; we begin a third; till at last we are tired out with our own angry feelings, and throw our scribbling by with a “pshaw! what’s the use of it?” or “It’s not worth my notice;” or, still better, arrive at the conclusion, that we preserve our own dignity best by writing with temper, though we may be called upon to be severe.

Furlong at this time was on his road to Dublin, in happy unconsciousness of Augusta’s rage against him, and planning what pretty little present he should send her especially, for his head was naturally running on such matters, as he had quantities of commissions to execute in the millinery line, for Mrs. O’Grady, who thought it high time to be getting up Augusta’s wedding-dresses, and Andy was to be despatched the following day to Dublin, to take charge of a cargo of band-boxes from the city, to Neck-or-Nothing Hall. Furlong had received a thousand charges from the ladies, “to be sure to lose no time” in doing his devoir in their behalf, and he obeyed so strictly, and was so active in laying milliners and mercers under contribution, that Andy was enabled to start the day after his arrival, sorely against Andy’s will, for he would gladly have remained amidst the beauty and grandeur and wonders of Dublin, which struck him dumb for the day he was amongst them, but gave him food for conversation for many a day after. Furlong, after racking his invention about the souvenir to his “dear Gussy,” at length fixed on a fan, as the most suitable gift; for Gussy had been quizzed at home about “blushing” and all that sort of thing, and the puerile perceptions of the *attache* saw something very smart in sending her wherewith “to hide her blushes.” Then the fan was the very pink of fans; it had quivers and arrows upon it, and bunches of hearts looped up in azure festoons, and doves perched upon them; though Augusta’s little sister, who was too young to know what hearts and doves were, when she saw them for the first time, said they were pretty little birds picking at apples. The fan was packed up in a nice case, and then on scented note paper did the dear dandy indite a bit of namby-pamby badinage to his fair one, which he thought excessively clever:—

“Dear Ducky Darling,

“You know how naughty they are in quizzing

you about a little something, *I won’t say what*; you will guess, I dare say—but I send you a little toy, *I won’t say what*, on which Cupid might write this label after the doctor’s fashion, ‘To be used occasionally, when the patient is much troubled with the symptoms.’

“Ever, ever, ever

“Yours,  
“J. F.”

“P. S. Take care how you open it.”

Such was the note that Handy Andy was given, with particular injunctions to deliver it the first thing on his arrival at the Hall to Miss Augusta, and to be sure to take most particular care of the little case; all which Andy faithfully promised. But Andy’s usual destiny prevailed, and a slight turn of chance quite upset all Furlong’s sweet little plan of his pretty present, and his ingenious note, for as Andy was just taking his departure, Furlong said he might as well leave something for him at Reade’s the cutler, as he passed through College Green, and he handed him a case of razors which wanted setting, which popped into his pocket, and as the fan case and that of the razors were much of a size, and both folded up, Andy left the fan at the cutler’s, and took the case of razors by way of present to Augusta. Fancy the rage of a young lady with a very fine pair of *moustaches*, getting such a souvenir from her lover, with a note too, every word of which applied to a beard and a razor, as patly as to a blush and a fan—and this too when her jealousy was aroused and his fidelity more than doubtful in her estimation.

Great was the row in Neck-or-Nothing Hall; and when, after three days Furlong came down, the nature of his reception may be better imagined than described. It was a difficult matter, through the storm which raged around him, to explain all the circumstances satisfactorily, but by dint of hard work, the verses were at length disclaimed, the razors disavowed, and Andy at last sent for to “clear matters up.”

Andy was a hopeful subject for such a purpose, and, by his blundering answers, nearly set them all by the ears again; the upshot of the affair was, that Andy, used as he was to good scoldings, never had such a torrent of abuse poured on him in his life, and the affair ended in Andy being dismissed from Neck-or-Nothing Hall on the instant; so he relinquished his greasy livery for his own rags again, and trudged homewards to his mother’s cabin.

“She’ll be as mad as a hatter with me,” said Andy; “bad luck to them for razors, they cut me out o’ my place; but I often heard cowl steel is unlucky, and sure I know it now.—Oh! but I’m always unfortunate in having cruked messages.—Well, it can’t be helped—and one good thing, at all events, is, I’ll have time enough now to go and spake to Father Blake;”—and with this sorry piece of satisfaction, poor Andy contented himself.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE Father Blake of whom Andy spoke, was more familiarly known by the name of Father Phil, by which



title Andy himself would have named him, had he been telling how Father Phil cleared a fair, or equally "leathered" both the belligerent parties in a faction-fight, or turned out the contents (or malcontents) of a public-house at an improper hour; but when he spoke of his Reverence respecting ghostly matters, the importance of the subject begot higher consideration for the man, and the familiar "Father Phil" was dropped for the more respectful title of Father Blake. By either title, or in whatever capacity, the worthy Father had great influence over his parish, and there was a free and easy way with him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy. Stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen; and I believe one of the surest ways of converting all Ireland from the Romish faith would be found, if we could only manage to have her mass celebrated with the dry coldness of the Reformation. This may seem ridiculous at first sight, and I grant it is a grotesque way of viewing the subject, but yet there may be truth in it, and to consider it for a moment seriously, look to the fact, that the north of Ireland is the stronghold of Protestantism, and that the north is the *least* Irish portion of the island:—there is a strong admixture of Scotch there, and all who know the country will admit that there is nearly as much difference between men from the north and south of Ireland, as from different countries. The Northerners retain much of the cold formality and unbending hardness of the stranger-settlers from whom they are descended, while the Southern exhibits that warm-hearted, lively, and poetical temperament for which the country is celebrated. The prevailing national characteristics of Ireland are not to be found in the north, where Protestantism flourishes; they are to be found in the south and west, where it has never taken root. And though it has never seemed to strike theologians, that in their very natures some people are more adapted to receive one faith than another, yet I believe it to be true, and perhaps not quite unworthy of consideration. There are forms, it is true, and many in the Romish church, but they are not *cold* forms, but *attractive* rather, to a sensitive people; besides, I believe those very forms, when observed the least formally, are the most influential on the Irish; and perhaps the splendors of a high mass in the gorgeous temple of the holy city, would appeal less to the affections of an Irish peasant, than the service he witnesses in some half-thatched ruin by a lone hill side, familiarly hurried through by a priest who has sharpened his appetite by a mountain ride of some fifteen miles, and is saying mass for the third time, most likely, before breakfast, which consummation of his morning's exercise he is anxious to arrive at.

It was just in such a chapel, and under such circumstances, that Father Blake was celebrating the mass at which Andy was present, and after which he hoped to obtain a word of advice from the worthy father, who was much more sad after on such occasions, than his more sedate superior who presided over the spiri-

tual welfare of the parish—and whose solemn celebration of the mass was by no means so agreeable as the lighter service of Father Phil. The Rev. Dominick Dowling was austere and long-winded; his mass had an oppressive effect on his congregation, and from the kneeling multitude might be seen eyes fearfully looking up from under bent bows; and low breathings and subdued groans often rose above the silence of his congregation, who felt like sinners, and whose imaginations were filled with the thoughts of Heaven's anger; while the good humored face of the light-hearted Father Phil produced a corresponding brightness on the looks of his hearers, who turned up their whole faces in trustfulness to the mercy of that heaven, whose propitiatory offering their pastor was making for them in cheerful tones, which associated well with thoughts of pardon and salvation.

Father Dominick poured forth his spiritual influence like a strong dark stream, that swept down the hearer resistlessly, who struggled to keep his head above the torrent, and dreaded to be overwhelmed at the next word. Father Phil's religion bubbled out like a mountain rill,—bright, musical, and refreshing;—Father Dominick's people had decidedly need of cork jackets:—Father Phil's might drink and be refreshed.

But with all this intrinsic worth, he was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners; for with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery, and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the mass, which might well startle a stranger; but this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for Father Dominick.

On the Sunday in question, when Andy attended the chapel, Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reproved very smartly by his Reverence in the very midst of the mass, and these interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to heaven to address her thus:

"*Agnus Dei*—you'd better jump over the rails of the altar, I think.—Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there."

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Orate, fratres!*—will you mind what I say to you, and go along out of that, there's room below there.—Thru for you, Mrs. Finn—it's a shame for him to be thramplin' on you.—Go along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain—it's a pity you havn't a decent woman's cloak undher you, indeed!—*Orate, fratres!*"

Then would the service proceed again, and while he prayed in silence at the altar, the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and casting a backward glance, he would say—

"I hear you there—can't you be quiet and not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens."

Again he proceeded in silence, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked around quickly—

"You'd better kill the child, I think, thramplin' on him, Lavery.—Go out o' that—your conduct is scandalous—*Dominus vobiscum!*"

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil, "here it is, and no denying it—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all;—but I hope they will be ashamed of themselves, when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the uphowlding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition—and doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if he wished to remind you of your duty—aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday?—Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitter cowlids, that you are coughing and sneezin' to that degree, that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you, and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs too, for don't I see this minit a strame o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky Macbavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it*. "Laughing is it you are—at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God—laughing, because when you come here to be saved, you are lost intirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my

words of comfort to enter your hearts, when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are undher rain that might turn a mill—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety!—Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words."—(Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see—very well, very well—take care then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens—you malefacthous and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets, because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head!—I say, your mild, quiet poor fool of a pasthor (for I know my own faults, partly, God forgive me!), and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabones, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather.—I wish it was sugar or salt you were made of, and then the rain might melt you if I couldn't—but no—they naked raffthers grins in your face to no purpose—you chate the house of God—but take care, maybe you won't chate the divil so aisy;"—(here there was a sensation)—"Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it?—More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something betther, —but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. Oh dear! dear! dear!—I'mashed of you—trofh, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable!—for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the catholics."

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own; making *viva voce* marginal notes as it were upon the subscribers, which were not infrequently answered by the persons so noticed, from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass, when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter: an approaching pattern, or fair, or the like, in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against faction fights, &c., are his themes. Then they only listen in reverence. But when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to "put in a word" in case of necessity. This preliminary hint is given to the reader, that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's.



## SUBSCRIPTION LIST

*For the repairs of and enlargement of Ballysloughutthery Chapel.*

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

£ s. d.  
Mickey Hicky . . 0 7 6 "He might as well have made it ten shillings; but a half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Plase your reverence," says Mick from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings." (*a laugh.*)

"Oh! how witty you are. Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be better for you, Micky."

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley . . . 0 3 4 "Of course he manes to subscribe again."

John Dwyer . . . 0 15 0 "That's something like! I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the althar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as white as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follows:—

Peter Hefferman . . 0 1 8

James Murphy . . . 0 2 6

Mat Donovan . . . 0 1 3

Luke Dannelly . . . 0 3 0

Jack Quigly . . . 0 2 1

Pat Finnegan . . . 0 2 2

Edward O'Connor,

Esq. . . . . 2 0 0

"There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq.—*a protestant in the parish*—Two pounds."

"Long life to him," cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen," said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan . . 0 2 6

Young Nicholas

Fagan . . . . . 0 5 0

"Young Nick is better than owld Nick, you see."

The congregation honored the Father's demand on their risibility.

Tim Doyle . . . 0 7 6

Owny Doyle . . . 1 0 0

"Well done, Owny na Coppal—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary . . . 0 2 6

£ s. d.  
"You ought be ashamed o' yourself, Simon: a lone widow woman gives more than you."

Simon answered: "I have a large family, sir, and she has no childhre."

"That's not her fault," said the priest,—*"and may be she'll mend o' that yet."* This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and, by all accounts, was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

Jude Moylan . . . 0 5 0

"Very good, Jude, the women are behaving like gentlemen, they'll have their reward in the next world."

Pat Finuerty . . . 0 8 4

"I'm not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted—I believe it is 8s. 4d."

"It was three and four I gave your reverence," said Pat from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and four pence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would—that's the rule of blackmannon, you know, Pat. When I hit the blot, you pay for it."

Here his reverence turned round, as if looking for some one, and called out, "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! Where are you, Rafferty?"

An old grey-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued:

"There now, be active—I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement

£ s d. to you, and the next name  
I see is that of Squire Egan.  
Long life to him."

SQUIRE EGAN. . 5 0 0 "Squire Egan—five  
pounds—listen to that—five  
pounds—a *Protestant in the  
parish*—five pounds! Faith,  
the Protestants will make  
you ashamed of yourselves  
if you don't take care."

Mrs. Flanagan. . 2 0 0 "Not her own parish,  
either—a kind lady."

James Milligan of  
Roundtown . . 1 0 0 "And here I must remark  
that the people of Round-  
town has not been backward  
in coming forward on this  
occasion. I have a long list  
from Roundtown—I will  
read it separate."—He then  
proceeded at a great pace,  
jumbling the town and the  
pounds and the people in a  
most extraordinary manner;  
"James Milligan of Round-  
town, one pound; Darby  
Daly of Roundtown, one  
pound; Sam Finnigan of  
Roundtown, one pound;  
James Casey of Round-  
pound one town; Kit  
Dwyer of Town pound, one  
round—pound I mane; Pat  
Roundpound — Pounden, I  
mane—Pa Pounden a pound  
of Poundtown also—There's  
an example for you!—but  
what are you about, Raf-  
ferty? I don't like the  
sound of that plate of  
yours—you are not a good  
gleaner—go up first into  
the gallery there, where I  
see so many good-looking  
bonnets—I suppose they  
will give something to keep  
their bonnets out of the  
rain, for the wet will be  
into the gallery next Sun-  
day if they don't. I think  
that is Kitty Crow I see,  
getting her bit of silver  
ready; them ribbons of  
yours cost a thrille, Kitty—  
Well, good Christians, here  
is more of the subscription  
for you.

Matthew Lavery. 0 2 6 "He doesn't belong to  
Roundtown — Roundtown  
will be renowned in future  
ages for the support of the  
church.—Mark my words—

Roundtown will prosper  
from this day out—Round-  
town will be a rising  
place."

Mark Hennessy . 0 2 6 "One would think they  
Luke Clancy . . 0 2 6 all agreed only to give two  
John Doolin . . 0 2 6 and sixpence a piece. And  
they comfortable men, too.  
And look at their names—  
Matthew, Mark, Luke, and  
John—the names of the  
blessed evangelists, and  
only ten shillings among  
them! Oh, they are apos-  
tles not worthy of the  
name—we'll call them the  
poor apostles from this,  
out," (here a low laugh  
ran through the chapel,)—  
"Do you hear that, Mat-  
thew, Mark, Luke, and  
John! Faith! I can tell  
you that name will stick  
to you."—(here the laugh  
was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh  
subsided, exclaimed, "I'll  
make it ten shillins, your  
reverence."

"Who's that?" said Fa-  
ther Phil.

"Hennessy, your reve-  
rence."

"Very well, Mark. I sup-  
pose Matthew, Luke, and  
John, will follow your ex-  
ample?"

"We will, your reve-  
rence."

"Ha! I thought you  
made a mistake; we'll call  
you now the faithful apos-  
tles—and I think the change  
in the name is better than  
seven and sixpence apiece  
to you."

"I see you in the gallery  
there, Rafferty.—What do  
you pass that well-dressed  
woman for?—thry back—  
ha!—see that—she had her  
money ready if you only  
asked for it—don't go by  
that other woman there—  
oh ho!—So you won't give  
anything, ma'am.—You  
ought to be ashamed of  
yourself.—There is a woman  
with an elegant sthrav bon-  
net, and she won't give a



farthing.—Well now,—after that,—remember,—I give it from the alther, that from this day out straw bonnets pay n' penny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq. 1 0 0 "It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman."

Miss Fanny Dawson 1 0 0 "A protestant, out of the parish, and a sweet young lady, God bless her!—Oh, faith, the protestants is shaming you!!!"

Dennis Fannin . 0 7 6 "Very good, indeed, for a working mason."

Jemmy Riley . . 0 x 5 0 "Not bad, for a hedge carpenter."

"I gave you ten, plaze your reverence," shouted Jemmy; "and by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillins."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil—"I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther: and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!"—and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht—whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common

to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger took place. The multitude was hushed—the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—they were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call to prayer, "*Orate, fratres.*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed, he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are not of unfrequent occurrence in Ireland; that country so long suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

Suppose the foregoing scene to have been only described antecedent to the woman in the outbreak of her gratitude revealing the priest's charity, from which he recoiled—suppose the mirthfulness of the incidents arising from reading the subscription-list—a mirthfulness bordering on the ludicrous, to have been recorded, and nothing more—a stranger would be inclined to believe, and pardonable in the belief, that the Irish and their priesthood were rather prone to be irreverent; but observe, under this exterior, the deep sources of feeling that lie hidden, and wait but the wand of divination to be revealed. In a thousand similar ways are the actions and the motives of the Irish misunderstood by those who are careless of them; or worse, misrepresented by those whose interests, and too often *business*, is to malign them.

Father Phil could proceed no further with the reading of the subscription-list, but finished the office of the mass with unusual solemnity. But if the incident just recorded abridged his address, and the publication of donors' names by way of stimulus to the less active, it produced a great effect on those who had but smaller donations to drop into the plate; and the grey-headed collector, who could have numbered the scanty coin before the bereaved widow had revealed the pastor's charity, had to struggle his way afterwards through the eagerly-outstretched hands, that showered their hard-earned pence upon the plate, which was borne back to the altar heaped with contributions—heaped as it had not been seen for many a day. The studied excitement of their pride and their shame—and both are active agents in the Irish nature—was less successful than the accidental appeal to their affections.

Oh! rulers of Ireland, why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive*?

When the mass was over, Andy waited at the door of the chapel to catch "his reverence" coming out, and obtain his advice about what he overheard from Larry Hogan; and Father Phil was accordingly ac-

costed by Andy just as he was going to get into his saddle to ride over to breakfast with one of the neighboring farmers, who was holding the priest's stirrup at the moment. The extreme urgency of Andy's manner, as he pressed up to the pastor's side, made the latter pause and inquire what he wanted.

"I want to get some advice from your reverence," said Andy.

"Faith, then, the advice I give you is, never to stop a hungry man when he is going to refresh himself," said Father Phil, who had quite recovered his usual cheerfulness, and threw his leg over his little grey hack as he spoke. "How could you be so unreasonable as to expect me to stop here listening to your case, and giving you advice indeed, when I have said three masses\* this morning, and rode fifteen miles;—how could you be so unreasonable, I say?"

"I ax your Rivrence's pardon," said Andy; "I wouldn't have taken the liberty, only the thing is mighty particular, intirely."

"Well, I tell you again, never ask a hungry man advice; for he likely to cut his advice on the pathern of his stomach; and it's empty advice you'll get. Did you never hear that a 'hungry stomach has no ears'?"

The farmer who was to have the honor of the priest's company to breakfast exhibited rather more impatience than the good-humored Father Phil, and reproved Andy for his conduct.

"But it's so particular," said Andy.

"I wonher you would dar to stop his Rivrence, and he black fastin'. Go along wid you!"

"Come over to my house in the course of the week, and speak to me," said Father Phil, riding away.

Andy still persevered, and taking advantage of the absence of the farmer, who was mounting his own nag at the moment, said the matter of which he wished to speak involved the interests of Squire Egan, or he would not "make so bowld."—This altered the matter; and Father Phil desired Andy to follow him to the farm-house of John Dwyer, where he would speak to him after he had breakfast.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

JOHN DWYER'S house was a scene of activity that day, for not only was the priest to breakfast there,—which is always an affair of honor,—but a grand dinner also was preparing on a large scale; for a wedding feast was to be held in the house, in honor of Matty Dwyer's nuptials, which were to be celebrated that day with a neighboring young farmer, rather well to do in the world. The match had been on and off for some time, for John Dwyer was what is commonly called a "close-fisted fellow," and his would-be son-in-law could not bring him to what he considered proper terms, and though Matty liked young Casey, and he was fond of her, they both agreed not to let old Jack Dwyer have

the best of the bargain in portioning off his daughter, who, having a spice of her father in her, was just as fond of *number one* as old Jack himself. And here it is worthy of remark, that, though the Irish are so prone in general to early and improvident marriages, no people are closer in their nuptial barter, when they are in condition to make marriage a profitable contract. Repeated meetings between the elders of families take place, and acute arguments ensue, properly to equalize the worldly goods to be given on both sides. Pots and pans are balanced against pails and churns, cows against horses, a slip of bog against a gravel pit, or a patch of meadow against a bit of quarry; a little lime-kiln sometimes burns stronger than a flame of Cupid—the doves of Venus herself are but crows in comparison with a good flock of geese—and a love-sick sigh less touching than the healthy grunt of a good pig; indeed, the last-named gentleman is a most useful agent in this traffic, for when matters are nearly poised, the balance is often adjusted by a grunter or two thrown into either scale. While matters are thus in a state of debate, quarrels sometimes occur between the lovers; the gentleman's caution sometimes takes alarm, and more frequently the lady's pride is aroused at the too obvious preference given to worldly gain over heavenly beauty; Cupid shies at Mammon, and Hymen is upset and left in the mire.

I remember hearing of an instance of this nature, when the lady gave her *ci-devant* lover an ingenious reproof, after they had been separated some time, when a marriage bargain was broken off, because the lover could not obtain from the girl's father a certain brown filly as part of her dowry. The damsel, after the lapse of some weeks, met her swain at a neighboring fair, and the flame of love still smouldering in his heart, was reillumed by the sight of his charmer, who, on the contrary, had become quite disgusted with him for his too obvious preference of profit to true affection.—He addressed her softly in a tent, and asked her to dance, but was much astonished at her returning him a look of vacant wonder, which tacitly implied, "*Who are you?*" as plain as looks could speak.

"Arrah, Mary?" exclaimed the youth.

"Sir!!"—answered Mary, with what heroines call "ineffable disdain."

"Why one would think you didn't know me!"

"If I ever had the honor of your acquaintance, sir," answered Mary, "I forgot you entirely."

"Forget me Mary?—arrah be, aisy—is it forget the man that was court'n' and in love with you?"

"You're under a mistake, young man," said Mary, with a curl of her rosy lip, which displayed the pearly teeth to whose beauty her woman's nature rejoiced the recrent lover was not yet insensible—"You're under a mistake, young man," and her heightened color made her eye flash more brightly, as she spoke—"You're quite under a mistake—no one was ever in love with *me*"—and she laid signal emphasis on the word—"There was a dirty mane blackguard, indeed, once in *love with my fathers brown filly*, but I forget him intirely."

\* The office of the mass must be performed fasting.



Mary tossed her head proudly, as she spoke, and her horse-fancying admirer reeled under the reproof she inflicted, and sneaked from the tent, while Mary stood up, and danced with a more open-hearted lover, whose earnest eye could see more charms in one lovely woman than all the horses of Arabia.

But no such result as this was likely to take Place in Matty Dwyer's case; she and her lover agreed with one another on the settlement to be made, and Old Jack was not to be allowed an inch over what was considered an even bargain. At length all matters were agreed upon, the wedding day fixed and the guests invited; yet still both parties were not quite satisfied, for young Casey thought he should be put into absolute possession of a certain farm and cottage, and have the lease looked over to see all was right, (for Jack Dwyer was considered rather slippery,) while Old Jack thought it time enough to give him possession and the lease and his daughter altogether.

However, matters had gone so far, that, as the reader has seen, the wedding feast was prepared, the guests invited, and Father Phil on the spot to help James and Matty, (in the facetious parlance of Paddy,) to "tie with their tongues what they couldn't undo with their teeth."

When the priest had done breakfast, the arrival of Andy was announced to him, and Andy was admitted to a private audience with Father Phil, the particulars of which must not be disclosed, for in short, Andy made a regular confession before the Father, and we know confessions must be held sacred;—but we may say that Andy confided the whole post-office affair to the pastor,—told him how Larry Hogan had contrived to worm that affair out of him, and by his devilish artifice had, as Andy feared, contrived to implicate Squire Egan in the transaction, and by threatening a disclosure, got the worthy squire into his villainous power. Andy, under the solemn queries of the priest, positively denied having said one word to Hogan to criminate the squire, and that Hogan could only *infer* the squire's guilt;—upon which Father Phil, having perfectly satisfied himself, told Andy to make his mind easy, for that he would secure the squire from any harm, and he moreover praised Andy for the fidelity he displayed to the interests of his old master, and declared he was so pleased with him, that he would desire Jack Dwyer to ask him to dinner.—"And that will be no blind nut, let me tell you," said Father Phil—"A wedding dinner, you lucky dog—lashings and lavings, and plenty of dancing after!"

Andy was accordingly bidden to the bridal feast whither the guests began already to gather thick and fast. They strolled about the field before the house, basked in groups in the sunshine, or lay in the shade under the hedges, where hints for future marriages were given to many a pretty girl, and nudges and pinches were returned by small screams suggestive of additional assault, and inviting denials of "Indeed I won't," and that crowning provocative to riotous conduct, "Behave yourself."

In the meantime, the barn was laid out with long planks supported on barrels of big stones, which, when covered with clean clothes, made a goodly board, that soon began to be covered with ample wooden dishes of corned beef, roasted geese, boiled chickens and bacon, and intermediate stacks of cabbage, and huge bowls of potatoes, all sending up their wreaths of smoke to the rafters of the barn, soon to become hotter from the crowd of guests, who, when the word was given, rushed to the onslaught with right good-will.

The dinner was later than the hour named, and the delay arose from the absence of one, who, of all others, ought to have been present—namely—the bridegroom. But James Casey was missing, and Jack Dwyer had been closeted from time to time with several long-headed grey beards, canvassing the occurrence, and wondering at the default on the bridegroom's part. The person who might have been supposed to bear this default the worst, supported it better than any one. Matty was all life and spirits, and helped in making the feast ready as if nothing wrong happened, and she backed Father Phil's argument to sit down to dinner at once;—"that if James Casey was not there, that was no reason dinner should be spoiled—he'd be there soon enough—besides, if he didn't arrive in time, it was better he should have good meat cold, than every body have hot meat spoiled—the ducks would be done to cinders—the beef boiled to rags, and the chickens be all in jommethry—"

So down they sat to dinner:—its heat, its mirth, its clatter, and its good cheer I will not attempt to describe; suffice it to say, the viands were good, the guests hungry, and the drink unexceptionable; and Father Phil, no bad judge of such matters, declared he never pronounced grace over a better spread. But still, in the midst of the good cheer, neighbors (the women particularly) would suggest to each other the "wondher" where the bridegroom could be; and even within ear-shot of the bride elect, the low-voiced whisper ran, of "Where in the world is James Casey?"

Still the bride kept up her smiles, and cheerfully returned the healths that were drunk to her; but old Jack was not unmoved—a cloud hung on his brow, which grew darker and darker as the hour advanced and the bridegroom yet tarried. The board was cleared of the eatables, and the copious jugs of punch going their round, but the usual toasts of the united healths of the happy pair could not be given, for one of them was absent. Father Phil hardly knew what to do, for even his overflowing cheerfulness began to forsake him, and a certain air of embarrassment began to pervade the whole assembly, till Jack Dwyer could bear it no longer, and standing up, he thus addressed the company:

"Friends and neighbors—you see the disgrace that's put on me and my child."

A murmur of "No, no," ran round the board.

"I say, yis."—

"He'll come yet, Sir," said a voice.

"No, he wont," said Jack, "I see he wont—I know he wont. He wanted to have pvery thing all his own way, and he thinks to disgrace me into doing what he

likes, but he sha'n't!"—and he struck the table fiercely as he spoke, for Jack, when once his blood was up, was a man of desperate determination. "He's a greedy chap, the same James Casey, and he loves his bargain better than he loves you, Matty, so don't look glum about what I'm saying—I say he's greedy, he's just the fellow that if you gave him the roof off your house, would ax you for the rails before your door—and he goes back of his bargain now, bekase I would not let him have it all his own way, and puts the disgrace on me, thinkin' I'll give in to him, through that same—but I won't. And I tell you what it is, friends and neighbors; there's the lease of the three-cornered field below there,"—and he held up a parchment as he spoke,—“and a snug cottage on it, and it's all ready for the girl to walk into with the man that will have her, and if there's a man among you here that's willing, let him say the word now, and I'll give her to him!”

The girl could not resist an exclamation of surprise, which her father hushed by a word and look so peremptory, that she saw remonstrance was in vain, and a silence of some moments ensued; for it was rather startling, this immediate offer of a girl who had been so strangely slighted, and the men were not quite prepared to make advances until they knew something more of the why and wherefore of her sweetheart's desertion.

“Are yiz all dumb?” exclaimed Jack in surprise. “Faix, it's not every day a snug little field and cottage, and a good-looking girl falls in a man's way;—I say again, I'll give her and the lase to the man that will say the word.”

Still no one spoke, and Andy began to think they were using Jack Dwyer and his daughter very ill, but what business had he to think of offering himself—“a poor devil like him?” But the silence still continuing, Andy took heart of grace, and as the profit and pleasure of a snug match and a handsome wife flashed upon him, he got up and said, “Would I do, sir?”

Every one was taken by surprise—even old Jack himself; and Matty could not suppress a faint exclamation, which every one but Andy understood to mean “she didn't like it at all;” but which Andy interpreted quite the other way, and he grinned his loutish admiration at Matty, who turned away her head from him in sheer distaste, which action Andy took for mere coyness.

Jack was in a dilemma—for Andy was just the very last man that he would have chosen as a husband for his daughter; but what could he do?—he was taken at his word, and even at the worst he was determined that some one should marry the girl out of hand, and show Casey the “disgrace should not be put on him;” but anxious to have another chance, he stammered something about the fairness of “letting the girl choose,” and that “some one else might wish to spake;” but the end of all was, that no one rose to rival Andy, and Father Phil bore witness to the satisfaction he had that day in finding so much uprightness and fidelity in “the boy,”—that he had raised his character much in his estimation by his conduct that day—and if he was

a little giddy betimes, there was nothing like a wife to steady him; and if he was rather poor, sure Jack Dwyer could mend that.

“Then come up here,” says Jack; and Andy left his place at the very end of the board, and marched up to the head, amidst clapping of hands and thumping of the table, and laughing and shouting.

“Silence!” cried Father Phil, “this is no laughing matter, but a serious engagement—and John Dwyer, I tell you—and you, Andy Rooney, that girl must not be married against her own free will; but if she has no objection, well and good.”

“My will is her pleasure, I know,” said Jack, resolutely.

To the surprise of every one, Matty said, “Oh, I'll take the boy with all my heart!”

Handy Andy threw his arms round her neck, and gave her a most vigorous salute, which came smacking off, and thereupon arose a hilarious shout which made the old rafters of the barn ring again.

“There's the lase for you,” said Jack, handing the parchment to Andy, who was now installed in the place of honor beside the bride elect, at the head of the table, and the punch circulated rapidly in filling to the double toast of health, happiness, and prosperity to “the happy pair;” and after some few more circuits of the enlivening liquor had been performed, the women retired to the dwelling-house, whose sanded parlor was put in immediate readiness for the celebration of the nuptial knot between Matty and the adventurous Andy.

In half an hour the ceremony was performed, and the rites and blessings of the church dispensed between two people, who, an hour before, had never looked on each other with thoughts of matrimony.

Under such circumstances, it was wonderful with what lightness of spirit Matty went through the honors consequent on a peasant bridal in Ireland:—these it is needless to detail; our limits would not permit; but suffice it to say, that a rattling country dance was led off by Andy and Matty in the barn, intermediate jigs were indulged in by the “picked dancers” of the parish, while the country dancers were resting and making love (if making love can be called rest) in the corners, and that the pipers and punch-makers had quite enough to do until the night was far spent, and it was considered time for the bride and bridegroom to be escorted by a chosen party of friends to the little cottage which was to be their future home. The pipers stood at the threshold of Jack Dwyer, and his daughter departed from under the “roof-tree” to the tune of “Joy be with you;” and then the lilters heading the body-guard of the bride, plied drone and chanter right merrily until she had entered her new home, thanked her old friends, (who did all the established civilities, and cracked all the usual jokes attendant on the occasion,) and Andy bolted the door of the snug cottage of which he had so suddenly become master, and placed a seat for the bride beside the fire, requesting “Miss Dwyer” to sit down—for Andy could not bring him himself to call her “Matty”



vet, and found himself in an awkward position in being "lord and master" of a girl he considered so far above him a few hours before; Matty sat quiet and looked at the fire.

"It's very quare, isn't it?" says Andy with a grin, looking at her tenderly, and twiddling his thumbs.

"What's quare?" inquired Matty, very dryly.

"The estate," responded Andy.

"What estate?" asked Matty.

"Your estate and my estate," said Andy.

"Sure you don't call the three-cornered field my father gave us, an estate, you fool?" answered Matty.

"Oh no," said Andy. "I mane the blessed and holy estate of matrimony the priest put us in possession of;" and Andy drew a stool near the heiress, on the strength of the hit he thought he had made.

"Sit at the other side of the fire," said Matty, very coldly.

"Yes, Miss," responded Andy very respectfully; and in shoving his seat backwards, the legs of the stool caught in the earthen floor, and Andy tumbled heels over head.

Matty laughed, while Andy was picking himself up with increased confusion at his mishap; for even amidst rustics, there is nothing more humiliating than a lover placing himself in a ridiculous position at the moment he is doing his best to make himself agreeable.

"It is well your coat's not new," said Matty, with a contemptuous look at Andy's weather-beaten vestment.

"I hope I'll soon have a better," said Andy, a little piqued, with all his reverence for the heiress, at this allusion to his poverty—"But sure, it wasn't the coat you married, but the man that's in it: and sure I'll take off my clothes as soon as you please, Matty, my dear—Miss Dwyer, I mane—I beg pardon."

"You had better wait till you get better," answered Matty, very dryly—"You know the old saying, 'Don't throw out your dirty wather until you get fresh.'"

"Ah darlin', don't be cruel to me," said Andy in a supplicating tone—"I know I'm not desarvin' of you, but sure I did not make so howld as to make up to you, until I seen that nobody else would have you."

"Nobody else have me!" exclaimed Matty, as her eyes flashed with anger.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," said poor Andy, who in the extremity of his own humility had committed such an offence against Matty's pride. "I only meant that—"

"Say no more about it," said Matty, who recovered her equanimity—"Didn't my father give you the lease of the field and house?"

"Yis, Miss."

"You had better let me keep it, then;—'twill be safer with me than with you."

"Sartainly," said Andy, who drew the lease from his pocket and handed it to her, and as he was near her, he attempted a little familiarity, which Matty repelled very unequivocally.

"Arrah, is it jokes you are crackin'?" said Andy, with a grin, advancing to renew his fondling.

"I tell you what it is," said Matty, jumping up, "I'll crack your head if you don't behave yourself!" and she seized the stool on which she had been sitting, and brandished it in a very Amazonian fashion.

"Oh wirra! wirra!" said Andy in amaze—"aren't you my wife?"

"Your wife!" retorted Matty, with a very devil in her eye—"Your wife, indeed, you great *omadhaon*; why then, had you the brass to think I'd put up with you?"

"Arrah, then, why did you marry me?" said Andy, in a pitiful argumentative whine.

"Why did I marry you?" retorted Matty—"Didn't I know better than to refuse you, when my father said the word *when the Devil was busy with him*?—Why did I marry you?—it's a pity I didn't refuse, and be murdered that night, may be, as soon as the people's backs was turned. Oh, it's little you know of owld Jack Dwyer, or you wouldn't ask me that; but though I'm afraid of him, I'm not afraid of you—and stand off, I tell you!"

"Oh blessed Vargin!" cried Andy,—"and what will be the end of it?"

There was a tapping at the door as he spoke.

"You'll soon see what will be the end of it," said Matty, as she walked across the cabin and opened to the knock.

James Casey entered, and clasped Matty in his arms; and half a dozen athletic fellows, and one old and debauched looking man followed, and the door was immediately closed after their entry.

Andy stood in amazement, while Casey and Matty caressed each other, and the old man said in a voice tremulous from intoxication, "A very pretty filly, by jingo!"

"I lost no time the minute I got your message, Matty," said Casey, "and here's the Father ready to join us."

"Aye, aye," cackled the old reprobate—"hammer and tongs!—strike while the iron's hot—I'm the boy for a short job"—and he pulled a greasy book from his pocket as he spoke.

This was a degraded clergyman, known in Ireland under the title of "couple beggar," who is ready to perform irregular marriages on such urgent occasions as the present. And Matty had continued to inform James Casey of the strange turn affairs had taken at home, and recommended him to adopt the present course, and so defeat the violent measure of her father by one still more so.

A scene of uproar ensued, for Andy did not take matters quietly, but made a pretty considerable row, which was speedily quelled, however, by Casey's body guard, who tied Andy neck and heels, and in that helpless state he witnessed the marriage ceremony performed by the "couple beggar," between Casey and the girl he looked upon as his own, five minutes before.

In vain did he raise his voice against the proceeding;—the "couple beggar" smothered his objections in ribald jests.

"You can't take her from me, I tell you," cried Andy.

"No—but we can take you from her," said the "couple beggar;" and at the words, Casey's friends dragged Andy from the cottage, bidding a rollicking adieu to their triumphant companion, who bolted the door after them, and became possessor of the wife and property poor Andy thought he had secured.

To guard against an immediate alarm being given, Andy was warned on pain of death to be silent, as his captors bore him along, and he took them to be too much men of their word to doubt they would keep their promise. They bore him along a lonely bye-lane for some time, and on arriving at the stump of an old tree, they bound him securely to it, and left him to pass his wedding night in the tight embraces of hemp.

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE news of Andy's wedding, so strange in itself, and being celebrated before so many, spread over the country like wildfire, and made the talk of half the barony for the next day, and the question, "*Arrah, did you hear of the wondherful wedding?*" was asked in high road and bye-road, and scarcely a boreen whose hedges had not borne witness to this startling matrimonial intelligence. The story, like all other stories, of course got twisted into various strange shapes, and fanciful exaggerations became grafted on the original stem, sufficiently grotesque in itself; and one of the versions set forth how old Jack Dwyer, the more to vex Casey, had given his daughter the greatest fortune that had been ever heard of in the county.

Now one of the open-eared people, who had caught hold of the story by this end, happened to meet Andy's mother, and wish a congratulatory grin, began with "The top o' the mornin' to you, Mrs. Rooney, and sure I wish you joy."

"Och hone, and for why, dear?" answered Mrs. Rooney "sure it's nothin' but throuble and care I have, poor and in want, like me."

"But sure you'll never be in want more now."

"Arrah, who told you so, agra?"

"Sure the boy will take care of you now, won't he?"

"What boy?"

"Andy, sure!"

"Andy!" replied his mother in amazement. "Andy, indeed!—out o' place, and without a bawbee to bless himself with?—stayin' out all night, the blackguard?"

"By this and that, I don't think you know a word about it," cried the friend, whose turn it was for wonder now.

"Don't I, indeed?" said Mrs. Rooney, huffed at having her word doubted, as she thought. "I tell you, he never *was* at home last night, and may be it's yourself was helping him, Micky Lavery, to keep his bad coorse—the slingein' dirty blackguard that he is."

Micky Lavery set up a shout of laughter, which increased the ire of Mrs. Rooney, who would have passed on in dignified silence, but that Micky held her fast, and when he recovered breath enough to speak, he

proceeded to tell her about Andy's marriage, but in such a disjointed way, that it was some time before Mrs. Rooney could comprehend him—for his interjectional laughter at the capital joke it was that she should be the last to know it, and that he should have the luck to tell it, sometimes broke the thread of his story—and then his collateral observations so disfigured the tale, that its incomprehensibility became very much increased, till at last Mrs. Rooney was driven to push him by direct questions.

"For the tendher mercy, Micky Lavery, make me sensible, and don't distract me—is the boy married?"

"Yis, I tell you."

"To Jack Dwyer's daughter?"

"Yis."

"And gev him a fort'n?"

"Gev him half his property, I tell you, and he'll have all when the owld man's dead."

"Oh, more power to you, Andy!" cried his mother in delight; it's you that *is* the boy, and the best child that ever was! Half his property, you tell me, *Misther* Lavery," added she, getting distant and polite the moment she found herself mother to a rich man, and curtailing her familiarity with a poor one like Lavery.

"Yis, *ma'am*," said Lavery, touching his hat, "and the whole of it when the owld man dies."

"Then, indeed, I wish him a happy release!" said Mrs. Rooney, piously,—*"not that I owe the man spite—but sure he'd be no loss—and it's a good wish to any one, sure, to wish them in heaven. Good mornin', Misther Lavery,"* said Mrs. Rooney, with a patronizing smile, and "going the road" with a dignified air.

Mick Lavery looked after her with mingled wonder and indignation. "Bad luck to you, you owld strapp!" he muttered between his teeth.—"How consaited you are, all of a sudden—by Jackers, I'm sorry I towld you—cock you up, indeed—put a beggar on horseback to be sure—humph!—the devil cut the tongue out of me, if ever I give any one good news again—I've a mind to turn back and tell Tim Doolin his horse is in the pound."

Mrs. Rooney continued her dignified pace as long as she was within sight of Lavery, but the moment an angle of the road screened her from his observation, off she set, running as hard as she could, to embrace her darling Andy, and realize, with her own eyes and ears, all the good news she had heard. She puffed out by the way many set phrases about the goodness of Providence, and arranged, at the same time, sundry fine speeches to make to the bride; so that the old lady's piety and flattery ran a strange couple together along with herself; while mixed up with her prayers and her blarney were certain speculations of how long Jack Dwyer could possibly live, and how much he would have to leave.

It was in this frame of mind she reached the hill which commanded a view of the three-cornered field and sung cottage, and down she rushed to embrace her darling Andy and his gentle bride. Puffing and blowing like a porpoise, bang she went into the cottage, and Matty being the first person she met, she flung herself upon her, and covered her with embraces and blessings.



Matty, being taken by surprise, was some time before she could shake off the old beldame's caresses, but at last, getting free and tucking up her hair, which her imaginary mother-in-law had clawed about her ears, she exclaimed in no very gentle tones:

"Arrah, good woman, who axed for *your* company—who are you at all?"

"Your mother-in-law, jewel!" cried the widow Rooney, making another open-armed rush at her beloved daughter-in-law, who received the widow's protruding mouth on her clenched fist, instead of her lips; and the old woman's nose coming in for a share of Matty's knuckles, a ruby stream spouted orth, while all the colors of the rainbow danced before Mrs. Rooney's eyes as she reeled backwards on the floor.

"Take that, you owld faggot!" cried Matty, as she shook Mrs. Rooney's tributary claret from the knuckles which had so scientifically tapped it, and wiped her hand in her apron.

The old woman roared "millia'murther" on the floor, and snuffled out a deprecatory question, if that was the proper way to be received in her son's house."

"Your son's house, indeed!" cried Matty.—"Get out o' the place, you stack o' rags."

"Oh Andy! Andy!" cried the mother, gathering herself up.

"Oh—that's it, is it!" cried Matty; "so it's Andy you want?"

"To be sure: why wouldn't I want him, you hussy?—My boy! my darlin'! my beauty!"

"Well, go look for him!" cried Matty, giving her a shove towards the door.

"Well, now, do you think I'll be turned out of my son's house so quietly as that, you unnatural baggage?" cried Mrs. Rooney, facing round fiercely. Upon which, a bitter altercation ensued between the woman; in the course of which the widow soon learned that Andy was not the possessor of Matty's charms: whereupon the old woman, no longer having the fear of damaging her daughter-in-law's beauty before her eyes, tackled to for a fight in right earnest; in the course of which some reprisals were made by the widow, in revenge for her broken nose; but Matty's

youth and activity, joined to her Amazonian spirit, turned the tide in her favor, though, had not the old lady been blown by her long run, the victory would not have been so easy, for she was a tough customer, and left Matty certain marks of her favor that did not rub out in a hurry, while she took away as a keepsake, a handful of Matty's hair, by which she had held on, till a finishing kick from the gentle bride finally ejected Mrs. Rooney from the house.

Off she reeled, bleeding and roaring, and while on her approach she had been blessing Heaven, and inventing sweet speeches for Matty, on her retreat she was cursing fate, and heaping all sorts of hard names on the Amazon she came to flatter.

How fared it in the mean time with Andy? He, poor devil! had passed a cold night, tied up to the old tree, and as the morning dawned, every object appeared to him through the dim light in a distorted form; the gaping hollow of the old trunk to which he was bound, seemed like a huge mouth, opening to swallow him, while the old knots looked like eyes, and the gnarled branches like claws, staring at, and ready to tear him in pieces.

A raven, perched above him on a lonely branch, croaked dismally, till Andy fancied he could hear words of reproach in the sounds, while a little tom-tit chattered and twittered on a neighboring bough, as if he enjoyed and approved of all the severe



*The Nuptial Knot.*

things the raven uttered. The little tom-tit was the worse of the two, just as the solemn reproof of the wise can be better borne than the impertinent remark of some chattering fool. To these imaginary evils were added the real presence of some enormous water-rats, which issued from an adjacent pool, and began to eat Andy's hat and shoes which had fallen off in his struggle with his captors; and all Andy's warning ejaculations could not make the vermin abstain from his shoes and his hat, which, to judge from their eager eating, must have been very highly-flavored. While Andy looked on at the demolition, and began to dread that they might transfer their favors from his attire to himself, the welcome sound of the approaching tramp of horses

fell upon his ear, and in a few minutes two horsemen stood before him—they were Father Phil and Squire Egan.

Great was the surprise of the Father, to see the fellow he had married the night before, and whom he supposed to be in the enjoyment of his honeymoon, tied up to a tree, and looking more dead than alive; and his indignation knew no bounds when he heard that a "couple beggar" had dared to celebrate the marriage ceremony, which fact came out in the course of the explanation Andy made of the desperate misadventure which had befallen him; but all other grievances gave way in the eyes of Father Phil, to the "couple-beggar."

"A 'couple-beggar!'—the audacious vagabonds!" he cried, while he and the Squire were engaged in loosing Andy's bonds. "A 'couple-beggar' in my parish!—How fast they have tied him up, Squire!" he added, as he endeavored to undo a knot. "A 'couple-beggar' indeed!—I'll undo that marriage!—have you a knife about you, Squire?—the blessed and holy tie of matrimony—it's a black knot, bad luck to it, and must be cut—take your leg out o' that now—and wait till I lay my hands on them—a 'couple beggar' indeed!"

"A desperate outrage this whole affair has been!" said the Squire.

"But a 'couple-beggar,' Squire."

"His house broken into—"

"But a 'couple-beggar'—"

"His wife taken from him!"—

"But a 'couple-beggar,'—"

"The laws violated—"

"But *my dues*, Squire, think o' that!—what would become o' *them*, if 'couple-beggars' is allowed to show their audacious faces in the parish. Oh wait till next Sunday, that's all—I'll have them up before the alther, and I'll make them beg God's pardon, and my pardon, and the congregation's pardon, the audacious pair!"

"It's an assault on Andy," said the Squire.

"It's a robbery on me," said Father Phil.

"Could you identify the men?" said the Squire.

"Do you know the 'couple-beggar'?" said the priest.

"Did James Casey lay his hands on you?" said the Squire; "for he's a good man to have a warrant against."

"Oh, Squire, Squire!" ejaculated Father Phil; "talking of laying hands on *him* is it you are?—didn't that blackguard 'couple-beggar' lay his dirty hands on a woman that my brain new benediction was upon. Sure they'd do anything after that!"

By this time Andy was free, and having received the Squire's directions to follow him to Merryvale, Father

Phil and the worthy Squire were once more in their saddles, and proceeded quietly to the same place; the Squire silently considering the audacity of the *coup-de-main* which robbed Andy of his wife, and his Reverence puffing out his rosy cheeks, and muttering sundry angry sentences, the only intelligible words of which were "couple-beggar."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE reader has, no doubt, anticipated that the presence of Father Phil in the company of the Squire at this immediate time, was on account of the communication made by Andy about the post-office affair. Father Phil had determined to set the Squire free from the stratagetic coil in which Larry Hogan had ensnared him, and lost time in waiting upon him; and it was on his visit to Merryvale he met its hospitable owner, and anxious no time should be lost, he told the Squire there was a matter of some private importance he wished to communicate, and suggested a quiet ride together, and it was this led to their traversing the lonely little lane, in which they discovered Andy, whose name was so principal in the revelations of that day.

To the Squire, those revelations were of the dearest importance; for they relieved his mind from a weight which had been oppressing it for some time, and set his heart at rest. Egan, it must be remarked, was an odd mixture of courage and cowardice: undaunted by personal danger, but strangely timorous where moral courage was required. A remarkable shyness, too, made him hesitate constantly in the utterance of a word which might explain away any difficulty in which he chanced to find himself: and this helped to keep his tongue tied in the matter where Larry Hogan had continued to make himself a bugbear. He had a horror too of being thought capable of doing a dishonorable thing, and the shame he felt at having peeped into a letter was so stinging, that the idea of asking any one's advice in the dilemma in which he was placed made him recoil from the thought of such aid. Now Father Phil had relieved him from the difficulties his own weakness imposed; the subject had been forced upon him; and once forced to speak, he made a full acknowledgment of all that had taken place; and when he found that Andy had not borne witness against him, and that Larry Hogan only *inferred* his participation in the transaction, he saw on Father Phil's showing, that he was not really in Larry Hogan's power, for though he admitted he had given Larry a trifle of money from time to time, when Larry asked for it, under the influence of certain innuendoes, yet there was no proof against him; and Father Phil's advice was to get Andy out of the way as soon as possible, and then to set Larry quietly at defiance—that is to say, in Father Phil's own words, "to keep never minding him."

Now Andy not being encumbered with a wife (as fate had so ordained it) made the matter easier, and the Squire and the Father, as they rode towards Merryvale together to dinner, agreed to pack off Andy with-

\* A man and woman who had been united by a 'couple-beggar' were taken up one Sunday by the priest in the face of the congregation, and summoned, as Father Phil threatens above, to beg God's pardon, and the priest's pardon, and the congregation's pardon; but the woman stoutly refused the last condition: "I'll beg God's pardon and your Reverence's pardon," she said, "but I won't beg the congregation's pardon." "You won't?" said the priest. "I won't," says she. "Oh you contrary baggage," cried his Reverence, "take her home out o' that," said he to her husband, who *had* humbled himself—"take her home, and leather her well—for she wants it; and if you don't leather her, you'll be sorry—for if you don't make her afraid of you, she'll master you, too—take her home and leather her."—*Fact.*



out delay, and thus place him beyond Hogan's power; and as Dick Dawson was going to London with Murphy, to push the petition against Scatterbrain's return, it was looked upon as a lucky chance, and Andy was at once named to bear them company.

"But you must not let Hogan know that Andy is sent away under your patronage, Squire," said the father, "for that would be presumptive evidence you had an interest in his absence—and that Hogan is the very blackguard who would see it fast enough, for he is a knowing rascal."

"He's the deepest scoundrel I ever met," said the Squire.

"And knowing as a jailor, sir," said Father Phil; "a jailor, did I say—by dad, he bates any jailor I ever heard of for that fellow is so cute, sir, *he could keep Newgate with a hook and eye.*"

"By-the-bye, there's one thing I forgot to tell you, respecting those letters I threw into the fire; for remember, father, I only peeped into *one* and destroyed the others—but one of the letters, I must tell you, was directed to yourself."

"Faith, then I forgive you that, Squire," said Father Phil; "for I hate letters; but if you have any scruple of conscience on the subject, write me one yourself, and that will do as well."

The Squire could not help thinking the father's mode of settling the difficulty worthy of Handy Andy himself; but he did not tell the father so.

They had now reached the house where the good-humored priest was heartily welcomed, and where Doctor Growling, Dick Dawson, and Murphy, were also guests at dinner. Great was the delight of the party at the history they heard, when the cloth was drawn, of Andy's wedding, so much in keeping with his former life and adventures, and Father Phil had another opportunity of venting his rage against the "couple-beggar."

"That was but a slip-knot you tied, father," said the doctor.

"Aye, aye! Jake away, doctor."

"Do you think, Father Phil," said Murphy, "that that marriage was made in Heaven, where we are told marriages are made?"

"I don't suppose it was, Mr. Murphy; for if it had been, it would have held upon earth."

"Very well answered, father," said the Squire.

"I don't know what other people think about matches being made in Heaven," said Growling, "but I have my suspicions they are sometimes made in another place."

"O, fie, doctor!" said Mrs. Egan.

"The doctor, ma'am, is an old bachelor," said Father Phil, "or he wouldn't say so."

"Thank you, Father Phil, for so polite a speech."

The doctor took his pencil from his pocket, and began to write on a small bit of paper, which the priest observing, asked him what he was about, "or is it writing prescriptions you are," said he, "for compounding better marriages than I can?"

"Something very naughty, I dare say the doctor is doing," said Fanny Dawson.

"Judge for yourself, lady fair," said the doctor, handing Fanny the slip of paper.

Fanny looked at it for a moment, and smiled, but declared it was very wicked indeed.

"Then read it for the company, and condemn me out of your own pretty mouth, Miss Dawson," said the doctor.

"It is too wicked."

"If it is ever so wicked," said Father Phil, "the wickedness will be neutralized by being read by an angel."

"Well done, St. Omer's!" cried Murphy.

"Really, father!" said Fanny, blushing, "you are desperately gallant to-day, and just to shame you, and show how little of an angel I am, I *will* read the doctor's epigram;—

"Though matches are all made in Heaven, they say,  
Yet Hymen, who mischief oft hatches,  
Sometimes deals with the house *either* side of the way,  
And there they make *Lucifer* matches."

"Oh doctor, I am afraid you are a woman-hater," said Mrs. Egan. "Come away, Fanny, I am sure they want to get rid of us."

"Yes," said Fanny, rising and joining her sister, who was leaving the room, "and now, after abusing poor Hymen, gentlemen, we leave you to your favorite worship of Bacchus."

The departure of the ladies changed the conversation, and after the gentlemen had resumed their seats, the doctor asked Dick Dawson how soon he intended going to London.

"I start immediately," said Dick. "Don't forget to give me that letter of introduction to your friend in Dublin, whom I long to know."

"Who is he?" asked the Squire.

"One Tom Loftus—or, as his friends call him, 'Piping Tom,' from his vocal powers; or as some nickname him, *Organ* Loftus, from his imitation of that instrument, which is an excessively comical piece of caricature."

"Oh! I know him well," said Father Phil.

"How did you manage to become acquainted with him?" inquired the doctor, "for I did not think he lay much in your way."

"Oh, it was *he* became acquainted with me," said Father Phil,—and this was the way of it: he was down on a visit betimes in the parish I was in before this, and his behavior was so wild that I was obliged to make an allusion in the chapel to his indiscretions, and threaten to make his conduct a subject of severe public censure, if he did not mind his manners a little better. Well, my dear, to my surprise, who should call on me on the Monday morning after, but Mистер Tom, all smiles and graces, and protesting he was sorry he fell under my displeasure, and hoping I would never have cause to find fault with him again. Sure I thought he was repenting of his misdeeds, and I said I was glad to hear such good words from him. 'A'then, father,' says he, 'I hear you have got a great curiosity from Dublin—a shower-bath, I hear.' So I said I had, and indeed to be candid, I was as proud as a peacock of the same bath, which tickled my fancy

when I was once in town, and so I bought it—'Would you show it to me,' says he. 'To be sure,' says I, and off I went like a fool and put the wather on the top, and showed how, when a string was pulled, down it came—and he pretended not clearly to understand the thing, and at last he said, 'Sure it's not into that sentry box, you get?' says he. 'Oh yis,' says I, getting into it, quite innocent;—when, my dear, he slaps the door and fastens it on me, and pulls the string, and souses me with the water, and I with my best suit of black on me: I roared and shouted inside while Misther Tom Loftus was screechin' laughing outside, and dancing round the room with delight. At last, when he could speak, he said, 'Now, Father, we've even,' says he, 'for the abuse you gave me yesterday,' and off he ran."

"That's just like him," said Old Growling, chuckling; 'he's a queer devil. I remembeer on one occasion a poor dandy puppy, who was in the same office with him—for Tom is in the Ordnance department, you must know—this puppy, sir, wanted to go to the Ashbourne races, and cut a figure in the eyes of a rich grocer's daughter," said Murphy, "is like bringing coals to Newcastle."

"Faith! it was coals to Newcastle, with a vengeance, in the present case, for the girl would have nothing to say to him, and Tom had great delight, whenever he could annoy this poor fool in his love-making plots. So, when he came to Tom to ask for the loan of his horse, Tom said he should have him *if he could make the smallest use of him*—but I don't think you can," said Tom.

"Leave that to me," said the youth.

"I don't think you could make him go," said Tom.

"I'll buy a new pair of spurs," said the puppy.

"Let them be handsome ones," said Tom.

"I was looking at a very handsome pair at Lam-prey's, yesterday, said the young gentleman.

"Then you can buy them on your way to my stables," said Tom; and sure enough sir, the youth laid out his money on a very costly pair of persuaders, and then proceeded homewards with Tom.

"Now with all your spurs," said Tom, 'I don't think you'll be able to make him go.'

"Is he so very vicious, then?" inquired the youth, who began to think of his neck.

"On the contrary," said Tom, 'he's perfectly quiet, but won't go for *you*, I'll bet a pound.'

"Done!" said the youth.

"Well, try him!" said Tom, as he threw open the stable door.

"He's lazy, I see," said the youth; 'for he's lying down.'

"Faith, he is," said Tom; 'and hasn't got up these two days!'

"Get up, you brute!" said the innocent youth, giving a smart cut of his whip on the horse's flank—but the horse did not budge.—*Why, he's dead!*" says he.

"Yes," says Tom, 'since Monday last. So I don't think you can make him go, and you've lost your bet.' "

"That was hardly a fair joke," said the Squire.

"Tom never stops to think of that," returned the doctor; 'he's the oddest fellow I ever knew. The last time I was in Dublin, I called on Tom, and found him one bitter cold and stormy morning, standing at an open window, nearly quite undressed. On asking him what he was about, he said, he was '*getting up a bass voice*, that Mrs. Somebody, who gave good dinners and bad concerts, was disappointed of her bass singer, and I think,' said Tom, 'I'll be hoarse enough in the evening to take double B flat. Systems are the fashion now,' said he, 'there is the Logierian system and other systems, and mine is the Coldairian system and the best in the world for getting up a bass voice.'"

"That was very original, certainly," said the Squire.

"But did you ever hear of his adventure with the Duke of Wellington?" said the doctor.

"The Duke!" they all exclaimed.

"Yes—that is, when he was only Sir Arthur Wellesley. Well, I'll tell you."

"Stop," said the Squire, "a fresh story requires a fresh bottle. Let me ring for some claret."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

THE servant who brought in the claret announced at the same time the arrival of a fresh guest, in the person of "Captain Moriarity," who was welcomed by most of the party by the name of Randal. The Squire regretted he was too late for dinner, inquiring, at the same time, if he would like to have something to eat at the side-table; but Randall declined the offer, assuring the Squire he had got some refreshment during the day while he had been out shooting; but as the sported him near Merryvale, and "he had a great thirst upon him," he did not know a better house in the country wherein to have "that same" satisfied.

"Then you're just in time for some cool claret," said the Squire; "so sit down beside the doctor, for he must have the first glass, and broach the bottle, before he broaches the story he's going to tell us,—that's only fair."

The Doctor filled his glass, and tasted. "What a nice '*chateau*' that '*Margaux*' must be," said he, as he laid down his glass. "I should like to be a tenant at will there, at a small rent."

"And no taxes," said Dick.

"Except my duty to the claret," replied the Doctor.

"My favorite chateau  
Is that of Margaux."

"By the bye, talking of *chateau*, there's the big brewer over at the town, who is anxious to affect gentility, and he heard some one use the word *chapeau*, and having found out it was the French *hat*, he determined to show off on the earliest possible occasion, and selected a public meeting of some sort to display his accomplishment. Taking some cause of objection to the proceedings as an excuse for leaving the meeting, he said, 'Gentlemen, the fact is, I can't agree with you, so I



may as well take my *chateau* under my arm at once, and walk."

"Is not that an invention of your own, Doctor? said the Squire.

"I head it for fact," said Growling.

"And 'tis true," added Murphy, "for I was present when he said it. And at an earlier part of the proceedings, he suggested that the parish clerk should read the resolution, because he had 'a good *laudible* voice.'"

"A parish clerk ought to have," said the Doctor,—  
"eh, Father Phil?—' *Laudamas!*"

"What's that you say about d'n us?" said Dick.

"'Twould be fitter for you to tell us that story you promised about the Duke and Tom Loftus."

"True for you, Mither Dick," said Father Phil.

"The story, Doctor, said the Squire."

"Oh, don't make such bones about it," said Growling; "'tis but a trifle, after all; only it shows you what a queer and reckless rascal Tom is."

"I told you he was called '*Organ*' Loftus by his friends, in consequence of the imitation he makes of that instrument; and it is certainly worth hearing and seeing, for your eyes have as much to do with the affair as your ears. Tom plants himself on a high office stool before one of those lofty desks, with long rows of

drawers down each side, and a hole between to put your legs under. Well, sir, Tom pulls out the pot drawers, like the stops of an organ, and the lower ones by way of pedals; and then he begins thrashing the desk like the finger-board of an organ with his hands, while his feet kick away at the lower drawers as if he were the greatest pedal performer out of Germany, and he emits a rapid succession of grunts and squeaks, producing a ludicrous reminiscence of the instrument; and I defy any one to hear him without laughing. Several sows and an indefinite number of sucking pigs could not make a greater noise, and Tom himself declares he studied the instrument in a pigsty, which he maintains gave the first notion of an organ. Well, sir,

the youths of the office assist in 'doing the service,' as they call it—that is, making an imitation of the chanting and so forth in St. Patrick's Cathedral."

"Oh, haythens!" said Father Phil.

"One does Spray, and another Weyman, and another Sir John Stevenson, and so on; and they go on responding and singing 'Amen' till the Ordnance Office rings again."

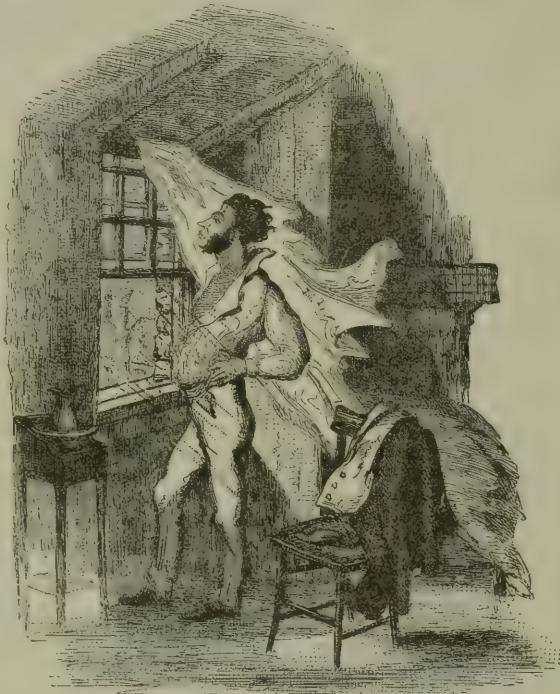
"Have they nothing better to do?" asked the Squire.

"Very little but reading the papers," said the Doctor.

"Well, Tom, you must know, sir, was transferred some time ago, by the interest of many influential friends, to the London department; and there the fame of his

musical powers had gone before him from some of the English clerks in Ireland, who had been advanced to the higher posts in Dublin, and kept up correspondence with their old friends in London; and it was not long till Tom was requested to go through an anthem on the great office-desk. Tom was only too glad to be asked, and he kept the whole office in a roar for an hour, with all the varieties of the instrument, from the diapason to the flute-stop; and the devil a more business was done in the office that day, and Tom before long made the sober English fellows as great idlers as the chaps in Dublin.

Well, it was not long until a sudden flush of business came upon the department, in consequence of the



Tom Organ Loftus's Coldairian System.

urgent preparations making for supplies to Spain, at the time the Duke was going there to take command of the army, and organ-playing was set aside for some days; but the fellows, after a week's abstinence, began to yearn for it, and Tom was requested to 'do the service.' Tom, nothing loth, threw aside his official papers, set up a big ledger before him, and commenced his legerdemain, as he called it, pulled out his stops, and began to work away like a weaver, while every now and then he d—d the bellows-blower for not giving him wind enough, whereupon the choristers would kick the bellows-blower to accelerate his flatulency. Well, sir, they were in the middle of the service, and all the

blackguards making the responses in due season, when, just as Tom was quivering under a portentous grunt, which might have shamed the principal diapason of Harlaem, and the subs were drawing out a resplendent A—a—men, the door opened, and in walked a smart-looking gentleman, with rather a large nose and quick eye, which glanced round the office, where a sudden endeavor was made by everybody to get back to his place. The smart gentleman seemed rather surprised to see a little fat man blowing at a desk instead of the fire, and long Tom kicking, grunting, and squealing like mad. The bellows-blower was so taken by surprise he couldn't stir, and Tom, having his back to the door, did not see what had taken place, and went on as if nothing had happened, till the smart gentleman went up to him, and tapping on Tom's desk with a little riding whip, he said, 'I'm sorry to disturb you, sir, but I wish to know what you're about.'

"We're doing the service, sir," said Tom, no ways abashed at the sight of the stranger, for he did not know it was Sir Arthur Wellesley was talking to him.

"Not the *public* service, sir," said Sir Arthur.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, 'as by law established in the second year of the reign of King Edward the Sixth,' and he favored the future hero of Waterloo with another touch of the organ.

"Who is head of this office?" inquired Sir Arthur.

"Tom, with a very gracious bow, replied, 'I am principal organist, sir, and allow me to introduce you to the principal bellows-blower,' and he pointed to the poor little man, who let the bellows fall from his hand as Sir Arthur fixed his eyes on him.

"Tom did not perceive till now that all the clerks were taken with a sudden fit of industry, and were writing away for bare life; and he cast a look of surprise round the office while Sir Arthur was looking at the bellows-blower.

"One of the clerks made a wry face at Tom, which showed him all was not right.

"Is this the way His Majesty's service generally goes on here?" said Sir Arthur, sharply.

"No one answered; but Tom saw, by the long faces of the clerks and the short question of the visitor, that he was *somebody*.

"Some transports are waiting for ordnance stores, and I am referred to this office," said Sir Arthur; 'can any one give me a satisfactory answer?'

"The senior clerk present (for the head of the office was absent) came forward, and said, 'I believe, sir,—

"You *believe*, but you don't *know*," said Sir Arthur; 'so I must wait for stores while you are playing tomfoolery here. I'll report this.' Then producing a little tablet and pencil, he turned to Tom, and said, 'Favor me with your name, sir.'

"I give you my honor, sir," said Tom—

"I'd rather you'd give me the stores, sir. I'll trouble you for your name.'

"Upon my *honor*, sir," said Tom again.

"You seem to have a great deal of that article on your hands, sir," said Arthur. 'You're an Irishman, I suppose.'

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"I thought so. Your name.'

"Loftus, sir.'

"Ely family?'

"No, sir.'

"Glad of it.' He put up his tablet, after writing the name.

"May I beg the favor to know, sir," said Tom, 'to whom I have the honor of addressing myself?'

"Sir Arthur Wellesley, sir.'

"Oh, J——s!" cried Tom, 'I'm done!'

"Sir Arthur could not help laughing at the extraordinary change in Tom's countenance; and Tom, taking advantage of this relaxation in his iron manner, said, in a most penitent tone:

"Oh, Sir Arthur Wellesley, only forgive me this time, and 'pon my *soul*,' says he, with the richest brogue, 'I'll play a *Te Deum* for the first licking you give the French.'

"Sir Arthur smiled, and left the office."

"Did he report, as he threatened?" asked the Squire.

"Faith, he did."

"And Tom?" inquired Dick.

"Was sent back to Ireland, sir."

"That was hard, after the Duke smiled at him," said Murphy.

"Ah, he did not let him suffer in pocket; he was transferred at as good a salary to a less important department; but you know the Duke had been celebrated all his life for never overlooking a breach of duty."

"And who can blame him?" said Moriarty.

"One great advantage of the practice has been," said the Squire, "that no man has been better served. I remember hearing a striking instance of what, perhaps, might be called severe justice, which he exercised on a young and distinguished officer of artillery in Spain; and though one cannot help pitying the case of the gallant young fellow who was the sacrifice, yet the question of strict duty, to the very word, was set at rest for ever under the Duke's command, and it saved much *after* trouble, by making every officer satisfied, however fiery his courage or tender his sense of being suspected of the white feather, that implicit obedience was the course he *must* pursue. The case was this:—the army was going into action—"

"What action was it?" inquired Father Phil, with that remarkable alacrity which men of peace evince in hearing the fullest particulars about war, perhaps because it is forbidden to their cloth; one of the many instances of things acquiring a fictitious value by being interdicted,—just as Father Phil might have been a Protestant only for the penal laws.

"I don't know what action it was," said the Squire, "nor the officer's name, for I don't set up for a military chronicler; but it was, as I have been telling you, going into action that the Duke posted an officer, with his six guns, at a certain point, telling him to remain there until he had orders from *him*. Away went the rest of the army, and the officer was left doing nothing at all, which he didn't like; for he was one of those high-



blooded gentlemen who are never so happy as when they are making other people miserable, and he was always longing for the head of a French column to be hammering away at. In half an hour or so he heard the distant sound of action, and it approached nearer and nearer, until he heard it close beside him; and he wondered rather that he was not invited to take a share in it, when, pat to his thought, up came an *aide-de-camp*, at full speed, telling him that General somebody ordered him to bring up his guns. The officer asked, did not the order come from Lord Wellington? The *aide-de-camp* said no, but from the General, whoever he was. The officer explained that he was placed there by Lord Wellington, under command not to move, unless by an order from himself. The *aide-de-camp* stated that the General's entire brigade was being driven in, and must be annihilated without the aid of the guns, and asked: 'Would he let a whole brigade be slaughtered?' in a tone which wounded the young soldier's pride, savoring, as he thought it did, of an imputation on his courage.

He immediately ordered his guns to move, and joined battle with the General; but while he was away, an *aide-de-camp* from Lord Wellington rode up to where the guns had been posted, and, of course, no gun was to be had for the service which Lord Wellington required. Well, the French were repulsed, as it happened; but the want of those six guns seriously marred a preconcerted movement of the Duke's, and the officer in command of them was immediately brought to a court-martial, and would have lost his commission but for the universal interest made in his favor by the general officers, in consideration of his former meritorious conduct and distinguished gallantry, and under the peculiar circumstances of the case. They did not break him, but he was suspended, and Lord Wellington sent him home to England. Almost every general officer in the army endeavored to get this sentence revoked, lamenting the fate of a gallant fellow being sent away for a slight error in judgment, while the army

was in full action; but Lord Wellington was inexorable, saying he must make an example to secure himself in the perfect obedience of officers to their orders; and it had the effect."

"Well, that's what I call hard," said Dick.

"My dear Dick," said the Squire, "war is altogether a hard thing, and a man has no business to be a General who isn't as hard as his own round shot."

"And what became of the dear young man?" said Father Phil, who seemed much touched by the readiness with which the dear young man set off to mow down the French.

"I can tell you," said Moriarty, "for I served with him afterwards in the Peninsula. He was let back after

a year or so, and became so thorough a disciplinarian that he swore, when once at his post, 'They might kill his father before his face, and he wouldn't budge until he had orders.'"

"A most Christian resolution," said the Doctor.

"Well, I can tell you," said Moriarty, "of a Frenchman who made a greater breach of discipline, and it was treated more leniently. I heard the story from the man's own lips, and if I could only give you his voice and gesture and manner, it would amuse you. What fellows those Frenchmen are, to be sure, for tell-



Tom Organ Leftus and the Duke.

ing a story! they make a shrug or a wink have twenty different meanings, and their claws are more eloquent,—one might say they talk on their fingers,—and their broken English, I think, helps them."

"Then give the story, Randal, in his manner," said Dick. "I have heard you imitate a Frenchman capitably."

"Well, here goes," said Moriarty; "but let me wet my whistle with a glass of claret before I begin,—a French story should have French wine." Randal tossed off one glass, and filled a second by way of reserve, and then began the French officer's story.

"You see, sare, it vos ven in *Espagne* de bivouac vos vairy ard indeet 'pon us, vor ve coot naut get into de town at all, nevair, becous you dam English keep all de

town to yoursefs—vor ve fall back at dat time becos we get not support—no *corps de reserve*, you perceive—so ve mek *retrograde* movement—not *retreat*—no, no—but *retrograde* movement. Vell—von night I was wit my picket quart, and it was raining like de devil, and de vind vos vinding up de vally, and so cold as noting at all, and de dark vos vot you coot not see—no—not your nose bevore your face. Well, I hear de tramp of horse, and I look into de dark—for ve were very moche on de *qui vive*, because ve expec de Ingilish to attaque de next day—but I see noting; but de tramp of horse come closer and closer, and at last I ask, ‘Who is dere?’ and de tramp of de horse stop. I run forward, and den I see Ingelish offisair of cavallerie. I address him, and tell him he is in our lines, but I do not vant to mek him prisonair—for you must know dat he vos prisonair, if I like, ven he vos within our line. He is very polite—he say, ‘*Bien oblige—bon enfant*,’ and we tek off our hat to each ozer. ‘I aff lost my roat,’ he say; and I say, ‘Yais’—bote I vill put him into his roat; and so I ask for a moment, pardon, and go back to my *caporal*, and tell him to be on de *qui vive* till I come back. De Ingilish offisair and me talk very pleasant vile ve go togezer down de leetel roat, and ven ve come to de turn, I say, ‘*Bon soir*, Monsieur le Capitaine—dat is your vay.’ He den tank me, vera moche like gentilman, and vish he coot mek me some return for my *generosite*, as he please to say—and I say, ‘*Bah!*’ Ingilish gentilman vood do de same to French offisair who lose his vay.’—‘Den come here,’ he say, ‘*bon enfant*, can you leave your post for ‘aff an hour?’—‘Leave my post?’ I say. ‘Yais,’ said he, ‘I know your army has not moche provision lately, and maybe you are ongrie?’—‘*Ma foi*, yais,’ said I; ‘I aff naut slips to my eyes, nor meat to my stomach, for more dan fife days.’ Vell, *bon enfant*,’ he say, ‘come vis me, and I will gif you goot supper, goot vine, and goot welcome.’—‘Coot I leave my post?’ I say. He say, ‘*Bah!*’ *Caporal* take care till you come back.’ By gar, I coot naut resist—he was so vairy moche gentilman, and I was so ongrie—I go vis him—not fife hunder yarts—*ah! bon Dieu*—how nice! In de corner of a leetel ruin chappel, dere is nice bit of fire, and hang on a string before it, de half of a kid—*oh ciel!* de smell of de *ros-bif*’ was so nice—I rub my hands to de fire—I sniff de *cuisine*—I see in anozer corner a couple bottels of wine—*sacre!* it vos all watair in my mouts! Ve sit down to suppair—I nevair did ate so moche in my life. Ve did finish de bones, and vosh down all mid ver good wine—*excellent!* Ve drink de toast—*a la gloire*—and ve talk of de campaign.—Ve drink *a la Patrie*, and den I tink of *la belle France* and *ma douce amie*—and he fissel ‘Got safe de king.’—Ve den drink *a l’amitie*, and shek hands over dat fire in goot fraishup,—dem two hands dat might cross de swords in de morning. Yais, sair, dat was fine—twas *galliard*—twas le *vrai chivalrie*; two soldier ennemi to share de same kid, drink de same wine, and talk like two friends. Vell, I got den so sleepy, dat my eyes go blink, blink, and my goot friend says to me, ‘Sleep old fellow; I know you aff got hard faye of late, and you are tired; sleep, all is quiet for to-night,

and I will call you before dawn.’ Sair, I vos so tired, I forgot my duty, and fall down fast asleep. Vell, sair, in de night de pickets of de two armie get so close, and mix up, dat some shot gets fired, and in von moment all in confusion. I am shake by de shoulder—I wake like from dream—I heard sharp *fusillade*—my friend cry, ‘Fly to your post, it is attack!—We exchange one shek of de hand, and I run off to my post. *Oh ciel!*—it is driven in—I see dem fly. *Oh, mon desespoir a ce moment!* I am ruin—*deshonore*—I rush to de front—I rally *mes braves*—ve stand!—ve advance!!—ve regain de post!!! De *fusillade* cease—it is only an affair of outposts. I tink I am safe—I tink I am very fine fellow—but Monsieur l’*Aide-Major* send for me and he speak—

“‘ Vere vos you last night, sair?’

“‘ I mount guard by de mill.’

“‘ Are you sure?’

“‘ *Oui, monsieur.*’

“‘ Vere vos you when your post vos attack?’

“‘ I saw it vos no use to deny any longer, so I confess to him everything. ‘Sair,’ said he, ‘you rally your men very good, or you should be shot. Young man, remember,’ said he—I will never forget his vorts—‘young man, *vine is goot—slip is goot—goat is goot,—but honners is betters!*’ ”

“A capital story, Randal,” cried Dick; “but how much of it did you invent?”

“‘ Pon my soul, it is as near the original as possible.”

“Besides, that is not a fair way of using a story,” said the Doctor. “You should take a story as you get it, and not play the dissector upon it, mangling its poor body to discover the bit of embellishment upon it: and as long as a *raconteur* maintains *vraisemblance*, I contend you are bound to receive the whole as true.”

“A most author-like creed, Doctor,” said Dick; “you are a story-teller yourself, and enter upon the defence of your craft with great spirit.”

“And justice, too,” said the Squire; “the Doctor is quite right.”

“Don’t suppose I can’t see the little touches of the artist,” said the Doctor; “but so long as they are in keeping with the picture I enjoy them; for instance, my friend Randal’s touch of the Englishman ‘*fissling God safe de King*’ is very happy—quite in character.”

“Well, good or bad, the story in substance is true,” said Randal, “and puts the Englishman in a fine point of view—a generous fellow sharing his supper with his enemy, whose sword may be through his body in the next morning’s ‘affair.’ ”

“But the Frenchman was generous to him first,” remarked the Squire.

“Certainly—I admit it,” said Randal. “In short, they were both fine fellows.”

“Oh, sir,” said Father Phil, the French are not deficient in a chivalrous spirit. I heard once a very pretty little bit of anecdote about the way they behaved to one of our regiments on a retreat in Spain.”

“Your regiment!” said Moriarty, who was rather fond of hitting hard at a priest when he could; “a regiment of friars, is it?”



"No, Captain, but of soldiers; and its going through a river they were, and the French, taking advantage of their helpless condition, were peppering away at them hard and fast."

"Very generous, indeed!" said Moriarty, laughing.

"Let me finish my story, Captain, before you quiz it. I say, they were peppering them sorely while they were crossing the river, until some women, the followers of the camp, ran down, poor creatures, to the shore, and the stream was so deep in the middle, they could scarcely ford it; so some dragoons, who were galloping as hard as they could out of the fire, pulled up on seeing the condition of the womenkind, and each horseman took up a woman behind him, though it diminished his own power of speeding from the danger. The moment the French saw this act of manly courtesy they ceased firing, and gave a cheer for the dragoons; and as long as the women were within gunshot, not a trigger was pulled in the French line, but volleys of cheers, instead of ball cartridge, were sent after the brigade, till all the women were over. Now wasn't that generous?"

"'Twas a handsome thing!" was the universal remark.

"And faith, I can tell you, Captain Moriarty, the army took advantage of it; for there was a great struggle to have the pleasure of the ladies' company over the river."

"I dare say, Father Phil," said the Squire, laughing—

"Throth, Squire," said the *padre*, "fond of the girls as the soldiers have the reputation of being, they never liked them better than that same day."

"Yes, yes," said Moriarty, a little piqued, for he rather affected the 'dare-devil,' "I see you mean to insinuate that we soldiers fear fire."

"I did not say, fear, Captain; but they'd like to get out of it, for all that, and small blame to them—aren't they flesh and blood, like ourselves?"

"Not a bit like you," said Moriarty. You sleek and smooth gentlemen, who live in luxurious peace, know little of a soldier's dangers or feelings.

"Captain, we all have our dangers to go through; and maybe a priest has as many as a soldier; and we only show a difference of taste, after all, in the selection."

"Well, Father Blake, all I know is, that a true soldier fears nothing!" said Moriarty, with energy.

"Maybe so," answered Father Phil, quietly.

"It is quite clear, however," said Murphy, "that war, with all its horrors, can call out occasionally the finer feelings of our natures; but it is only such redeeming traits as those we have heard which can reconcile us to it. I remember having heard an incident of war, myself, which affected me much," said Murphy, who caught the infection or military anecdote which circled the table; and indeed there is no more catching theme can be started among men, for it may be remarked that whenever it is broached it flows on until it is rather more than time to go to the ladies.

"It was in the earlier portion of the memorable day of Waterloo," said Murphy, "that a young officer of

the Guards received a wound which brought him to the ground. His companions rushed on to the occupation of some point their desperate valor was called on to carry, and he was left, utterly unable to rise, for the wound was in his foot. He lay for some hours with the thunder of that terrible day ringing around him, and many a rush of horse and foot had passed close beside him. Towards the close of the day he saw one of the Black Brunswick dragoons, who drew rein as his eye caught the young Guardsman, pale and almost fainting, on the ground. He alighted, and finding the officer was not mortally wounded, he assisted him to rise, lifted him into his saddle, and helped to support him there while he walked beside him to the English rear. The Brunswick was an old man; his brow and moustache were grey; despair was in his sunken eye, and from time to time he looked up with an expression of the deepest yearning into the face of the young soldier, who saw big tears rolling down the veteran's cheek while he gazed upon him.

"'You seem in bitter sorrow, my kind friend,' said the stripling.

"'No wonder,' answered the old man, with a hollow groan. 'I and my three boys were in the same regiment—they were alive the morning of Ligny—I am childless to-day. But I have revenged them!' he said fiercely, and as he spoke he held out his sword, which was literally red with blood. 'But, oh! that will not bring me back my boys!' he exclaimed, relapsing into sorrow. 'My three gallant boys!'—and again he wept bitterly, till clearing his eyes from the tears, and looking up in the young soldier's handsome face, he said tenderly, 'You are like my youngest one, and I could not let you lie on the field.'"

Even the rollicking Murphy's eyes were moist as he recited this anecdote; and as for Father Phil, he was quite melted, ejaculating in an unter tone, "Oh, my poor fellow! my poor fellow."

"So there," said Murphy, "is an example of a man, with revenge in his heart, and his right arm tired with slaughter, suddenly melted into gentleness by a resemblance to his child.

"'Tis very touching, but very sad," said the Squire. "My dear sir," said the Doctor, with his peculiar dryness, "sadness is the principle fruit which warfare must ever produce. You may talk of glory as long as you like, but you cannot have your laurel without your cypress and though you may select certain bits of sentiment out of a mass of horrors. if you allow me, I will give you one little story, which sha'n't keep you long, and will serve as a commentary upon war and glory in general.

"At the peace of 1803, I happened to be travelling through a town in France, where a certain Count I knew resided. I waited upon him, and he received me most cordially, and invited me to dinner. I made the excuse that I was only *en route*, and supplied with but travelling costume, and therefore not fit to present myself amongst the guests of such a house as his. He assured me I should only meet his own family, and pledged himself for Madame la Comtesse being willing to waive

the ceremony of a *grande toilette*. I went to the *hotel* at the appointed hour, and as I passed through the hall I caught a glance at the dining-room, and saw a very long table laid. On arriving at the reception-room, I taxed the Count with having broken faith with me, and was about making my excuses to the Countess, when she assured me the Count had dealt honestly by me, for that I was the only guest to join the family party. Well, we sat down to dinner, three-and-twenty persons; myself, the Count and Countess, and their *twenty children*, and a more lovely family I never saw; he is a man in the vigor of life, she a still attractive woman, and these their offspring lining the table, where the happy eyes of father and mother glanced with pride and affection from one side to the other on these future staffs of their old age. Well, the peace of Amiens was of short duration, and I saw no more of the Count till Napoleon's abdication. Then I visited France again, and saw my old friend. But it was a sad sight, sir, in that same house, where little more than ten years before I had seen the bloom and beauty of twenty children, to sit down with *three*—all he had left him. His sons had fallen in battle—his daughters had died widowed, leaving but orphans. And thus it was all over France. While the public voice shouted 'Glory,' wailing was in her homes. Her temple of victory was filled with trophies, her hearths were made desolate.

"Still, sir, a true soldier fears nothing," repeated Moriarty.

"*Baithershin*," said Father Phil. "Faith, I have been in places of danger you'd be glad to get out of, I can tell you, as bowld as you are, Captain."

"You'll pardon me for doubting you, Father Blake," said Moriarty, rather luffed.

"Faith, then, you wouldn't like to be where I was before I came here; that is, in a mud cabin, where I was giving the last rites to six people dying in the typhus fever."

"Typhus!" exclaimed Moriarty, growing pale, and instinctively withdrawing his chair as far as he could from the *padre* beside whom he sat.

"Ay, typhus, sir; most inveterate typhus."

"Gracious Heaven!" said Moriarty, rising, "how can you do such a dreadful thing as run the risk of bearing infection into society?"

"I thought soldiers were not afraid of anything," said Father Phil, laughing at him; and the rest of the party joined in the merriment.

"Fairly hit, Moriarty," said Dick.

"Nonsense!" said Moriarty, "when I spoke of danger, I mean such open danger as—in short, not such insidious, lurking abomination, as infection; for I contend that—"

"Say no more, Randal," said Growling, "you'r done! Father Phil has floored you."

"I deny it," said Moriarty, warmly; but the more he denied it the more every one laughed at him.

"You're more frightened than hurt, Moriarty," said the Squire; "for the best of the joke is, Father Phil wasn't in contact with typhus at all, but was riding with me—and 'tis but a joke."

Here they all roared at Moriarty, who was excessively angry, but felt himself in such a ridiculous position that he could not quarrel with anybody.

"Pardon me, my dear Captain," said the Father. "I only wanted to show you that a poor priest has to run the risk of his life just as much as the boldest soldier of them all. But don't you think now, Squire, we ought to join the ladies? I'm sure the tay will be tired waiting for us."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS. EGAN was engaged with some needle-work, and Fanny turning over the leaves of a music-book, and occasionally humming some bars of her favorite songs, as the gentleman came into the drawing-room. Fanny rose from the piano-forte as they entered.

"Oh, Miss Dawson," exclaimed Moriarty, "why tantalize us so much as to let us see you seated in that place where you can render so much delight, only to leave it as we enter?"

Fanny turned off the Captain's flourishing speech with a few lively words and a smile, and took her seat at the tea-table to do the honors.

"The Captain," said Father Phil to the Doctor, "is equally great in love or war."

"And knows about as little of one as the other," said the Doctor, "his attacks are too open."

"And therefore easily foiled," said Father Phil. "How that pretty creature, with the turn of a word and a curl of her lip, upset him that time! Oh, what a powerful thing a woman's smile is, Doctor! I often congratulate myself that my calling puts all such mundane follies and attractions out of my way, when I see and know what fools wise men are sometimes made by silly girls. Oh, it is fearful, Doctor; though, of course, part of the mysterious dispensation of an allwise Providence."

"Is it that fools should have the mastery?" inquired the Doctor, drily with a mischievous query in his eye as well.

"Tut, tut, tut, Doctor," replied Father Phil, impatiently; "you know well enough what I mean, and I won't allow you to engage me in one of your ingenious battles of words. I speak of that wonderful influence of the weaker sex over the stronger, and how the word of a rosy lip outweighs sometimes the resolves of a furrowed brow; and how the—pooh! pooh! I'm making a fool of myself talking to you;—but to make a long story short, I would rather *wrestle* out a logical dispute any day, or a tough argument of one of the Fathers, than refute some absurdity which fell from a pretty mouth with a smile on it."

"Oh, I quite agree with you," said the Doctor, grinning, "that the fathers are not half such dangerous customers as the daughters."

"Ah, go along with you, Doctor!" said Father Phil, with a good-humored laugh. "I see you are in your mischievous moods, and so I'll have nothing more to say to you."



The Father turned away to join the Squire, while the Doctor took a seat near Fanny Dawson, and enjoyed a quiet little bit of conversation with her, while Moriarty was turning over the leaves of her album; but the brow of the Captain, who affected a taste in poetry, became knit, and his lip assumed a contemptuous curl as he perused some lines, and asked Fanny who was the composition.

"I forget," was Fanny's answer.

"I don't wonder," said Moriarty; "the author is not worth remembering, for they are very rough."

Fanny did not seem pleased with the criticism, and said, that when sung to the measure of the air written down on the opposite page, they were very flowing.

"But the principal phrase, the '*refrain*,' I may say, is so vulgar," added Moriarty, returning to the charge. "The gentleman says, 'What would you do?' and the lady answers, 'That's what I'd do.' Do you call that poetry?"

"I don't call *that* poetry," said Fanny, with some emphasis on the word; "but if you connect those two phrases with what is intermediately written, and read all in the spirit of the entire of the verses, I think there *is* poetry in them,—but if not *poetry*, certainly *feeling*."

"Can you tolerate '*That's what I'd do*?'—the pert answer of a housemaid."

"A phrase in itself homely," answered Fanny, "may become elevated by the use to which it is applied."

"Quite true, Miss Dawson," said the doctor, joining in the discussion; "but what are these lines which excite Randal's ire?"

"Here they are," said Moriarty. "I will read them, if you allow me, and then judge between Miss Dawson and me."

'What will you do, love, when I am going,  
With white sail flowing,  
The seas beyond?  
What will you do, love, when —'

"Stop, thief!—stop, thief!" cried the Doctor. "Why are robbing the poet of his reputation as fast as you can. You don't attend to the rhythm of those lines,—you don't give the *ringing* of the verse."

"That's just what I have said, in other words," said Fanny. "When sung to the melody they are smooth."

"But a good reader, Miss Dawson," said the Doctor, "will read verse with the proper accent, just as a musician would divide it into bars; but my friend Randal there, though he can tell a good story, and hit off prose very well, has no more notion of rhythm or poetry than new beer has of a holiday."

"And why, pray, has not new beer a notion of a holiday?"

"Because, sir, it works of a Sunday."

"Your *beer* may be new, Doctor, but your *joke* is not,—I have seen it before, in some old form."

"Well, sir, if I found it in its old form, like a hare, and started it fresh, it may do for folks to run after as well as anything else. But you shan't escape your misdemeanor in mauling those verses as you have

done, by finding fault with my joke *redivivus*. You read those lines, sir, like a bellman, without any attention to metre."

"To be sure," said Father Phil, who had been listening for some time; "they have a ring in them—"

"Like a pig's nose," said the Doctor.

"Ah, be aisy," said Father Phil. "I say they have a ring in them like an owld Latin canticle,—"

'What will you do, love, when I am going,  
With white sail flowing,  
The seas be-yond?'

That's it!"

"To be sure," said the Doctor. "I vote for the Father's reading them out on the spot."

"Pray do, Mister Blake," said Fanny.

"Ah, Miss Dawson, what have I to do with reading love verses?"

"Take the book, sir," said Growling, "and show me you have some faith in your own sayings, by obeying a lady directly."

"Pooh! pooh!" said the priest.

"You won't refuse me?" said Fanny, in a coaxing tone.

"My dear Miss Dawson," said the *padre*.

"*Father Phil*!" said Fanny, with one of her rosy smiles.

"Oh, wow! wow! wow!" ejaculated the priest in an amusing embarrassment—"I see you *will* make me do whatever you like." So Father Phil gave the rare example of a man acting up to his own theory, and could not resist the demand that came from a pretty mouth. He took the book, and read the lines with much feeling, but with an observance of rhythm so grotesque, that it must be given in his own manner.

#### WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

##### I.

'What will you do, love, when I am going,  
With white sail flow-ing,  
The seas be-yond?  
What will you do, love, when waves di-vide us,  
And friends may chide us,  
For being *fand*?  
"Though waves di-vide us, and friends be *chi*-ding,  
In faith a-bi-ding,  
I'll still be true;  
And I'll pray for *thee* on the stormy o-cean,  
In deep de-ro-tion;—  
That's what I'll do!"

##### II.

"What would you do, love, if distant *ti*-dings  
Thy fond con-ji-dings  
Should under-mine;  
And I, a-bi-ding 'neath sultry skies,  
Should think other eyes  
Were as bring as *thine*?  
"Oh, name it *not*; though guilt and shame  
Were on thy *name*,  
I'll still be true;  
But that heart of *thine*, should another share it,  
I could not bear it;—  
What would I do?"

##### III.

"What would you do, love, when, home re-turn-ing,  
With hopes high burn-ing,  
With wealth for you,—  
If my bark, that bound-ed, o'er foreign seas,  
Should be lost near home;—  
Ah, what would you do?"

"So thou wert *spar*-ed, I'd bless the *mor*-row,  
In want and *cor*-row,  
That left me *you*;  
And I'd welcome *thee* from the wasting *bid*-low,  
My heart thy *pit*-low!—  
THAT'S what I'd do!"

"Well done, *padre*!" said the Doctor,—"with good emphasis and discretion."

"And now, my dear Miss Dawson," said Father Phil, "since I've read the lines at your high bidding, will you sing them for me at my humble asking?"

"Very antithetically put, indeed," said Fanny; "but you must excuse me."

"You said there was a tune to it."

"Yes; but I promised Captain Moriarty to sing him *this*," said Fanny, going over to the pianoforte, and laying her hand on an open music-book.

"Thanks, Miss Dawson," said Moriarty, following fast.

Now, it was not that Fanny Dawson liked the Captain that she was going to sing the song; but she thought he had been rather "*mobbed*" by the doctor and *padre* about the reading of the verses, and it was her good breeding which made her pay this little attention to the worsted party. She poured forth her sweet voice in a simple melody to the following words:—

SAY NOT MY HEART IS COLD.

I.

"Say not my heart is cold,  
Because of a silent tongue;  
The lute of faultless mould  
In silence oft hath hung.  
The fountain soonest spent  
Doth babble down the steep;  
But the stream that *ever* went  
Is silent, strong, and deep.

II.

"The charm of a secret life  
Is given to choicest things;—  
Of flowers, the fragrance rife  
Is wafted on viewless wings;  
We see not the charmed air  
Bearing some witching sound  
And ocean deep is where  
The pearl of price is found.

III.

"Where are the stars by day?  
They burn, though all unseen.  
And love of purest ray  
Is like the stars, I ween:  
Unmark'd is the gentle light  
When the sunshine of joy appears,  
But even, in sorrow's night,  
'Twill glitter upon thy stars!"

"Well, Randal, does that poem satisfy your critical taste?—of the singing there can be but one opinion."

"Yes, I think it pretty," said Moriarty, "but there is one word in the last verse I object to."

"Which is that?" inquired Growing.

"*Ween*," said the other; "'the stars, I ween,' I object to."

"Don't you see the meaning of that?" inquired the Doctor. "I think it a very happy allusion."

"I don't see any allusion whatever," said the critic.

"Don't you see the poet alluded to the stars in the *milky* way, and says, therefore, The stars I *ween*."

"Bah! bah! Doctor," exclaimed the critical captain: "you are in one of your quizzing moods to-night, and 'tis in vain to expect a serious answer from you." He turned on his heel as he spoke, and went away.

"Moriarty, you know, Miss Dawson, is a man who affects a horror of puns, and therefore I always punish him with as many as I can," said the Doctor, who was left by Moriarty's sudden pique to the enjoyment of a pleasant chat with Fanny, and he was sorry when the hour arrived which disturbed it by the breaking up of the party and the departure of the guests.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHEN the widow Rooney was forcibly ejected from the house of Mrs. James Casey, and found that Andy was not the possessor of that lady's charms, she posted off to Neck-or-Nothing Hall, to hear the full and true account of the transaction from Andy himself. On arriving at the old iron gate, and pulling the loud bell, the savage old janitor spoke to her between the bars, and told her to "go out o' that." Mrs. Rooney thought Fate was using her hard in decreeing she was to receive denial at every door, and endeavored to obtain a parley with the gate-keeper, to which he seemed no way inclined.

"My name's Rooney, sir."

"There's plenty bad o' the name," was the civil rejoinder.

"And my son's in Squire O'Grady's sarvice, sir."

"Oh—you're the mother of the beauty we call Handy—eh?"

"Yis, sir."

"Well, he left the sarvice yisterday."

"Is it lost the place?"

"Yis."

"Oh, dear!—Ah, sir, let me up to the house and spake to his honor, and maybe he'll take back the boy."

"He doesn't want any more servants at all—for he's dead."

"Is it Squire O'Grady dead?"

"Ay—did you never hear of a dead Squire before?"

"What did he die of, sir?"

"Find out," said the sulky brute, walking back into his den.

It was true—the renowned O'Grady was no more. The fever which had set in from his "broiled bones," which he *would* have in spite of anybody, was found difficult of abatement; and the impossibility of keeping him quiet, and his fits of passion, and consequent fresh supplies of "broiled bones," rendered the malady unmanageable; and the very day after Andy had left the house, the fever took a bad turn, and in four-and-twenty hours the stormy O'Grady was at peace.

What a sudden change fell upon the house! All the wedding paraphernalia which had been brought down, lay neglected in the rooms where it had been the object of the preceding day's admiration. The deep, absorbing, silent grief of the wife—the more audible sorrow of the girls—the subdued wildness of the reckless boys, as they trod silently past the chamber where they no longer might dread reproof for their noise—all



this was less touching than the effect the event had upon the old dowager mother. While the senses of others were stunned by the blow, hers became awakened by the shock; all her absurd aberration passed away, and she sat, in intellectual self-possession, by the side of her son's death-bed, which she never left until he was laid in his coffin. He was the first and the last of her sons. She had now none but grandchildren to look upon—the intermediate generation had passed away, and the gap yawned fearfully before her. It restored her, for the time, perfectly to her senses; and she gave the necessary directions on the melancholy occasion, and superintended all the sad ceremonials befitting the time, with a calm and dignified resignation, which impressed all around her with wonder and respect.

Superadded to the dismay which the death of the head of a family produces, was the terrible fear which existed that O'Grady's body would be seized for debt—a barbarous practice, which, shame to say, is still permitted. This fear made great precaution necessary, to prevent persons approaching the house, and accounts for the extra gruffness of the gate porter. The wild body-guard of the wild chief was on doubly active duty; and after four-and-twenty hours had passed over the reckless boys, the interest they took in sharing and directing the watch and ward seemed to outweigh all sorrowful consideration for the death of their father. As for Gustavus, the consciousness of being now the master of Neck-or-Nothing Hall was apparent in a boy not yet fifteen; and not only in himself, but in the grey-headed retainers about him, this might be seen: there was a shade more of deference—the boy was merged in “*the young master*.” But we must leave the house of mourning for the present, and follow the widow Rooney, who, as she tramped her way homeward, was increasing in hideousness of visage every hour. Her nose was twice its usual dimensions, and one eye was perfectly useless in showing her the road. At last, however, as evening was closing, she reached her cabin, and there was Andy, arrived before her, and telling Oonah, his cousin, all his misadventures of the preceding day.

“And who done it at all?” said Oonah.

“Who, but that born divil, Matty Dwyer—and sure they told me you were married to her,” said she to Andy.

“So I was—” said Andy, beginning the account of his misfortunes afresh to his mother, who from time to time would break in with indiscriminate maledictions on Andy, as well as his forsworn damsel; and when the account was ended, she poured out a torrent of abuse upon her unfortunate forsaken son, which riveted him to the floor in utter amazement.

“I thought I'd get pity here, at all events,” said poor Andy; “but instead o' that it's the worst word, and the hardest name in your jaw, you have for me.”

“And sarve you right, you dirty cur,” said his mother. “I ran off like a fool when I heerd of your good fortune, and see the condition that baggage left me in—my teeth knocked in, and my eye knocked out,

and all for your foolery, because you couldn't keep what you got.”

“Sure, mother, I tell you—”

“Howld your tongue, you *omadhuwn*!—And then I go to Squire O'Grady's to look for you, and there I hear you lost that place, too.”

“Faix, it's little loss,” said Andy.

“That's all you know about it, you goose—you lose the place just when the man's dead, and you'd have had a shuit o' mournin'. Oh, you are the most misfortunate divil, Andy Rooney, this day in Ireland—why did I rear you at all?”

“Squire O'Grady dead!” said Andy in surprise, and also with regret for his late master.

“Yis—and you've lost the mournin'—augh!”

“Oh, the poor Squire!” said Andy.

“The iligent new clothes!” grumbled Mrs. Rooney. “And then luck tumbles into your way, such as man never had; without a place, or a rap to bless yourself with, you get a rich man's daughter for your wife, and you let her slip through your fingers.”

“How could I help it?” said Andy.

“Augh!—you bothered the job just the way you do every thing,” said his mother.

“Sure I was civil spoken to her.”

“Augh!” said his mother.

“And took no liberty.”

“You goose!”

“And called her Miss.”

“Oh, indeed, you missed it altogether.”

“And said I wasn't deservin' of her.”

“That was thrue—but *you should not have toold her so*. Make a woman think you're better than her, and she'll like you.”

“And sure, when I endayvored to make myself agreeable to her—”

“*Endayvored!*” repeated the old woman contemptuously—“*Endayvored*, indeed!—Why didn't you *make* yourself agreeable at once, you poor dirty goose?—no, but you went sneaking about it—I know as well as if I was looking at you—you went sneaking and snivelin' until the girl took a disgust to you; for there's nothing a woman despises so much as shilly-shallying.”

“Sure, you won't hear my defence,” said Andy.

“Oh, indeed, you're better at defence than attack,” said his mother.

“Sure the first little civility I wanted to pay her, she took up the three-legged stool to me.”

The divil mend you!—And what civility did you offer her?”

“I made a grab at her cap, and I thought she'd have brained me!”

Oonah set up such a shout of laughter at Andy's notion of a civility to a girl, that the conversation was stopped for some time, and her aunt remonstrated with her at her want of common sense, or, as she said, hadn't she “more decency than to laugh at the poor fool's nonsense?”

“What could I do agen the three-legged stool?” said Andy.

"Where was your *own* legs, and your own arms, and your own eyes, and your own tongue?—eh?"

"And sure I tell you it was all ready contrived, and James Casey was sent for, and came."

"Yis," said the mother, "but not for a long time, you towld me yourself; and what were you doing all that time?—Sure, supposing you *wor* only a new acquaintance, any man worth a day's mate would have discorsed her over in the time, and made her sensible he was the best of husbands."

"I tell you she wouldn't let me have her ear at all," said Andy.

"Nor her cap either," said Oonah, laughing.

"And then Jim Casey kem."

"And why did you let him in?"

"It was *she* let him in, I tell you."

"And why did you let her? He was on the wrong side of the door—that's the *outside*; and you on the right—that's the *inside*; and it was *your* house, and she was *your* wife, and you were her masther, and you had the rights of the church, and the rights of the law, and all the rights on your side; barrin' right rayson—that you never had; and sure without *that*, what's the use of all the other rights in the world?"

"Sure, hadn't he his friends, *sthrong*, outside?"

"No matter, if the door wasn't opened to them, for *then* you would have had a stronger friend than any o' them present among them."

"Who?" inquired Andy.

"The *hangman*," answered his mother; "for breaking doors is hanging matter; and I say the presence of the hangman's always before people when they have such a job to do, and makes them think twice sometimes, before they smash once; and so you had only to keep one woman's hands quiet."

"Faix, some of them would smash a door as soon as not," said Andy.

"Well, then, you'd have the satisfaction of hanging them," said the mother, "and that would be some consolation. But even as it is, I'll have law for it—I will—for the property is yours, any how, though the girl is gone—and indeed a brazen baggage she is, and is mighty heavy in the hand!—oh, my poor eye!—it's like a coal of fire—but sure it was worth the risk living with her, for the sake of the purty property. And sure I was thinkin' what a pleasure it would be living with you, and teachin' your wife housekeepin', and bringin' up the young turkeys and the childhre—but, och hone, you'll never do a bit o' good, you that got sitch careful bringin' up, Andy Rooney! Didn't I tache you manners, you dirty hanginbone blackguard?—Didn't I tache you your blessed religion?—may the devil sweep you!—Did I ever prevent you from sharing the lavings of the pratees with the pig? and didn't you often clane out the pot with him? and you're no good afther all. I've turned my honest penny by the pig, but I'll never make my money of *you*, Andy Rooney!"

There were some minutes' silence after this eloquent outbreak of Andy's mother, which was broken at last by Andy uttering a long sigh and an ejaculation.

"Och!—it's a fine thing to be a gentleman," said Andy.

"Cock you up!" said his mother. "Maybe it's a gentleman you want to be;—what puts that in your head, you *omuidhavan*?"

"Why, because a gentleman has no hardships compared with one of us. Sure, if a gentleman was marri'd, his wife wouldn't be tuk off from him the way mine was."

"Not so soon, maybe," said the mother drily.

"And if a gentleman brakes a horse's heart, he's only a '*bowld rider*,' while a poor servant is a '*careless blackguard*,' for only taking a sweat out of him. If a gentleman dhrinks till he can't see a hole in a laddher, he's only '*fresh*,' but '*dhrunk*' is the word for a poor man. And if a gentleman kicks up a row, he's a '*fine sperited fellow*,' while a poor man is a '*disordherly vagabone*' for the same; and the Justice axes the one to dinner, and sends th' other to jail. Oh, faix, the law is a dainty lady; she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people with brown fists must keep their distance."

"I often remark," said his mother, "that fools spake mighty sensible betimes; but their wisdom all goes with their gab. Why didn't you take a better grip of your luck when you had it? You're wishing you wor a gentleman, and yet when you had the best part of a gentleman (the property, I mane) put into your way, you let it slip through your fingers; and afther lettin' a fellow take a rich wife from you, and turn you out of your own house, you sit down on a stool there, and begin to *wish*, indeed!—you sneaking fool—wish, indeed!—Och! if you wish with one hand, and wash with th' other, which will be clane first—eh?"

"What could I do agen eight?" asked Andy.

"Why did you let them in, I say again?" said the mother, quickly.

"Sure the blame wasn't with me," said Andy, "but with—"

"Whilst, whilst, you goose!" said his mother. "An coorse you'll blame every one, and everything but yourself. '*The losing horses blames the saddle*.'"

"Well, maybe it's all for the best," said Andy, "afther all."

"Augh, howld your tongue!"

"And if it *wasn't* to be, how could it be?"

"Listen to him!"

"And Providence is over us all."

"Oh, yis!" said the mother. "When fools make mistakes they lay the blame on Providence. How have you the impidence to talk o' Providence in that manner?—*I'll* tell you where the Providence was.—Providence sent you to Jack Dwyer's, and kep Jim Casey away, and put the anger into owld Jack's heart, and made the opening for you to spake up, and gave you a wife—a wife with *property*!—Ah, *ther's* where the Providence was!—and you were the masther of a snug house—that was Providence! And wouldn't myself have been the one to be helping you in the farm—rearing the powlts, milkin' the cow makin' the iligant butter, with lavings of buttermilk for the pigs—the



sow thriving, and the cocks and hens cheering your heart with their cacklin'—the hank o' yarn on the wheel, and a bank of ingins up the chimbley—oh! that's what the Providence would have been—that *would have been Providence indeed!*—but never tell me that Providence turned you out of the house; *that was your own gooshterunfoudle.*"

"Can't he take the law o' them, aunt?" inquired Oonah.

"To be sure he can—and shall, to," said the mother. "I'll be off to 'orney Murphy, to-morrow. I'll pursue her for my eye, and Andy for the property, and I'll put them all in Chancery, the villians!"

"It's Newgate they ought to be put in," said Andy.

"Tut, you fool, Chancery is worse than Newgate; for people sometimes get out of Newgate, but they never get out of Chancery, I hear."

As Mrs. Rooney spoke, the latch of the door was raised, and a miserably clad woman entered, closed the door immediately after, and placed the bar against it. The action attracted the attention of all the inmates of the house, for the doors of the peasantry are universally left "on the latch," and never secured against intrusion until the family go to bed.

"God save all here!" said the woman, as she approached the fire.

"Oh, is that you, Ragged Nance?" said Mrs. Rooney; for that was the unenviable but descriptive title the new comer was known by; and though she knew it for her *sobriquet*, yet she also knew Mrs. Rooney would not call by it if she were not in an ill temper, so she began humbly to explain the cause of her visit, when Mrs. Rooney broke in gruffly:

"Oh, you always make a good rayson for coming; but we have nothing for you to-night."

"Throth, you do me wrong," said the beggar, "if you think I came *shooling*.\* It's only to keep harm from the innocent girl here."

"Arrah, what harm would happen her, woman?" returned the widow, savagely, rendered more morose by the humble bearing of her against whom she directed her severity; as if she got more angry the less the poor creature would give her cause to justify her harshness. "Isn't she undher my roof, here?"

"But how long may she be left there?" asked the woman, significantly.

"What do you mane, woman?"

"I mane, there's a plan to carry her off from you to-night?"

"Oonah grew pale with true terror, and the widow screeched, after the more approved manner of elderly ladies, making believe they are very much shocked, till Nance reminded her that crying would do no good, and that it was requisite to make some preparation against the approaching danger. Various plans were hastily suggested, and as hastily relinquished, till Nance advised a measure which was deemed the best. It was to dress Andy in female attire, and let him be carried in place of the girl. Andy roared with laugh-

ter at the notion of being made a girl, and said the trick would instantly be seen through.

"Not if you act your part well; just keep down the giggle, jewel, and put on a moderate *philleleu*, and do the thing nice and steady, and you'll be the saving of your cousin here."

"You may deceive them with the dhress; and I may do a bit of a small *shilloo*, like a *colleen* in disthress, and that's all very well," said Andy, "as far as seeing and hearing goes; but when they come to grip me, sure sure they'll find out in a minute."

"We'll stuff you out well with rags and sthraw, and they'll never know the differ—besides, remember the fellow that wants a girl never comes for her himself\*, but sends his friends for her, and they wont know the differ—besides, they're all dhruunk."

"How do you know?"

"Because they're always dhruunk—that same crew; and if they're not dhruunk to-night, it's the first time in their lives they ever were sober. So make haste, now, and put off your coat till we make a purty young colleen out o' you."

It occurred now to the widow that it was a service of great danger Andy was called on to perform; and with all her abuse of her "*omadharon*," she did not like the notion of putting him in the way of losing his life, perhaps.

"They will murder the boy, maybe, when they find out the chate," said the widow.

"Not a bit," said Nance.

"And suppose they did," said Andy, "I'd rather die, sure, than the disgrace should fall upon Oonah, there."

"God bless you, Andy, dear!" said Oonah, "Sure, you have the kind heart, any how; but I wouldn't for the world hurt or harm should come to you on my account."

"Oh, don't be afeard?" said Andy cheerfully; "divil a hair I value all they can do; so dhress me up at oncet."

After some more objections on the part of his mother, which Andy overruled, the women all joined in making up Andy into as tempting an imitation of feminality as they could contrive; but to bestow the roundness of outline on the angular forms of Andy, was no easy matter, and required more rags than the house afforded; so some straw was indispensable, which the pig's bed only could supply. In the midst of their fears, the women could not help laughing as they effected some likeness to their own forms, with their stuffing and padding; but to carry off the width of Andy's shoulders, required a very ample and voluptuous outline indeed; and Andy could not help wishing the straw was a little sweeter which they were packing under his nose. At last, however, after soaping down his stragling hair on his forehead, and tying a bonnet on his head to shade his face as much as possible, the disguise was completed, and the next move was to put Oonah in a place of safety.

\* Going on chance here and there, to pick up what one can.

\* This is mostly the case.

"Get up on the hurdle in the corner, under the thatch," said Nance.

"Oh, I'd be afeard o' my life to stay in the house at all."

"You'd be safe enough, I tell you," said Nance; "for once they see that fine young woman there," pointing to Nance, and laughing, "they'll be satisfied with the lob we've made for them."

Oonah still expressed her fear of remaining in the cabin.

"Then hide in the pratee thrench, behind the house."

"That's better," said Oonah.

"And now I must be going," said Nance; "for they must not see me when they come."

"Oh, don't leave me, Nance, dear," cried Oonah, "for I'm sure I'll faint with the fright when I hear them coming if some one is not with me."

Nance yielded to Oonah's fears and entreaties; and with many a blessing and boundless thanks for the beggar-woman's kindness, Oonah led the way to the little potato garden at the back of the house, and there the women squatted themselves in one of the trenches and awaited the impending event.

It was not long in arriving. The tramp of approaching horses at a sharp pace rang through the stillness of the night, and the women, crouching flat beneath the overspreading branches of the potato tops, lay breathless at the bottom of the trench, as the riders came up to the widow's cottage, and entered. There they found the widow and her pseudo niece sitting at the fire; and three drunken vagabonds, for the fourth was holding the horses outside, cut some fantastic capers round the cabin, and making a mock obeisance to the widow, the spokesman addressed her with,—

"Your sarvant, ma'am!"

"Who are yiz at all, gintlemin, that comes to my place at this time o' night, and what's your business?"

"We want the loan o' that young woman there, ma'am," said the ruffian.

Andy and his mother both uttered small squalls.

"And as for who we are, ma'am, we are the blessed society of Saint Joseph, ma'am,—and our coat of arms is two heads upon one pillow, and our motto, 'Who's afraid?—hurroo!'" shouted the savage, and he twirled his stick, and cut another caper. Then coming up to Andy, he addressed him as "young woman," and said there was a fine strapping fellow, whose heart was breaking till he "rowled her in his arms."

Andy and the mother both acted their parts very well. He rushed to the arms of the old woman for protection, and screeched small, while the widow shouted "*milla murder!*" at the top of her voice, and did not give up her hold of the make-believe young woman until her cap was torn half off, and her hair streamed about her face. She called on all the saints in the calendar, as she knelt in the middle of the floor, and rocked to and fro, with her clasped hands raised to heaven, calling down curses on the "villains and robbers," that were tearing her child from her, while they threatened to stop her breath altogether if she

did not make less noise; and in the midst of the uproar dragged off Andy, whose struggles and despair might have excited the suspicion of soberer men. They lifted him up on a stout horse, in front of the most powerful man of the party, who gripped Andy hard round the middle, and pushed his horse to a hard gallop, followed by the rest of the party. The proximity of Andy to his *cavaliero* made the latter sensible of the bad odor of the pig's bed, which formed Andy's luxurious bust and bustle; but he attributed the unsavory scent to a bad breath on the lady's part, and would sometimes address his charge thus:

"Young woman, if you plaze, would you turn your face th' other way," then a side soliloquy,—"*By Jaker, I wonder at Jack's taste—she's a fine lump of a girl, but her breath is murder intirely—phew!—young woman, turn away your face, or by this and that I'll fall off the horse. I've heerd of a bad breath that might knock a man down, but I never met it till now. Oh, murder! it's worse it's growin'—I suppose 'tis the bumpin' she's gettin' that shakes the breath out of her strong—oh, there it is again!—phew!*"

It was as well, perhaps, for the prosecution of the deceit, that the distaste the fellow conceived for his charge prevented any closer approaches to Andy's visage, which might have dispelled the illusion under which he still pushed forward to the hills, and bumped poor Andy towards the termination of the ride. Keeping a sharp look out as they went along, Andy soon was able to perceive they were making for that wild part of the hills where he had discovered the private still on the night of his temporary fright and imaginary rencontre with the giants, and the conversation he partly overheard all recurred to him, and he saw at once that Oonah was the person alluded to, whose name he could not catch; a circumstance that had cost him many a conjecture in the interim. This gave him a clue to the persons into whose power he was about to fall, after having so far defeated their scheme, and he saw he should have to deal with very desperate and lawless parties. Remembering, moreover, the herculean frame of the innamorato, he calculated on an awful thrashing as the smallest penalty he should have to pay for deceiving him, but was nevertheless determined to go through the adventure with a good heart, to make deceit serve his turn as long as he might, and at the last, if necessary, make the best fight he could.

As it happened, luck favored Andy in his adventure, for the hero of the blunderbuss (and he, it will be remembered, was the love-sick gentleman,) drank profusely on the night in question, quaffing deep potations to the health of his Oonah, wishing luck to his friends and speed to their horses, and every now and then ascending the ladder from the cave, and looking out for the approach of the party. On one of these occasions, from the unsteadiness of the ladder, or himself, or perhaps both, his foot slipped, and he came to the ground with a heavy fall, in which his head received so severe a blow, that he became insensible, and it was some time before his sister, who was an inhabitant of this den, could restore him to consciousness. This



she did, however, and the savage recovered all the senses the whisky had left him, but still the stunning effect of the fall cooled his courage considerably, and, as it were, "bothered" him, so that he felt much less of the "gallant gay Lothario" than he had done before the accident.

The tramp of horses was heard overhead ere long, and *Shan More*, or Big John, as the Hercules was called, told Bridget to go up to "the darlin'," and help her down.

"For that's a blackguard laddher," said he; "it turned undher me like an eel, bad luck to it!—tell her, I'd go up myself, only the ground is shippin' from undher me,—and the laddher—"

Bridget went off, leaving Jack growling forth anathemas against the ground and the ladder, and returned speedily with the mock-lady and her attendant squires.

"Oh, my jewel?" roared Jack, as he caught sight of his prize. He scrambled up on his legs, and made a rush at Andy, who imitated a woman's scream and fright at the expected embrace, but it was with much greater difficulty he suppressed his laughter at the headlong fall with which Big Jack plunged his head into a heap of turf,\* and hugged a sack of malt which lay beside it.

Andy endeavored to overcome the provocation to merriment by screeching; and as Bridget caught the sound of this tendency towards laughter between the screams, she thought it was the commencement of a fit of hysterics, and it accounted all the better for Andy's extravagant antics.

"Oh, the craythur is frightened out of her life!" said Bridget. "Leave her to me," said she to the men. "There, jewel machree!" she continued to Andy, soothingly,— "don't take on you that way—don't be afeerd—you're among friends—Jack is only thrunk dhrinking your health, darlin', but he adores you."

Andy screeched.

"But don't be afeerd—you'll be thrated tender, and he'll marry you, darlin', like an honest woman!"

Andy squalled.

"But not to-night, jewel—don't be frightened."

Andy gave a heavy sob at the respite.

"Boys, will you lift Jack out o' the turf, and carry him up into the air, 'twill be good for him, and this dacin't girl will sleep with me to-night."

Andy couldn't resist a laugh at this, and Bridget feared the girl was going off into hysterics again.

"Aisy, dear—aisy—sure you'll be safe with me."

"Ow? ow! ow!" shouted Andy.

"Oh, murther!" cried Bridget—"the sterricks will be the death of her;—you blackguards, you frightened her, coming up here, I'm sure."

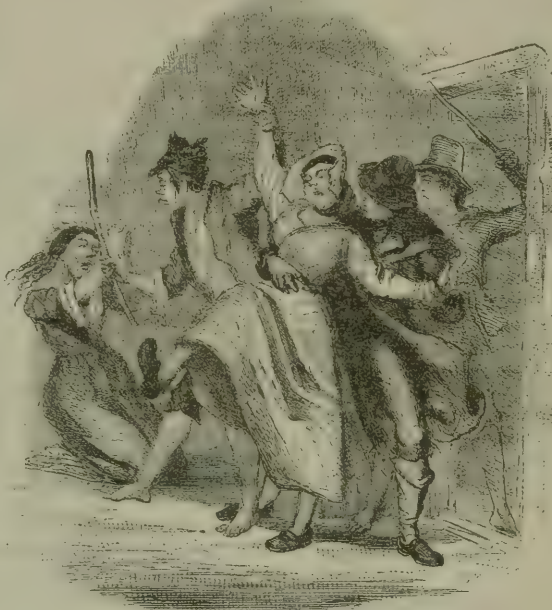
The men swore they behaved in the gentlest manner.

"Well, take away Jack, and the girl shall have share of my bed for this night."

Andy shook internally with laughter.

"Dear, dear, how she thrimbles," cried Bridget. "Don't be so frightful, *lanna machree*—there, now—they're taking Jack away, and you're alone with myself, and will have a nice sleep."

The men all the time were removing *Shan More* to upper air; and the last sounds they heerd as they left the cave were the coaxing tones of Bridget's voice, inviting Andy, in the softest words, to go to bed.



The Abduction.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

THE workshops of Neck-or-Nothing Hall rang with the sounds of occupation for two days after the demise of its former master. The hoarse grating sound of the saw, the whistling of the plane, and the stroke of the mallet, denoted the presence of the carpenter; and the sharper clink of a hammer, told of old Foggy the family "milliner" being at work;—but it was not on millinery Foggy was now employed, though neither was it legitimate tinker's work. He was scrolling out with his shears, and beating into form, a plate of tin to serve for the shield on O'Grady's coffin, which was to record his name, age, and the day of his departure; and this was the second plate on which the old man worked, for

one was already finished in the corner. Why are there two coffin-plates? Enter the carpenter's shop, and you will see the answer in two coffins the carpenter has nearly completed. But why two coffins to one death? Listen, reader, to a bit of Irish strategy.

It has been stated that an apprehension was entertained of a seizure of the inanimate body of O'Grady for the debts it had contracted in life, and the Harpy nature of the money-lender, from whom this movement was dreaded, warranted the fear. Had O'Grady been popular, such a measure on the part of a cruel creditor might have been defied, as the surrounding peasantry would have risen *en masse* to prevent it; but the hostile position in which he had placed himself towards the people, alienated the natural affection they are born with for their chiefs, and any partial defence the few fierce retainers whom individual interest had attached to him could have made, might have been insufficient; therefore, to save his father's remains from the pollution (as the son considered) of a bailiff's touch, Gustavus determined to achieve by stratagem what he could not accomplish by force, and had two coffins constructed, the one to be filled with stones and straw, and sent out by the front entrance, with all the demonstration of a real funeral, and be given up to the attack it was feared would be made upon it; while the other, put to its legitimate use, should be placed on a raft, and floated down the river to an ancient burial-ground, which lay some miles below on the opposite bank. A facility for this was offered by a branch of the river running up into the domain, as it will be remembered; and the scene of the bearish freaks played upon Furlong was to witness a trick of a more serious nature.

While all these preparations were going forward, the "waking" was kept up in all the barbarous style of old times,—eating and drinking in profusion went on in the house, and the kitchen of the hall rang with joviality. The feats of sports and arms of the man who had passed away were lauded, and his comparative achievements with those of his progenitors gave rise to many a stirring anecdote; and bursts of barbarous exultation, or more barbarous merriment, rang in the house of death. There was no lack of whisky to fire the brains of these revellers, for the standard of the measurement of family grandeur was, too often, a liquid one in Ireland, even so recently as the time we speak of; and the dozens of wine wasted during the life it helped to shorten, and the posthumous gallons consumed in toasting to the memory of the departed, were among the cherished remembrances of hereditary honor. "There were two hogsheds of whisky drank at my father's wake!" would have been but a moderate boast of a true Irish squire fifty years ago.

And now the last night of the wake approached, and the retainers thronged to honor the obsequies of their departed chief with increased enthusiasm, which rose in proportion as the whisky got low; and songs in praise of their present occupation (that is, getting drunk) rang merrily round, and the sports of the field and the sorrows and joys and love resounded; in short, the ruling passions of life figured in rhyme and music in

honor of this occasion of death; and as death is the maker of widows, a very animated discussion on the subject of widowhood arose, which afforded great scope for the rustic wits, and was crowned by the song of "Widow Machree" being universally called for by the company; and a fine looking fellow, with a merry eye and large white teeth, which he amply displayed by a wide mouth, poured forth in cheery tones a pretty lively air, which suited well the humorous spirit of the words:

## WIDOW MACHREE.

## I.

"Widow machree, it's no wonder you frown,  
Och hone! widow machree:  
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,  
Och hone! widow machree.  
How altered your air,  
With that close cap you wear—  
'Tis destroying your hair  
Which should be flowing free,  
Be no longer a churl  
Of its black silken curl,  
Och hone! widow machree

## II.

"Widow machree, now the summer is come,  
Och hone! widow machree;  
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum!  
Och hone! widow machree.  
See the birds go in pairs,  
And the rabbits and hares—  
Why even the bears  
Now in couples agree;  
And the mute little fish,  
Though they can't spake, they wish,  
Och hone! widow machree.

## III.

"Widow machree, and when winter comes in  
Och hone! widow machree,  
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
Och hone! widow machree.  
Why the shovel and tongs  
To each other belongs,  
And the kittle sings songs  
Full of family glee,  
While alone with your cup,  
Like a hermit you sup,  
Och hone! widow machree.

## IV.

"And how do you know, with the comforts I've towd,  
Och hone! widow machree,  
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl,  
Och hone! widow machree.  
With such sins on your head,  
Sure your peace would be fled,  
Could you sleep in your bed,  
Without thinking to see  
Some ghost or some sprite,  
That would wake you each night,  
Crying 'Och hone! widow machree.'

## V.

"Then take my advice, darling widow machree,  
Och hone! widow machree.  
And with my advice, faith I wish you'd take me,  
Och hone! widow machree.  
You'd have me to desire  
Then to set up the fire;  
And sure I hope is no liar  
In whispering to me  
That the ghosts would depart,  
When you'd me near your heart,  
Och hone! widow machree."

The singer was honored with a round of applause, and his challenge for another lay was readily answered, and mirth and music filled the night and ushered in the dawn of the day which was to witness the melancholy



sight of the master of an ample mansion being made the tenant of the "narrow house."

In the evening of that day, however, the wail rose loud and long; the mirth which "the waking" permits had passed away, and the *ulican*, or funeral cry, told that the lifeless chief was being borne from his hall. That wild cry was heard even by the party who were waiting to make their horrid seizure, and for that party the stone-laden coffin was sent with a retinue of mourners through the old iron gate of the principal entrance, while the mortal remains were borne by a smaller party to the river inlet, and placed on the raft. Half-an-hour had witnessed a sham fight on the part of O'Grady's people with the bailiffs and their followers, who made the seizure they intended, and locked up their prize in an old barn to which it had been conveyed, until some engagement on the part of the heir should liberate it; while the aforesaid heir, as soon as the shadows of evening had shrouded the river in obscurity, conveyed the remains, which the myrmidons of the law fancied they possessed, to its quiet and lonely resting-place. The raft was taken in tow by a boat carrying two of the boys, and pulled by four lusty retainers of the departed chief; while Gustavus himself stood on the raft, astride above the coffin, and with an eel-spear, which had afforded him many a day's sport, performed the melancholy task of guiding it. It was a strangely painful yet beautiful sight, to behold the graceful figure of the fine boy engaged in this last sad duty: with dexterous energy he plied his spear, now on this side and now on that, directing the course of the raft, or clearing it from the flaggers which interrupted its passage through the narrow inlet. This duty he had to attend to for some time, even after leaving the little inlet, for the river was much overgrown with flaggers at this point, and the increasing darkness made the task more difficult.

In the midst of all this action not one word was spoken; even the sturdy boatmen were mute, and the fall of the oar in the rowlock, the splash of the water, and crushing sound of the yielding rushes, as the "watery bier" made its way through them, were the only sounds which broke the silence. Still Gustavus betrayed no emotion; but by the time he reached the open stream, and that his personal exertion was no longer required, a change came over him. It was night,—the measured beat of the oars sounded like a knell to him,—there was darkness above him, and death below, and he sank down upon the coffin, and, plunging his face passionately between his hands, he wept bitterly.

Sad were the thoughts that oppressed the brain and wrung the heart of the high-spirited boy. He felt that his dead father was *escaping*, as it were, to the grave,—that even death did not terminate the consequences of an ill-spent life. He felt like a thief in the night, even in the execution of his own stratagem, and the bitter thoughts of that sad and solemn time wrought a potent spell over after years,—that one hour of misery and disgrace influenced the entire of a future life.

On a small hill overhanging the river was the ruin of an ancient early temple of Christianity, and to its

surrounding burial-ground a few of the retainers had been despatched to prepare a grave. They were engaged in this task by the light of a torch made of bog pine, when the flicker of the flame attracted the eye of a horseman who was riding slowly along the neighboring road. Wondering what could be the cause of light in such a place, he leaped the adjoining fence, and rode up to the grave yard.

"What are you doing here?" he said to the laborers. They paused and looked up, and the flash of the torch fell upon the features of Edward O'Connor.

"We're finishing your work!" said one of the men, with malicious earnestness.

"My work?" repeated Edward.

"Yis," returned the man, more sternly than before,—"this is the grave of O'Grady."

The words went like an ice-bolt through Edward's heart; and even by the torchlight the tormentor could see his victim grew livid.

The fellow who wounded so deeply one so generally beloved as Edward O'Connor was a thorough ruffian. His answer to Edward's query sprang not from love of O'Grady, nor abhorrence from taking human life, but from the opportunity of retort which the occasion offered upon one who had once checked him in an act of brutality.

Yet Edward O'Connor could not reply,—it was a home-thrust. The death of O'Grady had weighed heavily upon him; for though O'Grady's wound had been given in honorable combat, provoked by his own fury, and not producing immediate death; though that death had supervened upon the subsequent intractability of the patient; yet the fact that O'Grady had never been "up and doing" since the duel, tended to give the impression that his wound was the remote if not the immediate cause of his death, and this circumstance weighed heavily on Edward's spirits. His friends told him he felt over-keenly on the subject, and that no one but himself could entertain a question of his total innocence of O'Grady's death; but when from the lips of a common peasant he got the answer he did, and *that* beside the grave of his adversary, it will not be wondered at that he reeled in his saddle. A cold shivering sickness came over him, and to avoid falling he alighted, and leaned for support against his horse, which stooped, when freed from the restraint of the rein, to browse on the rank verdure; and for the moment Edward envied the unconsciousness of the animal against which he leaned. He pressed his forehead against the saddle, and from the depths of a bleeding heart came up the agonized exclamation of "O God! O God!"

A gentle hand was laid on his shoulder as he spoke, and turning round, he beheld Mr. Bermingham.

"What brings you here?" said the clergyman.

"Accident," answered Edward. "But why should I say accident?—It is by a higher authority and a better—it is the will of Heaven. It is meant as a bitter lesson to human pride:—we make for ourselves laws of honor, and forget the laws of God!"

"Be calm, my young friend," said the worthy pastor:

"I cannot wonder you feel deeply—but command yourself." He pressed Edward's hand as he spoke, and left him, for he knew that an agony so keen is not benefited by companionship.

Mr. Bermingham was there by appointment, to perform the burial service, and he had not left Edward's side many minutes when a long, wild whistle from the waters announced the arrival of the boat and raft, and the retainers, ran down to the river, leaving the pine-torch stuck in the upturned earth, waving its warm blaze over the cold grave. During the interval which ensued between the departure of the men and their re-appearance, bearing the body to its last resting-place, Mr. Bermingham spoke with Edward O'Connor, and soothed him into a more tranquil bearing. When the coffin came within view, he advanced to meet it, and began the sublime burial service, which he repeated most impressively.

When it was over, the men commenced filling up the grave.

As the clods fell heavily upon the coffin, they smote the hearts of the dead man's children; yet the boys stood upon the verge of the grave as long as a vestige of the tenement of their lost father could be seen, but as soon as the coffin was hidden, they withdrew from the brink, and the younger boys, each taking hold of the hand of the eldest, seemed to imply the need of mutual dependence:—as if death had drawn closer the bond of brotherhood.

There was no sincerer mourner at that place than Edward O'Connor, who stood aloof, in respect for the feelings of the children of the departed man, till the grave was quite filled up, and all were about to leave the spot; but then his feelings overmastered him, and, impelled by a torrent of contending emotions, he rushed forward, and throwing himself on his knees before Gustavus, he held up his hands imploringly, and sobbed forth, "Forgive me!"

The astonished boy drew back.

"Oh, forgive me!" repeated Edward,—I could not help it—it was forced on me—it was—"

As he struggled for utterance, even the rough retainers were touched, and one of them exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. O'Connor, it was a fair fight!"

"There!" exclaimed Edward,—you hear it!—Oh, give me your hand in forgiveness!"

"I forgive you," said the boy, "but do not ask me to give you my hand to-night."

"You are right," said Edward, springing to his feet,—"you are right,—you are a noble fellow; and now, remember, Gustavus, by the side of your father's grave, I pledge you my soul, that through life and till death, in all extremity, Edward O'Connor is your sworn and trusty friend."

who made the seizure, had brought down from Dublin three of the most determined bailiffs from amongst the tribe, and to their care was committed the keeping of the supposed body in the old barn. Associated with these worthies were a couple of ill-conditioned country blackguards, who, for the sake of a bottle of whisky, would keep company with old Nick himself, and who expected, moreover, to hear "a power o' news" from the "gentlemen" from Dublin, who in their turn did not object to have their guard strengthened, as their notions of a rescue in the country parts of Ireland were anything but agreeable. The night was cold, so, clearing away the sheaves of corn, with which the barn was stored, from one of its extremities, they made a turf fire, and stretched themselves on a good shake-down of straw before the cheering blaze, and circulated among them a bottle of whisky, of which they had good store. A tap at the door announced a new comer; but the Dublin bailiffs, fearing a surprise, hesitated to open to the knock, until their country allies assured them it was a friend, whose voice they recognized. The door was opened, and in walked Larry Hogan, to pick up his share of what was going, whatever it might be.

"I thought you wor for keepin' me out altogether," said Larry.

"The gentilemin from Dublin was afeard of what they call a riskya," (rescue) said the peasant, "till I told them 'twas a friend."

"Divil a riskya will come near you to-night," said Larry, "you may make your minds aisy about that, for the people doesn't care enough about *his* bonies to get their own broke in savin' him; and no wondher. It's a lantherumswash bully he always was, quiet as he is now. And there you are, my bowld squire," said he, apostrophizing the coffin, which had been thrown on a heap of sheaves. "Faix, it's a good kitchen you kep' any how, whenever you had it to spind, and indeed, when you *hadn't*, you spint it all the same, for the divil a much you cared how you got it; but death has made you pay the reckoning at last—that thing that filly-officers call the debt o' nature must be paid, whatever else you may owe."

"Why, it's as good as a sarmon to hear you," said one of the bailiffs.

"O Larry, Sir, discourses iligant," answered the peasant.

"Tut, tut, tut," said Larry, with affected modesty; "it's not what I say, but I can tell you a thing Docthor Growlin' put out an him more nor a year ago, which was mighty cute. Scholars calls it an 'epithet of dissipation,' which means getting a man's tombstone ready for him before he dies; and divil a more cutting thing was ever cut on a tombstone than the doctor's rhyme; this is it:—

'Here lies O'Grady, that cantankerous creature,  
Who paid, as all must pay, the debt of nature;  
But, keeping to his general maxim still,  
Paid it—like other debts—against his will.'"

"What do you think o' that, Goggins?" inquired one

\* These bitter lines were really written by a medical man against a bad pay.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHILE the foregoing scene of sadness took place in the lone church-yard, unholy watch was kept over the second coffin by the myrmidons of the law. The usurer



of the bailiffs from the other; "you are a judge o' po'thry."

"It's *severe*," answered Goggins, authoritatively; "but *coorse*. I wish you'd brile the rashers, I begin to feel the calls o' nature, as the poet says."

This Mister Goggins was a character in his way. He had the greatest longing to be thought a poet, put excrable couplets together sometimes, and always talked as fine as he could; and his mixture of sentimentality, with a large stock of blackguardism, produced a strange jumble.

"The people here thought it *nate*, Sir," said Larry.

"Oh, very well for the country!" said Goggins; "but 'twouldn't do for town."

"Misther Goggins knows best," said the bailiff who first spoke, "for he's a poet himself, and writes in the newspapers."

"Oh, indeed!" said Larry.

"Yes," said Goggins, "sometimes I throw off little things for the newspapers. There's a friend of mine, you see, a gentleman connected with the press, who is often in difficulties, and I give him a hint to keep out o' the way when he's in trouble, and he swears I have a genius for the muses, and encourages me——"

"Humph!" says Larry.

"And puts in my things in the paper, when he gets the editor's back turned, for the editor is a consaited chap, that likes no one's po'thry but his own; but never mind—if I ever get a writ against that chap, *won't* I sarve it!"

"And I dar say some day you will have it agen him, Sir," said Larry.

"Sure of it, a'most," said Goggins, "them litherary men is always in difficulties."

"I wondher you'd be like them, then, and write at all," said Larry.

"Oh, as for me, it's only by way of amusement; attached as I am to the legal profession, my time wouldn't permit; but I have been infected by the company I kept. The living images that creeps over a man sometimes is irresistible, and you have no pace till you get them out o' your head."

"Oh, indeed, they are very troublesome," says Larry, "and are the litherary gentlemen, Sir, as you call them, mostly that way?"

"To be sure; it is *that* which makes a litherary man—his head is full—teems with creation, Sir."

"Dear, dear!" said Larry.

"And when once the itch of literature comes over a man, nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen."

"But if you have not a pen, I suppose you must scratch any other way you can."

"To be sure," said Goggins, "I have seen a litherary gentleman in a sponging house do crack things on the wall, with a bit of burnt stick, rather than be idle—they must execute."

"Ha!" says Larry.

"Sometimes, in all their poverty and difficulty, I envy the 'fatal fatality,' as the poet says, of such men in catching ideas."

"That's the genteel name for it, I suppose," says Larry.

"Oh!" exclaimed Goggins, enthusiastically, "I know the satisfaction of catching a man, but it's nothing at all compared to catching an idea. For the man, you see, can give bail, and get off, but the idea is your own for ever. And then a rhyme—when it has puzzled you all day, the pleasure you have of *nabbing* it at last!"

"Oh, then it's po'thry your'e spakin' about," said Larry.

"To be sure," said Goggins; "do you think I'd throw away my time on prose?"—"You're burning that bacon, Tim," said he to his *sub*.

"Poethry agen the world!" continued he to Larry, "the Castilian sthraime for me!—Hand us that whisky"—he put the bottle to his lips and took a swig—"That's good—you do a bit of private here, I suspect," said he, with a wink at Larry, and pointing to the bottle.

Larry returned a significant grin, but said nothing.

"Oh, don't be afraid o' me—I wouldn't 'peach"—

"Sure it's agen the law, and you're a gentleman 'o the law," said Larry.

"That's no rule," said Goggins, "the lord chief justice always goes to bed, they say, with six tumblers o' potteen under his belt; and I always dhrink it myself."

"Arrah, how do you get it?" said Larry.

"From a gentleman, a friend o' mine, in the custom house."

"A-dad, that's quare," said Larry, laughing.

"Oh, we see queer things, I tell you," said Goggins, "we gentlemen of the law."

"To be sure you must," returned Larry, "and mighty improvin' it must be. Did you ever catch a thief, Sir?"

"My good man, you mistake my profession," said Goggins, proudly; "we never have anything to do in the *criminal* line—that's much beneath *us*."

"I ax your pardon, Sir.—"

"No offence, no offence."

"But it must be mighty improvin' I think, ketching of thieves, and finding out their thricks and hidin' places, and the like?"

"Yes, yes," said Goggins, "good fun; though I don't do it, I know all about it, and could tell you queer things too."

"Arrah, maybe you would, Sir?" said Larry.

"Maybe I will, after we nibble some rashers—will you take share?"

"Musha, long life to you," said Larry, always willing to get whatever he could. A repast was now made, more resembling a feast of savages round their war fire, than any civilized meal; slices of bacon broiled in the fire, and eggs roasted in the turf ashes. The viands were not objectionable; but the cooking!—Oh!—There was neither gridiron nor frying-pan, fork nor spoon; a couple of clasp-knives served the whole party. Nevertheless, they satisfied their hunger, and then sent the bottle on its exhilarating round. Soon after that many a story of burglary, robbery, swindling, petty larceny,

and every conceivable crime, was related for the amusement of the circle; the plots and counter plots of thieves and thief-takers raised the wonder of the peasants.

Larry Hogan was especially delighted: more particularly when some trick of either villany or cunning came out.

"Now, women are troublesome cattle to deal with mostly," said Goggins. "They are remarkably 'cute first, and then they are spiteful after; and for circumventing' either way, are sharp hands. You see they do it quieter than men; a man will make a noise about it, but a woman does it all on the sly. There was Bill Morgan, and a sharp fellow too, and he had set his heart on some silver spoons he used to see down in a kitchen windy, but the servant maid, some how or other, suspected there was designs about the place, and was on the watch. Well, one night when she was all alone, she heard a noise outside the windy, so she kept as quiet as a mouse. By and by the sash was attempted to be raised from the outside, so she laid hold of a kettle of boiling wather, and stood hid behind the shutter. The windy was now raised a little, and a hand and arm thrust in to throw up the sash altogether, when the girl poured the boiling water down the sleeve of Bill's coat. Bill roared with pain, when the girl said to him, laughing, through the windy—'I thought you came for something.'"

"That was a 'cute girl," said Larry, chuckling.

"Well, now, that's an instance of a woman's cleverness in preventing. I'll tell you one of her determinations to discover, and prosecute to conviction; and in this case, what makes it curious is, that Jack Tate had done the bowdest things, and run the greatest risks, 'the eminent deadly,' as the poet says, when he was done up at last by a feather-bed."

"A feather-bed," repeated Larry, wondering how a feather-bed could influence the fate of a bold burglar, while Goggins mistook his exclamation of surprise to signify the paltriness of the prize, and therefore chimed in with him.

"Quite true—no wonder you wonder—quite below a man of his pluck; but the fact was, a sweetheart of his was longing for a feather-bed, and Jack determined to get it. Well, he marched into a house, the door of which he found open, and went upstairs and took the best feather-bed in the house, tied it up in the best quilt, crammed some caps and ribbons he saw lying about in the bundle, and marched down stairs again; but you see, in carrying off even the small thing of a feather-bed, Jack showed the skill of a high practitioner, for he decendered the stairs backwards."

"Backwards," said Larry, "what was that for?"

"You'll see, by and by," said Goggins; "he descend-hered backwards, when suddenly he heerd a door opening, and a faymale voice exclaim, 'Where are you going with that bed?'"

"I am going up stairs with it, ma'am," said Jack, whose backward position favored his lie; and he began to walk up again.

"Come down here," said the lady, "we want no beds here, man."

"Mr. Sullivan, ma'am, sent me home with it himself," said Jack, still mounting the stairs.

"Come down, I tell you," said the lady, in a great rage. "There's no Mr. Sullivan lives here,—go out of this with your bed, you stupid fellow."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," says Jack, turning round, and marching off with the bed fair and aisy."

"Well, there was a regular shilloo in the house when the thing was found out, and cart ropes wouldn't howld the lady for the rage she was in at being diddled; so she offered rewards, and the dickens knows all; and what do you think at last discovered our poor Jack?"

"The sweetheart, maybe," said Larry, grinning in ecstasy at the thought of human perfidy.

"No," said Goggins, "honor even among sweethearts, though they do the trick sometimes, I confess; but no woman of any honor would betray a great man like Jack. No—'twas one of the paltry ribbons that brought conviction home to him; the woman never lost sight of hunting up evidence about her feather-bed, and, in the end, a ribbon out of one of her caps settled the hash of Jack Tate."

From robbings they went on to tell of murders, and at last that uncomfortable sensation which people experience after a feast of horrors, began to pervade the party; and whenever they looked round, there was the coffin in the background.

"Throw some turf on the fire," said Goggins, "'tis burning low, and change the subject; the tragic muse has reigned sufficiently long—enough of the dagger and the bowl—sink the socks, and put on the buckskins. Leather away, Jim—sing us a song."

"What is it to be?" asked Jim.

"Oh—that last song of the Solicitor-General's," said Goggins, with an air as if the Solicitor-General were his particular friend.

"About the robbery?" inquired Jim.

"To be sure," returned Goggins.

"Dear me," said Larry, "and would so grate a man as the Solicithor-Giniral demane himself by writin' about robbers?"

"Oh!" said Goggins, "those in the heavy profession of the law must have their little private moments of rollickization; and them high men, you see, like to do a bit of low by way of variety. 'The Night before Larry was stretched,' was done by a bishop, they say; and 'Lord Altamont's Bull' by the Lord Chief Justice; and the Solicitor-General is as up to fun as any bishop of them all. Come, Jim, tip us the stave!"

Jim cleared his throat and obeyed his chief.

#### THE QUAKER'S MEETING.

##### I.

"A traveller wended the wide among,  
With a purse of gold and a silver tongue;  
His hat it was broad, and all drab were his clothes,  
For he hated high colors—except on his nose,  
And he met with a lady, the story goes,  
Heigho! *you* thee and *any* thee.

##### II.

"The daniel she cast him a merry blink,  
And the traveller nothing was loth I think;



Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet beneath,  
And the quaker begrimed, for he'd very good teeth,  
And he ask'd, 'Art thee going to ride on the heath?'  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## III.

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said the maid,  
'As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid;  
For robbers, they say, here in numbers abound,  
And I wouldn't 'for anything' I should be found,  
For—between you and me—I have five hundred pound.'  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## IV.

"If that is thee\* own, dear," the quaker he said,  
'I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;  
And I have another five hundred just n' w,  
In the padding that's under my saddle bow,  
And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!'  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## V.

"The maiden she smil'd, and her rein she drew,  
'Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take you';  
A pistol she held at the quaker's head—  
'Now give me your gold—or I'll give you my lead—  
'Tis under the saddle, I think you said.'  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## VI.

"The damsel she ripp'd up the saddle-bow,  
And the quaker was never a quaker till now;  
And he saw by the fair one he wish'd for a bride  
His purse borne away with a swaggering stride,  
And the eye that look'd tender, now only defied.  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## VII.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broad-brim," quoth she,  
'To take all this filthy temptation from thee,  
For Mammon deceiveth—and beauty is fleeting;  
Accept from thy *maai-a'n* a right loving greeting,  
For much doth she profit by this quaker's meeting.  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## VIII.

"And hark! jolly quaker, so rosy and sly,  
'Have righteousness more than a wench in thine eye,  
Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,  
Remember the one that you met on the heath,  
Her name's *Jimmy Barlow*—I tell to your teeth!'  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## IX.

"Friend James," quoth the quaker, 'pray listen to me,  
For thou canst confer a great favor, d'ye see;  
The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my friend,  
By my master's—and truly on thee I depend  
To make it appear I my trust did defend.'  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## X.

"So fire a few shots through my clothes, here and there,  
To make it appear 'twas a deep\* rate affair,'  
So Jim he popp'd first through the skirt of his coat,  
And then through his collar—quite close to his throat;  
'Now once through my broad brim,' quoth Ephraim, 'I vote.'  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

## XI.

"I have but a brace," said old Jim, 'and they're spint,  
And I won't load again for a make-believe rent.'  
'Then, said Ephraim—producing his pistols—'just give  
My five hundred pounds back—or as sure as you live  
I'll make of y' ur body a riddle or sieve.'  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.'

## XII.

"Jim Barlow was diddled—and though he was game,  
He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim  
That he gave up the gold, and he took to his scrapers,  
And when the whole story got into the papers,  
They said that 'the thieves were no match for the quakers.'  
Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee."

"Well, it's a quare thing you should be singin' a song here," said Larry Hogan, "about Jim Barlow, and it's not over half a mile out of this very place he was hanged."

\*The inferior class of quakers make *thee* serve not only in its own grammatical use, but also do the duty of *thy* and *thine*.

"Indeed!" exclaimed all the men at once, looking with great interest at Larry.

"It's truth I'm telling you. He made a very bowld robbery up by the long hill there, on two gentlemin, for he's mighty stout."

"Pluck to the backbone," said Goggins.

"Well, he tuk the purses aff both o' them; and just as he was goin' on after doin' that same, what should appear on the road before him but two other travellers coming up forinst him. With that the men that was robbed cried out 'Stop thief!' and so Jim, seein' himself so Jim, seein' himself hemmed in betune the four o' them, faced his horse to the ditch, and took across the country; but the travellers was well mounted as well as himself, and powdered after him like mad. Well, it was equal to a steeple chase a'most; and Jim, seein' he could not shake them off, thought the best thing he could do was to cut out some troublesome work for them; so he led off to where he knew there was the devil's own leap to take, and he intended to 'pound\* them there, and be off in the mane time; but as ill luck would have it, his own horse, that was as bowld as himself, and would jump at the moon if he was faced to it, missed his foot in takin' off, and fell short o' the leap and slipped his shouldher, and Jim himself had a bad fall of it too, and, ave'coorse, it was all over wid him—and up came the four gentlemen. Well, Jim had his pistol yet, and he pulled it out, and swore he'd shoot the first man that attempted to take him; but the gentlemen had pistols as well as he, and were so hot on the chase they determined to have him, and closed on him. Jim fired and killed one o' them: but he got a ball in the shouldher himself from another, and he was taken. Jim sthruv to shoot himself with his second pistol, but it missed fire. 'The curse o' the road is on me,' said Jim; 'my pistol missed fire, and my horse slipped his shouldher, and now I'll be scragged,' says he, 'but it's not for nothing—I've killed one of ye,' says he."

"He was all pluck," said Goggins.

"Desperate bowld," said Larry.—"Well, he was tried and condemned, *av coorse*; and was hanged, as I tell you, half a mile out o' this very place where we are sittin', and his appearance walks, they say, ever since."

"You don't say so!" said Goggins.

"Faith, it's thrue!" answered Larry.

"You never saw it," said Goggins.

"The Lord forbid!" returned Larry; "but it's thrue, for all that. For you see the big house near this barn, that is all ruin, was deserted because Jim's ghost used to walk."

"That was foolish," said Goggins; "stir up the fire, Jim, and hand me the whisky."

"Oh, if it was only walkin', they might have got over that; but at last, one night, as the story goes, when there was a thremendious storm of wind and rain—"

"Whisht!" said one of the peasants, "what's that?"

As they listened they heard the beating of heavy

rain against the door, and the wind howled through its chinks.

"Well," said Goggins, "what are you stopping for!"

"Oh, I'm not stoppin'," said Larry; "I was sayin' that it was a bad, wild night, and Jimmy Barlow's appearance came into the house, and asked them for a glass o' sper'ts, and that he'd be obliged to them if they'd help him with his horse that slipped his shoulder; and, faith, after that they'd stay in the place no longer; and, signs on it, the house is gone to rack and ruin, and its only this barn that's kept up at all, because it's conveynient for owld skinfint on the farm."

"That's all nonsense," said Goggins, who wished, nevertheless, that he had not heard the 'nonsense.'

"Come, sing another song, Jim."

Jim said he did not remember one.

"Then you sing, Ralph."

Ralph said every one knew he never did more than join a chorus.

"Then join me in a chorus," said Goggins, "for I'll sing, if Jim's afraid."

"I'm not afraid," said Jim.

"Then why won't you sing?"

"Because I don't like."

"Ah!" exclaimed Goggins.

"Well, maybe you're afraid yourself," said Jim, "if you told truth."

"Just to show you how little I'm afraid," said Goggins, with a swaggering air, "I'll sing another song about Jimmy Barlow."

"You'd better not," said Larry Hogan; "let him rest in pace!"

"Fudge!" said Goggins. "Will you join chorus, Jim?"

"I will," said Jim, fiercely.

"We'll all join," said the men, (except Larry,) who felt it would be a sort of relief to bully away the supernatural terror, which hung round their hearts after the ghost story, by the sound of their own voices.

"Then here goes!" said Goggins, who started another long ballad about Jimmy Barlow, in the opening of which all joined. It ran as follows:—

"My name it is Jimmy Barlow,  
I was born in the town of Carlow,  
And here I lie in Maryborough jail,  
All for the robbing of the Wicklow mail,  
Foi de roi de riddle i-do!"

As it would be tiresome to follow this ballad through all its length, breadth, and thickness, we shall leave the singers engaged in their chorus, while we call the reader's attention to a more interesting person than Mister Goggins or Jimmy Barlow.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHEN Edward O'Connor had hurried from the burial-place, he threw himself into his saddle, and urged his horse to speed, anxious to fly the spot where his feelings had been so harrowed; and as he swept along through the cold night wind which began to rise in

gusty fits, and howled past him, there was, in the violence of his rapid motion, something congenial to the fierce career of painful thoughts which chased each other through his heated brain. He continued to travel at this rapid pace, so absorbed in bitter reflection as to be quite insensible to external impressions, and he knew not how far nor how fast he was going, though the heavy breathing of his horse at any other time would have been signal sufficient to draw the rein; but still he pressed onward, and still the storm increased, and each acclivity was topped but to sweep down the succeeding slope at the same desperate pace. Hitherto the road over which he pursued his fleet career lay through an open country, and though the shades of a stormy night hung above it, the horse could make his way in safety through the gloom; but now they approached an old road which skirted an ancient domain, whose venerable trees threw their arm across the old causeway, and added their shadows to the darkness of the night.

Many and many a time had Edward ridden in the soft summer under the green shade of these very trees, in company with Fanny Dawson, his guiltless heart full of hope and love;—perhaps it was this very thought crossing his mind at the moment which made his present circumstances the more oppressive. He was guiltless no longer, he rode not in happiness with the woman he adored under the soft shade of summer trees, but heard the wintry wind howl through their leafless boughs as he hurried in maddened speed beneath them, and heard in the dismal sound but an echo of the voice of remorse which was ringing through his heart. The darkness was intense from the canopy of old oaks which overhung the road, but still the horse was urged through the dark ravine at speed, though one might not see an arm's length before them. Fearlessly it was performed, though ever and anon, as the trees swung about their heavy branches in the storm, smaller portions of the boughs were snapped off and flung in the faces of the horse and the rider, who still spurred and plashed his headlong way through the heavy road beneath. Emerging at length from the deep and over-shadowed valley, a steep hill raised its crest in advance, but still up the stony acclivity the feet of the mettled steed rattled rapidly, and flashed fire from the flinty path. As they approached the top of the hill the force of the storm became more apparant, and on reaching its crest, the fierce pelting of the mingled rain and hail made the horse impatient of the storm of which his rider was heedless,—almost unconscious. The spent animal with short snortings betokened his labor, and shook his head passionately as the fierce hail shower struck him in the eyes and nostrils. Still, however, was he urged downward, but he was no longer safe. Quite blown, and pressed over a rough descent, the generous creature, that would die rather than refuse, made a false step, and came heavily to the ground. Edward was stunned by the fall, though not seriously hurt; and, after the lapse of a few seconds, recovered his feet, but found the horse still prostrate. Taking the animal by the head, he assisted him to rise, which he was not



enabled to do till after several efforts; and when he regained his legs, it was manifest he was seriously lamed: and as he limped along with difficulty beside his master, who led him gently, it became evident that it was beyond the animal's power to reach his own stable that night. Edward for the first time was now aware of how much he had punished his horse; he felt ashamed of using the noble brute with such severity, and became conscious that he had been acting under something little short of frenzy. The consciousness at once tended to restore him somewhat to himself, and he began to look around on every side in search of some house where he could find rest and shelter for his disabled horse. As he proceeded thus, the care necessarily bestowed on his dumb companion partially called off his thoughts from the painful theme with which they had been exclusively occupied, and the effect was most beneficial. The first violent burst of feeling was past, and a calmer train of thought succeeded; he for the first time remembered the boy had forgiven him,—and that was a great consolation to him: he recalled, too, his own words, pledging to Gustavus his friendship, and in this pleasing hope of the future he saw much to redeem what he regretted of the past. Still, however, the wild flare of the pine-torch over the lone grave of his adversary, and the horrid answer of the grave-digger, that he was but “finishing *his* work,” would recur to his memory, and awake an internal groan.

From this painful reminiscence he sought to escape, by looking forward to all he would do for Gustavus, and had become much calmer, when the glimmer of a light not far ahead attracted him, and he soon was enabled to perceive it proceeded from some buildings that lay on his right, not far from the road. He turned up the rough path which formed the approach, and the light escaped through the chinks of a large door, which indicated the place to be a coach-house, or some such office, belonging to the general pile, which seemed in a ruinous condition.

As he approached, Edward heard rude sounds of merriment, amongst which the joining of many voices, in a “ree-raw” chorus, indicated that a carouse was going forward within.

On reaching the door, he could perceive through a wide chink a group of men sitting round a turf fire, which was piled at the far end of the building, which had no fire-place, and the smoke, curling upwards to the roof, wreathed the rafters in smoke; beneath this vapory canopy the party sat drinking and singing, and Edward, ere he knocked for admittance, listened to the following strange refrain.

*“For my name it is Jimmy Barlowe,  
I was born in the town of Carlowe,  
And here I lie in Maryborough jail,  
All for the robbing of the Wicklow mail.  
Poi de rot de riddle-tiddle-ido!”*

Then the principal singer took up the song, which seemed to be one of robbery, blood, and murder, for it ran thus:—

*“Then he cocked his pistol gaily,  
And stood before him bravely,*

*Smoke and fire is my desire,  
So blaze away, my game-cock squire.  
For my name it is Jimmy Barlowe,  
I was born, &c.”*

Edward O'Connor knocked at the door loudly; the words he had just heard about “pistols,” “blazing away,” and, last of all, “*squire*,” fell gratefully on his ear at that moment, and seemed strangely to connect themselves with the previous adventures of the night and his own sad thoughts, and he beat against the door with violence.

The chorus ceased.

Edward repeated his knocking.

Still there was no answer; but he heard low and hurried muttering inside. Determined, however, to gain admittance, Edward laid hold of an iron hasp outside the door, which enabled him to shake the gate with violence, that there might be no excuse on the part of the inmates that they did not hear; but in thus making the old door rattle in its frame, it suddenly yielded to his touch, and creaked open on its rusty hinges; for when Larry Hogan had entered it had been forgotten to be barred.

As Edward stood in the open doorway, the first object which met his eye was the coffin,—and it is impossible to say how much at that moment the sight shocked him; he shuddered involuntarily, yet could not withdraw his eyes from the revolting object; and the pallor with which his previous mental anxiety had invested his cheek, increased as he looked on this last tenement of mortality. “Am I to see nothing but the evidences of death’s doings this night?” was the mental question which shot through Edward’s overwrought brain, and he grew livid at the thought. He looked more like one raised from the grave than a living being, and a wild glare in his eyes rendered his appearance still more unearthly. He felt that shame which men always experience in allowing their feelings to overcome them; and by a great effort he mastered his emotion and spoke, but the voice partook of the strong nervous excitement under which he labored, and was hollow and broken, and seemed more like that which one might fancy to proceed from the jaws of a sepulchre, than one of flesh and blood. Beaten by the storm, too, his hair hung in wet flakes over his face, and added to his wild appearance, so that the men all jumped to their feet the first glimpse they caught of him, and huddled themselves together in the farthest corner of the building, from whence they eyed him with evident alarm.

Edward thought some whisky might check the feeling of faintness which overcame him; and though he deemed it probable he had broken in upon the nocturnal revel of desperate and lawless men, he nevertheless asked them to give him some; but instead of displaying that alacrity so universal in Ireland, of sharing the “creature” with a new comer, the men only pointed to the bottle which stood beside the fire, and drew closer together.

Edward’s desire for the stimulant was so great, that he scarcely noticed the singular want of courtesy on the part of the men; and seizing the bottle (for there

was no glass), he put it to his lips, and quaffed a hearty dram of the spirit before he spoke.

"I must ask for shelter and assistance here," said Edward. "My horse, I fear, has slipped his shoulder—"

Before he could utter another word, a simultaneous roar of terror burst from the group—they fancied the ghost of Jimmy Barlow was before them, and made a simultaneous rush from the barn; and as the saw the horse at the door, another yell escaped them, as the fled with increased speed and terror. Edward stood in amazement as the men rushed from his presence. He followed to the gate to recall them; they were gone; he

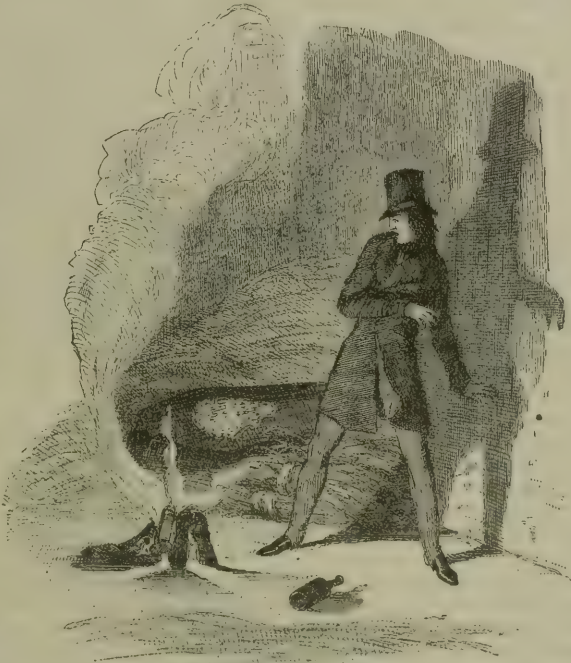
could only hear their yells in the distance. The circumstance seemed quite unaccountable; and as he stood lost in vain surmises as to the cause of the strange occurrence, a low neigh of recognition from the horse reminded him of the animal's wants, and he led him into the barn, where, from the plenty of straw which lay around, he shook down a litter where the maimed animal might rest.

He then paced up and down the barn, lost in wonder at the conduct of those whom he found there, and whom his presence had so suddenly expelled; and ever as he walked towards the fire, the coffin caught his eye. As a fitful blaze occasionally arose it flashed upon the plate, which brightly reflected the flame, and Edward was irresistibly drawn, despite his original impression of horror at the object, to approach and read the inscription. The shield bore the name of "O'Grady," and Edward recoiled from the coffin with a shudder, and inwardly asked, was he in his waking senses? He had but an hour ago seen his adversary laid in his grave, yet here was his coffin again before him, as if to harrow up his soul anew. Was it real, or a mockery? Was he the sport of a dream, or was there some dreadful curse fallen upon him, that he should be for ever upon his track? He breathed short and hard, and the smoky atmosphere in which he was enveloped rendered respiration still more difficult. As through this oppressive vapor, which seemed only fit for the nether

world, he saw the coffin-plate flash back the flame, his imagination accumulated horror on horror; and when the blaze sank, and but the bright red of the fire was reflected, it seemed to him to burn, as it were, with a spot of blood and he could support the scene no longer, but rushed from the barn in a state of mind bordering on frenzy.

It was about an hour afterwards, near midnight, that the old barn was in flames; most likely some of the straw near the fire, in the confusion of the breaking up of the party, had been scattered within range of ignition, and caused the accident. The flames were seen for miles around the country; and the shattered

walls of the ruined mansion-house were illuminated brightly by the glare of the consuming barn, which, in the morning, added its own blackened and reeking ruin to the desolation, and crowds of persons congregated to the spot for many days after. The charred planks of the coffin were dragged from amongst the ruin; and as the roof in falling in had dragged a large portion of the wall along with it, the stones which had filled the coffin could not be distinguished from those of the fallen building, therefore much wonder arose that no vestige of the bones of the corpse it was supposed to contain could be discovered. Wonder increased to horror as the strange fact was



*The Barn.*

promulgated; and in the ready credulity of a superstitious people, the terrible belief became general, that his sable majesty had made off with O'Grady and the party watching him; for as the Dublin bailiffs never stopped till they got back to town, and were never seen again in the country, it was most natural to suppose that the devil had made a haul of them at the same time. In a few days rumor added the spectral appearance of Jim Barlow to the tale, which only deepened its mysterious horror; and though, after some time, the true story was promulgated by those who knew the real state of the case, yet the truth never gained ground, and was considered but a clever sham, attempted by the family to prevent so dreadful a story from attaching to their house; and



tradition perpetuates to this hour the belief that *the devil flew away with O' Grady*.

Lone and shunned as the hill was where the ruined house stood, it became more lone and shunned than ever; and the boldest heart in the whole country side would quail to be in its vicinity, even in the day-time. To such a pitch the panic rose, that an extensive farm which encircled it, and belonged to an old usurer who made the seizure, fell in a profitless state, from the impossibility of men being found to work upon it. It was useless even as pasture, for no one could be found to herd cattle upon it; altogether, it was a serious loss to the money-grubber; and so far the incident of the burnt barn, and the tradition it gave rise to, acted beneficially, in making the inhuman act of warring with the dead recoil upon the merciless old usurer.

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WE left Andy in what may be called a delicate situation, and though Andy's perceptions of the refined were not very acute, he himself began to wonder how he should get out of the dilemma into which circumstances had thrown him; and even to his dull comprehension various terminations of his adventure suggested themselves, till he became quite confused in the chaos which his own thoughts created. One good idea, however, Andy contrived to lay hold of out of the bundle which perplexed him; he felt that to gain time would be an advantage, and if evil must come of his adventure, the longer he could keep it off the better; so he kept up his affectation of timidity, and put in his sobs and lamentations, like so many commas and colons, as it were, to prevent Bridget from arriving at her climax of going to bed.

Bridget insisted bed was the finest thing in the world for a young woman in distress of mind.

And protested he could never get a wink of sleep when his mind was uneasy.

Bridget promised the most sisterly tenderness.

Andy answered by a lament for his mother.

"Come to bed, I tell you," said Bridget.

"Are the sheets aired?" sobbed Andy.

"What!" exclaimed Bridget in amazement.

"If you are not sure of the sheets bein' aired," said Andy, "I'd be afeard of catchin' cowl'd."

"Sheets, indeed!" said Bridget; "faith, it's a dainty lady you are, if you can't sleep without sheets."

"What!" returned Andy, "no sheets."

"Divil a sheet."

"Oh, mother, mother," exclaimed Andy, "what would you say to your innocent child being tuk away to a place there was no sheets."

"Well! I never heard the like," says Bridget.

"Oh, the villains! to bring me where I wouldn't have a bit o' clane linen to lie in."

"Sure there's blankets, I tell you."

"Oh, don't talk to me!" roared Andy; "sure, you know, sheets is only dacent."

"Bother, girl! isn't a snug woolly bianket a fine thing?"

"Oh, don't brake my heart that-a-way," sobbed Andy, "sure there's wool on any dirty sheep's back, but linen is dacency!—Oh mother, mother, if you thought your poor girl was without a sheet this night!"

And so Andy went on, spinning his bit of "linen manufacture" as long as he could, and raising Bridget's wonder, that instead of the lament which abducted ladies generally raise about their "vartue," that this young woman's principal complaint arose on the scarcity of flax. Bridget appealed to common sense if blankets were not good enough in these hard times; insisting, moreover, that, "as love was warmer than friendship, so wool was warmer than flax," the beauty of which parallel case nevertheless failed to reconcile the disconsolate abducted. Now Andy had pushed his plea of the want of linen as far as he thought it would go, and when Bridget returned to the charge, and reiterated the oft-repeated "Come to bed, I tell you," Andy had recourse to twiddling about his toes, and chattering his teeth, and exclaimed in a tremulous voice, "Oh, I've a thrimblin' all over me!"

"Loosen the sthrings o' you, then," said Bridget, about to suit the action to the word.

"Ow! ow!" cried Andy, "don't touch me—I'm ticklish."

"Then open the throat o' your gown yourself, dear," said Bridget.

"I've a cowl'd in my chest, and dar'n't," said Andy, "but I think a dhrop of hot punch would do me good, if I had it."

"And plenty of it," said Bridget, "if that'll plaze you;" and she rose as she spoke, and set about getting "the materials" for making punch.

Andy hoped, by means of this last idea, to drink Bridget into a state of unconsciousness, and then make his escape; but he had no notion, until he tried, what a capacity the gentle Bridget had for carrying tumblers of punch steadily; he proceeded as cunningly as possibly, and on the score of "the thrimblin' over him," repeated the doses of punch, which, nevertheless, he protested he couldn't touch, unless Bridget kept him in countenance, glass for glass; and Bridget—genial soul—was in no way loth; for living in a still, and among smugglers, as she did, it was not a trifle of stingo could bring her to a halt. Andy, even with the advantage of the stronger organization of a man, found this mountain lass nearly a match for him; and before the potatoes operated as he hoped upon her, his own senses began to feel the influence of the liquor, and his caution became considerably undermined.

Still, however, he resisted the repeated offers of the couch proposed to him, declaring he would sleep in his clothes, and leave to Bridget the full possession of her lair.

The fire began to burn low, and Andy thought he might facilitate his escape by counterfeiting sleep; so

feigning slumber, as well as he could, he seemed to sink into insensibility, and Bridget unrobed herself, and retired behind a rough screen.

It was by a great effort that Andy kept himself awake, for his potation, added to his nocturnal excursion, tended towards somnolency; but the desire of escape, and fear of a discovery and its consequences, prevailed over the ordinary tendency of nature, and he remained awake, watching every sound. The silence at last became painful—so still was it, that he could hear the small crumbling sound of the dying embers as they decomposed and shifted their position on the hearth, and yet he could not be satisfied from the breathing of the woman that she slept. After the lapse of half an hour, however, he ventured to make some movement. He had well observed the quarter in which the outlet from the cave lay, and there was still a faint glimmer from the fire to assist him in crawling towards the trap. It was a relief when after some minutes of cautious creeping, he felt the fresh air breathing from above, and a moment or two more brought him in contact with the ladder. With the stealth of a cat he began to climb the rungs—he could hear the men snoring on the outside of the cave: step by step as he arose he felt his heart beat faster at the thought of escape, and became more cautious. At length his head emerged from the cave, and he saw the men lying about its mouth; they lay close around it—he must step over them to escape—the chance is fearful but he determines to attempt it—he ascends still higher—his foot is on the last rung of the ladder—the next step puts him on the heather—when he feels a hand lay hold of him from below!

His heart died within him at the touch, and he could not resist an exclamation.

"Who's that! exclaimed one of the men outside.

Andy crouched.

"Come down," said the voice softly from below, "if Jack wakes, it will be worse for you."

It was the voice of Bridget, and Andy felt it was better to be with her than exposed to the savagery of Shan More and his myrmidons; so he descended quietly, and gave himself up to the tight hold of Bridget, who with many asseverations that "out of her arms she would not let the prisoner go till morning," led him back to the cave.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied,  
And thin partitions do the bounds divide."

So sings the poet: but whether the wit be great or little, the "thin partition" separating madness from sanity is equally mysterious. It is true that the excitability attendant upon genius approximates so closely to madness, that it is sometimes difficult to distinguish between them; but without the attendant "genius" to hold up the train of madness, and call for our special permission and respect in any of its fantastic excursions,

the most ordinary crack-brain sometimes chooses to sport in the regions of sanity, and, without the license which genius is supposed to dispense to her children, poach over the preserves of common sense. This is a well known fact, and would not be reiterated here, but that the circumstances about to be recorded hereafter might seem unworthy of belief; and as the veracity of our history we would not have one moment questioned, we have ventured to jog the memory of our readers as to the close neighborhood which madness and common sense inhabit, before we record a curious instance of intermitting madness in the old dowager O'Grady.

Her son's death had, by the violence of the shock, dragged her from the region of fiction in which she habitually existed; but, after the funeral, she relapsed into all her strange aberration, and her bird-clock and her chimney-pot head-dress were once more in requisition.

The old lady had her usual attendance from her granddaughter, and the customary offering of flowers was rendered, but they were not so cared for as before, and Charlotte was dismissed sooner than usual from her morning's attendance, and a new favorite received in her place. And, "of all the birds in the air," who should this favorite be but Master Ratty. Yes!—Ratty—the caricaturist of his grandmama, was, "for the nonce," her closeted companion. Many a guess was given as to "what in the world" grandmama *could* want with Ratty; but the secret was kept between them, for this reason, that the old lady kept the *reward she promised* Ratty, for preserving it, in her own hands, until the duty she required on his part should be accomplished; and the shilling a day to which Ratty looked forward kept him faithful.

Now the duty Master Ratty had to perform was instructing his grandmama how to handle a pistol; the bringing up quick to the mark, and levelling by "the sight," was explained, but a difficulty arose in the old lady's shutting her left eye, which Ratty declared to be indispensable, and for some time Ratty was obliged to stand on a chair and cover his grandmama's eye with his hand while she took aim; this was found inconvenient, however, and the old lady substituted a black silk shade, to obfuscate her sinister luminary in her exercises, which now advanced to snapping the lock, and knocking sparks from the flint, which made the old lady wink with her right eye. When this second habit was overcome, the "dry" practice, that is, without powder, was given up, and a "flash in the pan" was ventured upon, but this made her shut both eyes together, and it was some time before she could prevail on herself to hold her eye fixed on her mark, and pull the trigger. This, however, at last was accomplished, and when she had conquered the fear of seeing the flash, she adopted the plan of standing before a handsome old-fashioned looking-glass, which reached from the ceiling to the floor, and levelling the pistol at her own reflection before it, as if she were engaged in mortal combat, and every time she snapped and burned priming, she would ex-



claim, "I hit him that time, I know—I can kill him—*tremble, villain!*"

Now, as long as this pistol practice had the charm of novelty for Ratty, it was all very well; but when, day by day, the strange mistakes and nervousness of his grandmama became less piquant, from repetition, it was not such good fun; and when the rantipole boy, after as much time as he wished to devote to the old woman's caprice, endeavored to emancipate himself, and was countermanded, an outburst of "*Oh, bother!*" would take place, till the grandmother called up the prospective shillings to his view, and Ratty bowed before the altar of Mammon. But even Mammon failed to keep Ratty loyal; for that heathen god, Momus, claimed a superior allegiance; Ratty worshipped the "cap and bells" as the true crown, and "the bauble" as the sovereign sceptre. Besides, the secret became troublesome to him, and he determined to let the whole house know what "gran" and he were about, in a way of his own.

The young imp, in the next day's practice, worked up the grandmama to a state of great excitement, urging her to take a cool and determined aim at the looking-glass.

"Cover him well, gran," said Ratty.

"I will," said the dowager, resolutely.

"You ought to be able to hit him at six paces."

"I stand at twelve paces."

"No—you are only six from the looking-glass."

"But the reflection, child, in the mirror, doubles the distance."

"Bother!" said Ratty. "Here, take the pistol—mind your eye, and don't wink."

"Ratty, you are singularly obtuse to the charms of science."

"What's science?" said Ratty.

"Why, gunpowder, child, for instance, is made by science."

"I never saw his name, then, on a canister," said Ratty. "Pigou, Andrew and Wilks, or Mister Dartford Mills are the men for gunpowder.—You know nothing about it, gran."

"Ratty, you are disrespectful, and will not listen to instruction. I knew Kirwan—the great Kirwan, the chemist, who always wore his hat—"

"Then he knew chemistry better than manners," said Ratty.

"Ratty, you are very troublesome.—I desire you listen, sir.—Kirwan, sir, told me all about science; and the Dublin Society have his picture, with a bottle in his hand—"

"Then he was fond of drink," said Ratty.

"Ratty, don't be pert. To come back to what I was originally saying; I repeat, sir, I am at twelve paces from my object;—six from the mirror, which, doubling by reflection, makes twelve; such is the law of optics.—I suppose you know what optics are?"

"To be sure I do."

"Tell me, then."

"Our eyes," said Ratty.

"Eyes!" exclaimed the old lady, in amaze.

"To be sure," answered Ratty, boldly. "Didn't I hear the old blind man at the fair asking charity 'for the loss of his blessed optics?'"

"Oh, what lamentable ignorance, my child!" exclaimed the old lady. "Your tutor ought to be ashamed of himself."

"So he is," said Ratty. "He hasn't had a pair of new breeches for the last seven years; and he hides himself whenever he sees mamma or the girls."

"Oh, you ignorant child! Indeed, Ratty, my love, you must study.—I will give you the renowned Kirwan's book. Charlotte tore some of it for curl papers, but there's enough to enlighten you with the sun's rays, and reflection and refraction—"

"I know what *that* is," said Ratty.

"What?"

"Refraction."

"And what is it, dear?"

"Bad behaviour," said Ratty.

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed his grandmother.

"Yes it is," said Ratty stoutly; "the tutor says I'm refractory when I behave ill; and he knows Latin better than you."

"Ratty, Ratty! you are hopeless!" exclaimed his grandmama.

"No, I am not," said Ratty; "I'm always *hoping*. And I hope Uncle Robert will break his neck some day, and leave us his money."

The old woman turned up her eyes, and exclaimed, "You wicked boy!"

"Fudge!" said Ratty; "he's an old shaver, and we want it; and indeed, gran, you ought to give me ten shillings for ten days' teaching, now; and there's a fair next week, and I want to buy things."

"Ratty, I told you when you made me perfect in the use of my weapon I would pay you. My promise is sacred, and I will observe it with that scrupulous honor which has ever been characteristic of the family; as soon as I hit something, and satisfy myself of my mastery over the weapon, the money shall be yours, but not till then."

"Oh, very well," said Ratty; "go on then.—*Ready!*—don't bring up your arm that way, like the handle of a pump, but raise it nice from the elbow—that's it.—*Ready—fire!* Ah! there you blink your eye, and drop the point of your pistol—try another. *Ready—fire!*—That's better.—Now steady the next time."

The young devil then put a charge of powder and ball into the pistol he handed his grandmother, who took steady aim at her reflection in the mirror, and at the words, "*Ready—fire!*" bang went the pistol—the magnificent glass was smashed—the unexpected recoil of the weapon made it drop from the hand of the dowager, who screamed with astonishment at the report and the shock, and did not see for a moment the mischief she had done; but when the shattered mirror caught her eye, she made a rush at Ratty, who was screeching with laughter in the far corner of the room, where he ran when he had achieved his trick; and he was so helpless from the excess of his cachinnation, that the old lady cuffed him without his being able to

defend himself. At last he contrived to get out of her clutches, and jammed her against the wall with a table, so tightly that she roared "Murder!" The report of the pistol ringing through the house, brought all its inmates to the spot; and there the cries of murder from the old lady led them to suppose some awful tragedy, instead of a comedy, was enacting inside; the door was locked, too, which increased the alarm, and was forced in the moment of terror from the outside. When the crowd rushed in, Master Ratty rushed out, and left the astonished family to gather up the bits of the story as well as they could, from the broken looking-glass and the cracked dowager.

## CHAPTER XL.

THOUGH it is clear the serious events in the O'Grady family had not altered Master Ratty's propensities in the least, the case was far different with Gustavus. In that one night of suffering which *he* had passed, the gulf was leaped that divides the boy from the man; and the extra frivolity and carelessness which clung from boyhood up to the age of fifteen, was at once, by the sudden disrapture produced by events, thrown off, and as singular a ripening into manhood commenced.

Gustavus was of a generous nature; and even his faults belonged less to his organization than to the devil-may-care sort of education he received, if education it might be called. Upon his generosity the conduct of Edward O'Connor beside the grave to the man with whom his father had engaged in deadly quarrel, yet he quite exonerated Edward from any blame; and when, after a night more sleepless than Gustavus had ever known, he rose early on the ensuing morning, he determined to ride over to Edward O'Connor's house, and breakfast, and commence that friendship which Edward had so solemnly promised to him, and with which the boy was pleased; for Gustavus was quite aware in what estimation Edward was held; and though the relative circumstances in which he and the late Squire stood prevented the boy from "caring a fig" for him, as he often said himself, yet he was not beyond the influence of that thing called "reputation," which so powerfully attaches to, and elevates the man who wins it; and the price at which Edward was held in the country, influenced opinion even in Neck-or-Nothing Hall, albeit though "against the grain." Gustavus had sometimes heard from the lips of the idle and ignorant, Edward sneered at for being "cruel wise"—and "too much of a schoolmaster"—and fit for nothing but books or a boudoir—and called "a piano man," with all the rest of the hacknied "dirt" which jealous inferiority loves to fling at the heights it cannot occupy; for though (as it has been said) Edward, from his manly and sensible bearing, had escaped such sneers better than most men, still some there were to whom his merit was offensive. Gustavus, however, though he sometimes heard such things, saw with his own eyes that Edward could back a horse

with any man in the country. He was always foremost in the chase, could bring down as many brace of birds as most men in a day, had saved one or two persons from drowning; and if he did all these things as well as other men, Gustavus (though hitherto too idle to learn much himself) did not see why a man should be sneered at for being an accomplished scholar as well. Therefore he had good foundation for being pleased at the proffered friendship of such a man, and remembering the poignancy of Edward's anguish on the foregoing eve, Gustavus generously resolved to see him at once, and offer him the hand which a nice sense of feeling made him withhold the night before. Mounting his pony, an hour's smart riding brought him to Mount Eskar, for such was the name of Mr. O'Connor's residence.

It was breakfast-time when Gustavus arrived, but Edward had not yet left his room, and the servant went to call him. It need scarcely be said that Edward had passed a wretched night; reaching home, as he did, weary in mind and body, and with feelings and imagination both overwrought, it was long before he could sleep; and even then his slumber was disturbed by harassing visions and frightful images. Spectral shapes, and things unimaginable to the waking senses, danced, and crawled, and hissed about him. The torch flared above the grave, and that horrid coffin, with the name of the dead O'Grady upon it, "murdered sleep." It was dawn before anything like refreshing slumber touched his feverish eyelids; and he had not enjoyed more than a couple of hours of what might be called sleep, when the servant called him; and then, after the brief oblivion he had obtained, one may fancy when the first words he heard on waking were, "Mister O'Grady is below, sir."

Edward started up from his bed and stared wildly on the man, as he exclaimed, with a look of alarm, "O'Grady!—For God's sake, you don't say O'Grady?"

"Tis Mister Gustavus, sir," said the man, wondering at the wildness of Edward's manner.

"Oh—the boy!—ay, ay—the boy!" repeated Edward, drawing his hand across his eyes, and recovering his self-possession. "Say I will be down presently."

The man retired, and Edward laid down again for some minutes to calm the heavy beating of his heart, which the sudden mention of that name had produced;—that name so linked with the mental agony of the past night;—that name which had conjured up a waking horror of such might as to shake the sway of reason for a time, and which afterwards pursued its reign of terror through his sleep. After such a night, fancy poor Edward doomed to hear the name of O'Grady again the first thing in the morning—nay, awakened, one may say, by the very sound, and it cannot be wondered at that he was startled.

A few minutes, however, served to restore his self-possession; and he arose, and, making his toilet in haste, descended to the breakfast parlor, where he was met by Gustavus with an open hand, which Edward clasped with fervor, and held for some time as he looked on the handsome face of the boy, and saw in its



frank expression all that his heart could desire. They spoke not a word, but they understood one another; and that moment commenced an attachment which increased with increasing intimacy, and became one of those steadfast friendships which are seldom met with.

After breakfast Edward brought Gustavus to his "den," as he called a room which was appropriated to his own particular use, occupied with books and a small collection of national relics. Some long ranges of that peculiar calf binding, with its red label, declared at once the contents to be law; and by the dry formal cut of the exterior, gave little invitation to reading. The very outside of a law library is repulsive; the continuity of that eternal buff leather gives one a surfeit by anticipation, and makes one mentally exclaim in despair, "Heavens!—how can any one hope to get all that into his head?" The only plain honest thing about law, is the outside of the books where it is laid down—there all is simple; inside all is complex. The interlacing lines of the binder's patterns find no place on the covers; but intricacies abound inside, where any line is easier found than a straight one. Nor gold leaf nor tool is employed without, but within how many fallacies are enveloped in glozing words; the gold leaf has its representative in "legal fiction;" and as for "tooling"—there's plenty of that!

Other books, also, bore external evidence of the nature of their contents. Some old parchment covers indicated the lore of pastages; amidst these the brightest names of Greece and Rome were to be found, as well as those who have adorned our own literature, and implied a cultivated taste on the part of the owner. But one portion of the library was particularly well stored. The works bearing on Irish history were numerous; and this might well account for the ardor of Edward's feelings in the cause of his country; for it is as impossible that a river should run backwards to its source, as that any Irishman, of a generous nature, can become acquainted with the real history of his country, and not feel that she has been an ill-used and neglected

land, and not struggle in the cause of her being righted. Much *has* been done in the cause since the days of which this story treats, and Edward was amongst those who helped to achieve it; but much has still to be done, and there is glorious work in store for present and future Edward O'Connors.

Along with the books which spoke the cause of Ireland, the mute evidences, also, of her former glory and civilization were scattered through the room. Various ornaments of elegant form, and wrought in the purest gold, were tastefully arranged over the mantel-piece; some, from their form, indicating their use, and others only affording matter of ingenious speculation to the antiquary, but all bearing evidence of early civilization. The frontlet of gold indicated noble estate, and the long and tapering bodkin of the same metal, with its richly encased knob or pendant crescent, implied the robe it once fastened could have been of no mean texture, and the wearer of no mean rank. Weapons were there, too, of elegant form and exquisite workmanship wrought in that ancient bronze, of such wondrous temper that it carries effective edge and point;—the sword was of exact Phœnician mould; the double-eyed spear-head, formed at once for strength and lightness, might have served as the model for a sculptor in arming the hand of Minerva. Could these be the work of an uncultivated people?—Impossible!—The harp, too, was there, that un-  
failing mark of polish



A Crack Shot.

and social elegance. The bard and barbarism could never be coeval. But beyond all these, was a relic exciting deeper interest—it was an ancient crosier, of curious workmanship, wrought in the precious metals, and partly studded with jewels; but few of the latter remained, though the empty collets showed it had once been costly in such ornaments. Could this be seen without remembering that the light of Christianity first dawned over the western isles—in Ireland! that *there* the gospel was first preached, *there* the work of salvation begun!

There be cold hearts to which these touching recollections do not pertain, and they heed them not; and

Some there are who, with the callousness which forbids the sensibility, possess the stupid effrontery to ask, "Of what use are such recollections?" With such frigid utilitarians it would be in vain to argue; but this question, at least, may be put in return:—Why should the ancient glories of Greece and Rome form a large portion of the academic studies of our youth?—why should the evidences of *their* arts and *their* arms be held precious in museums, and similar evidences of ancient cultivation be despised because they pertain to another nation? Is it because they are Irish they are held in contempt? Alas! in many cases it is so—ay, and even (shame to say) within her own shores. But never may that day arrive when Ireland shall be without enough of true and fond hearts to cherish the memory of her ancient glories, to give to her future sons the evidences of her earliest western civilization, proving that their forefathers were not, as those say who wronged and therefore would malign them, a rabble of rude barbarians, but that brave kings, and proud princes, and wise lawgivers, and just judges, and gallant chiefs, and chaste and lovely women, were among them, and that inspired bards were there to perpetuate such memories!

Gustavus had never before seen a crosier, and asked what it was. On being informed of its name he then said—

"But what *is* a crosier?"

"A bishop's pastoral staff," said Edward.

"And why have you a bishop's staff, and swords, and pears, hung up together?"

"That is not inappropriate," said Edward. "Unfortunately, the sword and the crosier have been frequently but too intimate companions. Preaching the word of peace has been too often the pretext for war. The Spaniards, for instance, in the name of the gospel, committed the most fearful atrocities."

"Oh, I know," said Gustavus, "that was in the time of bloody Mary and the Armada."

Edward wondered at the boy's ignorance, and saw, in an instant, the source of his false application of his allusion to the Spaniards. Gustavus had been taught to vaguely couple the name of "bloody Mary" with every thing bad, and that of "good Queen Bess" with all that was glorious; and the word "Spanish," in poor Gustav's head, had been hitherto connected with two ideas, namely, "liquorice" and the "Armada."

Edward, without wounding the sensitive shame of ignorant youth, gently set him right, and made him aware he had alluded to the conduct of the Spaniards in America, under Cortes and Pizarro.

For the first time in his life Gustavus was aware that Pizarro was a real character. He had heard his grand-mama speak of a play of that name, and how great Mr. Kemble was in Kolla, and how he saved a child; but as to its belonging to history, it was a new light—the utmost Gusty knew about America being that it was discovered by Columbus.

"But the crosier," said Edward, "is amongst the most interesting of Irish antiquities, and especially belongs to an Irish collection, when you remember the

earliest preaching of Christianity, in the western isles, was in Ireland."

"I did not know that," said the boy.

"Then you don't know why the shamrock is our national emblem?"

"No," said Gustavus, "though I take care to mount one in my hat every Patrick's day."

"Well," said Edward, anxious to give Gustavus credit for *any* knowledge he possessed, "you know at least it is connected with the memory of St. Patrick, though you don't know why. I will tell you. When St. Patrick first preached the Christian faith in Ireland, before a powerful chief and his people, when he spoke of one God, and of the Trinity, the chief asked how one could be in three. St. Patrick, instead of attempting a theological definition of the faith, thought a simple image would best serve to enlighten a simple people, and stooping to the earth he plucked from the green sod a shamrock, and holding up the trefoil before them, he bid them there to behold one in three. The chief, struck by the illustration, asked at once to be baptized, and all his sept followed his example."

"I never heard that before," said Gusty. "'Tis very beautiful."

"I will tell you something else connected with it," said Edward.

"After baptizing the chief, St. Patrick made an eloquent exhortation to the assembled multitude, and in the course of his address, while enforcing his urgent appeal with appropriate gesture, as the hand which held his crosier, after being raised towards heaven, descended again towards the earth, the point of his staff, armed with metal, was driven through the foot of the chief, who, fancying it was part of the ceremony, and but a necessary testing of the firmness of his faith, never winced."

"He was a fine fellow," said Gusty. "And is that the crosier?" he added, alluding to the one in Edward's collection, and manifestly excited by what he had heard.

"No," said Edward, "but one of early date, and belonging to some of the first preachers of the gospel amongst us."

"And have you other things here with such beautiful stories belonging to them?" inquired Gusty, eager for more of that romantic lore which youth loves so passionately.

"Not that I know of," answered Edward. "But if these objects here had only tongues; if every sword, and celt, and spear-head, and golden bodkin, and other trinket could speak, no doubt we should hear stirring stories of gallant warriors and their lady loves."

"Ay, that would be something to hear!" exclaimed Gusty.

"Well," said Edward, "you may have many *such* stories by reading the history of your country; which, if you have not read, I can lend you books enough."

"Oh, thank you!" said Gusty; "I should like it so much."

Edward approached the book-shelf, and selected a



volume he thought the most likely to interest so little practiced a reader; and when he turned round he saw Gusty poising in his hand an antique Irish sword, of bronze.

"Do you know what that is?" inquired Edward.

"I can't tell you the name of it," answered Gusty, "but I suppose it was *something to stick a fellow.*"

Edward smiled at the characteristic reply, and told him it was an antique Irish sword.

"A sword!" he exclaimed. "Isn't it short for a sword?"

"All the swords of that day were short," said Edward.

"When was that?" inquired the boy.

"Somewhere about two thousand years ago," said Edward.

"Two thousand years ago!" exclaimed Gusty, in surprise. "How is it possible you can tell this is two thousand years old?"

"Because it is made of the same metal, and of the same shape, as the swords found at Cannæ, where the Carthaginians fought the Romans."

"I know the Roman history," said Gusty, eager to display his little bit of knowledge; "I know the Roman history. Romulus and Remus were educated by a wolf."

Edward could not resist a smile, which he soon suppressed, and continued: "Such swords as you now hold in your hand are found in *quantities* in Ireland, and never any where else in Europe, except in Italy, particularly in Cannæ, where some thousands of Carthaginians fell; and when we find the sword of the same make and metal in places so remote, it establishes a strong connecting link between the people of Carthage and Ireland, and at once shows their date."

"How curious that is!" exclaimed Gusty; "and how odd, I never heard it before! Are there many such curious things you know?"

"Many," said Edward.

"I wonder how people find out such things," said the boy.

"My dear boy," said Edward, "after getting a certain amount of knowledge, other knowledge comes very fast; it gathers like a snowball, or perhaps it would be better to illustrate the fact by a mill-dam. You know, when the water is low in the mill-dam, the miller cannot drive his wheel; but the moment the water comes up to a certain level, it has force to work the mill;—and so it is with knowledge; when once you get up to a certain level, you can 'work your mill,' with this great advantage over the mill-dam, that the stream of knowledge, once reaching the level, never runs dry."

"Oh, I wish I knew as much as you do!" exclaimed Gusty.

"And so you can, if you wish it," said Edward.

Gusty sighed heavily, and admitted he had been very idle.

Edward told him he had plenty of time before him to repair the damage.

A conversation then ensued, perfectly frank on the part of the boy, and kind on Edward's side to all his

deficiencies, which he found to be lamentable, as far as learning went. He had some small smattering of Latin; but Gustavus vowed steady attention to his tutor and his studies for the future. Edward, however, knowing what a miserable scholar the tutor himself was, offered to put Gustavus through his Latin and Greek himself. Gustavus accepted the offer with gratitude, and rode every day to Mount Eskar for his lesson; and under the intelligent explanations of Edward, the difficulties which had hitherto discouraged him disappeared, and it was surprising what progress he made. At the same time he devoured Irish history, and became rapidly tinged with that enthusiastic love of all that belonged to his country which he found in his teacher; and Edward soon hailed in the ardent neophyte a noble and intelligent spirit, redeemed from ignorance, and rendered capable of higher enjoyments than those to be derived merely from field sports. Edward, however, did not confine his instructions to book-learning only; there is much to be learned by living with the educated, whose current conversation alone is instructive; and Edward had Gustavus with him as constantly as he could; and after some time, when the frequency of Gusty's visits to Mount Eskar ceased to excite any wonder at home, he sometimes spent several days together with Edward, to whom he became continually more and more attached. Edward showed great judgment in making his training attractive to his pupil; he did not attend merely to his head; he thought of other things as well, and joined him in the sports and exercises he knew, and taught him those in which he was uninstructed. Fencing, for instance, was one of these; Edward was a tolerable master of his foil, and in a few months Gustavus, under his tuition, could parry a thrust, and make no bad attempt at a hit himself. His improvement, in every way, was so remarkable, that it was noticed by all, and its cause did not long remain secret; and when it was known, Edward O'Connor's character stood higher than ever, and the whole country said it was a lucky day for Gusty O'Grady that he found such a friend.

As the limits of our tale would not permit the intercourse between Edward and Gustavus to be treated in detail, this general sketch of it has been given; and in stating its consequence so far, a peep into the future has been given by the author, with a benevolence seldom belonging to his ill-natured and crafty tribe, who endeavor to hoodwink their docile patrons as much as possible, and keep them in a state of ignorance as to coming events. But now, having been so indulgent, we must beg to lay hold of the skirts of our readers, and pull them back again down the ladder into the private still, where Bridget pulled back Andy very much after the same fashion, and the results of which we must treat of in our next chapter.

## CHAPTER XLI.

WHEN Bridget dragged Andy back, and insisted on his going to bed—

No—I will not be too goodnatured, and tell my story that way;—besides, it would be a very difficult matter to tell it; and why should an author, merely to oblige people, get himself involved in a labyrinth of difficulties, and rack his unfortunate brain to pick and choose words properly to tell his story, yet at the same time to lead his readers through the mazes of this very ticklish adventure, without a single thorn scratching their delicate feelings, or as much as making the smallest rent in the white muslin robe of propriety? So, not to run unnecessary risks, the story must go on another way.

When Shan More and the rest of the “big blackguards” began to wake, the morning after the abduction, and gave a turn or two under their heather coverlid, and rubbed their eyes as the sun peeped through the “curtains of the east,”—for these were the only bed-curtains Shan More and his companions ever had,—they stretched themselves and yawned, and felt very thirsty, for they had all been blind drunk the night before, be it remembered; and Shan swore, to use his own expressive and poetic imagery, that his tongue was “as rough as a rat’s back,” while his companions went no farther than saying theirs were as “dry as a lime-burner’s wig.”

We should not be so particular in these minute details, but for that desire of truth which has guided us all through this veracious history; and as in this scene, in particular, we feel ourselves sure to be held seriously responsible for every word, we are determined to be accurate to a nicety, and set down every syllable with stenographic strictures.

“Where’s the girl?” cried Shan, not yet sober.

“She’s asleep with your sister,” was the answer.

“Down stairs?” inquired Shan.

“Yes,” said the other, who now knew Big Jack was more drunk than he at first thought him, by his using the word stairs; for Jack when he was drunk was very grand, and called *down the ladder*, “down stairs.”

“Get me a drink o’ wather,” said Jack, “for I’m thundherin’ thirsty, and can’t deludher that girl with the soft words, till I wet my mouth.”

His attendant vagabond obeyed the order, and a large pitcher full of water was handed to the master, who heaved it upward to his head, and drank as audibly and nearly as much as a horse. Then holding his hands to receive the remaining contents of the pitcher, which his followers poured into his monstrous palms, he soused his face, which he afterwards wiped in a wisp of grass, which was the only towel of Jack’s which was not then at the wash.

Having thus made his toilet, Big Jack went down stairs, and as soon as his great bull-head disappeared beneath the trap, one of the men above said, “We’ll have a *shilloo* soon, boys.”

And sure enough they did, after some time, hear an extraordinary row. Jack first roared for Bridget, and no answer was returned; the call was repeated with as little effect, and at last a most tremendous roar was heard above—but not from a female voice. Jack was

heard below, swearing like a trooper, and in a minute or too, back he rushed, “*up stairs*” again, and began cursing his myrmidons most awfully, and foaming at the mouth with rage.

“What’s the matter?” cried the men.

“Matther!” roared Jack; “oh, you ’tarnal villians! —You’re a purty set to carry off a girl for a man—a purty job you’ve made of it?”—

“Arrah, didn’t we bring her to you?”

“*Her*, indeed—bring *her*—much good what you brought is to me!”

“Tare an ’ouns! what’s the matter at all? We dunna what you mane!” shouted the men, returning rage for rage.

“Come down, and you’ll see what’s the matter,” said Jack, descending the ladder; and the men hastened after him.

He led the way to the farther end of the cavern, where a small glimmering of light was permitted to enter from the top, and lifting a tattered piece of canvass, which served as a screen to the bed, he exclaimed with a curse, “Look there, you blackguards!”

The men gave a shout of surprise, for—what do you think they saw?—

An empty bed!

## CHAPTER XLII.

It may be remembered that, on Father Phil’s recommendation, Andy was to be removed out of the country, to place him beyond the reach of Larry Hogan’s machinations, and that the proposed journey to London afforded a good opportunity of taking him out of the way. Andy had been desired by Squire Egan to repair to Merryvale; but as some days had elapsed, and Andy had not made his appearance, the alarms of the Squire that Andy might be tampered with, began to revive, and Dick Dawson was therefore requested to call at the Widow Rooney’s cabin as he was returning from the town, where some business with Murphy, about the petition against Scatterbrain’s return, demanded his presence.

Dick, as it happened, had no need to call at the widow’s, for, on his way to the town, who should he see approaching but the renowned Andy himself. On coming up to him, Dick pulled up his horse, and Andy pulled off his hat.

“God save your honor,” said Andy.

“Why didn’t you come to Merryvale, as you were bid?” said Dick.

“I couldn’t sir, bekase—”

“Hold your tongue, you thief; you know you can never do what you’re bid—you are always wrong one way or other.”

“You’re hard on me, Misther Dick.”

“Did you ever do anything right?—I ask yourself!”

“Indeed, sir, this time it was a rale bit o’ business I had to do.”

“And well you did it, no doubt. Did you marry any



one lately?" said Dick, with a waggish grin, and a wink.

"Faix, then, maybe I did," said Andy, with a knowing nod.

"And I hope *Matty* is well?" said Dick.

"Ah, Mistor Dick, you're always goin' on with your jokin', so you are. So you heerd o' that job, did you?—faix, a purty lady she is—oh, it's not her at all I am married to, but another woman—"

"Another woman!" exclaimed Dick, in surprise.

"Yis, sir, another woman—a kind craythur."

"Another woman!" reiterated Dick, laughing, "married to two women in two days?—why your worse than a Turk?"

"Ah, Mistor Dick!"

"You Tarquin!"

"Sure, sir, what harm's in it?"

"You Heliogabalus!"

"Sure, it's no fault o' mine, sir."

"Bigamy, by this and that, flat bigamy!—You'll only be hanged, as sure as your name's Andy."

"Sure, let me tell you how it was, sir, and you'll see I am quit of all harm, good or bad. 'Twas a pack o' blackguards, you see, came to take off Oonah, sir."

"Oh, a case of abduction!"

"Yes, sir;—so the women dhressed me up as a girl, and the blackguards, instead of the seduction of Oonah, only seduced me."

"Capital!" cried Dick; "well done, Andy!—and who seduced you!"

"Shan *More*, faith—no less."

"Ho, ho! a dangerous customer to play tricks on, Andy."

"Sure enough, faith, and that's partly the rayson of what happened; but by good luck, Big Jack was blind drunk when I got there, and I shammed screechin' so well, that his sister took pity on me, and said she'd keep me safe from harm in her own bed that night."

Dick gave "a view halloo" when he heard this, and shouted with laughter, delighted at the thought of Shan *More*, instead of carrying off a girl for himself, introducing a gallant to his own sister.

"Oh, now I see you are married," said Dick; "that was the bitter bit, indeed."

"Oh, th<sup>e</sup> devil a bit I'd ha' bit her, only for the cross luck with me, for I wanted to schame off out o' the place, and escape; but she wouldn't let me, and catch me and brought me back."

"I should think she would indeed," said Dick, laughing. "What next?"

"Why I drank a power o' punch, sir, and was off my guard, you see, and could't keep the saycret so well after that, and by dad, she found it out."

"Just what I would expect of her," said Dick.

"Well, do you know, sir, though the thrick was agen her own brother, she laughed at it a power, and said I was a great devil, but that she couldn't blame me. So then I sthriv to coax her to let me make my escape, but she towld me to wait a bit till the men above was faster asleep; but while I was waitin' for them to go to sleep, faix, I went to sleep myself, I was

so tired; and when Bridget, the craythur, woke me in the morning, she was cryin' like a spout afther a thundher shower, and said her charaether would be ruined when the story got abroad over the country, and sure she darn't face the world, if I wouldn't make her an honest woman."

"The brazen baggage!" said Dick; "and what did you say?"

"Why what could any man say, sir, afther that. Sure, her karacter would be gone if——"

"Gone," said Dick "faith it might have gone farther before it fared worse."

"Arrah! what do you mane, Mistor Dick?"

"Pooh, pooh! Andy—you don't mean to say you married that one?"

"Faix, I did," said Andy.

"Well, Andy," said Dick, grinning, "by the powers, you *have* done it this time!—good morning."

### CHAPTER XLIII.

ANDY, "knocked all of a heap," stood in the middle of the road, looking after Dick as he cantered down the slope. It was seldom poor Andy was angry—but he felt a strong sense of indignation choking him as Dick's parting words still rung in his ears. "What does he mane?" said Andy, talking aloud;—"What does he mane?" he repeated; anxious to doubt, and therefore question the obvious construction which Dick's words bore. "Mistor Dick is fond of a joke, and maybe this is one of his making, but if it is, 'tis not a fair one, 'pon my sowl: a poor man has his feelins as well as a rich man. How would you like your own wife to be spoke of that way, Mistor Dick, as proud as you ride your horse there—humph?"

Andy, in great indignation, pursued his way towards his mother's cabin, to ask her blessing upon his marriage. On his presenting himself there, both the old woman and Oonah were in great delight at witnessing his safe return. Oonah particularly, for she, feeling that it was for her sake Andy placed himself in danger, had been in a state of great anxiety for the result of the adventure, and on seeing him, absolutely threw herself into her arms, and embraced him tenderly, impressing many a hearty kiss upon his lips, between whiles that she vowed she would never forget his generosity and courage; and ending with saying there was *nothing* she would not do for him.

Now Andy was flesh and blood, like other people, and as the showers of kisses from Oonah's ripe lips fell fast upon him, he was not insensible to the embrace of so very pretty a girl—a girl, moreover, he had always had a "sneaking kindness" for, which Oonah's distance of manner had hitherto made him keep to himself; but now, when he saw her eyes beam gratitude, and her cheek flush, after her strong demonstration of regard, and heard last words, so *very* like a hint to a shy man, it must be owned a sudden pang shot through poor Andy's heart, and he sickened at the thought of

being married, which placed the tempting prize before him hopelessly beyond his reach.

He looked so blank, and seemed so unable to return Oonah's fond greetings, that she felt the pique which every pretty woman experiences who fancies her favors disregarded, and thought Andy was the stupidest lout she ever came across. Turning up her hair, which had fallen down in the excess of her friendship, she walked out of the cottage, and, biting her disdainful lip, fairly cried for spite.

In the meantime Andy popped down on his knees before the widow, and said, "Give me your blessing, mother!"

"For what, you omadhawn?" said his mother, fiercely, for her woman's nature took part with Oonah's feelings, which she quite comprehended, and she was vexed with what she thought Andy's disgusting insensibility. "For what should I give you my blessing?"

"Bekase I'm marri'd, ma'am."

"What!" exclaimed the mother. "It's not marri'd again you are?—You're jokin', sure."

"Faix, it's no joke," said Andy, sadly; "I'm marri'd, sure enough; so give us your blessin' any how," cried he, still kneeling.

"And who did you *dar* to marry, sir, if I may make so bold to ax, without *my* lave or license?"

"There was no time for axin', mother,—'twas done in a hurry, and I can't help it, so give us your blessin' at oncet."

"Tell me who she is before I give you my blessin'."

"*Shan More's* sither, ma'am."

"What!" exclaimed the widow, staggering back some paces,—*Shan More's* sister, did you say?—Bridget *rhua*,\* is it?"

"Yis, ma'am."

"Oh, wirrasthrn! — phillilew! — millia murther!" shouted the mother, tearing the cap off her head. "Oh, blessed Vargin, holy St. Dominick, Pether an' Paul the 'posse, what'll I do?—Oh, pattther an' ave—you dirty *bosthoon*—blessed angels and holy marthyrs! —kneelin' there in the middle o' the flure as if nothing happened,—look down on me this day, a poor virtuous *dissolute* woman!—Oh, you disgrace to me and all belongin' to you,—and is it the impidence to ask for my blessin' you have, when it's whippin' at the cart's tail you ought to get, you shameless scapegrace!"

She then went wringing her hands, and throwing them upwards in appeals to Heaven, while Andy still kept kneeling in the middle of the cabin, lost in wonder.

The widow ran to the door, and called Oonah in.

"Who do you think that blackguard is marri'd to?" said the widow.

"Married!" screamed Oonah, growing pale.

"Ay, marri'd, and who to, do you think?—why, to Bridget *rhua*."

Oonah screamed, and clasped her hands.

Andy got up at last, and asked what they were making such a rout about; he wasn't the first man who

married without asking his mother's leave; and wanted to know what they had to "say agen it."

"Oh, you barefaced scandal o' the world!" cried the widow, "to ax sich a question,—to marry a thrampin' sthreele like that,—a great red-headed Jack——"

"She can't help her hair," said Andy.

"I wish I could cut it off, and her head along with it, the sthrap! Oh, blessed Vargin, to have my daughter-in-law a——"

"What?" said Andy, getting rather alarmed.

"That the whole county knows is——"

"What?" cried Andy.

"Not a fair, nor a market-town doesn't know her as well as—Oh, wirra! wirra!"

"Why, you don't mane to say anything agen her charakther, do you?" said Andy.

"Charakther, indeed!" said his mother, with a sneer. "By this an' that," said Andy, "if she was the child unborn she couldn't make a greater hullabaloo about her charakther than she did the mornin' after."

"Aftther what?" said his mother.

"Aftther I was tuk away up the hill beyant, and found her there, and—but I b'lieve I didn't tell you how it happened."

"No," said Oonah, coming forward, deadly pale, and listening anxiously, with a look of deep pity in her soft eyes.

Andy then related his adventure as the reader already knows it; and when it was ended, Oonah burst into tears, and in passionate exclamations blamed herself for all that had happened, saying it was in the endeavor to save her that Andy had lost himself.

"Oh, Oonah! Oonah!" said Andy, with more meaning in his voice than the girl had ever heard before, "it isn't the loss of myself I mind, but I've lost *you* too. Oh, if you had ever given me a tender word or look before this day, 'twould never have happened, and that desaiwer in the hills never could have *deuthered* me. And tell me, *lanna machree*, is my suspicions right in what I hear,—tell me the worst at oncet,—is she *non compos*?"

"Oh, I never heard her called by that name before," happened Oonah, "but she has a great many others just as bad."

"Ow! ow! ow!" exclaimed Andy. "Now I know what Mr. Dick laughed at,—well, death before dishonor,—I'll go 'list for a sojer, and never live with her."

## CHAPTER XLIV.

It has been necessary in an earlier chapter to notice the strange freaks madness will sometimes play. It was then the object to show how strong affections of the mind will recall an erring judgement to its true balance; but the action of the counterpoise growing weaker by time, the disease returns, and reason again kicks the beam. Such was the old dowager's case: the death of her son recalled her to herself; but a few

\*Red-haired Bridget.



days produced relapse, and she was as foolish as ever. Nevertheless, as Polonius remarks of Hamlet,

"There is method in his madness."

so in the dowager's case there was method—not of a sane intention, as the old courtier implies of the Danish prince, but of *insane* birth—begot of a chivalrous feeling on an enfeebled mind.

To make this clearly understood, it is necessary to call attention to one other peculiarity of madness;—that, while it makes those under its influence liable to say and enact all sorts of nonsense on some subjects, it never impairs their powers of observation on those which chance to come within the reach of the undiseased portion of the mind; and moreover, they are quite as capable of arriving at just conclusions upon what they *so* see and hear as the most reasonable person, and, perhaps, in proportion as the reasoning power is limited within a smaller compass, so the capability of observation becomes stronger by being concentrated.

Such was the case with the old dowager, who, while Furlong was "doing devotion" to Augusta, and appeared the pink of faithful swains, saw very clearly that Furlong did not like it a bit, and would gladly be off his bargain. Yea, while the people in their sober senses on the same plane with the parties were taken in, the old lunatic, even from the toppling height of her own mad chimney-pot, could look down and see that Furlong would not marry Augusta if he could help it.

It *was* even so. Furlong had acted under the influence of terror when poor Augusta, shoved into his bed-room through the devilment of that rascally imp Ratty, and found there, through the evil destiny of Andy, was flung into his arms by her enraged father, and accepted as his wife. The immediate hurry of the election had delayed the marriage—the duel and its consequences further interrupted "the happy event"—and O'Grady's death caused a further postponement. It was delicately hinted to Furlong, that when matters had gone to far as the wedding-dresses being ready that the sooner the contracting parties under such circumstances were married, the better. But Furlong, with that affectation of propriety which belongs to his time-serving tribe, pleaded the "regard to appearances"—"so soon after the ever-to-be deplored event,"—and other such specious excuses, which were but covers to his own rascality, and used but to postpone the "wedding-day." The truth was, the moment Furlong had no longer the terrors of O'Grady's pistol before his eyes, he had resolved never to make so bad a match as that with Augusta appeared to be,—indeed, manifestly was, as far as regarded money; though Furlong should only have been too glad to be permitted to mix his plebeian blood with the daughter of a man of high family, whose crippled circumstances and consequent truckling conduct had reduced him to the wretched necessity of making *such* a *cur* as Furlong the inmate of his house. But so it was.

The family began at last to suspect the real state of the case, and all were surprised except the old dowager:—she had expected what was coming, and had prepared

herself for it. All her pistol practice was with a view to call Furlong to the "last arbitrement" for this slight to her house. Gusty was too young, she considered, for the duty; therefore, she, in her fantastic way of looking at the matter, looked upon *herself* as the head of the family, and, as such, determined to resent the affront put upon it.

But of her real design the family at Neck-or-Nothing Hall had not the remotest notion. Of course, an old lady going about with a pistol, powder-flask, and bullets, and practising on the trunks of the trees in the park, could not pass without observation, and surmises there were on the subject; then her occasional exclamation of "tremble, villain!" would escape her; and sometimes in the family circle, after sitting for a while in a state of abstraction, she would lift her attenuated hand, armed with a knitting-needle or a ball of worsted, and, assuming the action of poisoning a pistol, execute a smart *click* with her tongue, and say, "I hit him that time."

These exclamations, indicative of vengeance, were supposed at length by the family to apply to Edward O'Connor, but excited pity rather than alarm. When, however, one morning, the dowager was nowhere to be found, and Ratty and the pistols had also disappeared, an inquiry was instituted as to the old lady's whereabouts, and Mount Eskar was one of the first places where she was sought, but without success; and all other inquiries were equally unavailing.

The old lady had contrived, with that cunning peculiar to insane people, to get away from the house at an early hour in the morning, unknown to all except Ratty, to whom she confided her intention, and he managed to get her out of the domain unobserved, and thence together they proceeded to Dublin in a post-chaise.

It was the day after this secret expedition was undertaken, that Mr. Furlong was sitting in his private apartment at the castle, doing the "state some service" by reading the morning papers, which heavy official duty he relieved occasionally by turning to some scented notes which lay near a morocco writing-case, whence they had been drawn by the lisping dandy to flatter his vanity. He had been carrying on a correspondence with an anonymous fair one, in whose heart, if her words might be believed, Furlong had made desperate havoc.

It happened, however, that these notes were all fictitious, being the work of Tom Loftus, who enjoyed playing on a puppy as much as playing on the organ; and he had the satisfaction of seeing Furlong going through his paces in certain squares he had appointed, wearing a flower of Tom's choice, and going through other antics which Tom had demanded under the signature of "Phillis," written in a delicate hand, on pink satin note-paper, with a lace border: one of the last notes suggested the possibility of a visit from the lady, and after assurances of "secrecy and honor" had been returned by Furlong, he was anxiously expecting "what would come of it," and, filled with pleasing reflections of what "a devil of a fellow" he was among the ladies, he occasionally paced the room before a handsome dressing-glass, (with which his apartment

was always furnished), and ran his fingers through his curls with a complacent smile. While thus occupied, and in such a frame of mind, the hall messenger entered the apartment, and said a lady wished to see him.

"A lady!" exclaimed Furlong, in delighted surprise.

"She won't give her name, sir, but—"

"Show her up! show her up!" exclaimed the Lothario, eagerly.

All anxiety, he awaited the appearance of his donna, —and quite a donna she seemed, as a commanding figure, dressed in black, and enveloped in a rich veil of the same, glided into the room.

"How vevy Spanish!" exclaimed Furlong, as he advanced to meet his incognita, who, as soon as she entered, locked the door, and withdrew the key.

"Quite pwactised in such seewet affairs," said Furlong, slyly. "Fai' lady, allow me to touch you' fai' hand, and lead you to a seat."

The mysterious stranger made no answer, but lifting her long veil, turned round on the lisping dandy, who staggered back to the table, on which he leaned for support, when the dowager O'Grady appeared before him, drawn up to her full height, and anything but an agreeable expression in her eye. She stalked up towards him, something in the style of a spectre in a romance, which she was not very unlike, and as she advanced, he retreated, until he got the table between him and this most unwelcome apparition.

"I am come," said the dowager, with an ominous tone of voice.

"Vevy happy of the hono', I am sure, Mistwess O'Gwady," faltered Furlong.

"The avenger has come."

Furlong opened his eyes.

"I have come to wash the stain!" said she, tapping her fingers in a theatrical manner on the table; and, as happened, she pointed to a large blotch of ink on the table-cover. Furlong opened his eyes wider than ever, and thought this the queerest bit of madness he ever heard of; however, thinking it best to humor her, he answered, "Yes, it was a little awkwardness of mine—I upset the inkstand the othe' day."

"Do you mock me, sir?" said she, with increasing bitterness.

"La, no! Mistwess O'Gwady."

"I have come, I say, to wash out the stain you have dared to put on the name of O'Grady, in your blood."

Furlong gasped with mingled amazement and fear.

"Tremble, villain!" she said; and she pointed toward him her long attenuated finger with portentous solemnity.

"I weally am quite at a loss, Mistwess O'Gwady, to comprehend—"

Before he could finish his sentence, the dowager had drawn from the depths of her side pockets a brace of pistols, and presenting them to Furlong, said, "Be at a loss no longer—except the loss of life which *may* ensue;—take your choice of weapons, sir."

"Gwacious Heaven!" exclaimed Furlong, trembling from head to foot.

"You won't choose, then?" said the dowager. "Well, there's one for you;"—and she laid a pistol before him with as courteous a manner as if she were making him a birthday present.

Furlong stared down upon it with a look of horror.

"Now we must toss for choice of ground," said the dowager. "I have no money about me, for I paid my last half-crown to the post-boy, but this will do as well for a toss as anything else;"—and she

laid her hands on the dressing-glass as she spoke. "Now the call shall be 'safe' or 'smash;' whoever calls 'safe,' if the glass comes down unbroken, has the choice, and *vice versa*. I call first—"Smash," said the dowager, as she flung up the dressing glass, which fell in shivers on the floor. "I have won," said she; "oblige me, sir, by standing in that far corner. I have the light in my back,—and you will have something else in yours before long;—take your ground, sir."

Furlong, finding himself thus cooped up with a mad woman, in an agony of terror suddenly bethought him of instances he had heard of escape, under similar circumstances, by coinciding to a certain extent with the views of the insane people, and suggested to the dowager, that he hoped she would not insist on a duel without their having "a friend" present.



The Challenge.



"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old lady; "I quite forgot that form, in the excitement of the moment, though I have not overlooked the necessity altogether, and have come provided with one."

"Allow me to wing for him," said Furlong, rushing to the bell.

"Stop!" exclaimed the dowager, levelling her pistol at the bell-pull; "touch it, and you are a dead man."

Furlong stood rivitted to the spot where his rush had been arrested.

"No interruption, sir, till this little affair is settled. Here is my friend," she added, putting her hand into her pocket and pulling out the wooden cuckoo of her clock; "my little bird, sir, will see all fair between us;" and she perched the painted wooden thing, with a bit of feather grotesquely sticking up out of its nether end, on the morocco letter case.

"Oh Lord!" said Furlong.

"He's a gentleman of the nicest honor, sir," said the dowager, pacing back to the window.

Furlong took advantage of the opportunity of her back being turned, and rushed at the bell, which he pulled with great fury.

The dowager wheeled round with haste, "So you have rung," said she, "but it shall not avail you—the door is locked; take your weapon, sir—quick!—what!—a coward!"

"Weally, Mistwess O'Gwady, I cannot think of deadly a'bitwement with a lady."

"Less would you like it with a man, *poltron!*" said she, with an exaggerated expression of contempt in her manner. "However," she added, "if you *are* a coward, you shall have a coward's punishment." She went to a corner where stood a great variety of very handsome canes, and laying hold of one, began soundly to thrash Furlong, who feared to make any resistance, or attempt to disarm her of the cane, for the pistol was yet in the other hand.

The bell was answered by the servant, who, on finding the door locked, and hearing the row inside, began to knock and inquire loudly what was the matter. The question was more loudly answered by Furlong, who roared out, "Bweak the door! bweak the door!" interlarding his directions with cries of "murder!"

The bell at length was forced, Furlong rescued, and the old lady separated from him. She became perfectly calm the moment other persons appeared, and was replacing the pistols in her pocket, when Furlong requested the "dreadful weapons" might be seized. The old lady gave up the pistols very quietly, but laid hold of her bird and put it into her pocket.

"This is a dreadful violation!" said Furlong, "and my life is not safe unless she is bound ove' to keep the peace."

"Pooh! pooh!" said one of the gentlemen from the adjacent office, who came to the scene on hearing the uproar, "binding over an old lady to keep the peace—nonsense!"

"Insist upon it," said Furlong, with that stubbornness for which fool are remarkable

"Oh—very well!" said the sensible gentleman, who left the room.

A party, pursuant to Furlong's determination, proceeded to the head police-office, close by the Castle and a large mob gathered as they went down Cork-hill and followed them to Exchange Court, where they crowded before them in front of the office, so that it was with difficulty the principals could make their way through the dense mass.

At length, however, they entered the office; and when Major Sin heard any gentleman attached to the Government wanted his assistance, of course he put any other case aside, and had the accuser and accused called up before him.

Furlong made his charge of assault and battery, with intent to murder, etc., etc.

"Some mad old rebel, I suppose," said Major Sin. Do you remember '98, ma'am?" said the major.

"Indeed, I do, sir.—and I remember *you*, too. Major Sin I have the honor to address, if I don't mistake."

"Yes, ma'am. What then?"

"I remember well in '98, when you were searching for rebels, you thought a man was concealed in a dairy yard, in the neighborhood of my mother's house, major, in Stephen's Green; and you thought he was hid in a hay-rick, and ordered your sergeant to ask for the loan of a spit from my mother's kitchen, to probe the hay-stack."

"Oh! then, madame, your mother was *loyal*, I suppose."

"Most loyal, sir."

"Give the lady a chair," said the major.

"Thank you, I don't want it—but, major—when you asked for the spit, my mother thought you were going to practice one of your delightfully ingenious bits of punishment, and asked the sergeant *Whom you were going to roast?*"

The major grew livid on the bench where he sat, at this awkward reminiscence of one of his friends, and a dead silence reigned through the crowded office. He recovered himself, however, and addressed Mrs. O'Grady in a mumbling manner, telling her she must give security to keep the peace, herself—and find friends as sureties. On asking her had she any friend to appear for her, she declared she had.

"A gentleman in the nicest humor, sir," said the dowager, pulling her cuckoo from her pocket, and holding it up in view of the whole office.

A shout of laughter, of course, followed. The affair became at once understood in its true light;—a mad old lady—a paltry coward—etc., etc. Those who know the excitability and fun of an Irish mob, will not wonder, that, when the story got circulated from the office to the crowd without, which it did with lightning rapidity, that the old lady on being placed in a hackney-coach which was sent for, was hailed with a chorus of "Cuckoo!" by the multitude, one half of which ran after the coach as long as they could keep pace with it, shouting forth the spring-time call, and the other half followed Furlong to the castle, with hisses and other more articulate demonstrations of contempt.

## CHAPTER XLV.

THE fat and fair widow Flanagan had, at length, given up shilly shallying, and, yielding to the fervent entreaties of Tom Durfy, had consented to name the happy day. She, however, would have some little ways of her own about it, and instead of being married in the country, insisted on the nuptial knot being tied in Dublin. Thither the widow repaired with her swain to complete the stipulated time of residence within some metropolitan parish, before the wedding could take place. In the meanwhile they enjoyed all the gaiety the capital presented, the time glided swiftly by, and Tom was within a day of being made a happy man, when, as he was hastening to the lodgings of the fair widow, who was waiting with her bonnet and shawl on, to be escorted to the botanical gardens of Glasnevin, he was accosted by an odd-looking person of somewhat sinister aspect.

"I believe I have the honor of addressing Mister Durfy, sir."

Tom answered in the affirmative.

"Thomas Durfy, Esquire, I think, sir?"

"Yes."

"This is for you, sir, he said, handing Tom a piece of dirty printed paper, and at the same time laying his hand on Tom's shoulder, and executing a smirking sort of grin, which he meant to be the pattern of politeness, added—"You'll excuse me, sir, but I arrest you under a warrant from the high sheriff of the city of Dublin—always sorry, sir, for a gentleman in difficulties, but it's my duty."

"You're a bailiff, then?" said Tom.

"Sir," said the bum.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well your part—there all the honor lies."

"I meant no offence," said Tom, "I only meant—"

"I understand, sir—I understand. These little difficulties startles gentlemen at first—you've not been used to arrest, I see, sir."

"Never in my life did such a thing happen before," said Tom. "I live generally, thank God, where a bailiff daren't show his face."

"Ah, sir," said the bailiff, with a grin, "them rustic habits betrays the children of nature often when they come to town; but we are *sophisticated* here in the metropolis, that we can lay our hands on strangers aisy. But you'd better not stand in the street, sir, or people will understand it's an arrest, sir; and you wouldn't like the exposure. I can simperise in a gentleman's feelings, sir. If you walk aisy on, sir, and don't attempt escape or rescue, I'll keep a gentleman-like distance."

Tom walked on in great perplexity for a few steps, not knowing what to do. The hour of his rendezvous had struck—he knew how impatient of neglect the widow always was—he at one moment thought of asking the bailiff to allow him to proceed to her lodgings at once, there boldly to avow what had taken place, and ask her to discharge the debt; but this his pride would not allow him to do. As

he came to the corner of a street, he got a tap on the elbow from the bailiff, who, with a jerking motion of his thumb and a wink, said in a confidential tone to Tom—"Down this street, sir—that's the way to the *pres'n* (prison)."

"Prison!" exclaimed Tom, halting involuntarily at the word.

"Shove on, sir—shove on," hastily repeated the sheriff's officer, urging his order by a nudge or two on Tom's elbow.

"Don't shove me, sir?" said Tom rather angrily, "or by G—"

"Aisy, sir—aisy!" said the bailiff; "though I feel for the difficulties of a gentleman, the caption must be made, sir. If you don't like the *pres'n*, I have a nice little room o' my own, sir, where you can wait, for a small consideration, until you get bail."

"I'll go there, then," said Tom. "Go through as private streets as you can."

"Give me half-a-guinea for my trouble, sir, and I'll amble up your through lanes every *fat o'* the way."

"Very well," said Tom.

They now struck into a shabby street, and thence wended through stable lanes, filthy alleys, up greasy broken steps through one close, and down steps in another—threaded dark passages whose debouchures were blocked up with posts to prevent all vehicular conveyance, the accumulated dirt of years sensible to the tread from its lumpy unevenness, and the stagnant air rife with pestilence. Tom felt increasing disgust at every step he proceeded, but any thing to him appeared better than being seen in the public streets in such company; for, until they got into these labyrinths of nastiness, Tom thought he saw in the looks of every passer-by, as plainly told as if the words were spoken, "There goes a fellow under the care of the bailiff." In these byways, he had not any objection to speak to his companion, and for the first time asked him what he was arrested for.

"At the suit of Mr. M Kail, sir."

"Oh! the tailor," said Tom.

"Yes, sir," said the bailiff. "And if you would not consider it trifling with the feelings of a gentleman in difficulties, I would make the playful observation, sir, that it's quite in character to be arrested at the *suit* of a tailor. He! he! he!"

"You're a wag, I see," said Tom.

"Oh no, sir—only a poetic turn—a small affection I have certainly for Judy Mot—but my rale passion is the muses. We are not far, now, sir, from my little bower of repose—which is the name I give my humble abode—small, but snug, sir. You'll see another gentleman there, sir, before you. He is waitin' for bail these three or four days, sir—can't pay as he ought for the 'commodation, but he's a friend o' mine, I may almost say, sir,—a lithery gentleman—them lithery gentleman, sir—though you're rather ginteely dhressed for one?"

"No," said Tom, "I am not."

"I thought you were, sir, by being acquainted with this other gentleman."



"An acquaintance of mine!" said Tom, with surprise. "Yis, sir. In short, it was through him I found out where you were, sir. I have had the writ agen you for some time, but couldn't make you off, till my friend says I must carry a note for him to you."

"Where is the note?" inquired Tom.

"Not ready yet, sir. It's po'thry he's writin'—something 'pithy,' he said, and 'lame' too. I dunna how a thing could be pithy and lame together, but them potes has hard words at command."

"Then you came away without the note?"

"Yes, sir. As soon as I found out where you were stopping, I ran off directly on Mr. McKail's little business. You'll excuse the liberty, sir; but we must all mind our professions; though, indeed, sir, if you b'lieve me, I'd rather nab a rhyme than a gentleman any day; and if I could get on the press, I'd quit the shoulder-tapping profession."

Tom cast an eye of wonder on the bailiff, which the latter comprehended at once; for, with habitual nimbleness, he could nab a man's thoughts as fast as his person.

"I know what you're thinking, sir—could one of my profession pursue the muses? Don't think, sir, I mane I could write the 'laders' or the polittik'l articles, but the criminal cases, sir—the robberies and offinses—with the watchhouse cases—together with a little po'thry now and then. I think I could be useful, sir, and do better than some of the chaps that pick up their ha'pence that way. But here's my place, sir,—my little bower of repose."

He knocked at the door of a small tumble-down house in a filthy lane, the one window it presented in front being barred with iron. Some bolts were drawn inside, and though the man who opened the door was *forbidding* in his aspect, he did not *refuse* to let Tom in. The portal was hastily closed and bolted after they had entered. The smell of the house was pestilential—the entry dead dark.

"Give me your hand, sir," said the bailiff, leading Tom forward.

They ascended some creaking stairs, and the bailiff, fumbling for some time with a key at a door, unlocked it and shoved it open, and then led in his captive.

Tom saw a shabby-genteel sort of person, whose back was towards him, directing a letter.

"Ah, Goggins!" said the writer, "you're come back in the nick of time. I have finished now, and you may take the letter to Mister Durfy."

"You may give it to him yourself, sir," replied Goggins, "for here he is."

"Indeed!" said the writer, turning round.

"What!" exclaimed Tom Durfy, in surprise; "James Reddy!"

"Even so!" said James, with a sentimental air;

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Literature is a bad trade, my dear Tom!—'tis an ungrateful world—men of the highest aspirations may lie in goal for all the world cares; not that you come within the pale of the worthless ones; this is

d—d good-natured of you to come to see a friend in trouble. You deserve, my dear Tom, that you should have been uppermost in my thoughts; for here is a note I have just written to you, enclosing a copy of verses to you on your marriage—in short, it is an epithalamium."

"That's what I told you, sir," said Goggins to Tom.

"May the devil burn you and your epithalamium!" said Tom Durfy, stamping round the little room.

James Reddy stared in wonder, and Goggins roared, laughing, "A pretty compliment you've paid me, Mr. Reddy, this fine morning," said Tom, "you tell a bailiff where I live, that you may send you d—d verses to me, and you get me arrested."

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed James. "I'm very sorry, my dear Tom; but, at the same time, 'tis a capital incident! How it would work up in a farce!"

"How funny it is!" said Tom, in a rage, eyeing James as if he could have eaten him. "Bad luck to all poetry and poetasters! By the 'tarnal war, I wish every poet, from Homer down, was put into a mortar and pounded to death!"

James poured forth expressions of sorrow for the mischance; and extremely ludicrous it was to see one man making apologies for trying to pay his friend a compliment; his friend swearing at him for his civility, and the bailiff grinning at them both.

In this triangular dilemma we leave them for the present.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

EDWARD O'CONNOR, on hearing from Gustavus of the old dowager's disappearance from Neck-or-Nothing Hall, joined in the eager inquiries which were made about her, and *his* being directed with more method and judgment than those of the others, their result was more satisfactory. He soon "took up the trail," to use the Indian phrase; and he and Gusty were not many hours in posting after the old lady. They arrived in town early in the morning, and lost no time in casting about for information.

One of the first places Edward inquired at, was the inn where the postchaises generally drove to from the house where the old dowager had obtained her carriage in the country; but there no trace was to be had. Next, the principal hotels were referred to, but as yet without success; when, as they turned into one of the leading streets in continuance of their search, their attention was attracted by a crowd swaying to and fro in that peculiar manner which indicates that there is a fight inside of it. Great excitement prevailed on the verge of the crowd, where exclamations escaped from those who could get a peep at the fight.

"The little chap has great heart!" cried one.

"But the sweep is the biggest," said another.

"Well done, *Horish!*"\* cried a blackguard, who enjoyed the triumph of his fellow.

\*The name of a celebrated sweep in Ireland, whose name is applied to the whole tribe.

"Bravo! little fellow," rejoined a genteeler person, who rejoiced in some successful hit of the other combatant.

There is an inherent love in men to see a fight, which Edward O'Connor shared with inferior men; and if he had not peeped into the ring, most assuredly Gusty would. What was their astonishment when they got a glimpse of the pugilists, to perceive Ratty was one of them,—his antagonist being a sweep, taller by a head, and no bad hand at "the noble science."

Edward's first impulse was to separate them, but Gusty requested he would not, saying that he saw by Ratty's eye he was able to "lick the fellow." Ratty certainly showed great fight;—what the sweep had in superior size, was equalized by the superior "game" of the gentleman boy, to whom the indomitable courage of a high-blooded race had descended, and who would sooner have died than yield. Besides, Ratty was not deficient in the use of his "bunch of fives," hit hard for his size, and was very agile; the sweep sometimes made a rush, grappled, and got a fall; but he never went in without getting something from Ratty to "remember him," and was not always upmost. At last, both were so far punished, and the combat not being likely to be speedily ended, (for the sweep was no craven,) that the bystanders interfered, declaring "that they ought to be separated,"—and they were.

While the crowd was dispersing, Edward called a coach; and before Ratty could comprehend, how the affair was managed, he was shoved into it, and driven from the scene of action. Ratty had a confused sense of hearing loud shouts—of being lifted somewhere—of directions given—the rattle of iron steps clinking sharply—two or three fierce bangs of a door that wouldn't shut, and then an awful shaking, which roused him up from the corner of the vehicle into which he had fallen in the first moment of exhaustion. Ratty "shook his feathers," dragged his hair from out of his eyes, which were getting very black indeed, and applied his handkerchief to his nose, which was much in need of that delicate attention; and when the sense of perfect vision was restored to him, which was not for some time, (all the colors of the rainbow dancing before Ratty's eyes for many seconds after the fight,) what was his surprise to see Edward O'Connor and Gusty on the opposite seat!

It was some time before Ratty could quite comprehend his present situation, but as soon as he was made sensible of it, and could answer the first question asked of him were about his grandmother. Ratty fortunately remember the name of the hotel where she put up, though he had left it as soon as the old lady proceeded to the castle—had lost his way—and got engaged in a quarrel with a sweep in the mean time.

The coach was ordered to drive to the hotel named; and how the fight occurred was the next question.

"The sweep was passing by, and I called him 'snow-ball,'" said Ratty; "and the blackguard returned an impudent answer, and I hit him."

"You had no right to call him 'snow-ball,'" said Edward.

"I always called the sweeps 'snow-ball' down at the Hall," said Ratty, "and they never answered."

"When you are on your own territory you may say what you please to your dependants, Ratty, and they dare not answer; or, to use a vulgar saying, 'A cock can crow on his own dunghill.'"

"I'm no dunghill cock!" said Ratty, fiercely.

"Indeed, you're not," said Edward, laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder; "you have plenty of courage."

"I'd have lick'd him," said Ratty, "if they'd let me have two or three rounds more."

"My dear boy, other things are needful in this world besides courage. Prudence, temper, and forbearance are required; and this may be a lesson to you, to remember, that when you get abroad in the world, you are very little cared about, however great your consequence may be at home; and I am sure you cannot be proud about your having got into a quarrel *with a sweep*."

Ratty made no answer—his blood began to cool—he became every moment more sensible that he had received heavy blows. His eyes became more swollen, he snuffled more in his speech, and his blackened condition altogether, from gutter, soot, and thrashing, convinced him a fight with a sweep was *not* an enviable achievement.

The coach drew up at the hotel. Edward left Gusty to see about the dowager, and made an appointment for Gusty to meet him at their own lodgings in an hour; while he, in the interim, should call on Dick Dawson, who was in town, on his way to London.

Edward shook hands with Ratty, and bade him kindly good bye,—*"You're a stout fellow, Ratty,"* said he, "but remember this old saying, '*Quarrelsome dogs get dirty coats*.'"

Edward now proceeded to Dick's lodgings, and found him engaged in reading a note from Tom Durfy, dated from the "Bower of Repose," and requesting Dick's aid in his present difficulty.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said Dick; "Tom Durfy, who is engaged to dine with me to-day, to take leave of his bachelor life, as he is going to be married to-morrow, is arrested and now in *quod*, and wants me to bail him."

"The shortest way is to pay the money at once," said Edward; "is it much?"

"That I don't know; but I have not a great deal about me, and what I have I want for my journey to London, and my expenses there,—not but that I'd help Tom, if I could."

"He must not be allowed to remain *there*, however we manage to get him out," said Edward; "perhaps I can help you in the affair."

"You're always a good fellow, Ned," said Dick, shaking his hand warmly.

Edward escaped from hearing any praise of himself, by proposing they should repair at once to the spong-house, and see how matters stood. Dick lamented



he should be called away at such a moment, for he was just going to get his wine ready for the party—particularly some champagne, which he was desirous of seeing well iced, but as he could not wait to do it himself, he called Andy, to give him directions about it, and set off with Edward to the relief of Tom Durfy.

Andy was once more in service in the Eagan family; for the Squire, on finding him still more closely linked by his marriage with the desperate party whose influence was to be dreaded, took advantage of Andy's disgust against the woman who had entrapped him, and offered to take him off to London instead of enlisting; and as Andy believed he would be there sufficiently out of the way of the false Bridget, he came off at once to Dublin with Dick, who was the pioneer of the party to London.

Dick gave Andy the necessary directions for icing the champagne, which he set apart, and pointed out most particularly to our hero, lest he should make a mistake, and perchance ice the port instead.

After Edward and Dick had gone, Andy commenced operations, according to orders. He brought a large tub up stairs containing rough ice, which excited Andy's wonder, for he never had known till now that ice was preserved for and applied to such a use, for an ice-house did not happen to be attached to any establishment in which he had served.

"Well, this's the queerest thing I ever heerd of," said Andy "Musha! what outlandish inventions the quality has among them. They're not content with wine, but they must have ice along with it,—and in a tub, too!—just like pigs!—throth, it's a dirty thrick, I think. Well, here goes!" said he; and Andy opened a bottle of champagne, and poured it into the tub with the ice. "How it fizzes!" said Andy. "Faix, it's almost as lively as the soda-water, that bothered me long ago. Well, I know more about things now—sure it's wonderherful how a man improves with practice!"—and another bottle of champagne was emptied into the tub as he spoke. Thus, with several such complacent comments upon his own proficiency, Andy poured half-a-dozen of champagne into the tub of ice, and remarked, when he had finished his work, that he thought it would be "mighty cowlid on their stomachs."

Dick and Edward all this time were on their way to the relief of Tom Durfy, who, though he had cooled down from the boiling pitch to which the misadventure of the morning had raised him, was still *simmering*, with his elbows planted on the rickety table in Mr. Goggin's "bower," and his chin resting on his clenched hands. It was the very state of mind in which Tom was most dangerous.

At the other side of the table sat James Reddy, intently employed in writing; his pursed mouth and knitted brows bespoke a laboring state of thought, and the various crossings, interlinings, and blottings, gave additional evidence of the same, while now and then a rush at a line which was knocked off in a hurry, with slashing dashes of the pen, and fierce after-crossings of *v's*, and determined dottings of *i's*, declared some

thought suddenly seized, and executed with bitter triumph.

"You seem very *happy in yourself* in what you are writing," said Tom. "What is it?—Is it another epithalamium?"

"It is a caustic article against the successful men of the day," said Reddy; "they have no merit, sir—none. 'Tis nothing but luck has placed them where they are, and they ought to be exposed." He then threw down his pen as he spoke, and after a silence of some minutes, suddenly put this question to Tom:—

"What do you think of the world?"

"Faith, I think it so pleasant a place," said Tom, "that I'm confoundedly vexed at being kept out of it by being locked up here; and that cursed bailiff is so provokingly free-and-easy—coming in here every ten minutes, and making himself at home."

"Why, as for that matter, it is his home, you must remember."

"But while a gentleman is here for a period," said Tom, "this room ought to be considered his, and that fellow has no business here—and then his brows and scrapes, and talking about the feelings of a gentleman, and all that—'tis enough to make a dog beat his father. Curse him! I'd like to choke him."

"Oh! that's merely his manner," said James.

"Want of manners, you mean," said Tom. Hang me, if he comes up to me with his rascally familiarity again, but I'll kick him down stairs."

"My dear fellow, you are excited," said Reddy; "don't let these sublimary trifles ruffle your temper—you see how I bear it—and to recall you to yourself, I will remind you of the question we started from, 'What do you think of the world.' There's a general question—a broad question, upon which one may talk with temper, and soar above the petty grievances of life in the grand consideration of so ample a subject. You see me here a prisoner like yourself, but I can talk of the world. Come, be a calm philosopher, like me!—Answer, what do you think of the world?"

"I've told you already," said Tom; "it's a capital place, only for the bailiffs."

"I can't agree with you," said James. "I think it one vast pool of stagnant wretchedness, where the malaria of injustice holds her scales suspended, to poison rising talent by giving an undue weight to existing prejudices."

To this lucid and good-tempered piece of philosophy, Tom could only answer, "You know I am no poet, and I cannot argue with you; but, 'pon my soul, I *have* known, and do know, some uncommon good fellows in this world."

"You're wrong, you're wrong, my unsuspecting friend. 'Tis a bad world, and no place for susceptible minds. Jealousy pursues talent like its shadow—superiority only wins for you the hatred of inferior men. For instance, why am I here? The editor of *my* paper will not allow *my* articles always to appear; prevents their insertion, lest the effect they would make would cause inquiry, and tend to *my* distinction; and the consequence is, that the paper I came to uphold in

Dublin, is deprived of *my* articles, and *I* don't get paid; while *I* see *inferior* men, without asking for it, loaded with favor; *they* are abroad in affluence, and *I* in captivity and poverty. But one comfort is, even in disgrace *I* can write, and *they* shall get a slashing."

Thus spoke the calm philosopher, who gave Tom a lecture on patience.

Tom was no great conjuror, but at that moment, like Audrey, "he thanked the gods he was not poetical." If there be any one thing more than another to make an "every-day man" content with his average lot, it is the exhibition of ambitious inferiority, striving for distinction it can never attain; just given sufficient perception to desire the glory of success, without power to measure the strength that can achieve it; like some poor fly, which beats its head against a pane of glass, seeing the sunshine beyond, but incapable of perceiving the subtle medium which intervenes—too delicate for its limited sense to comprehend, but too strong for its limited power to pass.

But though Tom felt satisfaction at that moment, he had too good feeling to wound the self-love of the vain creature before him; so, instead of speaking what he thought, *viz.* "What business have you to attempt literature, you conceited fool?" he tried to wean him civilly from his folly by saying, "Then come back to the country, James; if you find jealous rivals *here*, you know you were always admired *there*."

"No, sir!" said James, "even there my merit was unacknowledged."

"No! no!" said Tom.

"Well, underrated at least. Even there, *that* Edward O'Connor, somehow or other, I never could tell why—I never saw his great talents—but somehow or other, people got it into their heads that he was clever."

"I tell you what it is," said Tom, earnestly, "Ned-of-the-Hill has got into a better place than people's *heads*—he has got into their *hearts*!"

"There it is!" exclaimed James, indignantly; "You

have caught up the cuckoo-cry—the heart! why, sir, what merit is there in writing about feeling which any common laborer can comprehend—there's no poetry in that;—true poetry lies in a higher sphere, where you have difficulty in following the flight of the poet, and possibly may not be fortunate enough to understand him—that's poetry, sir."

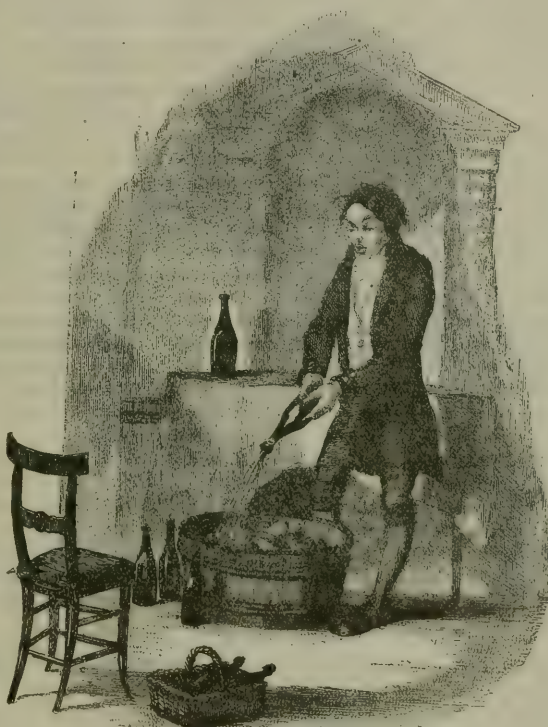
"I told you I am no poet," said Tom; "but all I know is, I have felt my heart warm to some of Edward's songs, and, by jingo! I have seen the women's eyes glisten, and their cheeks flush or grow pale, as they have heard them—and that's poetry enough for me."

"Well, let Mister O'Connor enjoy his popularity, sir,—if popularity it may be called, in a small country circle—let him enjoy it—I don't envy him *his*, though I think he was rather jealous about mine."

"Ned jealous!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Yes, jealous; I never heard him say a kind word of any verses I ever wrote in my life; and I am certain he has the most unkind feelings towards me."

"I tell you what it is," said Tom, "getting up" a bit; "I told you I don't understand poetry, but I *do* understand what's a d—d deal better thing, and that's fine, generous, manly feeling; and if there's a human being in the world incapable of wronging another in his mind or heart, or readier to help his fellow-man, it is Edward O'Connor—so say no



Andy Icing Champagne.

more, James, if you please."

Tom had scarcely uttered the last word, when the key was turned in the door.

"Here's that infernal bailiff again!" said Tom, whose irritability increased by Reddy's paltry egotism and injustice, was at its boiling pitch once more. He planted himself firmly in his chair, and putting on his fiercest frown, was determined to confront Mister Goggins with an aspect that should astonish him.

The door opened, and Mister Goggins made his appearance, presenting to the gentlemen in the room the hinder portion of his person, which made several indications of courtesy performed by the other half of his



body, while he uttered the words, "Don't be astonished, gentlemen; you'll be used to it by and by." And with these words he kept backing towards Tom, making these nether demonstrations of civility, till Tom could plainly see the seams in the back of Mister Goggins's pantaloons.

Tom thought this was some new touch of the "free-and-easy" on Mister Goggins's part, and losing all command of himself, he jumped from his chair, and with a vigorous kick gave Mister Goggins such a lively impression of his desire that he should leave the room, that Mister Goggins went head foremost down the stairs, pitching his whole weight upon Dick Dawson and Edward O'Connor, who were ascending the dark stairs, and to whom all his bows had been addressed. Overwhelmed with astonishment and twelve stone of bailiff, they were thrown back into the hall, and an immense uproar in the passage ensued.

Edward and Dick were now coming in for some hard usage from Goggins, conceiving it might be a preconcerted attempt on the part of his prisoners and their newly-arrived friends to achieve a rescue; and while he was rolling about on the ground he roared to his evil-visaged janitor to look to the door first, and keep him from being "murdered" after.

Fortunately no evil consequences ensued, until matters could be explained in the hall, and Edward and Dick were introduced to the upper room from which Goggins had been so suddenly ejected.

There the bailiff demanded in a very angry tone the cause of Tom's conduct; and when it was found to be *only* a mutual misunderstanding—that Goggins wouldn't take a liberty with a gentleman "in difficulties" for the world, and that Tom wouldn't hurt a fly, only "under a mistake," matters were cleared up to the satisfaction of all parties, and the real business of the meeting commenced—that was, to pay Tom's debt out of hand; and when the bailiff saw all demands, fees included, cleared off, the clouds from his brow cleared off also, he was the most amiable of sheriffs' officers, and all his sentimentality returned.

"Ah, sir!" said he to Edward O'Connor, whose look of disgust at the wretched den caught the bailiff's attention, "don't entertain an antithesis from first imprisonments, which is often *desaivin'*. I do pledge you my honor, sir, there is no place in the 'varsal world where human nature is visible in more attractive colors than in this humble retreat."

Edward did not seem quite to agree with him, so Goggins returned to the charge, while Tom and Dick were exchanging a few words with James Reddy.

"You see, sir," said Goggins, "in the first place, it is quite beautiful to see the mind in adversity bearing up against the little antediluvian afflictions that will happen occasionally—and then how fine it is to remark the spark of generosity that kindles in the noble heart and rushes to the assistance of the destitute! I do assure you, sir, it is a most beautiful sight to see the gentlemen in difficulties, waitin' here for their friends to come to their relief, like the last scene in *Blue Beard*, where

sister Ann waives her han'kecher from the tower—the tyrant is slain—and virtue rewarded!"

Edward could not conceal a smile at the fellow's absurdity, though his sense of the ridiculous could not overcome the disgust with which the place inspired him. He gave an admonitory touch to the elbow of Dick Dawson, who, with his friend Tom Durfy, followed Edward from the room, the bailiff bringing up the rear, and relocking the door on the unfortunate James Reddy, who was left "alone in his glory," to finish his slashing article against the successful men of the day.

Nothing more than words of recognition had passed between Reddy and Edward. In the first place, Edward's appearance at the very moment the other was indulging in illiberal observations upon him, rendered the ill-tempered poetaster dumb; and Edward attributed this distance of manner to a feeling of shyness which Reddy might entertain at being seen in such a place, and therefore had too much good breeding to thrust his civility on a man who seemed to shrink from it; but when he left the house, he expressed his regret to his companions at the poor fellow's unfortunate situation.

It touched Tom Durfy's heart to hear these expressions of compassion coming from the lips of the man he had heard maligned a few minutes before by the very person commiserated, and it raised his opinion higher of Edward, whose hand he now shook with warm expressions of thankfulness on his *own* account, for the prompt service rendered to him. Edward made as light of his own kindness as he could, and begged Tom to think nothing of such a trifle.

"One word I will say to you, Durfy, and I'm sure you'll pardon me for it."

"Could you say a thing to offend me?" was the answer.

"You are to be married soon, I understand."

"To-morrow," said Tom.

"Well, my dear Durfy, if you owe any more money, take a real friend's advice, and tell your pretty good-hearted widow the whole amount of your debts before you marry her."

"My dear O'Connor," said Tom, "the money you've lent me now is all I owe in the world—'twas a tailor's bill, and I quite forgot it. You know no one ever thinks of a tailor's bill. Debts, indeed! added Tom, with surprise; "My dear fellow, I never could be much in debt, for the devil a one would trust me."

"An excellent reason for your unencumbered state," Edward, "and I hope you pardon me."

"Pardon!" exclaimed Tom, "I esteem you for your kind and manly frankness."

In the course of their progress towards Dick's lodgings, Edward reverted to James Reddy's wretched condition, and found it was but some petty debt for which he was arrested. He lamented, in common with Dick and Tom, the infatuation which made him desert a duty he could profitably perform by assisting his father in his farming concerns, to pursue a literary path, which could never be any other to him than one of thorns.

As Edward had engaged to meet Gusty in an hour, he parted from his companions and pursued his course

alone. But instead of proceeding immediately homeward, he retraced his steps to the den of the bailiff, and gave a quiet tap at the door. Mister Goggins himself answered to the knock, and was making a loud and florid welcome to Edward, who stopped his career of eloquence by laying a finger on his lip in token of silence. A few words sufficed to explain the motive of his visit. He wished to ascertain the sum for which the gentleman up stairs was detained. The bailiff informed him; and the money necessary to procure the captive's liberty was placed in his hand.

The bailiff cast one of his melo-dramatic glances at Edward, and said. Did'n't I tell you, sir, this was the place for calling out the noblest feelings of human nature?"

"Can you oblige me with writing materials?" said Edward.

"I can, sir," said Goggins, proudly, "and with other materials\* too, if you like—and, 'pon my honor, I'd be proud to drink your health, for you're a rale gintleman."

Edward, in the civillest manner, declined the offer, and wrote, or rather tried to write the following note, with a pen like a skewer, ink something thicker than mud, and on whity-brown paper:—

"Dear Sir,

"I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken in your temporary want of money. You can pay me at your convenience.

"Yours,

"E. O'C."

Edward left the den, and so did James Reddy soon after—a better man. Though weak, his heart was not shut to the humanities of life—and Edward's kindness in opening his eyes to the wrong he had done *one* man, induced in his heart a kinder feeling towards all. He tore up his slashing article against successful men. Would that every disappointed man would do the same!

The bailiff was right:—even so low a den as his becomes ennobled by the presence of active, benevolence and prejudice reclaimed.

## CHAPTER XLVII.

EDWARD, on returning to his hotel, found Gusty there before him, in great delight at having seen a "splendid" horse, as he said, which had been brought for Edward's inspection, he having written a note on his arrival in town to a dealer, stating his want of a first-rate hunter.

"He's in the stable now," said Gusty; "for I desired the man to wait, knowing you would be here soon."

"I cannot see him now, Gusty," said Edward; "will you have the kindness to tell the groom that I can look at the horse in his own stables, when I wish to purchase."

Gusty departed to do the message, somewhat in wonder, for Edward loved a fine horse. But the truth was, that Edward's disposable money, which he had intended for the purchase of a hunter, had a serious inroad made upon it by the debts he had discharged for other men, and he was forced to forego the pleasure he had proposed to himself in the next hunting season; and he did not like to consume any one's time or raise false expectations, by affecting to look at disposable property with the eye of a purchaser, when he knew it was beyond his reach; and the flimsy common-places of "I'll think of it," or "If I don't see something better," or any other of the twenty hacknied excuses which idle people make, after consuming busy men's time, Edward held to be unworthy. He could ride a hack, and deny himself hunting for a whole season, but he would not unnecessarily consume the useful time of any man for ten minutes.

This may be sneered at by the idle and thoughtless, nevertheless, it is part of the minor morality which is ever present in the conduct of a true gentleman.

Edward had promised to join Dick's dinner party on an impromptu invitation, and the clock striking the appointed hour warned Edward it was time to be off; so jumping up on a jaunting car, he rattled off to Dick's lodgings, where a jolly party, was assembled, rife for fun.

Amongst the guests was rather a remarkable man, a Colonel Crammer, who had seen a monstrous deal of service—one of Tom Durfy's friends, whom he had asked leave to bring with him to dinner. Of course, Dick's card and a note of invitation for the gallant colonel were immediately despatched, and he had just arrived before Edward, who found a bustling sensation in the room as the colonel was presented to those already assembled, and Tom Durfy giving whispers, aside, to each person touching his friend; such as—"Very remarkable man;"—"Seen great service;"—"A little odd or so;"—"A fund of most extraordinary anecdote," &c., &c.

Now this Colonel Crammer was no other than Tom Loftus, whose acquaintance Dick wished to make, and who had been invited to the dinner after a preliminary visit; but Tom sent an excuse in his own name, and preferred being present under a fictitious one—this being one of the odd ways in which his humor broke out;—desirous of giving people a "touch of his quality" before they knew him. He was in the habit of assuming various characters—a Methodist missionary—the patentee of some unheard-of invention—the director of some new joint-stock company—in short, any thing which would give him an opportunity of telling tremendous bouncers, was equally good for Tom. His reason for assuming a military guise on this occasion was to bother Moriarty, whom he knew he should meet, and had a special reason for tormenting; and he knew he could achieve this, by throwing all the stories Moriarty was fond of telling about his own service into the shade, by extravagant inventions of "hair-breadth 'scapes," and feats by "flood and field." Indeed, the dinner would not be worth mentioning, but for the

\* The name given in Ireland to the necessary ingredients for the making of whiskey-punch.



extraordinary capers Tom cut on the occasion, and the unheard-of lies he squandered.

Dinner was announced by Andy, and with good appetite soup and fish were soon despatched; sherry followed as a matter of necessity. The second course appeared, and was not long under discussion when Dick called for the "champagne."

Andy began to drag the tub towards the table, and Dick, impatient of delay, again called "Champagne."

"I'm bringin' it to you, sir," said Andy, tugging at the tub.

"Hand it round the table," said Dick.

Andy tried to lift the tub, "to hand it round the table;" but finding he could not manage it, he whispered Dick, "I can't get it up, sir."

Dick, fancying Andy meant he had got a flask not in a sufficient state of effervescence to expel its own cork, whispered in return, "Draw it, then."

"I was dhrawin' it to you, sir, when you stopped me."

"Well, make haste with it," said Dick.

"Misther Dawson, I'll trouble you for a small slice of the turkey," said the colonel.

"With pleasure, colonel; but first do me the honor to take champagne. Andy—champagne!"

"Here it is, sir!" said Andy, who had drawn the tub close to Dick's chair.

"Where's the wine, sir?" said Dick, looking first at the tub and then at Andy.

"There sir," said Andy, pointing down to the ice. "I put the wine into it, as you towd me."

Dick looked again at the tub, and said, "There is not a single bottle there—what do you mean, you stupid rascal?"

"To be sure, there's no bottle there, sir. The bottles is all on the side-board, but every dhrop o' the wine is in the ice, as you towd me, sir; if you put your hand down into it, you'll feel it, sir."

The conversation between master and man growing louder as it proceeded, attracted the attention of the whole company, and those near the head of the table became acquainted as soon as Dick with the mistake Andy had made, and could not resist laughter; and as the cause of their merriment was told from man to man, and passed round the board, a roar of laughter uprose, not a little increased by Dick's look of vexation, which at length was forced to yield to the infectious merriment around him, and he laughed with the rest, and making a joke of the disappointment, which is the very best way of passing one off, he said that he had the honor of originating at his table a magnificent scale of hospitality; for though he had heard of company being entertained with a whole hoghead of claret, he was not aware of champagne being ever served in tubs before. The company were too determined to be merry to have their pleasantry put out of tune by so trifling a mishap, and it was generally voted that the joke was worth twice as much as the wine. Nevertheless, Dick could not help casting a reproachful look now and then at Andy, who had to run the gauntlet of many a joke cut at his expense, while he vaunted upon the wags at

dinner, and caught a lowly muttered anathema whenever he passed near Dick's chair. In short, master and man were both glad when the cloth was drawn, and the party could be left to themselves.

Then, as a matter of course, Dick called on the gentlemen to charge their glasses, and fill high to a toast he had to propose—they would anticipate to whom he referred—a gentleman who was going to change his state of freedom to one of a happier bondage, &c., &c. Dick dashed off his speech with several mirth-moving allusions to the change that was coming over his friend Tom, and having festooned his composition with the proper quantity of "rosy wreaths," &c., &c., &c., naturally belonging to such speeches, he wound up with some few hearty words—free from *badinage*, and meaning all they conveyed, and finished with the rhyming benediction of a "long life and a good wife" to him.

Tom having returned thanks in the same laughing style that Dick proposed his health, and bade farewell to the lighter follies of bachelorship for the more serious ones of wedlock, the road was now open for any one who was vocally inclined. Dick asked one or two, who said they were not within a bottle of their singing point yet, but Tom Durfy was sure his friend the colonel would favor them.

"With pleasure," said the colonel; "and I'll sing something appropriate to the blissful situation of philandering in which you have been indulging of late, my friend. I wish I could give you any idea of the song as I heard it warbled by the voice of an Indian princess, who was attached to me once, and for whom I ran enormous risks—but no matter—that's past and gone, but the soft tones of Zulima's voice will ever haunt my heart!—The song is a favorite where I heard it—on the borders of Cashmere, and is supposed to be sung by a fond woman in the valley of the nightingales,—'tis so in the original, but as we have no nightingales in Ireland, I have substituted the dove in the little translation I have made, which, if you'll allow me, I'll attempt."

Loud cries of "Hear, hear," and tapping of applauding hands on the table followed, while the colonel gave a few preliminary hems; and after some little pilot tones from his throat to show the way, his voice ascended in all the glory of song.

#### THE DOVE-SONG.

##### I.

"Coo! Coo! Coo! Coo!"

Thus did I hear the turtle-dove,  
Coo! Coo! Coo!

Murmuring forth her love;  
As she flew from tree to tree,  
How melting seemed the notes to me—  
Coo! Coo! Coo!—

So like the voice of lovers,  
'Twas passing sweet to hear,  
The birds within the covers,  
At the spring-time of the year.

##### II.

Coo! Coo! Coo! Coo!"

Thus the song's returned again—  
Coo! Coo! Coo!

Through the shady glen;

But there I wandered lone and sad,  
While every bird around was glad.  
Coo! Coo! Coo!  
Thus so fondly murmured they,  
Coo! Coo! Coo!  
While my love was away.  
And yet the song to lovers,  
Though sad, is sweet to hear,  
From birds within the covers,  
In the spring-time of the year."

And as sages wise, of old,  
From the stars could fate unfold,  
Thy bright eyes my fortune told,  
Lady, lady mine!"

The colonel's song, given with Tom Loftus's good voice, was received with great applause, and the fellows all voted it catching, and began "cooing" round the table like a parcel of pigeons.

"A translation from an Eastern poet, you say?"

"Yes," said Tom.

"Tis not very Eastern in its character," said Moriarty.

"I mean a *free* translation, of course," said the mock colonel.

"Would you favor us with the song again, in the original?" added Moriarty.

Tom Loftus did not know one syllable of any other language than his own, and it would not have been convenient to talk gibberish to Moriarty, who had a smattering of some of the Eastern tongues; so he declined giving his Cashmerian song in its native purity, because, as he said, he never could manage to speak their dialect, though he understood it reasonably well.

"But *there's* a gentleman I am sure will sing some other song—and a better one, I have no doubt," said Tom, with a very humble prostration of his head on the table, and anxious by a fresh song to get out of the dilemma in which Moriarty's question was near placing him.

"Not a better, colonel," said the gentleman who was addressed, "but I cannot refuse your call, and I will do my best;—hand me the port wine, pray; I always take a glass of port before I sing—I think 'tis good for the throat—what do you say, colonel?"

"When I want to sing particularly well," said Tom, "I drink *canary*."

The gentleman smiled at the whimsical answer, tossed off his glass of port and began.

#### LADY MINE.

##### I.

"Lady mine! lady mine!  
Take the rosy wreath I twine;  
All its sweets are less than thine,  
Lady, lady mine!  
The blush that on thy cheek is found  
Bloometh fresh the *whole* year round;  
Thy sweet breath as sweet gives sound,  
Lady, lady mine!

##### II.

"Lady mine! lady mine!  
How I love the graceful vine,  
Whose tendrils mock thy ringlets' twine,  
Lady, lady mine!  
How I love that generous tree,  
Whose ripe clusters promise me  
Bumpers bright,—to pledge to *thee*,  
Lady, lady mine!

##### III.

"Lady mine! lady mine!  
Like the stars that nightly shine,  
Thy sweet eyes shed light divine,  
Lady, lady mine!

The song was just in the style to catch gentlemen after dinner—the second verse particularly, and many a glass was emptied of a "bumper bright," and pledged to the particular "*thee*," which each individual had selected for his devotion. Edward at that moment certainly thought of Fanny Dawson.

Let teetotallers say what they please, there is a genial influence inspired by wine and song—not in excess, but in that wholesome degree which stirs the blood and warms the fancy; and as one raises the glass to the lip, over which some sweet name is just breathed from the depth of the heart, what libation so fit to pour to absent friends as wine? What *is* wine? It is the grape, present in another form—its essence is there, though the fruit which produced it grew thousands of miles away, and perished years ago. So the object of many a tender thought may be spiritually present, in defiance of space, and fond recollections cherished, in defiance of time.

As the party became more convivial, the mirth began to assume a broader form. Tom Durfy drew out Moriarty on the subject of his services, that the mock colonel might throw every new achievement into the shade; and this he did in the most barefaced manner, but mixing so much of probability with his audacious fiction, that those who were not up to the joke only supposed him to be a *very great romancer*; while those friends who were in Loftus's confidence exhibited a most capacious stomach for the marvellous, and backed up his lies with a ready credence. If Moriarty told some fearful incident of a tiger hunt, the colonel capped it with something more wonderful, of slaughtering lions in a wholesale way, like rabbits. When Moriarty expatiated on the intensity of the tropical heat, the colonel would upset him with something more appalling.

"Now, sir," said Loftus, "let me ask you what is the greatest amount of heat you have ever experienced—I say *experienced*, not *heard of*—for that goes for nothing. I always speak of experience."

"Well, sir!" said Moriarty, "I have known it to be so hot in India, that I have had a hole dug in the ground under my tent, and sat in it, and put a table standing over the hole, to try and guard me from the intolerable fervor of the eastern sun, and even *then* I was hot. What do you say to that, colonel?" asked Moriarty, triumphantly.

"Have you ever been in the West Indies?" inquired Loftus.

"Never," said Moriarty, who, once entrapped into this admission, was directly at "the colonel's" mercy, —and the colonel launched out fearlessly.

"Then, my good sir, you know nothing of heat. I have seen in the West Indies an umbrella burn over a man's head."

"Wonderful!" cried Loftus's backers.

"Tis strange, sir," said Moriarty, "that we have never seen that mentioned by any writer."



"Easily accounted for, sir," said Loftus. "'Tis so common a circumstance, that it ceases to be worthy of observation. An author writing of this country might as well remark that apple-women are to be seen sitting at the corners of the streets. That's nothing, sir, but there are two things of which I have personal knowledge, *rather* remarkable. One day of intense heat, (even for that climate,) I was on a visit at the plantation of a friend of mine, and it was so out-o'-the-way scorching, that our lips were like cinders, and we were obliged to have black slaves pouring sangaree down our throats by gallons—I don't hesitate to say gallons—and we thought we could not have survived through the day; but what could we think of our sufferings, when we heard that several negroes, who had gone to sleep under the shade of some cocoa-nut trees, had been scalded to death."

"Scalded!" said his friends; "burnt you mean."

"No, scalded; and *how* do you think? The intensity of the heat had cracked the cocoa nuts, and the boiling milk inside dropped down and produced the fatal result. The same day a remarkable accident occurred at the battery—the French were hovering round the island at the time, and the governor, being a timid man, ordered the guns to be always kept loaded."

"I never heard of such a thing in a battery in my life, sir," said Moriarty.

"Nor I either," said Loftus, "till then."

"What was the governor's name, sir?" inquired Moriarty, pursuing his train of doubt.

"You must excuse me, captain, from naming him," said Loftus, with readiness, "after *incautiously* saying he was *timid*."

"Hear, hear!" said all the friends.

"But to pursue my story, sir;—the guns were loaded, and with the intensity of the heat went off, one after another, and quite *riddled* one of his Majesty's frigates that was lying in the harbor."

"That's one of the most difficult riddles to comprehend I ever heard," said Moriarty.

"The frigate answered the riddle with her guns, sir, I promise you."

"What!" exclaimed Moriarty, "fire on the fort of her own king?"

"There is an honest principle exists among sailors, sir, to return fire under all circumstances, wherever it comes from—friend or foe. Fire, of which they know the value so well, they won't take from any body."

"And what was the consequence?" said Moriarty.

"Sir, it was the most harmless broadside ever delivered from the ports of an English frigate; not a single house or human being was injured—the day was so hot that every sentinel had sunk on the ground in utter exhaustion—the whole population were asleep; the only loss of life which occurred, was that of a blue macaw, which belonged to the commandant's daughter."

"Where was the macaw, may I beg to know?" said Moriarty, cross-questioning the colonel in the spirit of a counsel for the defence on a capital indictment.

"In the drawing-room window, sir."

"Then surely the ball must have done some damage in the house?"

"Not the least, sir," said Loftus, sipping his wine.

"Surely, colonel!" returned Moriarty, warning, "the ball could not have killed the macaw without injuring the house?"

"My dear sir," said Tom, "I did not say the *ball* killed the macaw, I said the macaw was killed; but *that* was in consequence of a splinter from an *epaulement* of the south-east angle of the fort which the shot struck, and glanced off harmlessly,—except for the casualty of the macaw."

Moriarty returned a sort of grunt, which implied, that, though he could not further *question*, he did not *believe*. Under such circumstances, taking snuff is a great relief to a man; and, as it happened, Moriarty in taking snuff, could gratify his nose and his vanity at the same time, for he sported a silver-guilt snuff-box which was presented to him in some extraordinary way, and bore a grand inscription.

On this "piece of plate" being produced, of course it went round the table, and Moriarty could scarcely conceal the satisfaction he felt as each person read the engraved testimonial of his worth. When it had gone the circuit of the board, Tom Loftus put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out the butt end of a rifle, which is always furnished with a small box, cut out of the solid part of the wood, and covered with a plate of brass, acting on a hinge. This box intended to carry small implements for the use of the rifleman, to keep his piece in order, was filled with snuff, and Tom said, as he laid it down on the table, "This is my snuff-box, gentlemen; not as handsome as my gallant friend's at the opposite side of the table, but extremely interesting to me. It was previous to one of our dashing affairs in Spain, that our riflemen were thrown out in front and on the flanks. The rifles were supported by the light companies of the regiments in advance, and it was in the latter duty I was engaged. We had to feel our way through a wood, and had cleared it of the enemy, when, as we debouched from the wood on the opposite side, we were charged by an overwhelming force of Polish lancers and cuirassiers. Retreat was impossible—resistance almost hopeless. 'My lads,' said I, 'we must do something *novel* here, or we are lost—startle them by fresh practice—the bayonet will no longer avail you—club your muskets, and hit the horses over the noses, and they'll smell danger.' They took my advice; of course we first delivered a withering volley, and then to it we went in flail fashion, thrashing away with the butt-ends of our muskets,—and sure enough the French were astonished, and driven back in amazement. So tremendous, sir, was the hitting on our side, that in many instances the butt-ends of the muskets snapped off like tobacco pipes, and the field was quite strewn with them after the affair: I picked one of them up as a little memento of the day, and have used it ever since as a snuff-box."

Every one was amused by the outrageous romancing of the colonel but Moriarty, who looked rather dis-

gusted, because he could not edge in a word of his own at all: he gave up the thing now in despair, for the colonel had it all his own way, like the bull in the china shop;—the more startling the bouncers he told, the more successful were his anecdotes, and he kept pouring them out with the most astounding rapidity: and though all voted him the greatest liar they ever met, none suspected he was not a military man.

Dick wanted Edward O'Connor, who sat beside him, to sing; but Edward whispered, "For heaven's sake, don't stop the flow of the lava from that mighty irruption of lies—he's a perfect Vesuvius of mendacity. You'll never meet his like again, so make the most of him while you have him. Pray, sir," said Edward to the colonel, "have you ever been in any of the cold climates. I am induced to ask you, from the very wonderful anecdotes you have told of the hot ones."

"Bless you sir, I know every corner about the north pole."

"In which of the expeditions, may I ask, were you engaged?" inquired Moriarty.

"In none of them, sir. We knocked up a *little amateur party*, I and a few curious friends, and certainly we witnessed wonders. You talk here of a sharp wind; — but the wind is so sharp there that it cut off our beards and whiskers. Boreas is a great barber, sir, with his north pole for a sign. Then as for frost!—I could tell you such incredible things of its intensity;—our butter, for instance, was as hard as a rock; we were obliged to knock it off with a chisel and hammer, like a mason at a piece of granite, and it was necessary to be careful of your eyes at breakfast, the splinters used to fly about so; indeed, one of the party *did* lose the use of his eye from a butter splinter.

"But the oddest thing of all was to watch two men talking to each other: you could observe the words, as they came out of their mouths, suddenly frozen and dropping down in little pellets of ice at their feet, so that, after a long conversation, you might see a man standing up to his knees in his own eloquence."

They all roared with laughter at this last touch of the marvellous, but Loftus preserved his gravity.

"I don't wonder, gentlemen, at your not receiving that as truth—I told you 'twas incredible—in short, that is the reason I have resisted all temptations to publish. Murray, Longmans, Colburn, Bently, ALL the publishers have offered me unlimited terms, but I have always refused;—not that I am a rich man, which makes the temptation of the thousands I might realise the harder to withstand; 'tis not that the gold is not precious, to me, but there is something dearer to me than gold—it is *my character for veracity, gentlemen!*—and therefore, as I am convicted the public would not believe the wonders I have witnessed, I confine the recital of my adventures to the social circle. But what profession affords such scope for varied incident as that of the soldier?—Change of clime, danger, vicissitude, love, war, privation one day, profusion the next, darkling dangers and sparkling joys. Zounds! there's nothing like the life of a soldier! and by the powers, I'll give you a song in its praise."

The proposition was received with cheers, and Tom rattled away these ringing rhymes:—

#### THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

"On there's not a trade that's going,  
Worth showing,  
Or knowing,

Like that from glory growing,  
For a bowld sojer boy;

Where right or left we go,

Sure you know,

Friend or foe

Will have the hand or toe,

From a bowld sojer boy!

There's not a town we march thro',

But the ladies, looking arch thro'

The window-panes, will search thro'

The ranks to find their joy;

While up the street,

Each girl you meet,

With look so sly,

Will cry,

'My eye!

Oh, isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy!"

#### II.

"But when we get the route,

How they pout

And they shout,

While to the right about

Goes the bowld sojer boy.

Oh, 'tis then that ladies fair

In despair

Tear their hair,

But 'the devil-a-one I care,'

Says the bowld sojer boy!

For the world is all before us,

Where the landladies adore us,

And ne'er refuse to score us,

But chalk us up with joy.

We taste her tap,

We tear her cap—

'Oh, that's the chap

For me!

Says she;

'Oh, isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy!"

#### III.

"Then come along with me,

Gramachree,

And you'll see,

How happy you will be

With your bowld sojer boy:

'Faith! if you're up to fun,

With me run;

'Twill be done

In the snapping of a gun,'

Says the bowld sojer boy;

'And 'tis then that, without scandal,

Myself will proudly dandle

The little farthing candle

Of our mutual flame, my joy.

May his light shine

As bright as mine,

Till in the line

He'll blaze,

And raise

The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy!"

Andy entered the room while the song was in progress, and handed a letter to Dick, which, after the song was over, and he had asked pardon of his guests, he opened.

"By Jove! you sing right well, colonel," said one of the party.

"I think the gallant colonel's song's nothing in comparison with his *wonderful* stories," said Moriarty.

"Gentlemen," said Dick, "wonderful as the colonel's recitals have been, this letter contains a piece of information more surprising than any thing we have heard this evening. That stupid fellow, who has



spoiled our champagne, has come in for the inheritance of a large property."

"What!—Handy Andy?" exclaimed those who knew his name, in wonder.

"Handy Andy," said Dick, "is now a man of fortune!"

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

It was a note from Squire Egan, which conveyed the news to Dick, that caused so much surprise; the details of the case were not even hinted at; the bare fact alone was mentioned, with a caution to preserve it still a secret from Andy, and appointing an hour for dinner at "Morisson's" next day, at which hotel the Squire expected to arrive from the country, with his lady and Fanny Dawson, *en route* for London. Till dinner time, then, the day following, Dick was obliged to lay by his impatience as to the "why and wherefore" of Andy's sudden advancement; but, as the morning was to be occupied with Tom Durfy's wedding, Dick had enough to keep him engaged in the mean time.

At the appointed hour a few of Tom's particular friends were in attendance to witness the ceremony, or, to use their own phrase, "to see him turned off," and among them was Tom Loftus. Dick was holding out his hand to "the colonel," when Tom Durfy stepped between, and introduced him under his real name. The masquerading trick of the night before was laughed at, with an assurance from Dick that it only fulfilled all he had ever heard of the Protean powers of a gentleman whom he had so much wished to know. A few minutes' conversation in the recess of a window put Tom Loftus and Dick the Devil on perfectly good terms, and Loftus proposed to Dick that they should execute the old established trick on a bridegroom, of snatching the first kiss from the bride.

"You must get in Tom's way," said Loftus, "and I'll kiss her."

"Why, the fact is," said Dick, "I had proposed that pleasure to myself; and if it's all the same to you, *you* can jostle Tom, and I'll do the remainder in good style, I promise you."

"That I can't agree to," said Loftus; "but as it appears we both have set our heart on cheating the bridegroom, let us both start fair, and 'tis odd, if between us Tom Durfy is not *done*."

This was agreed upon, and many minutes did not elapse till the bride made her appearance and "hostilities" were about to commence." The mutual enemy of the "high contracting parties" first opened his book, and then his mouth, and in such solemn tones, that it was enough to frighten *even* a widow, much less a bachelor. As the ceremony verged to a conclusion, Tom Durfy and Dick the Devil edged up towards their vantage-ground on either side of the blooming widow, now nearly finished into a wife, and stood like greyhounds in the slip, ready to start after puss (only puss ought to be spelt here with a B). The widow,

having been married before, was less nervous than Durfy, and suspecting the intended game, determined to foil both the brigands, who intended to rob the bridegroom of his right; so, when the last word of the ceremony was spoken, and Loftus and Dick made a simultaneous dart upon her, she very adroitly ducked, and allowed the two "ruggers and rieviers" to rush into each other's arms, and bob their noses together, while Tom Durfy and his blooming bride sealed their contract very agreeably without their noses getting in each other's way.

Loftus and Dick had only a laugh at *their own* expense, instead of a kiss at *Tom's*, upon the failure of their plot; but Loftus, in a whisper to Dick, vowed he would execute a trick upon "the pair of them" before the day was over.

There was a breakfast, as usual, and chicken, and tongue, and wine, which, taken in the morning, are singularly provocative of eloquence; and, of course, the proper quantity of healths and toasts were executed *selon la regle*, until it was time for the bride and bridegroom to bow and blush and curtsy out of the room, and make themselves food for a paragraph in the morning papers, under the title of "the happy pair," who set off a handsome chariot, &c., &c.

Tom Durfy had engaged a pretty cottage in the neighborhood of Clontarf to pass the honeymoon. Tom Loftus knew this, and knew, moreover, that the sitting-room looked out on a small lawn which lay before the house, screened by a hedge from the road, but with a circular sweep leading up to the house, and a gate of ingress and egress at either end of the hedge. In this sitting-room Tom, after lunch, was pressing his lady fair to take a glass of champagne, when the entrance-gate was thrown open, and a hackney jaunting car, with Tom Loftus and a friend or two upon it, driven by a special ragamuffin blowing a tin horn, rolled up the skimping avenue, and as it scoured past the windows of the sitting-room, Tom Loftus and the other passengers kissed hands to the astonished bride and bridegroom, and shouted, "Wish you joy."

The thing was so sudden that Durfy and the widow, not seeing Loftus, could hardly comprehend what it meant, and both ran to the window; but, just as they reached it, up drove another car, freighted with two or three more wild rascals, who followed the lead which had been given them; and as a long train of cars were seen in the distance all driving up to the avenue, the widow, with a timid little scream, threw her handkerchief over her face and ran into a corner. Tom did not know whether to laugh or be angry, but, being a good-humored fellow, he satisfied himself with a few oaths against the incorrigible Loftus, and, when the *cortege* had passed, endeavored to restore the startled fair one to her serenity.

Squire Egan and party arrived at the appointed hour at their hotel, where Dick was waiting to receive them, and, of course, his inquiries were immediately directed to the extraordinary circumstances of Andy's

elevation, the details of which he desired to know. These we shall not give in the expanded form in which Dick heard them, but endeavor to condense, as much as possible, within the limits to which we are prescribed.

The title of Scatterbrain had never been inherited directly from father to son; it had decended in a zig-zag fashion, most appropriate to the name, nephews and cousins having come in for the coronet and the property for some generations. The late lord had led a *roue* bachelor life up to the age of sixty, and then thought it not worth while to marry, though many mammas and daughters spread their nets and arrayed their charms to entrap the sexagenarian.

The truth was, he had quaffed the cup of licentious pleasure all his life, after which he thought matrimony would prove insipid. The mere novelty induces some men, under similar circumstances, to try the holy estate; but matrimony could not offer to lord Scatterbrain the charm of novelty, for *he had been* once married, though no one but himself was cognizant of the fact.

The reader will certainly say, "Here's an Irish bull; how could a man be married without, at least, a woman and a priest being joint possessors of the secret?"

Listen, gentle reader, and you shall hear how none but Lord Scatterbrain knew Lord Scatterbrain was married.

There was nothing at which he ever stopped for the gratification of his passions,—no wealth he would not squander, no deceit he would not practice,—no disguise he would not assume. Therefore, gold and falsehood and masquerading were extensively employed by this reckless *roue* in the service of Venus, in which service, combined with that of Bacchus, his life was entirely based.

Often he assumed the guise of a man in humble life, to approximate some object of his desire, whom fine clothes and bribery would have instantly warned; and in too many cases his artifices were successful. It was in one of these adventures he cast his eyes upon the woman hitherto known in this story under the name of widow Rooney; but all his practices against her virtue were unavailing, and nothing but a marriage could accomplish what he had set his fancy upon; but even *this* would not stop him, for *he married her*.

The widow Rooney has appeared no very inviting personage through these pages, and the reader may wonder that a man of rank could proceed to such desperate lengths upon such slight temptation; but gentle reader, she was young and attractive when she married, never to say *handsome*, but goodlooking decidedly, and with that sort of figure which is comprehended in the phrase "a fine girl."

And has that fine girl altered into the widow Rooney? Ah! poverty and hardship are sore trials to the body as well as to the mind. Too little is it considered, while we gaze on aristocratic beauty, how much good food, soft lying, warm wrapping, ease of mind, have to do with the attractions which command our admiration. Many a hand moulded by nature to give elegance of form to a kid glove, is "stinted of its fair propor-

tion" by grubbing toil. The foot which might have excited the admiration of a ball room, peeping under a flounce of lace in a satin shoe and treading the mazy dance, *will* grow coarse and broad by tramping in its native state over toilsome miles, bearing perchance to a market-town some few eggs, whose whole produce would not purchase the sandal-tie of my lady's slipper; will grow red and rough by standing in wet trenches, and feeling the winter's frost. The neck on which diamonds might have worthily sparkled, will look less tempting when the biting winter has hung icicles there for gems. Cheeks formed as fresh from dimpling blushes, eyes as well to sparkle, and lips to smile, as those which shed their brightness and their witchery in the tapestried saloon, will grow pale with want, and forget their dimples, when smiles are not there to wake them; lips become compressed and drawn with anxious thought, and eyes the brightest are quenched of their fires by many tears.

Of all these trials poor widow Rooney had enough. Her husband, after living with her a month, in the character of steward to some great man in a distant part of the country, left her one day for the purpose of transacting business at a fair, which, he said, would require his absence for some time. At the end of a week a letter was sent to her, stating that the make-believe steward had robbed his master extensively, and had fled to America, whence he promised to write to her, and send her means to follow him, requesting, in the mean time, her silence, in case any inquiries should be made about him. This villanous trick was played off the more readily, from the fact that a steward had absconded at the time, and the difference in name the cruel profligate accounted for by saying that, as he was hiding at the moment he married her, he had assumed another name.

The poor deserted girl, fully believing this trumped-up tale, obeyed with unflinching fidelity the injunctions of her betrayer, and while reports were flying abroad of the absconded steward, she never breathed a word of what had been confided to her, and accounted for the absence of "Rooney" in ways of her own; so that all trace of the profligate was lost by her remaining inactive in making the smallest inquiry about him, and her very fidelity to her betrayer became the means of her losing all power of procuring his discovery. For months she trusted all was right; but when moon followed moon, and she gave birth to a boy without hearing one word of his father, misgiving came upon her, and the only consolation left her was, that, though she was deserted, and a child left on her hands, still she was an *honest woman*. That child was the hero of our tale. The neighbors passed some ill-natured remarks about her, when it began to be suspected that her husband would never let her know more about him; for she had been rather a saucy lady, holding up her nose at poor men, and triumphing in her catching of the "steward," a man well to do in the world; and it may be remembered, that this same spirit existed in her when Andy's rumored marriage with Matty gave the prospect of her affairs being retrieved, for she display-



ed her love of pre-eminence to the very first person who gave her the good news. The ill-nature of her neighbors, however, after the birth of her child, and the desertion of her husband, inducing her to leave the scene of her unmerited wrongs and annoyances, she suddenly decamped, and, removing to another part of Ireland, the poor woman began a life of hardship, to support herself and rear the offspring of her unfortunate marriage. In this task she was worthily assisted by one of her brothers, who pitied her condition, and joined her in her retreat. He married in course of time, and his wife died in giving birth to Oonah, who was soon deprived of her other parent by typhus fever—that terrible scourge of the poor; so that the praiseworthy desire of the brother to befriend his sister only involved her, as it happened, in the deeper difficulty of supporting two children instead of one. This she did heroically, and the orphan girl rewarded her by proving a greater comfort than her own child; for Andy had inherited in all its raciness the blood of the Scatterbrains, and his deeds, as recorded in history, prove he was no unworthy representative of that illustrious title.

To return to his father—he who had done the grievous wrong to the poor peasant girl—he lived his life of profligacy through, and in a foreign country died at last; but on his death-bed the scourge of conscience rendered every helpless hour an age of woe. Bitterest of all was the thought of the wife deceived, deserted, and unacknowledged. To face his last account with such a fearful crime upon his head he dared not, and made all the reparation in his power, by avowing his marriage in his last will and testament, and giving all the information in his power to trace his wife, if living, or his heir, if such existed. He enjoined, by the most sacred injunctions upon him to whom the charge was committed, that neither cost nor trouble should be spared in search, leaving a large sum in ready money besides to establish the right, in case his nephew disputed the will. By his own order his death was kept secret, and secretly his agent set to work to discover any trace of the heir. This, in consequence of the woman changing her place of abode, became more difficult; and it was not until after very minute inquiry that some trace was picked up, and a letter written to the parish priest of the district to where she had removed, making certain general inquiries. It was found, on comparing dates some time after, that it was this very letter to Father Blake which Andy had purloined from the post-office and the Squire had thrown into the fire, so that our hero was very near, by his blundering, destroying his own fortune. Luckily for him, however, an untiring and intelligent agent was engaged in his cause, and a subsequent inquiry, and finally a personal visit to Father Blake cleared the matter up satisfactorily, and the widow was enabled to produce such proof of her identity, and that of her son, that Handy Andy was indisputably Lord Scatterbrain; and the whole affair was managed so secretly, that the death of the late lord, and the claim of title and estates, in the name of the rightful heir, were announced at the same

moment; and the “Honorable Sackville,” instead of coming into possession of the peerage and property, and fighting his adversary at the great advantage of possession, could only commence a suit to drive him out, if he sued at all.

Our limits compel us to this brief sketch of the circumstances through which Handy Andy was entitled to and became possessed of a property and a title, and we must now say something of the effects produced by the intelligence on the parties most concerned.

The Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, on the advice of high legal authority, did not attempt to dispute a succession of which such satisfactory proof existed, and fortunately for himself, had knocked up a watering-place match, while he was yet in the bloom of his heirship *presumptive* to a peerage, with the daughter of an English *millionaire*.

When the widow Rooney heard the extraordinary turn affairs had taken, her emotions, after the first few hours of pleasurable surprise, partook of regret rather than satisfaction. She looked upon her past life of suffering, and felt as if Fate had cheated her. She, a peeress, had passed her life in poverty and suffering, with contempt from those over whom she had superior rights; and the few years of the prosperous future before her offered her poor compensation for the pinching past. But after such selfish considerations, the maternal feeling came to her relief, and she rejoiced that *her son* was a lord. But then came the terrible thought of his marriage to dash her joy and triumph.

This was a source of grief to Oonah as well. “If he wasn’t married,” she would say to herself, “I might be *Lady Scatterbrain*,” and the tears would burst through poor Oonah’s fingers as she held them up to her eyes, and sobbed heavily, till the poor girl would try to gather consolation from the thought, that, may be, Andy’s altered circumstances would make *her* disregarded. “There would be plenty to have him now,” thought she, “and he wouldn’t think of me, may be—so ’tis as well as it is.”

When Andy heard that he was a lord—a real lord—and, after the first shock of astonishment, could comprehend that wealth and power were in his possession, he, though the most interested person, never thought, as the two women had done, of the desperate strait in which his marriage placed him, but broke out into short peals of laughter, and exclaimed, in the intervals, that “it was mighty square;” and when, after much questioning, any intelligible desire he had could be understood, the first one he clearly expressed was “*to have a gold watch.*”

He was made, however, to understand that other things than “gold watches” were of more importance; and the Squire, with his characteristic good nature, endeavored to open Andy’s comprehension to the nature of his altered situation. This it may supposed, was rather a complicated piece of work, and to difficult to be set down in black and white; the most intelligible portions to Andy were his immediate removal from servitude, and a ready-made suit of gentlemanly apparel, which made Andy pay several visits to the looking-

glass. Good-natured as the Squire was, it would have been equally awkward to him as to Andy for the new-fledged lord, though a lord, to have a seat at his table, neither could he remain in an inferior position in his house; so Dick, who loved fun, volunteered to take Andy under his special care to London, and let him share his lodging, as a bachelor may do many things which a man surrounded by his family cannot. Besides, in a place distant from the scene of such extraordinary chances and changes as those which befel our hero, the sudden and startling difference of position of the parties, not being known, renders it possible for a gentleman to do the good-natured thing which Dick undertook without comprising himself. In Dublin it would not have done for Dick Dawson to allow the man who would have held his horse the day before to share the same board with him merely because Fortune had played one of her frolics, and made Andy a lord; but in London the case was different.

To London, therefore, they proceeded. The incidents of the journey, sea-sickness included, which so astonished the new traveller, we pass over, as well as the numberless mistakes in the great metropolis, which afforded Dick plentiful amusement, though, in truth, Dick had better objects in view than laughing at Andy's embarrassments in his new position. He really wished to help him in the difficult pain into which the new lord had been thrust, and did this in a merry sort of way more successfully than by serious drilling. It was hard to break Andy of the habit of saying "Misther Dick," when addressing him, but at last, "Misther Dawson" was established. Eating with his knife, drinking as loudly as a horse, and other like accomplishments, were not so easily got under, yet it was wonderful how much he improved, as his shyness grew less, and his consciousness of being a lord grew stronger.

But if the good nature of Dick had not prompted him to take Andy into training, the newly discovered nobleman would not have long been in want of society. It was wonderful how many persons were eager to show civility to his lordship, and some amongst them even went so far as to discover relationship. Plenty were soon ready to take Lord Scatterbrain here, and escort him there, accompany him to exhibitions and other public places, and charmed all the time with his lordship's remarks—"they were so original;"—"quite delightful to meet something so fresh;"—"how remarkably clever the Irish were!" Such were among the observations his ignorant blunders produced; and who as Handy Andy, had been anathematized all his life as a "stupid rascal,"—"a blundering thief,"—"a thick-headed brute," &c. &c., under the title of Lord Scatterbrain all of a sudden was voted "vastly amusing—a little eccentric, perhaps, but so droll—in fact, so witty!"

This was all very delightful for Andy—so delightful that he quite forgot Bridget *rhua*. But that lady did not leave him long in his happy obliviousness. One day, while Dick was absent, and Andy rocking on a chair before the fire, twirling the massive gold chain of his

gold watch round his forefinger, and uncoiling it again, his repose was suddenly disturbed by the appearance of Bridget herself, accompanied by *Shan More*, and a shrimp of a man in rusty black, who turned out to be a shabby attorney, who advanced money to convey his lady client and her brother to London for the purpose of making a dash at the lord at once, and securing a handsome sum by a *coup de main*.

Andy, though taken by surprise was resolute. Bitter words were exchanged; and as they seemed likely to lead to blows, Andy prudently laid hold of the poker, and, in language not quite suited to a noble lord, swore he would see what the inside of *Shan More's* head was made of, if he attempted to advance upon him. Bridget screamed and scolded, while the attorney endeavored to keep the peace, and beyond every thing, urged Lord Scatterbrain to enter at once into written engagements for a handsome settlement upon his "lady."

"Lady!" exclaimed Andy; "oh!—a pretty *lady* she is!"

"I'm as good a lady as you are a lord, any how," cried Bridget.

"Altercation will do no good, my lord and my lady," said the attorney; "let me suggest the propriety of your writing an engagement at once;" and the little man pushed pen, ink, and paper towards Andy.

"I can't, I tell you!" cried Andy.

"You must!" roared *Shan More*.

"Bad luck to you, how can I write when I never learned to!" cried Andy.

"Your lordship can make your mark," said the attorney.

"Faith I can—with a poker," cried Andy; and you'd better take care, master parchment. Make my mark, indeed!—do you think I'd disgrace the House o' Peers by lettin' on that a lord couldn't write?—Quit the buildin', I tell you!"

In the midst of the row, which now rose to a tremendous pitch, Dick returned; and after a severe reprimand to the pettifogger for his sinister attempt on Andy, referred him to Lord Scatterbrain's solicitor. It was not such an easy matter to silence Bridget, who extended her claws toward her lord and master in a very menacing manner, calling down bitter imprecations on her own head if she wouldn't "have her rights."

Every now and then between the bursts of the storm, Andy would exclaim "Get out!"

"My lord," said Dick, "remember your dignity."

"Av course!" said Andy—"but still she must get out!"

The house was at last cleared of the uproarious party; but though Andy got rid of their presence, they left their sting behind. Lord Scatterbrain felt, for the first time, that a lord can be very unhappy.

Dick hurried him away at once to the chambers of the law agent, but he, being closeted on some very important business with another client on their arrival, returned an answer to their application for a conference, which they forwarded through the double doors of his sanctum by a hard-looking man with a pen be-



hind his ear, that he could not have the pleasure of seeing them till the next morning. Lord Scatterbrain passed a more unhappy night than he had ever done in his life,—even than that when he was tied up to the old tree—croaked at by ravens, and the despised of rats.

Negotiations were opened next day by the pettifogger on Bridget's side and the law agent of the noble lord, and the arguments, pro and con, lay thus:—

In the first place, the opening declaration was—Lord Scatterbrain never would live with the aforesaid Bridget.

Answered—that nevertheless, as she was his lawful wife, a provision suitable to her rank must be made.

They (the claimants) were asked to name a sum.

The sum was considered exorbitant; it being argued, that, inasmuch as, when her husband had determined never to live with her, he was in a far different condition, it was unfair to seek so large a separate maintenance now.

The pettifogger threatened that Lady Scatterbrain would run in debt, which Lord Scatterbrain must discharge.

My Lord's agent suggested that my Lady would be advertised in the public papers, and the public cautioned from giving her credit.

A sum could not be agreed upon, though a fair one was offered on Andy's part; for the greediness of the pettifogger, who was to have a share of the plunder, made him hold out for more, and negotiations were broken off for some days.

Poor Andy was in a wretched state of vexation. It was bad enough that he was married to this abominable woman, without the additional plague of being persecuted by her. To such an amount this rose at last, that she and her big brother dodged him every time he left the house, so that in self-defence he was obliged to become a close prisoner in his own lodgings.

All this, at last, became so intolerable to the captive, that he urged a speedy settlement of the vexatious question, and a larger separate maintenance was granted to the detestable woman than would otherwise have been ceded, the only stipulation of a stringent nature made, being, that Lord Scatterbrain should be free from the persecutions of his hateful wife for the future.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

SQUIRE EGAN, with his lady, and Fanny Dawson, had now arrived in London; Murtough Murphy, too, had joined them, his services being requisite in working the petition against the return of the sitting member for the county. This had so much promise of success about it, that the opposite party, who had the sheriff for the county in their interest, bethought of a novel expedient to frustrate the petition, when a reference to the poll was required.

They declared the principal poll book was lost.

This seemed not very satisfactory to one side of the

committee, and the question was asked, "how could it be lost?"

The answer was one which Irish contrivance alone could have invented: "*It fell into a pot of broth, and the dog ate it.*"\*

This protracted the contest for some time; but eventually, in despite of the dog's devouring knowledge so greedily, the Squire was declared duly elected, and took the oaths and his seat for the county.

It was hard on Sackville Scatterbrain to lose his seat in the house, and a peerage, nearly at once; but the latter loss threw the former so far into the shade, that he scarcely felt it. Besides, he could console himself with having buttered his crumbs pretty well in the marriage market, and, with a rich wife, retired from senatorial drudgery to private repose, which was much more congenial to his easy temper.

But while the Squire's happy family circle was rejoicing in his triumph; while he was invited to the Speaker's dinners, and the ladies were looking forward to tickets for "the lantern," their pleasure was suddenly dashed by fatal news from Ireland.

A serious accident had befallen Major Dawson—so serious, that his life was despaired of; and an immediate return to Ireland by all who were interested in his life, was the consequence.

Though the suddenness of this painful event shocked his family, the act which caused it did not surprise them; for it was one against which Major Dawson had been repeatedly cautioned, and affectionately requested not to tempt; but the habitual obstinacy of his nature prevailed, and he persisted in doing that which his son, and his daughters, and friends prophesied *would* kill him some time or other, and *did*, at last. The Major had three little iron guns, mounted on carriages, on a terrace in front of his house; and it was his wont to fire a salute on certain festival days from these guns, which, from age and exposure to weather, became dangerous to use. It was in vain that this danger was represented to him. He would reply, with his accustomed "pooh! pooh!"—"I have been firing these guns for forty years, and they won't do me any harm now."

This was the prime fault of the Major's character. Time and circumstances were never taken into account by him; what was done once, might be done, *always*—ought to be done always. The bare thought of change of any sort, to him, was unbearable; and whether it was a rotten old law, or a rotten old gun, he would charge both up to the muzzle, and fire away, regardless of consequences.

The result was, that on a certain festival, his *favorite* gun burst in the act of exploding; and the last mortal act of which the Major was conscious, was that of putting the port-fire to the touchhole, for a heavy splinter of the iron struck him on the head, and though he lived for some days afterwards, he was insensible.

Before his children arrived he was no more; and the only duty left them to perform was the melancholy one of ordering his funeral.

\* If not this identical answer, something very like it was given on a disputed Irish election, before a Committee of the House of Commons.

The obsequies of the old Major were honored by a large and distinguished attendance from all parts of the country; and amongst those who bore the pall was Edward O'Connor, who had the melancholy gratification of testifying his respect beside the grave of Fanny's father, though the severe old man had banished him from his presence during his lifetime.

But now all obstacle to the union of Edward and Fanny was removed; and after the lapse of a few days had softened the bitter grief, which this sudden bereavement had produced, Edward received a note from Dick, inviting him to the manor house, where *all* would be glad to see him.

In a few minutes after the receipt of that note, Edward was in his saddle, and swiftly leaving the miles behind him, till, from the top of a rising ground, the roof of the manor house appeared above the trees in which it was embosomed. He had not till then slackened his speed, but now drawing rein, he proceeded at a slower pace towards the house he had not entered for some years, and the sight of which awakened such varied emotions.

To return after long years of painful absence to some place which has been the scene of our former joys, and whence the force of circumstance, and not choice, has driven us, is oppressive to the heart. There is a mixed sense of regret and rejoicing, which struggle for predominance; we rejoice that our term of exile has expired, but we regret the years which that exile has deducted from the brief amount of human life, never to be recalled, and therefore as so much *lost* to us. We think of the wrong or caprice of which we have been the victims, and thoughts will stray across the most confiding heart, if friends shall meet as fondly as they parted; or if time, while impressing deeper marks upon the *outward* form, may have obliterated some impressions *within*. Who has returned, after years of absence, however assured of the unflinching fidelity of love he left behind, without saying to himself, in the pardonable yearning of affection, "Shall I meet smiles as bright as those that used to welcome me? Shall I be pressed as fondly within the arms, whose encompassment were to me the pale of all earthly enjoyment?"

Such thoughts crowded on Edward as he approached the house. There was not a lane, or tree, or hedge, by the way, that had not for him its association. He reached the avenue gate; as he flung it open, he remembered the last time he passed it, Fanny leaned on his arm. He felt himself so much excited, that, instead of riding up to the house, he took the private path to the stables, and throwing the reins of his horse to a boy, he turned into a shubbery, and endeavored to recover his self-command before he should present himself. As he emerged from the sheltered path, and turned into a walk which led to the garden, a small conservatory was opened to his view, awaking fresh sensations. It was in the very place he had first ventured to declare his love to Fanny. There she heard, and frowned not;—there, where nature's choicest sweets were exhaling, he had first pressed her

to his heart, and thought the balmy sweetness of her lips beyond them all. He hurried forward in the enthusiasm the recollection recalled, to enter the spot consecrated in his memory; but, on arriving at the door, he suddenly stopped, for he saw Fanny within.—She was plucking a geranium—the flower she had been plucking some years before, when Edward said, he loved her. She, all that morning, had been under the influence of feelings similar to Edward's; had felt the same yearnings—the same tender doubts—the same fond solicitude that he should be the same Edward from whom she parted. But she thought of *more* than this; with the exquisitely delicate contrivance belonging to a woman's nature, she wished to give him a signal of her fond recollection, and was plucking the flower she gathered, when he declared his love, to place on her bosom when they should meet. Edward felt the meaning of this action, as the graceful hand broke the flower from its stem. He would have rushed towards her at once, but that the deep mourning in which she was arrayed seemed to command a gentler approach; for grief commands respect. He advanced softly—she heard a gentle step behind her, and turned—uttered a faint exclamation of joy, and sank into his arms.

In a few moments she was restored to consciousness, and opening her sweet eyes upon him, breathed softly, "dear Edward!"—and the lips which, in two words, had expressed so much, were impressed with a fervent kiss, in the blessed consciousness of possession, on the very spot where the first timid and doubting word of love was spoken.

In that moment he was rewarded for all his years of his absence and anxiety. His heart was satisfied;—he felt he was as dear as ever to the woman he idolized, and the short and hurried beating of *both* their hearts told more than words could express. Words?—what were words to them?—thought was to swift for their use, and feeling to strong for their utterance; but they drank from each other's eyes large draughts of delight, and, in the silent pressure of each other's welcoming embrace, felt how truly they loved each other.

He led her gently from the conservatory, and they exchanged words "soft and low," as they sauntered through the wooded paths which surrounded the house. That live-long day they wandered up and down together, repeating again and again the anxious yearnings which occupied their years of separation, yet asking each other, was not all more than repaid by the gladness of the present—

"Yet *how* painful has been the past!" exclaimed Edward.

"But *now*!" said Fanny, with a gentle pressure of her tiny hand on Edward's arm, and looking up to him with her bright eyes—"but *now*!"

"True, darling!" he cried; " 'tis ungrateful to think of the past, while enjoying such a present, and with such a future before me. Bless that cheerful heart, and those hope-inspiring glances! Oh, Fanny! in the wilderness of life there are springs and palm-trees—you are both to me! and Heaven has set its own mark



upon you, in those laughing blue eyes, which might set despair at defiance."

"Poetical as ever, Edward!" said Fanny, laughing. "Sit down, dearest, for a moment, on this old tree, beside me; 'tis not the first time I have strung rhymes in your presence, to your praise."

He took a small note-book from his pocket, and Fanny looked on smilingly, as Edward's pencil rapidly ran over the leaf, and traced the lover's tribute to his mistress.

#### THE SUNSHINE IN YOU.

##### I.

It is sweet when we look round the wide world's waste  
To know that the desert bestows  
The palms where the weary heart may rest,  
The spring that in purity flows.  
And where have I found  
In the wilderness round  
That spring and that shelter so true;  
Unfailing in need,  
And my own, indeed?—  
Oh! dearest, I've found it in you!

##### II.

And, oh when the cloud of some darkening hour  
O'er shadows the soul with its gloom,  
Then where is the light of the vestal pow'r,  
The lamp of pale Hope to illumine?  
Oh! the light ever lies  
In those bright fond eyes,  
Where Heaven has impress'd its own blue,  
As a seal from the skies;  
And my heart relies  
On that gift of its sunshine in you!

Fanny liked the lines, of course. "Dearest," she said, "may I always prove sunshine to you! Is it not a strange coincidence that these lines exactly fit a little air which occurred to me some time ago?"

"'Tis odd, said Edward;—"sing it to me, darling."

Fanny took the verses from his hand, and sung them to her own measure. Oh, happy triumph of the poet!—to hear his verses wedded to sweet sounds, and warbled by the woman he loves!

Edward caught up the strain, and added his voice to hers in harmony, and they sauntered homewards, trolling their ready-made duet together.

There were not two happier hearts in the world that day, than those of Fanny Dawson and Edward O'Connor.

#### CHAPTER L.

RESPECT for the memory of Major Dawson of course prevented the immediate marriage of Edward and Fanny; but the winter months passed cheerfully away in looking forward to the following autumn, which should witness the completion of their happiness. Though Edward was thus tempted by the society of the one he loved best in the world, it did not make him neglect the duties he had undertaken in behalf of Gustavus. Not only did he prosecute his reading with him regularly, but took no small pains in looking after the involved affairs of the family, and strove to make satisfactory arrangements with those whose claims were

gnawing away the estate to nothing. Though the years of Gusty's minority were but few, still they would give the estate some breathing time; and creditors, seeing the minor backed by a man of character, and convinced a sincere desire existed to relieve the estate of its encumbrances and pay all just claims, presented a less threatening front than hitherto, and listened readily to such terms of accommodation as were proposed to them. Uncle Robert (for the breaking of whose neck Ratty's pious aspirations had been raised) behaved very well on the occasion. A loan from him, and a partial sale of some of the acres, stopped the mouths of the greedy wolves who fatten on men's ruin, and time and economy were looked forward to for the discharge of all other debts. Uncle Robert, having so far acted the friend, was considered entitled to have a partial voice in the ordering of things at the Hall, and having a notion that an English accent was genteel, he desired that Gusty and Ratty should pass a year under the roof of a clergyman in England, who received a limited number of young gentlemen for the completion of their education. Gustavus would much rather have remained near Edward O'Connor, who had already done so much for him; but Edward, though he regretted parting with Gustavus, recommended him to accede to his uncle's wishes, though he did not see the necessity of an Irish gentleman being ashamed of his accent.

The visit to England, however, was postponed till the spring, and the winter months were used by Gustavus in availing himself as much as he could of Edward's assistance in putting him through his classics, his pride prompting him to present himself creditably to the English clergyman.

It was in vain to plead *such* pride in Ratty, who paid more attention to shooting than his lessons.

His mother strove to persuade—Ratty was deaf.

His "gran" strove to bribe—Ratty was incorruptible.

Gusty argued—Ratty answered after his own fashion.

"Why don't you learn even a little?"

"I'm to go to that 'English fellow' in spring, and I shall have no fun then, so I'm making good use of my time now."

"Do you call it 'good use' to be so dreadfully idle and shamefully ignorant?"

"Bother!—the less I know, the more the English fellow will have to teach me, and uncle Bob will have more worth for his money;" and then Ratty would whistle a jig, fling a fowling-piece over his shoulder, shout "Ponto! Ponto! Ponto!" as he traversed the stable-yard; the delighted pointer would come bounding at the call, and after circling round his young master with agile grace and yelps of glee at the sight of the gun, dash forward to the well-known "bottoms" in eager expectancy of ducks and snipe.

How fared it all this time with the lord of Scatterbrain?

He became established, for the present, in a house that had been a long time to let in the neighborhood, and his mother was placed at the head of it, and Oonah still remained under his protection, though the daily

sight of the girl added to Andy's grief at the desperate plight in which his ill-starred marriage placed him, to say nothing of the constant annoyance of his mother's growling at him for his making "such a judy" of himself; for the dowager lady Scatterbrain could not get rid of her vocabulary at once. Andy's only resource under these circumstances was to mount his horse and fly.

As for the dowager lady, she had a carriage with "a picture" on it, as she called the coat of arms, and was fond of driving past the houses of people who had been uncivil to her. Against Mrs. Casey (the renowned Matty Dwyer) she entertained an especial spite, in consideration of her treatment of her beautiful boy and her own pair of black eyes; so she determined to "pay her off" in her own way, and stopping one day at the hole in the hedge which served for entrance to the estate of the "three-cornered field," she sent the footman in to say the *dowager* Lady Scatterbrain wanted to speak with "Casey's wife."

When the servant, according to instructions, delivered this message, he was sent back with the answer, that if any lady wanted to see Casey's wife, "Casey's wife" was at home.

"Oh, go back, and tell the poor woman I don't want to bring her to the door of my carriage, if it is inconvenient. I only wished to give her a little help; and tell her if she sends up eggs to the big house; Lady Scatterbrain will pay her for them."

When the servant delivered this message, Matty grew outrageous at the means "my lady" took of crowing over her, and rushing to the door, with her face flushed with rage, roared out, "Tell the old baggage I want none of her custom; let her lay eggs for herself!"

The servant staggered back in amazement; and Matty, feeling he must not deliver her message, ran to the hole in the hedge, and repeated her answer to my lady herself, with a great deal more which need not be recorded. Suffice it to say, my lady thought it necessary to pull up the glass, against which Matty threw a handful of mud; the servant jumped up on his perch behind the carriage, which was rapidly driven away by the coachman, but not so fast that Matty could not, by dint of running, keep it "within range" for some seconds, during which time she contrived to pelt both coachman and footman with mud, and leave her mark on their new livery. This was a salutary warning to the old woman, who was more cautious in her demonstrations of grandeur for the future.

If she was stinted in the enjoyment of her new-born dignity abroad, she could indulge it at home without let or hindrance, and to this end asked Andy to let her have a hundred pounds, in one pound notes, for a particular purpose. What this purpose was no one was told or could guess, but for a good while after she used to be closeted by herself for several hours during the day.

Andy had his hours of retirement also, for with praiseworthy industry he strove hard, poor fellow, to lift himself above the ignorance, and had daily attendance from the parish schoolmaster. The mysteries of

"pothooks and hangers" and A B C weighed heavily on the nobleman's mind, which must have sunk under the burden of scholarship and penmanship, but for the other "ship,"—the horsemanship,—which was Andy's daily self-established reward for his perseverance in his lessons. Besides, he really *could* ride; and as it was the only accomplishment of which he was master, it was no wonder he enjoyed the display of it; and to say the truth, he did, and that on a first-rate horse too. Having appointed Murtough Murphy his law-agent, he often rode over to the town to talk with him, and as Murtough could have some fun and thirteen and fourpence also per visit, he was always glad to see his "noble friend." The high road did not suit Andy's notion of things; he preferred the variety, shortness, and diversion of going across the country on these occasions; and in one of these excursions, in the most secluded portion of his ride, which unavoidably lay through some quarries and deep broken ground, he met "Ragged Nance," who held up her finger as he approached the gorge of this lonely dell, in token that she would speak with him. Andy pulled up.

"Long life to you, my lord," said Nance, dropping a deep curtsy, "and sure I always liked you since the night you was so bowld for the sake of the poor girl,—the young lady, I mane, now, God bless her,—and I just wish to tell you, my lord, that I think you might as well not be going these lonely ways, for I see *them* hanging about here betimes, that may be it would not be good for your health to meet; and sure, my lord, it would be a hard case if you were killed now, havin' the luck o' the sick calf that lived all the winther and died in the summer."

"Is it that big blackguard *Shan More* you mane?" said Andy.

"No less," said Nance—growing deadly pale as she cast a piercing glance into the dell, and cried in a low hurried tone—"Talk o' the devil—there he is—I see him peep out from behind a rock."

"He's running this way," said Andy.

"Then you run the other way," said Nance—"look there—I seen him strive to hide a blunderbuss under his coat—gallop off, for the love o' God! or there'll be murder."

"Maybe there will be that same," said Andy, "if I leave you here, and he suspects you gave me the hard word."\*

"Never mind me," said Nance, "save yourself—see, he's moving fast, he'll be near enough to you soon to fire."

"Get up behind me," said Andy—"I won't leave you here."

"Run, I tell you."

"I won't."

"God bless you then," said the woman, as Andy held out his hand and gripped hers firmly.

"Put your foot on mine," said Andy.

The woman obeyed, and was soon seated behind our hero, gripping him fast by the waist, while he pushed his horse to a fast canter.

\* "Hard word" implies a caution.



"Hold hard, now," said Andy, "for there's a stiff jump here." As he approached the ditch of which he spoke, two men sprang up from it, and one fired, as Andy cleared the leap in good style, Nance holding on gallantly. The horse was not many strokes on the opposite side, when another shot was fired in their rear, followed by a scream from the woman. To Andy's inquiry if she was "kilt" she replied in the negative, but said "they hurt her sore," and she was "bleeding a power"—but that she could still hold on however, and urged him to speed. The clearance of one or two more leaps gave her grievous pain; but a large common sown opened before them, which was skirted by a road leading directly to a farm house where Andy left the wounded woman, and then galloped for medical aid: this soon arrived, and the wound was found not to be dangerous, though painful. The bullet had struck and pierced a tin vessel of a bottle form, in which Nance carried the liquid gratuities of the charitable, and this not only deadened the force of the ball, but glanced it also; and the escapement of the buttermilk which the vessel contained, Nance had mistaken for the effusion of her own blood. It was a clear case, however, that if Nance had not been sitting behind Andy, Lord Scatterbrain would have been a dead man, so that his gratitude and gallantry towards the poor beggar woman proved the means of preserving his own life.

## CHAPTER LI.

THE news of the attack on Lord Scatterbrain ran over the country like wildfire, and his conduct throughout the affair raised his character wonderfully in the opinion of all classes. Many who had hitherto held aloof from the mushroom lord, came forward to recognise the manly fellow, and cards were left at the "big house," which were never seen there before. The magistrates were active in the affair, and a reward immediately offered for the apprehension of the offenders; but before any active steps could be taken by the authorities, Andy, immediately after the attack, collected a few stout fellows himself, and knowing where the den of Shan and his miscreants lay, he set off at the head of his party to try if he could not secure them himself;—but before he did this, he despatched a vehicle to the farm-house, where poor Nance lay wounded, with orders that she should be removed to his own house, the doctor having said the transit would not be injurious.

A short time served to bring Andy and his followers to the private still, where a little looking about enabled them to discover the entrance, which was covered by some large stones, and a bunch of furze placed as a mask to the opening. It was clear that it was impossible for any persons inside to have thus covered the entrance, and it suggested the possibility that some of its usual inmates were then absent. Nevertheless, having

such desperate characters to deal with, it was a service of danger to be leader in the descent to the cavern when the opening was cleared; but Andy was the first to enter, which he did boldly, only desiring his attendants to follow him quickly, and give him support in case of resistance. A lantern had been provided, Andy knowing the darkness of the den; and the party was thereby enabled to explore, with celerity and certainty, the hidden haunt of the desperadoes. The ashes of the fire were yet warm, but no one was to be seen, till Andy, drawing the screen of the bed, discovered a man lying in a seemingly helpless state, breathing with difficulty, and the straw about him dabbled with blood. On attempting to lift him, the wretch groaned heavily, and muttered, "D—n you, let me alone—you've done for me—I'm dying."

The man was gently carried from the cave to the open air, which seemed slightly to revive him—his eyes opened heavily, but closed again—yet still he breathed. His wound was stanchd as well as the limited means and knowledge of the parties present allowed; and the ladder, drawn up from the cave and overlaid with tufts of heather, served to bear the sufferer to the nearest house, whence Andy ordered a mounted messenger to hurry for a doctor. The man seemed to hear what was going forward, for he faintly muttered "the priest,—the priest."

Andy, anxious to procure this most essential comfort to the dying man, went himself in search of Father Blake, whom he found at home, and who suggested that a magistrate might be also useful upon the occasion; and as Merryvale lay not much out of the way, Andy made a detour to obtain the presence of Squire Egan, while Father Blake pushed directly onward upon his ghostly mission.

Andy and the Squire arrived soon after the priest had administered spiritual comfort to the sufferer, who still retained sufficient strength to make his depositions before the Squire, the purport of which turned out to be of the utmost importance to Andy.

This man, it appeared, *was the husband of Bridget*, who had returned from transportation, and sought his wife and her dear brother and his former lawless associates, on reaching Ireland. On finding Bridget had married again, his anger at her infidelity was endeavored to be appeased by the representations made to him that it was a "good job," inasmuch as "the lord" had been screwed out of a good sum of money by way of separate maintenance, and that he would share the advantage of that. When matters were more explained, however, and the convict found this money was divided among so many, who all claimed right of share in the plunder, his discontent returned. In the first place, the pettifogger made a large haul for his services. Shan More swore it was hard if a woman's own brother was not to be the better for her luck; and Larry Hogan claimed hush-money for he could prove Bridget's marriage, and so upset their scheme of plunder. The convict maintained, *his claim as husband* was stronger than any; but this, all the others declared, was an outlandish notion he brought back with him from foreign parts, and did

not prevail in their code of laws by any manner of means; and even went so far as to say, the thought it hard, after they had "done the job," that he was to come in and lessen their profit, which he would, as they were willing to give an even share of the spoil; and after that he must be the most contented villain in the world if he was not pleased.

The convict feigned contentment, but meditated at once revenge again his wife and the gang, and separate profit for himself. He thought he might stipulate for a good round sum from Lord Scatterbrain, as he could prove him free of his supposed matrimonial engagement, and inwardly resolved he would soon pay a visit to his lordship. But his intentions were suspected by the gang, and a strict watch set upon him; and though his dissimulation and contrivance were of no inferior order, Larry Hogan was his overmatch, and the convict was detected in having been so near Lord Scatterbrain's dwelling, that they feared their secret, if not already revealed, was no longer to be trusted to their new confederate's keeping; and it was deemed advisable to knock him on the head and shoot my Lord, which they thought would prevent all chance of the invalidity of the marriage being discovered, and secure the future payment of the maintenance.

How promptly the murderous determination was acted upon then, preceding events prove. Andy's courage in the first part of the affair saved his life; his promptness in afterwards seeking to secure the offenders, led to the important discovery he had just made; and as the convict's depositions could be satisfactorily backed by proofs which he showed the means of obtaining, Andy was congratulated heartily by the Squire and Father Blake, and rode home in almost delirious delight at the prospect of making Oonah his wife.

On reaching the stables he threw himself from his saddle, let the horse make his own way to his stall, dashed through the back hall, and nearly broke his neck in tumbling up stairs, burst open the drawing-room door, and made a rush upon Oonah, whom he hugged

and kissed most outrageously, amidst exclamations of the wildest affection.

Oonah, half strangled and struggling for breath, at last freed herself from his embraces, and asked him angrily what he was about—in which inquiry she was backed by his mother.

Andy answered by capering round the room shouting "Hurroo! I'm not married at all—Hurroo!" He turned over the chairs, upset the tables, threw the mantel-piece ornaments into the fire, seized the poker and tongs and banged them together as he continued dancing and shouting.

Oonah and his mother stood gazing at his antics in trembling amazement, till at last the old woman exclaimed, "Holy Vargin, he's gone mad!" whereupon she and her niece set up a violent screaming, which called Andy back to his propriety, and, as well as his excitement would permit, he told them the cause of his extravagant joy.

His wonder and delight were shared by his mother and the blushing Oonah, who did not struggle so hard in Andy's embrace on his making a second vehement demonstration of his love for her.

"Let me send for Father Blake, my jewel," said Andy, "and I'll marry you at once."

His mother reminded him he must first have his present marriage proved invalid.

Andy uttered several pieces of original eloquence on "the law's delay." "Well, any

how," said he, "I'll drink your health, my darling girl, this day, as Lady Scatterbrain—for you must consider yourself as sitch."

"Behave yourself, my lord," said Oonah, archly.

"Bother!" cried Andy, snatching another kiss.

"Hillo!" cried Dick Dawson, entering at the moment, and seeing the romping match—"You're losing no time, I see, Andy."

Oonah was running from the room, laughing and blushing, when Dick interposed, and cried, "Ah, don't go, 'my lady,' that *is* to be."

Oonah slapped down the hand that barred her progress, exclaiming, "You're just as bad as he is, Mister Dawson!" and ran away.



The Escape.



Dick had ridden over, on hearing the news, to congratulate Andy, and consented to remain and dine with him. Oonah had rather, after what had taken place, he had not been there, for Dick backed Andy in his tormenting the girl, and joined heartily in drinking to Andy's toast, which, according to promise he gave to the health of the future Lady Scatterbrain.

It was impossible to repress Andy's wild delight; and in the excitement of the hour he tossed off bumper after bumper to all sorts of love-making toasts, till he was quite overcome by his potations, and fit for no place but bed. To this last retreat of "the glorious" he was requested to retire, and, after much coaxing, consented. He staggered over to the window curtain, which he mistook for that of the bed: in vain they wanted to lead him elsewhere—he would sleep in no other bed but *that*—and, backing out at the window pane, he made a smash, of which he seemed sensible, for he said it wasn't a fair trick to put pins in his bed.

"I know it was Oonah did that!—hip!—ha! ha! Lady Scatterbrain!—never mind!—hip!—I'll have my revenge on you yet."

They could not get him up-stairs, so his mother suggested he should sleep in her room, which was on the same floor, for that night, and at last he was got into the apartment. There he was assisted to disrobe, as he stood swaying about at a dressing-table. Chancing to lay his hands on a pill-box, he mistook it for his watch:

"Stop—stop!" he stammered forth—"I must wind my watch;" and, suiting the action to the word, he began twisting about the pill-box, the lid of which came off and the pills fell about the floor. "Oh, murder!" said Lord Scatterbrain, "the works of my watch are fallin' about the fire—pick them up—pick them up—" He could speak no more, and becoming quite incapable of all voluntary action, was undressed and put to bed, the last sounds which escaped him being a faint muttering of—"pick them up!"

## CHAPTER THE LAST.

The day following the eventful one just recorded, the miserable convict breathed his last. A printed notice was posted in all the adjacent villages, offering a reward for the apprehension of *Shan More* and "other persons unknown," for their murderous assault; and a small reward was promised for such "private information as might lead to the apprehension of the aforesaid," &c., &c. Larry Hogan at once came forward and put the authorities on the scent, but still Shan and his accomplices remained undiscovered. Larry's information on another subject, however, was more effective. He gave his own testimony to the previous marriage of Bridget, and pointed out the means of obtaining more, so that, ere long, Lord Scatterbrain was a "free man." Though the depositions of the murdered man did not directly implicate Larry in the murderous attack, still it showed that he had participated in much of their

villainy; but as, in difficult cases we must put up with bad instruments to reach the ends of justice, so this rascal was useful for his evidence and private information, and got his reward.

But he got his reward in more ways than one. He knew that he dare not longer remain in the country after what had taken place, and set off directly for Dublin by the mail, intending to proceed to England,—but England he never reached. As he was proceeding down the Custom House Quay in the dusk of the evening, to get on ship-board, his arms were suddenly seized and drawn behind him by a powerful grasp, while a woman in front drew a handkerchief across his mouth, and stifled his attempted cries. His bundle was dragged from him, and the woman ransacked his pockets; but they contained but a few shillings, Larry having hidden the wages of his treachery to his confederates in the folds of his neck-cloth. To pluck this from his throat many a fierce wrench was made by the woman, when her attempt on the pockets proved worthless; but the handkerchief was knotted so tightly that she could not disengage it. The approach of some passengers along the quay alarmed the assailants of Larry, who, ere the iron grip released him, heard a deep curse in his ear growled by a voice he well knew, then felt himself hurled with gigantic force from the quay wall. Before the base, cheating, faithless scoundrel could make one exclamation, he was plunged into the Liffey—even before one mental aspiration for mercy, he was in the throes of suffocation! The heavy splash in the water caught the attention of those whose approach had alarmed the murderers, and seeing a man and woman running, a pursuit commenced, which ended by Newgate having two fresh tenants the next day.

And so farewell to the entire of the abominable crew, whose evil doings and merited fates have only been recorded when it became necessary to our story. It is better to leave the debased and the profligate in oblivion than drag their doings before the day; and it is with happy consciousness an Irishman may assert, that there is plenty of subject afforded by Irish character and Irish life honorable to the land, pleasing to the narrator, and sufficiently attractive to the reader, without the unwholesome exaggerations of crime, which too often disfigure the fictions which pass under the title of "Irish," alike offensive to truth as to taste—alike injurious both for public and private considerations.

It was in the following autumn that a particular chariot drove up to the door of the Victoria Hotel, on the shore of Killarney lake. A young man of elegant bearing handed a very charming young lady from that chariot; and that kindest and most accommodating of hostesses, Mrs. F—, welcomed the fresh arrival with her good-humored and smiling face.

Why, amidst the crowd of arrivals at the Victoria, one chariot should be remarkable beyond another, arose from its quiet elegance, which might strike even a casual observer; but the intelligent Mrs. F— saw with half an eye the owners must be high-bred people.

To the apartments already engaged for them they were shown; but few minutes were lost within doors where such matchless natural beauty tempted them without. A boat was immediately ordered, and then the newly-arrived visitors were soon on the lake. The boatmen had already worked hard that day, having pulled one party completely round the lakes—no trifling task; but the hardy fellows again bent to their oars, and made the sleeping waters wake in golden flashes to the sunset, till told they need not pull so hard.

"Faith, then, we'll *plaze* you, sir," said the stroke oarsman, with a grin, "for we have had quite enough of it to-day."

"Do you not think, Fanny," said Edward O'Connor, for it was he who spoke to his bride, "Do you not think 'tis more in unison with the tranquil hour and the coming shadows, to glide softly over the lulled waters?"

"Yes," she replied, "it seems almost sacrilege to disturb this heavenly repose by the slightest dip of the oar—see how perfectly that lovely island is reflected."

"That is Innisfallin, my lady," said the boatman, hearing her allude to the island, "where the hermitage is."

As he spoke, a gleam of light sparkled on the island, and was reflected on the water.

"One might think the hermit was there, too," said Fanny, "and had just lighted a lamp for his vigils."

"That's the light of the guide that shows the place to the quality, my lady, and lives on the island always in a corner of the ould ruin. And indeed if you'd like to see the island this evening, there's time enough, and 'twould be so much saved out of to-morrow."

The boatman's advice was acted upon, and as they glided towards the island, Fanny and Edward gazed delightfully on the towering summits of Magillicuddy's reeks, whose spiral pinnacles and graceful declivities told out sharply against the golden sky behind them, which, being perfectly reflected in the calm lake, gave the great chain of mountain the appearance of being suspended in glowing æther, for the lake was one bright amber sheet of light below, and the mountains one massive barrier of shade, till they cut against the light above. The boat touched the shore of Innisfallin, and the delighted pair of visitants hurried to the western point to catch the sunset, lighting with its glory the matchless foliage of this enchanting spot, where every form of grace exhaustless nature can display is lavished on the arborial richness of the scene, which, in its unequalled luxuriance, gives to a fanciful beholder the idea that the *trees themselves have a conscious pleasure in growing there*. Oh! what a witching spot is Innisfallin!

Edward had never seen anything so beautiful in his life; and with the woman he adored resting on his arm, he quoted the lines which Moore had applied to the Vale of Cashmere, as he asked Fanny would she not like to live there.

"Would you?" said Fanny.

Edward answered:

"If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
Think—think what a heaven she must make of Cashmere!"

They lingered on the island till the moon arose, and then re-embarked. The silvery light exhibited the lake under another aspect, and as the dimly-discovered forms of the lofty hills rose one above another, tier upon tier, circling the waters in their shadowy frame, the beauty of the scene reached a point of sublimity which might have been called holy. As they returned towards the shelving strand, a long row of peeled branches, standing upright in the water, attracted Fanny's attention, and she asked their use.

"All the use in life, my lady," said the boatman, "for without the same branches, maybe it's not home to-night you'd get."

On Fanny inquiring further the meaning of the boatman's answer, she learned that the sticks were placed there to indicate the only channel which permitted a boat to approach the shore on that side of the lake, where the water was shoal, while in other parts the depth had never been fathomed.

An early excursion on the water was planned for the next morning, and Edward and Fanny were awakened from their slumbers by the tone of the bugle; a soft Irish melody being breathed by Spillan, followed by a more sportive one from the other minstrel of the lake, Ganzy.

The lake now appeared under another aspect,—the morning sun and morning breeze were upon it, and the sublimity with which the shades of evening had invested the mountains was changed to that of the most varied richness; for Autumn hung out his gaudy banner on the lofty hills, crowned to their summits with all variety of wood, which, though tinged by the declining year, had scarcely shed one leafy honor.

The day was glorious, and the favoring breeze enabled the boat to careen across the sparkling lake under canvas, till the overhanging hills of the opposite side robbed them of their aerial wings, and the sail being struck, the boatmen bent to their oars. As they passed under a promontory, clothed from the water's edge to its topmost ridge with the most luxuriant vegetation, it was pointed out to the lady as "the minister's back."

"'Tis a strange name," said Fanny. "Do you know why it is called so?"

"Faix, I dunna, my lady—barrin, that it is the best covered back in the country. But here we come to the *aichos*," said he—resting on his oars. The example was followed by his fellows, and the bugler lifting the instrument to his lips, gave one long well-sustained blast. It rang across the waters gallantly. It returned in a few seconds, with such unearthly sweetness, as though the spirit of the departed sound had become heavenly and revisited the place where it had expired.

Fanny and Edward listened breathlessly.

The bugle gave out its notes again in the well known 'call,' and as sweetly as before the notes were returned distinctly.

And now a soft and slow and simple melody stole from the exquisitely-played bugle, and phrase after phrase was echoed from the responding hills. How



many an emotion stirred within Edward's breast, as the melting music fell upon his ear! In the midst of matchless beauties he heard the matchless strains of his native land, and the echoes of her old hills responding to the triumphs of her old bards. The air, too, bore with it historic associations;—it told a tale of wrong and of suffering. The wrong has ceased, the suffering is past, but the air which records them still lives.

"Oh! triumph of the minstrel!" exclaimed Edward in delight—"The tyrant crumbles in his coffin, while the song of the bard survives! The memory of a sceptred ruffian is endlessly branded by a simple strain, while many of the elaborate chronicles of his evil life have passed away and are mouldering like himself."

Scarcely had the echoes of this exquisite air died away, when the entrancement it carried was rudely broken by one of the lowest tunes being brayed from a bugle in a boat which was seen rounding the head-land of the wooded promontory.

Edward and Fanny writhed, and put their hands to their ears. "Give way, my boys!" said Edward—"for pity's sake, get away from these barbarians.—Give way."

Away sprang the boat. To the boatman's inquiry whether they should stop at "Lady Kenmare's Cottage," Fanny said, no—when she found on inquiry it was a particularly "show-place," being certain the vulgar party following, *would* stop there, and therefore time might be gained in getting ahead from such disagreeable followers.

Dinas Island, fringed with its lovely woods, excited their admiration as they passed underneath its shadows, and turned into Turk Lake;—here the labyrinthine nature of the channels through which they had been winding was changed for a circular expanse of water, over which the lofty mountain, whence it takes its name, towers in all its wild beauty of wood, and rock, and heath.

At a certain part of the lake the boatmen, without any visible cause, rested on their oars. On Edward asking them why they did not pull, he received the touching answer—

"Sure your honor would not have us disturb Ned Macarthy's grave!"

"Then a boatman was drowned here, I suppose," said Edward.

"Yes, your honor." The boatman then told how the accident occurred 'one day when there was a stag-hunt on the lake; but as the anecdote struck Edward so forcibly, that he afterwards recorded it in verse, we will give the story after his fashion.

#### MACARTHY'S GRAVE.

##### I.

The breeze was fresh, the morn was fair,  
The stag had left his dewy lair;  
To cheering horn and baying tongue,  
Killarney's echoes sweetly rung.  
With sweeping oar and bending mast,  
The eager chase was following fast;  
When one light skiff a maiden steer'd

Beneath the deep wave disappear'd:  
A boatman brave, with gallant spring  
And dauntless arm, the lady bore—  
But he who saved—was seen no more!

##### II.

Where weeping birches wildly wave,  
There boatmen show their brother's grave;  
And while they tell the name he bore,  
Suspended hangs the lifted oar:  
The silent drops they idly shed,  
Seem like tears to gallant Ned;  
And while gently gliding by,  
The tale is told with moistened eye.  
No ripple on the slumbring lake  
Unhallowed oar doth ever make  
All undisturb'd, the placid wave  
Flows gently o'er Macarthy's grave.

Winding backwards through the channels which lead the explorers of this scene of nature's enchantment from the lower to the upper lake, the surpassing beauty of the "Eagle's nest" burst on their view, and as they hovered under its stupendous crags, clustering with all variety of verdure, the bugle and the cannon awoke the almost endless reverberation of sound which is engendered here. Passing onward, a sudden change is wrought;—the soft beauty melts gradually away, and the scene hardens into frowning rocks and steep acclivities, making a befitting vestibule to the bold and bleak precipices of "The Reeks," which form the western barrier of this upper lake, whose savage grandeur is rendered more striking by the scenes of fairy-like beauty left behind. But even here, in the midst of the mightiest desolation, the vegetative vigor of the numerous islands proves the wondrous productiveness of the soil in these regions.

On their return, a great commotion was observable as they approached the rapids formed by the descending waters of the upper lake to the lower, and they were hailed and warned by some of the peasants from the shore, that they must not attempt the rapids at present, as a boat, which had been upset, lay athwart the passage. On hearing this, Edward and Fanny were landed above the falls, and walked towards the old bridge, where all was bustle and confusion, as the dripping passengers were dragged safely to shore from the capsized boat, which had been upset by the principal gentleman of the party, whose vulgar trumpetings had so disturbed the delight of Edward and Fanny, who soon recognized the renowned Andy as the instigator of the bad music and the cause of the accident. Yes, Lord Scatterbrain, true to his original practice, was author of all.

Nevertheless, he and his party, soused over head and ears as they were, took the thing in good humor, which was unbroken even by the impressive laughter which escaped from Edward and Fanny, as they approached and kindly offered assistance. An immediate removal to the neighboring cottage on Dinas Island was recommended, particularly as Lady Scatterbrain was in a delicate situation, as well, indeed, as Mrs. Durfy, who, with her dear Tom, had joined Lord Scatterbrain's party of pleasure.

On reaching the cottage, sufficient change of clothes was obtained to prevent evil consequences from the ducking. This, under ordinary circumstances, might

not have been easy for so many; but fortunately Lord Scatterbrain had ordered a complete dinner from the hotel to be served in the cottage, and some of the assistants from the Victoria, who were necessarily present, helped to dress more than the dinner. What between cookmaids and waiters, the care-taker of the cottage and the boatmen, bodies and skirts, jackets and other conveniences, enabled the party to sit down to the dinner in company, until fire could mend the mistake of his lordship. Edward and Fanny courteously joined the party; and the honor of their company was sensibly felt by Andy and Oonah, who would have borne a ducking a day for the honor of having Fanny and Edward for their guests. Oonah was by nature a nice creature, and adapted herself to her elevated position with a modest ease that was surprising. Even Andy was by this time able to conduct himself tolerably well at the table, only on that particular day did he make a mistake; for when salmon (which is served at Killarney in all sorts of variety) made its appearance for the first time before the noble lord in the novel form "*en papillote*," Andy ate paper and all.

He refused a second cutlet, however, saying he *thought the skin tough*. The party however, passed off mirthfully, the very accident helping the fun, for instead of any one being called by name, the "lady in the jacket," or the "gentleman in the bedgown," were the terms of address; and, after a merrily spent evening, the beds of the Victoria gave sleep and pleasing dreams to the sojourners at Killarney.

Kind reader! the shortening space we have prescribed to our volume warns us we must draw our story to an end. Nine months after this Killarney excursion Lord Scatterbrain met Dick Dawson near

Mount Eskar, where Lord Scatterbrain had ridden to make certain enquiries about Mrs. O'Connor's health. Dick wore a smiling countenance, and to Andy's inquiry, answered, "All right, and doing as well as can be expected."

Lord Scatterbrain, wishing to know whether it was a boy or a girl, made the inquiry in the true spirit of Andyism,—*"Tell me, Mister Dawson, are you an uncle or an aunt?"*

Andy's mother died soon after, of 'the cold caught by her ducking. On her death-bed she called Oonah to her, and said, "I leave you this quilt, *alanna*,—'tis worth more than it appears. The hundred pound note Andy gave me I quilted into the lining, so that if I lived poor all my life till lately, I died under a quilt of bank-notes, anyhow."

Uncle Bob was gathered to his fathers also, and left the bulk of his property to Augusta, so that Furlong had to regret his contemptible conduct in rejecting her hand. Augusta indulged in a spite to all mankind for the future, enjoying her dogs and her independence, and defying Hymen and hydrophobia for the rest of her life.

Gusty went on profiting by the early care of Edward O'Connor, whose friendship was ever his dearest possession; and Ratty, always wild, expressed a desire for leading a life of enterprise. As they are both "Irish heirs" as well as Lord Scatterbrain, and heirs under very different circumstances, it is not improbable that in our future "accounts" something may yet be heard of them, and the grateful author once more meet his kind readers, for whose generous support he begs to tender his genuine thanks while offering a respectful adieu till next year.

THE END.



The Party at Killarney.

































